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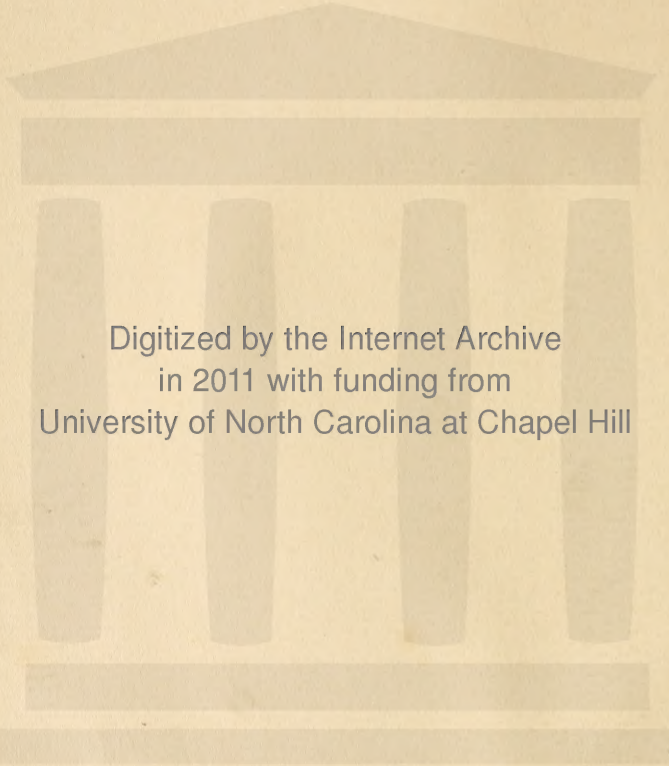
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THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

JULY, 1874.

ITALIAN HAUNTS OF LORD BYRON.

I.

THERE are no more interesting files of letters in the whole range of literature than those that were addressed to the little back-parlor in Albemarle Street, London, and contained so large a part of the life and adventures of Lord Byron. This little back-parlor was the seraglio of the mighty London publisher Murray, the Garden of Delight to the literary London of fifty years ago, where many a reputation was born or blasted, trumpeted or trampled. All the men of wit and literature about town assembled there to discuss literary novelties, compare notes, usher timid conjectures into the world about the possibility of this or that literary venture being a success, or to sip of that voluminous correspondence which Murray cultivated with his authors, abroad or in the provinces. This correspondence thrived especially with those whose works had been ushered with *éclat* before the world by this Ismail Pacha of publishers, who decided a reputation with a twinkle of his authoritative eye. As the publisher of the poems of Lord Byron, additional glory was acquired by his printers and additional guineas rolled into his coffers. But more interesting perhaps even than the poems of Lord Byron are the letters in which he details their conception, elaboration, interruptions, and final triumph over the world, the pen, and the printer's devil. For one of his chief difficulties was the illegibility of his handwriting, and his chief torment was the *bosh* diabolical which the printers made of it. These letters sparkled like fireflies and showered like hail upon the enamored Murray as he sat in his back-parlor, warmed his feet before a sea-coal

fire and bethought him of his lordship's wanderings, liaisons, and rhymes. They were the brilliant sparks thrown off by a wheel in infinite motion smiting suddenly upon circumstance. Flint to flint, every triviallest incident gave forth its *bon mot*, its nettle-sting of sarcasm, its rapid felicity of expression, its little drama, from a love-scape to a shipwreck, from Cadiz to Constantinople, from the Milky Way of the sea—the Greek Archipelago—to the orgies of Newstead. Like chemical ink, every commonplace turned to vivid colors before this man, every unseen circumstance became visible under the sharp heat of his touch. So Murray rejoiced whenever a foreign post brought in a letter from Lord Byron, and read out the felicitous hits and jokes, ribaldry and adventure, to an admiring coterie of blue-and-gold poets. Moore, Rogers, Crabbe, and Bowles were a few of the distinguished people that dropped in to hear a word from Byron, to laugh at his wit, to wonder at his strange fate, to pity his great and noble heart, and to swear that, in spite of Miss Milbanke, Sir Ralph, and the old nurse, never a better heart beat than that of the self-banished poet. There was a strange witchery in his letters. Not even the love-letters of Lucrezia Borgia to Cardinal Bembo are at times more tender—the golden-haired Lucrezia whose sunny locks Byron lingered over with loverlike fondness in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, which he filched in part, and which he vows was the most beautiful hair that ever shone upon adulteress. He swam in the soft Italian of her letters; he drank in their tenderness and passionate-ness; he pored repeatedly over her verses, and found it enchanting in the gloom of the old cathedral-city to steal over to the great library and read and re-read the witch-locks and witch-letters of the famous courtesan.

The profusion of Byron's letters—which in themselves are enough to have made him celebrated—filled the back-parlor with delight, and its inmates with dismay at the prospect of answering them. The circumstances of Lord Byron's retirement to the continent after his separation from Miss Milbanke are too well known to need discussion at this late date. We are indebted to the poet's misfortune for all that series of delightful letters which in themselves form one of the most perfect biographies, and which reflect the whole contemporary life like the literary correspondence of Grimm. A slender thread of criticism and by-play links them together in Moore's Life, and with this are blended corollary recollections of observers and travellers, critics and intimates; never, however, obscuring the splendid figure of the chief actor, embellishing his surroundings like living *coulisses*, shifting or showing in landscapes and backgrounds, stories and scenes, and throwing right upon him as he stands in the centre of the stage the whole affluence of their light. There is no better illuminated figure on the whole canvas of history. Turning to the memories of this man is like walking down a corridor of the Louvre, where the Pagan anthology shimmers before us in marble, and far at the end, queenlike and alone, stands the Venus of Milo. Turn down what corridor you will, an excess of illumination falls upon the head of Byron; it is cloudless save for one great cloud; it is put to the torture of endless light; it is the story of Regulus and the Carthaginian sun;

it is the glare of the dog-star upon the bald ruins of the Parthenon. As the house of the poet was continually ransacked by bailiffs in his one short year of married life, so his fame after death has been the Marathon of contending critics. Contenting ourselves with the wise and generous view of Moore, and glad to find so genial a resting-place for him from the bodkins of scandal, it may be agreeable for us to forget the "Atlantic" gossip and turn an eye toward a few of those spots whose natural beauty has acquired a stronger interest by association with the noble poet.

Early independence had engendered a passion for travelling in Lord Byron from which he never fully recovered. It created poems in him: the father of *Manfred* is the Bernese Oberland; the bewitching tour of the Mediterranean is the mother of *Childe Harold*; Venice added an illustrious citizen to her Golden Book in the author of *Marino Faliero* and *The Foscari*; *Don Juan* has mothers and fathers everywhere up and down Southern Europe, and has sprinkled his paternity like a golden sand along its shores. The completion of the second canto of *Harold* smells of Smyrna figs; the third and fourth have caught the spicery of the pines that fringe the lagoon-land, those lazy, spore-filmed, strange-colored swamps of Adriatic Italy. So up and down Lord Byron's poetry distinct odors of distinct lands can be discerned—chibouques of Turkey, must of the azure Symplegades, balsams of Athens, almond-blossoms of Albania, Sicilian clover of the isles, and palace-parterres of Cintra. Every play of Shakespeare has its individual climate, said Heine. Even more cosmopolitan is Byron, for he has looked from the Seven Towers of Constantinople and caught sight of the lovely cypress-crowned burial-grounds of Turkistan. This gives a strange mosque-like grace to some of his poems: the muezzin is heard calling aloft from the minaret, "There is no god but God"; the sleepy dervishes twirl in fanatical dance; women with painted eyelids flit about; the whirr of eighty thousand wherries that silver the waters of Stamboul murmurs here and there; turbaned Mahometanism stalks silent through the stanzas; the fairyland of the harem opens for an instant and displays the silken ottomans, and yet more silken beauties that recline along them looped in pearls and languor, waiting for the drink of a sultan; the full moon is a crescent; the stars drop dews of Islam; the meteors as they dart spin a thread of gold for the Sultan's girdle; the night itself is a huge turban flecked with planets and crowning the head of Mahomet. It is the spell of the East, the arch-East, oldest of the points of the compass, that enthrals this part of the poet's work. The top of our world is hoary like the head of an old man. The Eastern poems of Byron are evergreens, annuals, blooming up and down all climes and lands all the year round, a panorama of the world's greenness and goldenness, climbing from zone to zone, but never into regions of snow, as the vines climb from tree to tree through Tuscany to the tip of the Italian boot. The loins of the world, the Mediterranean, were his favorite ground. The passionate Levant inspired him with its most impassioned voices. Not shawm or psalter-book, but the lyrics that blossomed in its almonds, dripped in its figs, flushed in its oleanders, carmined in its pome-

granates, caught his eye. It was no fidgetty *cancan* of France, but the sun-dance of the East that he admired — Rebecca poisoning her pitcher on her stately Israelitish head as in the old Bible picture — an odalisque antelope-eyed, not the tramps of the Boulevard Montmartre. Thus his tropical affiliations might be tracked throughout *Harold*, *Juan*, and their companion pieces. The scimitar of Ali Pasha flashes through the Pilgrimage, and the Pilgrim's wallet is rich in specimens of modern Greek life. The fens of Bœotia, the snowy peak of Parnassus, the olive-grounds of Attica, the gorgeous costumery of Albania, the mulberries of the Morea, the sunset-view of Missolonghi — all these group themselves into a tableau, and are projected before the imagination like the brilliant effects of the stereopticon on the screen. Lord Byron is in fact the stereopticon of British poets: his mind is first darkened, gloomed into melancholy, overshadowed by sombre personal experience, and then suddenly comes a beam of light, a ray of genius, filling the screen with flooding life all the more intense for the surrounding darkness, till, so to speak, the very molecules of his thought become visible, the minutest sea-life, the remotest speck of a star, the tiniest aggregation of fantastic animal forms rejoice in the light. The beauty of Byron's work is that it is always young; there is not a gray hair throughout it. The world is full of the youth of great men. On the tombs of Père la Chaise the visitor often sees the expression "*en perpétuité*," inalienable. So on the tombs of the great the fiery edge of the chisel should cut in the pallid marble that their youth is a right inalienable of mankind. All is summer in the six-and-thirty years of Byron's life; there is the fruit, the fertility of autumn without the bitter turning of the leaf. His genius was akin to the luxurious Orient, where there is but one season — the season of bloom and fruit and unwithering leaf. Month after month from 1816 to 1824, the post poured in its packets into the back-parlor in Albemarle Street, amazing its denizens, flooding its tables with sketches, memoranda, epigrams, love-poems, pasquinades, pamphlets, romantic poems, visions, and autobiographies in verse. The dapper Murray shrugged his shoulders and peaked his eyebrows at "Milord's" richness. Rolls of guineas had to be deposited at Douglas Kinnaird's for all this poetic incontinence, and countless letters written to acknowledge their receipt. The gold-and-blue coterie clapped and bravoed and encored over the Channel to the exiled nobleman who was Don-Juaning it in Venice and Guiccioli-ing it through the Romagna. Tea and Milord divided the attention of the loafers of Albemarle Street. Bits of foreign scandal rained like manna there, and these Israelites of fashion and culture picked it up, went about rolling it under their tongues, aired it at Lady Holland's entertainments, and sprinkled it through the sumptuous club-rooms of the Alfred and the Arcadian, so that May Fair did not suffer for tittle-tattle about its eccentric representative. Around the one great nucleus of gossip — the separation, and the silence of Lady Byron — gathered other nuclei like coils of tadpoles in a stagnant pool in spring, or like ropes of monkeys that travellers tell us are sometimes found swung over impassable rivers from tree to tree in the jungles of the tropics. It is impossible

to repress the feeling which the accounts of Lady Byron's part in this *cause célèbre* excite in the reader—it is white, white as leprosy. The silences and semi-reconciliations, the heart-burn and the partisanship, the playful hypocrisies and flowery vices of this paragon of virtue, bring before the mind's eye a certain Syrian who could not be cured of his snow-white uncleanness. The bees still build and buzz about Hymettus; the *flâneurs* of literature still lounge around this morsel of immortal dirt, and taste and fondle and dress it up for the scandalous discussions of drawing-rooms. Old Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* reports that one of the Louises of France was haunted by a *stench* wherever he went and whatever he did. It is much the same with the book-lover who turns over this scandal or comes anywhere in the neighborhood of it.

The rich Turkish tint of Lord Byron's poetry dates from 1809, when he set out on his two years of travel through Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Greece, the Levant, and the Hellespont. He had left England on coming of age, and was attended in his peregrinations by the motliest crew—English valets, a Tartar, a Lutheran, a Turk, and a Greek. Indifferent Italian and tolerable Romaic carried him through the Levant, and the adventures of the party appear frequently in the various cantos and cachinnations of the Giaour and his brethren, being further illustrated by the prose Travels of Hobhouse, his companion. These poems treated of enchanted ground, as yet virgin to the tread of the British *canaille*. Lady Wortley Montagu, Bruce, and Lady Hester Stanhope had at different intervals sent back accounts of the wonder-land to the snobs und seamstresses of the West End. Lady Montagu had even penetrated to the mysteries of the seraglio and the Turkish bath. But it was reserved for the great powers of the English Lord to expend themselves in such descriptions as to turn the tide of travel eastward and to float the Archipelago with the scum of perambulating Britain. Since then there has been no peace in the Dardanelles. Annually tons of frantic Cockneys emulate Lord Byron in trying to swim from Sestos to Abydos, in rushing pell-mell upon mosques and muezzins, in boxing and banqueting in the most unheard-of places, in shooting pistols at dead of night over the heads of sleeping Mussulmans, and in slobbering and sentimentalising along the Sea of Marmora. The plain of Troas is no longer a sacred spot with its Scamander and its "Dardan Virgins" and its mighty tombs of Achilles and Antilochus. John Bull has defiled it with his tears and his quotations, his beef and beer, his missionary societies and "moral pocket-handkerchiefs." The charms of the convents of the Archipelago and their trousered inmates are gone. The towers of Pergama have sunk into a new Piccadilly. So much for Lord Byron, Bryant, and Dr. Schliemann! Regent Street now extends in a straight line to Calcutta, and the naked Hindoos are ready to be caught and clasped in the tatters of Evangelical Alliances. Buddhism is nothing, thinks the average Briton, if I can get those people to use Sheffield cutlery. Unfortunately they have already used it to some purpose on the throat of the great roaring Bull of the Hesperides.

II.

It was one of those Italian mornings, so clear that every tree stood forth like an exquisite bit of sculpture, and so soft that the Euganean Hills rimmed the Adriatic like dim purple cloudlets, when the train traversed the flat vinelands in the vicinity of Venice, and shot over the great bridge that leaps in 222 arches from the mainland to the Stazione. It is vain to attempt to picture the silvery clearness of the climate of morning Venice, so distinct from its midday, its afternoon or its twilight climate, when the air is atmospheric velvet, the sun-rays are hung like candelabra in the most crystal medium, and the sky shimmers with unshed dew. The sun was just rising and lighting up the shoulders of the half-naked peasants who were sauntering through the fields to work. The Euganean Hills, which Shelley has so charmingly described, were blooming out their purplest; the Adriatic pendulated like a great blue water-clock tranquilly at their feet; the air tinkled like a tambourine as the engine and its meandering train divided it into two clear halves and left a tube of silence in between for the wind to flute through—airy flageoletting for the tired wanderers who had been roused at midnight, turned topsy-turvy out of the coaches and fumigated for cholera at some loathsome station midway between Trieste and Venice. Sleepy and provoked as the poor travellers were, it was funny to see the Italian women stalking excitedly up and down the small room, spitting and spitfiring, holding their noses, stamping their feet, swearing like troopers, and expectorating their opinions of the whole matter, while the fumes of all the acids and alkalies that ever tormented cholera-ridden mortal poured in upon them. Venice loomed up all the more lovely from their recollections of this, and the palaces waved a many-colored welcome from their islets. It is the most social of cities, with its two-and-seventy isles gathered as to a tea-drinking and cosily chatting across the lagoons. No city ever lagoonised to such an extent, or ever so peaked and hunchbacked itself upon little dirt-heaps tossed up by the gambols of the Adriatic. It is the hermit of cities, and like all hermits bristles with eccentricities and abounds in crotchets. By a sort of Caesarean operation it has separated from the land and has been left to grow up amphibiously, grovelling on all fours at the water-brink, taking ecstatic gulps of sea-water and then wallowing in the mire of the lagoons. It is the insanest, topsy-turviest, most picture-like of cities. Its very dialect has run wild with peculiarities, and preserves in many a quaint expression the ambered fly of republican times. A clever linguist could fish out a portfolio of folk-lore from their proverbs, their oaths, their saws and slang, the soft buzz of their sibilants and the queer way in which their words “telescope” each other. A doge or two might be fished out of their common sayings covered with the slime and slang of ages. The most melodious of Italian voices is the voice of the Venetian fishmongers, who lift their voices and their fish into a region of transcendental alto and most musically invite the innkeepers and the *osterie* to buy. The war with Candia is preserved like crystallised gall in that deadliest of Venetian oaths, *Guerra di Candia* on you! Though there is little

in Shakspeare's two plays that shows intimate knowledge of Venetian customs, there is a curious oath, "By the two-headed Janus!" that would seem based upon local knowledge. The common people still swear by Diana. The narrow streets have crept into the narrow foreheads of the populace and the black tempests into their eyes. Their complexions are Eastern, olived over by the continual gilding of their mornings and evenings. Phase of phases is the breed of odors that sing in one's nose like the frogs of spring; fish, flesh and fowl conspire to produce the inconceivable variety that lift you out of your rapture-shoes and land you like infernal Ganymedes at the slippers of Pluto. Venetian women are not pretty if one sees them squinting arm-akimbo behind their booth-counters, inhaling the slops and slums of forty doges. They look like brunettes of Eblis. Their gibble-gabble is incessant. A little of the silent vaccine of Turkey might be introduced to advantage into the national carcase. If their skins are olive, their eyes are almond, their noses eaglet, their fingers polypus-like, going into many pockets at once, and their tongues are trades most lucrative to those who will not listen to them. In spite of long oppression, Parisian modes, influx of travel, and all that, bits of color still linger among the shreds and tatters of the peasantry that are delicious to the eye of the artist. We are accustomed to associate land with the term "peasantry," but the Venetians are the peasantry of the sea. They dig, sow, cultivate, and harvest the sea, binding sheaves of sea to fill their granaries withal, and scraping the sea for the aftermath of blossoms and abundance. In the twirl of a Venetian kirtle, in the poise of a Venetian head, in the turn of a Venetian ankle, Tintoretto comes into one's mind, and the glorious walls of the Tintorettoed and Tizianised Palace of the Doges open before us where we see these kirtles and heads and ankles in all their perfection. It is humanity re-created after the dreams and drawings of Tintoretto — glorious men and women, freshly formed in the image of their Maker, large-limbed, full of sinew and grace and cheerfulness. There they stand, in church and palace and cloister, the world which Tintoretto's spirit called into being, Edened with all color, enveloped in all ambrosial delight, and as yet unfallen from their original state. The sword of cherubim has not yet driven them forth from their Paradise where are the mystic rivers that part and flow down through the aisles of the world. They eat of no forbidden fruit, for no fruit is forbidden them, and they may eat and drink of all. Unclad they are too fearlessly, in all unfingleafed freedom, basking in their garden, speculating on no vain gossamer of evil, ignorant of the long line of mourning descendants, with wits wool-gathering amid infinite pleasaunces, eyes brimmed with the golden wine of joy, teeth gleaming pure from the vitriol-stain of sin and deceit. Tintoretto, Tizian, are the Miltons of Venice, and have sung all over its walls epics great as the *Paradise Lost*. If lost, it has been found again, and decked with a ring and clad in sandals like a wandering prodigal. Never city so rioted in the genius of color — not those monosyllables of color that speak their Chinese language to us in the paintings of other masters, but the whole complex language interwoven like threads of a fleece, wrought into painted poems, Iliads of color, Divine Comedies of the

brush. Every church exults in them as in the great hymn of Ambrose; the walls and altars shout aloud their painted thanksgivings. A passion of alms seized these painters and made them pour out their souls for mankind. It seems as if the trinity of Venetians — Tintoretto, Bellini, Tizian — had come like the magi of the East led by some fragrant star, and had knelt with their frankincense, myrrh and gold of color before the cradle of a new Redeemer. Unique is this busy city with its deep silences, its gondoliering, its marble steps licked by the caressing tongue of the canal, its hundreds of bridges rising like camels' humps for the gondolas to flit beneath. It is a monograph in the literature of the world, the sibyl of cities sitting in the sea and giving oracles to the nations. There is something insular in the Venetian character as of a people islet-born, islet-bred and islet-buried, for the strange monster is self-supporting, bringing its people into the world, feeding, and then burying them all within its own limits. The modern Venetians doubtless eat, drink and digest their ancestors from day to day, so that when they pray "Give us our daily bread," it is "Give us our daily ancestor." The soil is a sponge of slime and animal corruption which receives the bodies of defunct Venetians and then returns them to the all-enveloping canals, in which in turn the populace bathe, do laundry-work and irrigate their gardens. No city ever bridged and canalled itself into such grotesque shapes, or so obviously left the land to flirt with the sea. Venice lies like a lotos-blossom in the arms of the sea, idly rocked, richly saturated with sea-influences. Its inhabitants are the animalcules that thickly rendezvous beneath the leaves of this lotos, and in its chalice and round its pistils, shouting out their little lives in brief frenzies of joy or hate or heat. The roar of Florence, the murmur of Trieste are missed in this City of Silences, for water will not reverberate and chariots cannot grind and growl along smooth expanses of water; the track of each gondola is noiseless and dies with the passing agitation. It is as if all the world were sick and straw were laid in the streets to quell the murderous wheels, or as if it were a mere phantom, a Fata Morgana of a city, presently to dissolve in a shower of silky spray. Nothing surprises you in Venice. Men with tails like fish and women with fins are rather expected than not; you look anxiously to see if the children have gills, or if the babies have scales. No watery curiosity would be beyond belief, for you are brought irresistibly by what you see to the conclusion that the human race is an evolution from fish, and not from flesh, and that mullets and not monkeys were our grandmothers. For the human fish is seen there in all its varieties in every stage of dress and undress — fish in caps and clouts, fish in periwigs and point-lace, fish in crape and crinoline, fish promenading, going to the opera, tramping up and down the Piazzetta, and sipping *gelata* under the arcades of the Palace Royal. You expect momentarily the gay groups of saunterers along the Grand Canal, right under the finger of St. Theodore and the Lion of St. Mark's, to shuffle off their uncomfortable clothes and dive helter-skelter into the congenial element — a school of fish. As in the old story, there must be some time in the night when all Venice becomes a fish. The only difficulty is to tell to what species

of fish they belong — shark, sheephead, hogfish or sardine. You are uncommonly perplexed by this doubt when the bill comes to be settled and you look up into the face of your benignant host. The perplexity does not last long, for the gondola is at the door and the train starts in ten minutes. The fishy host retires into his aquarium splitting his fins in fish-laughter at your stupid perplexities. Your last view of Venice is that of the mighty vision of the Venetian shark opening its colosseum of a mouth and crying alms. You shiver at this enormous gullet and its capacities to swallow, and wildly trampling the water-snakes and minnows of the station, precipitate yourself into the railway-carriage off for Padua.

Venice is a soap-bubble, one moment painted by the delicious cosmetic of atmosphere effects, and then elongating and bursting into a mist of dirty suds. Its palaces are the rainbow cheek of the bubble, and its shops and alleys the suds. The Canal Grande might be compared to a huge sea-serpent throwing its constricting folds about this Laocoön of a city ; and there is a horrible rhythm in the folds of a serpent. The innumerable canals that debouch into this are the snakelets spawned by the mother-serpent and emptying their gall into hers. On either side of these rise just such quaint piles as you would expect a *Lamia*, a snake bewitched into the form of a beautiful woman, to inhabit and fill with glittering coiling things, airing their iridescent bodies on the marble doorsteps or the delicate balconies, or along the feathery fret-work of the eaves. They are reminiscences of the East that have exuded from the ancient Venetian mind and hardened into painted gum of Veneto-Gothic architecture. The mystic germ of the Gothic has here come in contact with the seed-dust of the Orient, and from the contact sprang this passion-flower of Venetian architecture. It is like one of Hoffmann's ghost-stories, yet everywhere abloom with more than mere spectral light. Imagine the palette of an artist covered with all its kinships and antagonisms of color suddenly converted into a cathedral, a post-office, a vista of arcades, a row of windows, a ten-pin game of church-steeple, or a clock-tower. You would have the Cathedral of San Marco, the Palazzo Grimani, the Procurazie Vecchie, the Campaniles and the Torre dell' Orologio. But no chance combination of colors on a palette could be breathed out like gloss into these exquisite reveries of palaces, these elegies of Arabo-Byzantine dreams, these love-poems of Moorish Gothic that seem wafted there by a whiff of inspired breath and left for the pathos of our time to mourn their decay. We see the loves and hates of the doges in these beautiful and fantastic structures, the poetry which they lived and transmitted, the East knocking at the gates of the West and sweeping in with all her teeming wealth of form. The first worshippers of Mahomet in Europe out of Spain were these stately piles that all but preach the Koran and cry Allah Akbar ! They are the spillings of the super-abundant Moslem life — the drops that ran over from Mohammed's cup and were caught up in the Holy Grail. Some styles of architecture resemble pure lucid water, others wine ; the Moorish is the rich pulpy Sicilian wine that has drunk the heat of Etna and stolen the marigold of the dawn. In Venice the artists seemed to imitate the

patterns of their gold-brocades, or to imitate nothing but their own bewitching fancies. If the cry of the mandrake, which was fabled to be so sweet, could be transformed to marble, it would be a Venetian palace. They worked without comma or stop, these nameless inspired artists, in the breathless hurry of creation, like the joy of a beautiful bird hurrying into full-blown brightness. There was hardly a moment for a green leaf, so great was the pressure to blossom, so eager was the desire to make Venice the parterre for the world to envy. Palladio, Sansovino, above all their unnamed brethren who worked and suffered and now rot in ruinous churches, filled this parterre with their rare plants, their palms of Damascus, their pinks of Aleppo, their lilies of the Nile. Nowhere more beautifully than in Venice is exemplified the gospel of silent work. A yard of surpassing chiselling here and there, the bend of some princely window looking out on the canal, a tiny balcony hung aloft like a pocket under some group of statuary in the air, contain the souls of these men; and how beautiful these souls were we see whenever we look up at these memorial objects. Venice is a city of specialties. There are not those generalities of architecture that prevail in Rome, or that make Naples architecturally so tame. No house is like its neighbor, and the shapes are as infinite as the idiosyncrasies of the inmates; each seems the outgrowth of its inmates indeed. And each of these palaces is a special talent at stake, a living soul full of suffering and joy, a complete imagination as it once dwelt in a mortal form. They are therefore in a measure autobiographic. To read the lives of these artists it is not necessary to look into the charming volumes of Vasari; they are written in these silent suffering palaces. In spite of their glory they are monuments of suffering. They are crowns of martyrdom to which these artists' heads stooped in life, and which glorify them after death. Every sin of the decalogue might be quarried out of these glorious buildings: there they lie coiled and frozen in the painted heart of these palaces; here Sabbath-breaking, yonder the lie with its paleness fixed to white marble; here the hot passion caught up and imprisoned in glowing porphyry, there the murder and the false-witness oozing down the frequent pillar of Eastern alabaster. It was but a step, a canal of green, hungry water, between the palace and the prison, between the doge and the dungeon. The artist who to-day might be planning his smiling cathedral or the house of some grandiose nobleman, might to-morrow cross the Bridge of Sighs and be sunk in the prison-well. It is this that lends these palaces a pathetic interest quite apart from their beauty. They are memorials of the men who labored on them and more than all others recall the luxury and barbarity of those times. Pen-and-ink autobiographies are the tamest of all. Let some scholar take hold of the Mercury, the Meleager, the Dogs of the Vatican, and work out the rich panorama of thought that moved to their completion, the rich tissue of experience and recollection that resulted in these great works. There is more of characteristic human nature in the two Greyhounds of the Belvidere as they play and nibble each other's ears than in labored quartos of self-painting and self-puling. There never was an immortal dog before these two sprang from the chisel of the master and

barked in marble. One of the sweetest of idylls might be written out of the tender, sportive, loving sympathy that created these animals, the wide field of winsome observation, the habitual companionship, the careful study that they display. The lives sealed and cemented in the Doge's Palace would fill a folio, if they did not fill a palace. Such biographies never die. They possess a permanent value for the race, and exist perpetually side by side with the sense of beauty. In one of these very palaces the manuscripts of Petrarch were found crumbled to dust or *petrified*. Fancy Messer Francesco flinging a petrified sonnet at Madonna Laura! Such effusions were fluid rock when they first oozed from the chilly heart of Petrarch in all probability, the petrification was a natural result. But these noble artists, although they worked in stone, transfused it with their life's blood and, as in the Golden Legend, gave up their lives for the king. Stones melt readily enough for any heart sympathetic enough to read their story.

Late in 1816 Lord Byron, lounging in true Milord style through Lombardy, arrived in Venice, and commenced that wild course of amours and love-scrapes that remind us of the Chevalier de Faublas, and ended afterward in inconceivable loathing of the place. As Milord was poor, he had to put up in the house of a "Merchant of Venice," as he says, and afterward removed to the Palazzo Mocenigo on the Grand Canal. Venice attracted him by its autumnal warmth, its bright Asiatic coloring, and the good looks of its women. The first thing he did was to fall in love with Marianna, the wife of his host. This was Italian fashion, it is said, and such coquetting might be carried on quite innocently, as every Italian dame was allowed a *cavalier servente* or gallant to escort her to and from theatres, take care of her wrappings, and feed her with confections. Never was Lord Byron more spirited or more sparkling than in these Venetian letters. They give evidence of a vigor that was Titanic. Venice tumbles and riots through them. They read as if each of them had swallowed a glass of the rum-punch—"rum-punch, by my palate!"—which the ladies of Venice served out at the entertainments at which he was a guest, thinking it to be an English custom. Again and again through these letters the shoon of Childe Harold, the Phrygian cap of Beppo, the plumed sombrero of Don Juan peep out as these poems were conceived or completed, and the embryonic stage of their life is almost more interesting than the matured. Right out of the canals and palace-windows were sketched the pictures that abound in each, the genre-pictures fleetingly gathered from the lagoons and lanes. It is scarcely pleasant to dwell on the dissipations which marked Byron's residence in Venice, and which proceeded largely from the morbid recklessness which was a reaction from the intense acrimony and scorn cherished toward his English connections. It is a theme for the pathologist; it was a phase of character which might be moulded in wax and put up in a pathological museum as a study for the students of such things. Lord Byron was in a state of suffering most painful to read even sixty years after; and in looking over his memoirs, the justificatory, or at least palliating circumstances, should be kept in mind. Venice instead of soothing him with its

beauty, maddened him like the red flag which the *picador* flourishes before the bull in the Spanish ring. Vain were his efforts to go over to the Convent of San Lazaro and "babble Armenian" with the friars, and equally vain the passionate rides along the surf of Malamocco. The one great wrong done him tortured the poet like Hecate. The too easy manners of the Venetians allowed of ready conquest; the air, the isolation, the melancholy brought out all the becalmed voluptuousness of one of the most voluptuous of natures. Lord Byron became a finished *roué*. In after years he himself looked back with distress on the extravagances of this Venetian winter, and bitterly deplored them. Here too was renewed that exotic coloring which first began to tinge his style in 1809 during his visit to the Levant — an acquaintance with richer beams than illumine the more sober West. His language is gilded, *papier-maché'd*. Already this had broken out at the Villa Diodoti in Switzerland on the shores of Lake Lemán, and overflowed in the great bronze poem of *Manfred*. In company with Shelley and his wife, he traversed this enchanting lake that has the blue and gold of England already tinted with the more fervid hues of Italy. His settlement at Venice coincided with this new-born Orientalism, this luxuriousness of word and deed, and called the hectic flush into the succeeding cantos of *Childe Harold*. Venice more than any other city recalled Constantinople, the city of mosque and Moslem, of the strangely subdued and yet gorgeously epicurean Turkish life, the silent sunset streets, the columbine-trellised windows opening into fountains and gardens; the palace and pleasure-grounds of the Sultan shot up like the architecture of dreams out of the soil of ancient Byzantium, that lies stark and stiff twenty feet beneath the Grand Vizier's sandals. It was no wonder, for a more quaintly individualised city never clung mollusc-like to the sea. It is the Sybarite of the sea sunk in voluptuous self-contemplation, admitting the kindly Adriatic to closest intimacy, the Aidenn of viking and corsair. Venice does not seem to have lived into what it is, but to have been dreamed into it there, spilt there out of the abundant visions of a hasheesh-eater, wafted there like some great fleet of magic barges moored at rest. Some day it will be found floating down the Mediterranean as vision-like as it came, the swan-city floating summerward. The whole thing affects one strangely whose ideas have been anchored deep in the land and will not at once surrender to the water. It is a ballad of Uhland built up in marble, full of the color that the German ballad-writers are continually yearning for. It is the German word *schnsucht* embodied — the only word in the language that reflects the whole German character, full of the patient, suffering, poetic enthusiasm that supplies the place of religion to the Germans. It is hard to think of all this soft beauty in combination with the stern republican virtues that once made Venice so powerful. But sea-faring people with all their ruggedness are full of these tender touches, these unbuilt Venices, this romance of travel, this passion and poetry of undiscovered lands and seas. There is nothing like the sea for abrading roughnesses, for ceaselessly rounding character like a pebble, like the mere lapping of the waves against the cliffs. Much of the charm of Sir Walter Raleigh's career lies in this sea-charm. He

was the wandering minnesinger, the gypsy of the sea. The age of Elizabeth contributed no finer poem to literature. The Venetians, who had little literature, lived it on the main, pulled it up with the deep anchors that pierced the heart of unknown gulfs and oceans, carried it in their sails and sailors westward up the immeasurable bow of waters. They were proud of their island dialect, and enacted by law that it should be the language of the State. The history of Venice has never been written, for it would be strangulation to the historian that raised the dust of its vast archives, or lunacy to the historian that attempted to arrange them; and so these archives pine and pulverise, waiting for some benevolent fire to consume them. The man has not been found hardy enough to explore this labyrinth of diplomatic correspondence, commercial accounts, private and public squabbles and speculations. The libraries groan, and the rats breed among the love-letters of Marino Faliero. Here and there a venturesome statistician, a reckless antiquarian, goes snuffing and nibbling among the antechambers to this catacomb of horrors; but it is wormwood and gall after an hour or two, and the unhappy men are seen emerging covered with dust and gaunt with effort, spewing forth their statistics and antiquities with uncommon temper. As it has taken a thousand years to accumulate them, so it would take a thousand years to read them. Another Venice might be founded on them if pitched into the sea. Churches and churchyards would thrive if based upon this foundation of everlasting dullness. Curious churches would they be that sprang out of this infinite tangle and wrangle and palaver of dunce and diplomat, and curious psalms would they be that were sung in them: such as the Abbé Talleyrand could improvise, or the gray-haired Metternich. And the churchyards would reek with the boundless ooze of wronged creditors, unpaid debts, pence stolen from the widow and pounds laid up from the orphan. It is well on the whole that no such foundations have been laid and no such spectral Venice has arisen. Long may the Venetian archives slumber and perform their beneficent work of smothering antiquaries, strangling statisticians, assuaging the hæmorrhage of statistics, and feeding the rats! Thus even Venice has its dullness, its archives, its antiquarians and its statistics.

But the moment one steps out on the balcony and catches the sunny shimmer of the beautiful blue waters, the ships anchored to their shadows, the clumps of delightful trees far out in the Giardini Pubblici, the archives slink away and are forgotten. Venice is a book in four volumes: morning, noon, evening, night. To be seen in its peerlessness, each volume must be read slowly and carefully, for each is distinct from all the rest. In the morning there is a crisp richness of tone that is a legacy of the night blending with the magnificence of Venetian sunrise. Noon is a glare of tremulous yellow that ochres the whole scene, and fits the soul for the deep shadows of sheltering trees, whither it may flee from the persecution of all this lustre. Evening is a thief in scarlet and gold that steals upon the lagoons and lights them up with wonderful hues; and the rising of the stars is a saint with a glory about the head. Individual as all these is Venice in her four phases. Perhaps the most touching of

all is moonlit Venice — that marvellous phantom of unreality, where the shadows are dark upon the Doge's Palace, and the moon drops upon the lagoons, and the churches are silent and men are still. The hush is sublime: it is broken by a guitar and voices in the distance; it is troubled for an instant by the ripple of a gondola, then all is still. This moonlit stillness is the quintessence of music. If one could imagine a sigh wafted from other worlds and dropped into ours, that sigh would be Venice in the moonlight. The pathos of it is almost too great to bear when sublimated under the rays of the moon — the dead city, the crumbling decay, the wistful majesty of a sovereignty that is extinct, the silent moon. The moon shining in the uplifted face of Venice takes away whatever of coarse or commonplace its features may possess, and makes a divine lunatic of it, whose ravings are corporealised in these moon-palaces, moon-piazzas, moon-islets. And yet there is a strange excitement in this pallor, this absolute and entire calm. It is not laudanum to the heart, it is an elixir that riots through the veins, filling them, inflating them to pain. It is the only way to read Venice and find it true. It is then a soul, a clustre of souls, stripped of flesh, a body spiritualised. Its motive, its mission, its fate are laid bare. The moon opens its Book of Life and reads out its judgment over unconscious Venice. But there is such a glorious dropping of moonlit tears over these silent suffering palaces, over these plaintive churches, as the judgment is read that it must needs last forever to satisfy the luxury of the heart. The coolest brain grows hot over Venice when the moon hovers over it and gathers all its wonders under her luminous wings. Democritus Junior would forget to laugh and quote Hippocrates under such circumstances. It is a tribute to one of the most lovely scenes in the world. The great sea-serpent of the Grand Canal then silvers his back betwixt the palaces, and creeps again under the marble arch of the Rialto, and past the camping-grounds of Shylock, and out into the perfect moonlight that sleeps upon the fifth act of the *Merchant of Venice*. And all the little serpent-canals are moon-magnetised and drawn out from the slums and bridges, and electro-plated by the rays, and dip their slime-silvered heads deep among the green udders of the mother. The very silence is silvered; the pigeons of the clock-tower of San Marco have silver plumage as they sleep high up over the illuminated clock; the strings of dying guitars articulate silver; the gondolas moored numerously round the theatre-doors of Fenice, the San Samuele and the Malibran, are half shadow half silver as they await their passengers, and the dip of the oars turns up a world of it as they spin along under the funereal roofs. If Tasso were sung nowadays under such influences, it would be a silver Tasso. The Venetian school of painting is at zero when the moon is up. Tizian and Tintoret and Veronese are mere school-children daubing their canvases with brute pigment. Give the moon half a chance and Venice flowers out into an ethereal picture. The slime and stench and stupor of it fade away; there is left behind the filtered ideal of poetic landscape. Having passed through the fires of Moloch during the day, Venus reappears a lovely wan Astarte, elfishly beautiful, purified and sublimed. The sun of noon Claude-

Lorrainises Venice, stores it with golden distances, ships bathed in sunny glow, rich foregrounds of portico and pillar through which streams the dying planet, men and women advancing brightly apparelled down ample steps to watersides where strange boats manned by fanciful crews wait for them. It is the same Claude Lorraine at night, only blanched, measurelessly vast, moonlit.

III.

Lord Byron had not dissipated in Venice to no purpose. There came an old Romagnese Count up from Ravenna attended by his bride, who soon revolutionised all his arrangements. The Romagnese Count was in all the bliss of a third marriage. The bride was extremely young, extremely fair-haired and blue-eyed, and extremely unsophisticated. The tapers, the missals, the whispered intercourse, the sacred seclusion, the conventual life of a nunnery had been her only experiences before the nuptial mass. She was a product of that rigid education which Italian mammas and papas see fit to give their daughters—a daisy, blonde as England and blue-eyed as Pallas, sprung up in the corner of a convent-yard, the more remarkable by contrast with the dark-haired, dark-eyed nuns that flitted around her. This convent-life of girls in Italy was the still pool where the waters, schooled by eighteen or twenty years to calm, collect preparatory to the precipice of marriage and the world over which they immediately plunge on finishing their cloister education. For the Countess Gamba this precipice of marriage and the world consisted of a superannuated Count who had already wived several times, an immense fortune, a gout, and an establishment. She was one of twenty children. This superannuated Count was Count Guiccioli; and his bride, the Countess Guiccioli, came to Venice on a bridal trip. Venice was a drowsy old burgh in those days; but drowsy and old-fashioned as it was, it was a bit of celestial good-fortune to the convent recluse out for the first time in the world, though it was a world of water and escorted round by a superannuated Count. The gloomy old palaces woke up to sounds of revelry, and here and there a few stately dames and cavaliers solemnly gathered in them of an evening and had a sort of ghostly conversazione. The lady of the house would assemble all her female guests about her in a semicircle and discourse learnedly on literary topics. It was a revival of the "*Precieuses Ridicules*" and the "*Femmes Savantes*" of Molière. Pompous prigs, celebrated mayhap for some portentous volume on Venetian fisheries, would draw near and enliven the conversation with a "few felicitous remarks." Then deep pauses would ensue, during which everybody went to sleep or sipped sugar-and-water, while the learned collected energy for renewed discussion. And so the evening would wear away, while the great apartments lighted up by a few wax-candles re-echoed dismally with hollow mirth, and the melancholy canals lapped the doorstep wearily, and the winds sighed along the windows. The winter of 1817 was a round of these sepulchral gaieties. Lord Byron was forced to attend many of them, and created a *furore* by his distin-

guished beauty. As he always paid more attention to women than to men — a principle, or lack of it, that pervaded his entire life — he soon became a general favorite with the Venetians, completely ignoring at the same time all pretensions and jealousies of lords and gallants. The awful earnestness of the Venetians amused him intensely, especially in these social gatherings, which in England were wont to be so free and easy. It seemed fitted to the stillness and stagnation that reigned around. At one of these entertainments he met Count Guiccioli and his bride. The meeting was decisive, and its effect is described in eloquent pen-sketches to Moore and others. This union was of course irregular, immoral, productive of unhappy results to Count Guiccioli, yet its influence on Byron, as everybody knows, was singularly happy. Deserving of all reprobation in itself, it is incontestable that no event in his whole life so helped and healed Byron, so compensated his losses, so toned him up to the heroic stand which a few years afterward he made for Greece. It was a providence of the devil that worked for good. Guiccioli was a medicine, a healing poison, an anodyne with English hair and eyes. After yawning through a whole winter of Madame Albrizzi's dinner-parties, the meeting with this charming person proved, as his letters show, most delightful. It was none the less piquant for having the twinkle of an adventure in it. They had declined on both sides to be introduced; but fate introduced them, and fate was the beldame that arranged the preliminaries. England and Italy concluded an alliance; the Saxons and the Cæsars joined hands. The nuns of Ravenna sent greetings to the monks of Newstead. But Lord Byron, who had become largely Italianised, was in the best of times but a poor Englishman. He loathed the English, and compared them on their annual scandalising up the Rhine to a set of boobies in a state of infinite stare at the wonders that they saw. Few men were more free from geographical fetters, from the constraint of latitude and longitude, and everything else, and from the brutishness of mere insular prejudice. There is in fact seldom a more unpromising associate than a Briton for the first time out of Britain. They cannot conceive that the world is a great tree laden with blossoms of which England is one of the tiniest. The fragrance that fills the world, they fancy, comes from their own island. The fruit that hangs golden and multifold between the branches cannot be seen by these people unless it be as big as the moon or far off as the stars. And when from zone to zone these blossoms sweep over the round globe their fire of peach-bloom, and mingle their lives and loves at the antipodes, John Bull walks in his little garden after dinner, sniffs his tulips, and seeing the far-off sunrise-light of the twenty-five thousand miles of peach-bloom, imagines it comes from his garden-fence, and says: "Well, I say now, this is really very fine!" So said one once as he stood before the exquisite nude Venus of Tizian, turning to the big buxom partner of his bosom. No amount of travel or conquest will wash the pompousness, the side-whiskerism out of the ordinary Briton. Ganyমেদ at the banquets of the English gods would have to stagger round under a huge plum-pudding and a pail of beer. Lord Byron's extravagances were perhaps frequently due to his scorn for this temperament. The

horror which his liaisons provoked in England gave a fascination to them in his eyes that he could not resist. It was a spice that even beauty, grace and birth needed to fix so inconstant a lover as himself. There is no calculating what his loathing of Southey and his "eternal mother-in-law" produced in him of what is now immortal and unrivalled in English literature. He would have become immortal from malice, if from no other motive, like Pope and Voltaire. "Uncle" Southey always raised his utmost bile. The rumors that found their way over the Channel about Lord Byron always reached the ear of this irreproachable person, and were no doubt so intended. At the height of the Guiccioli scandal Byron wrote "Cain" and other poem., works which caused a sort of hydrophobia in Southey and resulted in a challenge on Byron's part. Aversion to his countrymen and affection for the lady made him leave Venice and seek her in her home in the quaint old Imperial city of Ravenna, a city which the English seldom visited, and where he could ride, shoot, rove, make love, and melodramatise to his heart's content. Ravenna is a sort of Italian Nuremberg. Of all Italian cities it has preserved its mediæval stamp most perfectly. Like Nuremberg, it is a vast toy, a costly relic of ancient times preserved in some miraculous way through ages of war and discord, and handed down in all its oddity. If the poet Rogers and the traveller Hobhouse Italianised at large up and down the peninsula, Byron preferred to sub-Italianise, so to speak, to seek the acquaintance of the byways, to visit curious villas and villages, and to settle for months in a place that had no theatre, no liveliness, no quick connection with the outer world, and no literary stimulus. The interest of Ravenna is purely antiquarian. It outbids all Italian cities for old churches, old mosaic, old curiosities and old women. The compiler of handbooks on art hastens thither to examine and compare its rare treasures, to ferret out the secrets of its antique crypts, to prowl around its old convents, and to fetch away rapturous remembrances of the tomb of Dante. Unfortunately, for two hundred years sentimental travellers have been shedding their tears in the wrong place. It was found in 1865, the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, that his bones were not in the mausoleum to which anxious travellers had been shown, and where Byron composed his famous verses. So that two hundred years of tears had to be shed over again and the ghosts of former tears propitiated. Travellers may now, however, use their pocket-handkerchiefs with perfect safety. Dante has been found in a neighboring church and put where he ought to have been two hundred years ago. Some nervous old friar, being in fits about the perils of the times, removed the box containing his remains in 1677 and deposited it in the church of San Francesco. Now, precisely this church or the chapel where Dante was found had been regarded as far too contemptible to be noticed by enlightened travellers, and was ignored in consequence by this class of illuminati; and all the world was trotted by the cicerone to the dingy little mausoleum which turned out to be the only authentic and infallible place where Dante—was not. There is something supremely comical in Chateaubriand's antics before this dirty little dungeon as he knelt bareheaded down before it, and

Alfieri prostrating himself and "embodying his emotions" in a gushing sonnet, and Lord Byron leaving a copy of his works on the spurious tomb. Such is the irony of tombs. Whether it now be Dante that was found, or the carcase of some decayed friar who could not read a line of the Divine Comedy, may at least be doubted. The antiquarians rushed in with tape and measuring-line and affirmed that the skeleton was Dante's size, the skull looked as if it might have held the *Divina Commedia*, etc., etc. The investigation was certainly an amusing appendix to the comedy. Be that as may, old Ravenna glories in her Dante, spurious or not, and for five hundred years has grabbled desperately with Florence, and refused to let the city of his birth have him dead or alive. She attests her sole right to trot the world round to his resting-place, and to fill her pockets out of his bones, and to have her show of him, come what will. It is probable that the outside of Dante's tomb has made more money than did ever the contents of it. The poet starved and languished in exile—the ravens of Ravenna fatten off his corpse. If great men could speculate on their own bodies, they might at least out of the world enjoy the wealth which they were denied in it. What a Wall Street would rise out of Westminster! what ducats out of Dante! The famous ode of Alfieri, the genuflexions of Chateaubriand, the complete works of Byron—if such illustrious tears fall in the wrong place, what will become of the rest of us?

Though Dante is the one great trade of Ravenna, there are minor branches in the line of cathedrals, the palace of Theodoric, the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, the palace where Lord Byron lived, and the pine-forest renowned in Boccaccian story. Not contented with their ancient grandeur and the monuments that survive of it, the thrifty Ravennese hasten to turn an honest penny out of it, and to make the Gothic emperors, most Christian princesses, and heathenish popes pay for ever having meddled with their goodly city. Tribute is levied on every inch of antiquity; everything is Cæsar's, nothing is God's, not even the sanctuaries where the saints lie, not even the holy things behind the altar-railing. At Antwerp it is only at stated hours and for a franc a piece that the public can look at—the crucifixion of Christ. At Ravenna you are, so to speak, Judas-Isariotted for silver twenty times a day. Thus the whole world, heaven, hell, and paradise, has become a show. It is becoming the most expensive of all things to be a virtuoso, to love pictures, to worship music, to linger in the sweet twilight of country cathedrals, to dream over fragments of sculpture, or to visit the homes and haunts of the great dead. Every tear costs a franc. Every sob is watched and calculated by the shrewd eye of the cicerone. Every sigh causes a corresponding heave in your purse. Your pockets are picked while you are saying your prayers. The business of Italian towns in the country is the cicerone business, and that means the thumb-screw business, the business of rifling you, bullying you, cupping you at every pore, and marching you to the tomb of Dante. The wonderful social instincts of their inhabitants gather them all at your heels and make them escort you pell-mell to church and back, to palace and back, all "*per l'amor di Dio*." These social instincts are the instincts of the pockets. Like

other instincts they will be gratified or there is a row. And so provoked, gulled, and persecuted, the fagged enthusiast staggers from object to object. Ravenna holds her place with the rest. Having accomplished Dante, there is the trot to the mausoleum of Theodoric, the Palazzo Rasponi, the museums and libraries, and the dozens of damp and reeking churches. At a *lira* a piece a fortune might be spent in Italy on the churches alone. It would beggar the Rothschilds to pay all the guides, remunerate all the politenesses, fulfill all the expectations. It would be an interesting problem how much Chateaubriand had to pay before he was allowed to kneel before the tomb of Dante, or how much Alfieri disburthened himself of before the guide permitted his feelings to gush over in verse. Quaint Ravenna by the sea, with its pride of antiquity and its noble pines, its villas of rural nobility and its recollections of Byron, supports itself amply to-day on all this squalor and deceit, no doubt as well as in the days when Augustus used to visit it. One cannot grudge the town its support. Milord would have laughed and uttered one of his characteristic "By Joves!" had he conjectured that the famous story of Guiccioli and himself would one day furnish half the girls in the town with dowries.

As in Venice he was the voluptuary, so in Ravenna Lord Byron became the politician and conspirator. He joined the liberals, swore death to the Austrians, and became one of the *Carbonari*. It is pleasing to watch through his correspondence the profound change that had wrought itself in him after his departure from Venice, and the formation of his associations with the Gambas and Guicciolis. It is no longer the tone of the rake, the braggart, the blasphemer; nobler impulses break through these beautiful letters; beneficent influences are at work through them, a great gentleness moves in them at times furtively like the first glorious rays of the cause for which he died. It was Greece and Guiccioli that made a man of Lord Byron. Already in Ravenna the English *Eccellenza*, as they called him, had become famous for his charity and goodness of heart. There was no cause to which Lord Byron would not and did not give freely, save the cause of obscurantism and the pope. The last year or two of his life show a nobleness of disposition that no trials could dim. All that was knightly and chivalrous in him awoke before the spectacle of Greece humiliated. It seemed a compensation of Providence to give him so ample a chance to retrieve himself and to allow him so nobly to do it. Dandy, sensationalist, voluptuary as he was, all these transiencies fell off the instant he touched the magic soil of Epirus. His letters no longer tread on delicate ground.

From Ravenna Byron and the Guiccioli removed to an old palazzo built by Michael Angelo in the quiet city of Pisa. Casa Lanfranchi was its name, and it was here that the happiest year of the poet's life was spent. From Pisa they went to Genoa, and settled in one of those vast old palaces which the Genoese nobility built for themselves centuries ago, and which their impoverished descendants let out for a song to whosoever will pay the rent.

WHAT I SAW OF THE SHAH.

Persicos odi apparatus.
—HORACE.

IT is admitted on all hands that the visit of the Persian autocrat to the seats of power in Europe is one of the notable events in the century. What was the motive of those eccentric journeyings is still, and is likely to remain, a mystery. Speculation has been busy with this problem, but so far has failed to penetrate the secret. For my own mind this question from the first had a strange interest. Numberless were the fantastic suppositions that occurred to me, only to be at once dismissed as chimerical. Was it for a moment to be credited that the most selfish and self-willed of Asiatic despots was thus making the round of European courts simply in quest of the best means of promoting the welfare of his subjects under a liberal administration? The notion seemed preposterous. Was he actuated merely by the desire to "see life" and to show his jewels? This appeared more plausible, but on the whole was not believed to furnish an adequate explanation. Was his purpose fulfilled when he had seen kings, or did he wish to be brought in contact with the people? One thing was evident, that he not only tolerated but encouraged the presence of crowds at his festivals. On the occasion of these grand assemblages did he confine his notice to the mass of people in general, or did he sometimes fix an earnest scrutiny upon individuals? The answer to this inquiry I adjourned to the future, as I did also the reply to another question which at this time recurred very often and held its place with obstinate persistence: Was there any particular person then in Europe whom Nasr-ed-din expected and wished to see, and was it within the bounds of reasonable conjecture that that person might be *myself*? Absurd as it may, and doubtless will, strike the reader, this last idea haunted me like a nightmare. Having on account of certain peculiar mental symptoms which had excited the attention and awakened the anxiety of my physicians, been put upon a spare diet, I never transgressed the stringent rules of my medical adviser without paying the forfeit for the indulgence by a night of troubled dreams. The prescriptions by following which I alone found the "kind nepenthe" of sleep, only had the effect of aggravating this nocturnal torture. As no relief could be discovered for my ailment, I was directed to try the effect of an entire change of air and scene; and partly because of the beneficial results which it was hoped would be produced by the sudden shock upon the nerves in the great metropolis, and the more gradual relaxation of the mind which is usually consequent on foreign travel, was strongly exhorted to take lodgings for a fortnight or three weeks in the heart of London, and then to spend several months in leisurely rambles over the Continent.

The time fixed for my arrival in the English capital was the 18th of May, 1873; and my purpose had hardly been formed and communicated to a few intimate friends, when I was startled one morning at the breakfast-table by a telegram in the *Times*, announcing officially that the same date precisely had been determined upon for the arrival there of his Majesty the Shah of Persia. This remarkable coincidence in our plans, a coincidence indeed which might perhaps be set down to the merest accident, once more set me to thinking, and in spite of every protest of my better reason, woke into new activity the slumbering suspicion that had tormented me in the earlier stages of my affliction. The Persian Shah now tyrannised over my dreams with as incessant and remorseless a dominion as that nightly exercised over the visions of De Quincey by the wandering Malay to whom he had given a large piece of opium, which the famished infidel had swallowed at a single mouthful. Sometimes the mysterious visitant from Iran would appear to me seated before a gigantic black-board, involved in clouds of tobacco smoke, expounding to a class composed of all the nations of Europe a law (more potent than the formula of Grimm) which comprehended and unified not only the Indo-Germanic and Semitic, but also the so-called Turanian and monosyllabic languages of the earth. Oftener in these midnight fancies I gazed upon the pomp of infinite processions, in which Nasr-ed-din was the central figure; or of armies so vast as to throw the fabled hordes of Xerxes into insignificance, at the head of which Nasr-ed-din with blazing turban and flaming cimetar was leading on the dark hosts of the eastern hemisphere to avenge the disasters of the Indus and of Marathon. But the vision that most frequently plagued my serenity, and which sometimes caused me to spring from my bed in a clammy tremor, was one which with much variety in the details of the scenery always presented the Shah as the chief of the Magi — now bending over an astrolabe, now staring with blood-shot eyes upon the stars; now inscribing in Arabic characters upon a writing tablet the mystic legend, “It is written in the laws of the Medes and Persians that Nasr-ed-din shall take summary vengeance on the Barbarian ———.” I was never able to fill the blank, but sometimes imagined that I could make out a few letters of my own name.

When the day appointed for my journey had come round I set off for London, and at the time that had been pre-arranged got out of my Hansom and quietly occupied my two adjoining rooms, in Cork Street, near Burlington Arcade, a little to the rear of Regent Street Crescent. That very day, if my information is correct, the Asiatic monarch entered the doors of Buckingham Palace. The London season was now at its height; but no persuasion or entreaty could induce me to visit the Sydenham Crystal Palace, the Alhambra, the Tower, the Bank, the Docks, the Royal Albert Hall, or any of the places where the populace thronged daily to witness the spectacle of Eastern apathy under the tuition of Western reserve. One Sunday I ventured into Westminster Abbey, where I stood in the crowded aisle near the Collingwood monument, and heard Dean Stanley discourse with honeyed scholarship of Ahasuerus (whom he very properly iden-

tified with Xerxes) and the Persian dynasty, and refer eloquently to the advent of "the king of kings" to the shores of England. Secluding myself more and more from impertinent observation, I began to lead a comparatively tranquil life, albeit I could not wholly shut out from my dreams the dusky features of "the son of heaven."

At the expiration of the period that had been assigned to my stay in London I resolved to cross the Channel to Calais. No sooner had I settled on my programme and the day of my departure than there appeared an official bulletin, setting forth the intention of his Majesty of Persia to avail himself of the same opportunity. In sheer desperation I embarked at Dover for Ostend, instead of Calais, and lingered among the *musées* of Belgium and Holland until I was certainly assured that Nasr-ed-din had completed his observations in France and Germany and had retired to the south of Europe, to Italy if my unfaithful recollection does not in this as in so many other instances play me false. After a sojourn of some weeks in the chief cities of Prussia and Saxony I turned my steps towards the *Weltausstellung* at Vienna. My week in the Austrian capital was nearly over, when one day as I was waiting for the Imperial band to play in the square in front of the *Hofburg*, I was shocked to overhear an allusion to the expected visit of the Shah of Persia. It turned out that the wily old heathen was looked for the very next day. This was at noon of Wednesday or Thursday. Friday passed and still no stir of preparation. My fears were a little aroused by the *on dit* that his Majesty the Shah would visit the Exposition on Monday. To set my mind perfectly at ease I resolved to make my last pilgrimage to the giant show on Saturday. Accordingly I whiled away Saturday forenoon in the Liechtenstein Gallery, and then took my seat on the tramway to the *Prater*.

There was an unusual crowd about one of the side-doors of the Rotunda as I passed under the bannered arch connecting the open circular space with the long narrow aisle or highway running down the middle of the building. I found myself standing beneath the great dome and in the splendid airy region of the bronze fountain. Hurried onward by the current, though in a line deflected off from the long axis of the building, my curiosity was attracted to a lane of human beings which had been formed between this door and a point somewhere in the interior. As I approached the outer boundary of one of the crowds which constituted the two sides of this lane, I noticed that every eye was intently directed towards the side-door. After considerable delay the Imperial band of Austria, in their white uniforms, brass helmets and with long masses of white horse-hair hanging down their shoulders, proceeded one by one along the circular gallery of the rotunda, and took their station at a point immediately opposite the side-entrance, so as to face that part of the building towards which everybody was now steadily looking. In the distance they appeared about the size of the toy soldiers that are put up in boxes for Christmas.

Again and again the curiosity of the expectant multitude was piqued, only to be disappointed; but at length a marshal with a bâton, preceded by an officer of the constabulary who forcibly cleared the

way by pushing the crowd back to the right and left, advanced down the lane of which I have spoken about as far as the place where I was standing, at which point he turned round and waved his arm. Then at some signal from the Grand Marshal every bell in the Exposition Palace was struck, every organ, harmonium, and piano began to play, and the band in the remote gallery took up the strains of the now too familiar Persian march. Now, at last, the unreasonable patience of the gazers was rewarded and their hopes were fully gratified. Walking slowly down the lane at some distance to the rear of the marshal I saw a modest looking gentleman, whom I afterwards supposed to be Sir Henry Rawlinson. Just behind him came the Emperor of Austria, his somewhat small but elegant figure starred all over with imperial decorations, and at his side a personage who deserves a more particular mention. Shuddering as I beheld him under a sudden access of my malady, shaken with superstitious "terrors never felt before," I yet managed to get a whiff of air from the park and to preserve my balance well enough to observe the royal stranger with acute attention. This I was enabled to do better from the fact that the foreign potentate was on the side nearest me, being on the Emperor's right hand. He was rather below the middle stature, and of slight proportions, and wore a little black hat without a brim, and which was higher on one side than the other. Upon the front and at the upper corner of this hat was an aigrette, displaying a little, stiff, upright white plume, and a diamond of surpassing brilliancy that flashed and sparkled in the sunlight as the small head was turned in one direction or another. A simple black tunic or blouse, gathered together at the waist, invested so much as was visible of the trunk and limbs. This remarkable garment, though ornamented but in one way, is the envy and despair of all jewellers. In the centre was a rosette composed wholly of precious stones, apparently diamonds, some of which were of great size; and the breast of the coat was spangled on both sides with gems of the finest water, diamonds in parallel rows everywhere taking the place of the braid on an officer's uniform, and glittering and scintillating like icicles on a winter's morning. The face was the very same which had transmuted my dreams into agony, and was hardly more distinct and vivid in the impression that it now made upon me. It was indeed Nasr-ed-din himself, the Shah of Persia. Frail and even insignificant as he appeared in his person, there was something in his port and mien that struck me as really majestic. As he moved deliberately forward he carried his head from side to side like a captive eagle, with a sort of easy swing that gave him an air of lofty and at the same time unaffected condescension, not unmingled with habitual disdain. His features were nearly regular, nose straight and finely shaped, moustache originally jet-black, face and chin shaved clean. The color of his face was a shade browner than dingy tallow. His eyes were as black as hate and treachery, and the whites were tinged with jaundice yellow and streaked with ferocious blood and animalism, yet it would be an error to imagine that they did not express a high degree of alert intelligence. Not one sign of the apathy that has been attributed to him, though perhaps there was Oriental languor — the face

of a miscreant who chanced to be also a despot. From time to time he nodded his serene approval as he glanced through his eye-glass over the sea of heads, up at the lamp-shade roof of the rotunda or down at the show-cases, the central fountain, and other objects that attracted his notice out of the many that together made up the enchanted circuit of gaiety and magnificence then shining in the sun-beams or flickering among the restless shadows.

Unable to stand it any longer, I rushed away to meet a friend with whom I had an appointment to lunch at the English Dining Rooms; but the frantic rabble had invaded all the passages, and rendered either ingress or egress by the main avenues almost impossible. Many of the people were stumbling over one another in headlong confusion like men in a panic; others, like old and sagacious fox-hunters, were quietly taking the short cuts. Following the example of the latter I soon found myself once more in one of the principal thoroughfares, where I was again constrained to wait and be passed by the Shah of Persia. Just before he reached me he was laughing and talking with the complaisant Emperor; but as he was on the point of passing the spot where I stood wedged in, he flung towards the group of persons near me a glance of wrath and scorn as deadly as the blight of the sirocco. At first I thought it was meant for *me*; but it turned out that somebody had disturbed his royal equanimity, either by pressing too close to him or by making too loud a noise in his hearing. After my refection was ended I attempted to make my way to the Turkish Bazaar, which is situated outside of the main building, and very near the Persian Pavilion, the Viceroy's Palace, the Italian Restaurant, and Strauss's Band-Arbor. It so happened that I had to pass (on the outside) the side-entrance to the rotunda of which I have already spoken, and noticed a row of open carriages, with drivers and footmen in livery, standing at the portal. Crowds of idlers beset the door both on the outside and on the inside. When I first looked, the throng on the inside was divided by a lane of faces similar to the one I have elsewhere described; but after watching it awhile I saw this lane of heads break up, and the individuals composing the interior crowd mingle together in one homogeneous mass. Seeing the Austrian band had taken a position near the Persian Pavilion, and not far from the palace of the Khedive of Egypt, I went in that direction, and found myself at the door of the pavilion, and on the edge or outskirts of still another throng of sight-seers. Just as I arrived there, the door of the pavilion opened, and the Shah came out as if by accident, and passed me once more; this time so near that I almost touched him, and thought I could detect the dark gleam of an uncut and dusty opal on his coat just under the sleeve of his right arm. This time there was no one between me and the wind of his celestial majesty, and actuated by the blind instinct of Western courtesy, even while I quailed before those searching eyeballs, I uncovered my head in presence of the guest of Austria. To my astonishment the jewelled head of Persia was uncovered to me in return. The action would have graced a European diplomat or an American politician. What could it all mean? To me it meant "*muching mallecho*," as Hamlet puts it. Before, however, I had time

to collect my thoughts, the Shah had been admitted through a private entrance into the sanctuary of his brother of Egypt. The palace erected by the Khedive on the Prater is modelled after the pattern of the half-dozen others which he has in the East, and is one of the most interesting buildings in Europe. It answers perfectly to the descriptions of similar structures in the Arabian Nights. I had been all through it before, and what had attracted me most was the interior courts—paved with parti-colored stones, planted with exotic trees and shrubs, and refreshed with the incessant drip of cooling fountains. One of these courts, which was surrounded on the inside by the usual verandah and upper gallery or extended balcony, was also provided on one side with an iron railing, through which it was partially visible to any one standing on the bare ground beyond the Viceroy's limits. Noticing some appearances of excitement in the court, I placed myself where I could look between the tall iron bars and see what was going on within. What I saw was well adapted to raise surprise to the point of admiration. The camels and asses of the Viceroy, urged to a brisk trot by their Egyptian drivers, were going round and round the quadrangular enclosure; while, as I gazed, the Austrian military band again struck up the detested Persian march, and the bejewelled Shah came out of one of the upper chambers upon the balcony, and paced slowly backward and forward once or twice in full view. The Khedive, although himself absent in Turkey, had it seemed prepared this congenial entertainment for the most sated yet unwearied of professional sight-seers. As the swarthy Egyptians leaned forward on the camel's humps (looking in their turbans and flowing vesture not unlike our European ladies on their side-saddles), and quickened the movements of the huge brutes into the rapid time required by the music, the Imperial Band ceased playing, and the renowned orchestra of Herr Johann Strauss took up the discontinued theme, from their amphitheatrical band-arbor. Not a word did I hear around me but German, French and Italian. It was as if the ends of the earth had met together—the Copts, the Fire-worshippers, the Goths, the Gauls, the Romans. Presently the satiated Shah retired to the recesses of his Sahidic solitude, and I in turn fled to seek my usual afternoon solace from Strauss's violins and the never-failing solo on the cornet-à-pistons by the vainglorious Herr Hoch. As I was following the musicians in their laudable effort to disentangle a well-known air from a mesh of seemingly inextricable variations, I observed a number of carriages move off from the rotunda door of the Exposition Palace, and after a pause at the Khedive's gateway, saw one of the landaus bearing off a mass of glittering diamonds and a little stiff white plume that set my heart all in a flutter. That evening at *Schönbrunn* I dreaded another rencontre with the Shah; but the silent fountains and the desolation of the *Gloriette*, and of those matchless lawns and vast forest-walls cropped into hedgerows, proclaimed that the multitude had gone elsewhere to see the soft raiment of Persia.

Monday I executed my purpose of leaving Vienna. I went first to Munich, and whiled away another week or fortnight in the Bavarian capital. From the banks of Isar my wandering fancy took me to the

What I Saw of the Shah

And to the ruddy precipices of the Tyrolese Alps. I had something of my ancient peace of mind, strolling among the slim forms of the pale Lombardy poplars, the broad reaches of Indian corn, and under abrupt gaunt cliffs their extensive wall of uncouth rock nine and ten miles above the sea. The rose and lilac or violet tints of the mountains were delicious, and touched my feelings like a magic thoven. One day I looked out of my window at Innsbruck a detachment of Tyrolese mounted riflemen drawn up in a somewhat quaint old street in front of the hotel. The soldiers, with facings of green; though most of them had a tinge of a darker color, to protect them against the rain which fell in torrents. Every man of them wore a black felt hat with a wide brim turned up at one side and fastened to the crown, and the hat was surmounted by a dark green feather and a bunch of oak-leaves. They appeared to be expecting some distinguished arrival; and dispersed, with a flourish of trumpets, as soon as the carriages, looking as wet as water-rats, had come rolling in from the railway station. Of course the vehicles all had the glass down. The next morning just after breakfast, as I was standing at the door of my hotel and gazing out upon the almost empty street, a lone coupe or open carriage of some kind slowly passed along, preceded and followed by one or two others, which contained a man whose face once seen could never be forgotten. It was a face not wholly unknown to me, and riveted my gaze like the head of Medusa. It was a man of low stature and frail physique, and a dull atrabilious complexion. On his head was a small black cap or brimless hat, from the side of which uprose a small stiff plume of triangular shape, with the apex of the inverted triangle fastened by an invaluable gem. His black frock was studded all over with diamonds, which glittered like constellations in an Alpine night. It was, of course, my mortal enemy the Shah. This time he wore spectacles, and was bending forward as if to listen intently to some remark from an Austrian General of many ribbons and medals whose monstrous gray whiskers confronted him from the opposite seat, and whose cocked hat (which the General held in his hand) filled the bottom of the carriage with a profusion of white feathers. Every moment I expected the princely visitor to fix his solemn regards on me; but the pageant was soon over, and passed without any such alarming incident.

This sudden apparition of the unlooked-for Persian on the classic ground of Andrew Höfer not only troubled, but appalled me; for, be it known, the Shah had been to Innsbruck once before that very summer. It was the knowledge of this fact which had induced me to go there rather than to Switzerland, and had allayed my morbid apprehensions of any further intrusion of his hateful presence. The fear thus strangely reawakened was altogether abject (I admit it), and was not in the least quieted by the story trumped up to explain the otherwise inexplicable reappearance of Persian diamonds among the fastnesses of the Tyrol. On the occasion of his first visit to this picturesque region his Majesty (so it was given out) had been asleep in his railway-carriage, and his attendants had not dared to disturb

his elysian meditations. This was so evidently a manufactured tale to throw dust into the eyes of the unthinking multitude, and thus hide his real purpose, that I leave the sensible reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts as I have recorded them.

Staggered and all but stupefied by this mysterious occurrence, and with a fixed presentiment of coming evil, the sun was hardly down before I retired to my bed-room, to take my usual composing draught, and to speculate on the possible tremendous issues of the future. The moon had not yet risen on the jagged pinnacles at the back of the town, which were yet faintly glowing with the hazy sunset, and the outlines of the different articles of furniture in my room were by this time scarcely distinguishable in the dubious twilight. I fell into a reverie, and became quite unconscious of the lapse of time and the advance of darkness. Presently my eyelids began to droop, and I was transported in fancy to the gardens of Astrabad. The bulbul was hidden amongst the swaying branches of neighboring fruit-trees and under the thick covert formed by luxuriant masses of flowers and Oriental shrubbery; but I heard its song. Above the motionless tree-tops I could just descry a flotilla of moon-shaped domes and minarets. A maid of the East, with eyelids darkened with kohl, sat on a bank of verdure near the edge of a tessellated pavement of white and red marble, in the centre of which was a circular basin of pure water from which a fountain sprang in a white column and then fell back in rainbow spray, and was touching the strings of a lute and murmuring a ditty of Hafiz about the rose. Gradually and voluptuously (as in those pretty dioramic shows called dissolving views) the scene changed, and I beheld a long train of pilgrim-warriors of the Orient, who as they marched before the chariot of some great hero were chanting some heroic measures from Firdusi. Again the scene shifted, and I dreamed this time of Turks and Saracens, of famines and frightful conflagrations, of Mediterranean shipwrecks, of Dutch fish-wives and their marvellous headgear, of Venetian cafés and Vienna Expositions, of Strauss and the "Beautiful Blue Danube," of turbans and tomtoms, bulbs and bulbuls, roses, Raphaels, lutes, Lore-leis and the Niebelungen frescoes. Once more the kaleidoscope was shaken, and this time the effect was novel and startling. By the light of the pale stars I saw voluminous masses of pitch-black clouds hurrying with solemn haste across the sky, which as I gazed upon them (and without producing any surprise in my mind) seemed to change into the outspread wings of the Arabian *roc*, bearing from the shores of Europe a gigantic spectre enveloped in an enormous afghan, whose exaggerated features impressed me as being painfully like those of my hated familiar. The great bird, however, I thought, veered from the direct course, descended towards the valley of the Inn, and making a sudden stoop, alighted on the roof of the house where I was lodging. The clap with which the ungainly fowl brought his huge wings together roused me. A gust of air from the bleak Alps had slammed to the shutter. I rose chilled through and through, lighted my lamp, intending to look over my account-book, and jumped into bed. My head had no sooner pressed the pillow than I fell into a light sleep, and was instantly snatched away again into the

realm of fantasy. The silken fetters of the slumber which now bound me fast were so exquisitely delicate and ethereal that, as is usual in such cases, my dream was distinct, vivid, consistent, almost like reality itself.

The dream too was one to be remembered in terror while life lasts. I thought I was in utter darkness, with manacles on my wrist, a gag in my mouth and a handkerchief pressed tight against my forehead, but evidently in the midst of a scene of bewildering novelty. On the sudden removal of the bandage from my eyes I was wrapt in a blaze of splendor so unutterable that for the instant it had almost blinded me, and intoxicated to the verge of delirium by a rush of sweet odors. By degrees I became sensible that I was standing before a heavily-draped structure of a pyramidal outline, somewhat like that of a pagoda, and which occupied at its base an area of many acres, not as is usually the case at the entrance of a temple, but in the central portion of a hall of unimaginable vastness and magnificence. The architecture of this cavernous and yet mosque-like building, considered as a whole, was apparently a combination of the Hindu and old Persian with the later Mohammedan styles; in the main, though there were traces here and there of India, and even of Egypt, the style was the Saracenic and Moresque, although there were many features for which I can find no counterpart elsewhere. There were reminiscences of temples like those of Bahar, Tanjore, Ajmeer, and the famous Taj Mahal near Agra; but the points of resemblance were far more numerous to such royal residences as the Alhambra in Granada, the Alcázar at Seville, and the Az-zahrá at Córdoba, and to such sacred Eastern edifices as the Mosque of Omar and Santa Sophia. Subsequent study has led me to notice a striking similarity too between the hall of my dream and the mosque at Chunar Gur on the Ganges, which structure has been thought to illustrate the well-known fact that much of the architecture of India was brought in the first instance from Persia by the descendants of Timour, and carried with certain modifications into Europe by the Moriscos of Spain. The occasional short antique pillars of the solidity and Egyptian figure, though not of Egyptian regularity, which sustained the main walls and their supporting arches hinted, however, of a style that has never been imported from the Orient, and was coeval with some of the earlier periods of the Indic and Persic civilisation. Overhead sprang a profusion of mighty domes of the Saracenic or bulbous variety, the tallest of which seemed distant as the zenith from the horizon. The floor was a pavement of porphyry, malachite, and variegated and white marbles arranged in a pattern of tessellated octagons, stars and other figures formed by the rectangular intersections of zigzag lines. Upon this floor, disposed in concentric circles all around the pagoda and the clear interspace in which I was standing, lay an innumerable population of Indians and Persians, among whom were mixed many strange swart-ruddy beings whom I at once recognised as original Aryans. The contrasts of color presented by their raiment and their dusky skins were among the most striking I had ever witnessed. Their lean slender hands were all clasped as if in prayer, and the polished floor was everywhere stained as if with their tears.

There were other contrasts, however, of color and brilliancy which were infinitely more splendid than those afforded by the robes and complexions of this motley multitude. The interior of the palace roof consisted of a series of concave ceilings and cupolas, covered with a mosaic of blue, red, and other gay tints, and at intervals with projections of gold, and laid off in square panels or coffers containing lozenges filled with roses, and enriched with foliage, flowers, geometrical devices, painting, sculpture, arabesques, scrolls, and sentences from the Korân in an elaborate style of calligraphy—the whole making up an enchanting aerial labyrinth. The innermost of these ceilings was a mosaic of dark gold and precious stones, with a boundary of honeycomb fretwork, and was rough with opals, emeralds, and other gems of every known name, size and hue. From this roof, like stalactites in a cave, there hung solid dependencies, to which were attached gold chains, and twisted cords of the same metal, terminating in a multitude of silver lamps of massive and curious workmanship and often of the highest artistic beauty; and to meet them there rose, like stalagmites, around the outer margin of the hall, upright stone pillars in the shape of candelabra, and bearing cressets also of silver, and also of rare Oriental beauty. The joint light of these innumerable lamps and cressets was caught up by a succession of multiplying steel mirrors gleaming with pearl and *nacre* and set in frames of lattice and open trellis-work, and was reflected again by the jewels that clustered like grapes in the curve of every horse-shoe arch and pointed crescent, and round the decorated chapter of every slender column. Thousands upon thousands of these light shining columns stood like a forest of jasper and white marble under the seeming weight of their crescent arches and perforated battlements in the remoter glooms of the hall beyond the most distant circle of worshippers. Far away, and foreshortened in perspective, a noble portal of red granite revealed a fairy-land of paradisiacal gardens. In the grand airy region under the principal domes the light gradually increased to an intensity of almost celestial brightness that shed a glory over the whole scene, producing in me a rapture of admiration that almost became pain. As if to mitigate in part this excess of illumination, censers swung by fire-worshippers in flame-colored scarfs and turbans, filled the air beneath with violet fumes of incense.

Presently a sonorous voice, which seemed to be instantly repeated from the invisible exterior minarets, proclaimed that the head of the nefarious barbarian would now be taken from his shoulders. Through a flash of cimeters leaping from their scabbards I saw before me, and in the very heart of the pagoda which was now thrown open, under an immense pavilion of scarlet and on an elevated daïs, a turbaned throng of coal-black eunuchs, swarthy Brahmans, fakirs and dervishes, white-bearded mollahs, ominous-browed cadis, rosy captives from Gurgistan, veiled Circassian houris, and Persian satraps and emirs. The high officials of Persia, and all the dignitaries of blood, rank, and opulence, and the beauties under clouds of white gauze, were invested in habiliments of the most costly fabric and brightest variety of color. Notwithstanding my apprehensions, I gazed on the splendid pageant with irresistible admiration.

As I was wistfully regarding them a trumpet sounded. The note was repeated. At the third summons one of the viziers turned and waved his arm quickly backwards and forwards in the air. At this signal the royal retinue parted, falling back like a pair of folding doors, and languidly reclining on a divan of purple velvet disclosed the form of that being of whom more than any other on earth I stood in horror—the imperial wanderer from Shushan and Persepolis, the inscrutable successor of Darius Codomannus. He was arrayed in a superb turban glittering with diamonds, and flowing outer robe and mantle. Near him lay several headless trunks, and the pavement before him was splashed with blood. Transfixing me with his black and yellow eyeballs that glared upon me with more than carnivorous ferocity and lustre, just as the slave in the white turban, who had been standing near by mute and motionless, was about to obey a signal from the Grand Vizier, and was actually drawing from its sheath the awful symbol of justice, Nasr-ed-din himself springing to his feet, with rapid motions drew from his own girdle a jewel-hilted dagger, and raising it with an imperious sweep of his arm above my head as I vainly struggled to cry for help, bounded forward like a royal Bengal tiger, seized me by the trembling beard, and in a voice which “grated harsh thunder,” uttered a sound for all the world like the creaking of my chamber-door.

I was now awake and took in the situation at a glance. My eye was riveted by a sight it encountered about midway between the door and the bed-post. There in the dull glow of the lamp, which was burning low, stood a heavily-muffled figure, evidently that of a man. As I looked, with hair erect and heart beating violently, the figure threw off a great cloak lined with some red material, unmuffled itself of an inner scarf, and disclosed (as I am an honest man and in my sound senses) the Shah of Persia himself in veritable flesh and blood, in a plain black caftan and large bell-crowned hat. I sat bolt upright in bed. Opening his lips at length, the Shah addressed me in a few unintelligible sentences. He spoke volubly, and, as I have no doubt, in Persian. One word only I was able to remember certainly, the word *jâhil*, which I have since learned means “fool.” Finding that the vernacular would not do, he burst impetuously into French, rolling his *r*'s like a German. Now and then he had recourse, I thought, to Arabic, a language with which I had picked up a scant acquaintance some years previously in Palestine and Constantinople. I fancied at least I was able to make out a few vehement imprecations. Seeing these efforts to be hopeless, he presently muttered between his clenched teeth, and with a look of fury, the following sentences in his best English:—“Miszcreant! didszt zinks do escabe ME? Didszt ze not know zat I gould hev made oll Europa doo haut to hold you? *Morbleu!* I vould has zacked a-véry zeettee of ze beauteéfle East but I vould hev unearthed you!” As he gave expression to this terrible threat he stamped with his slippered foot and glared upon me in a way that put me in mind of Browning's lynx—

“Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls.”

When I reflected upon his diminutive size, and thought of the loaded

What I Saw of the Skak

revolver under my pillow and of the party of stalwart men. At the next *étage*, I became outwardly calm. Nevertheless I must confess that I was miserably perturbed. The disordered state of my mind, the mental disease under which I had been for so long laboring, the previous inexplicable fears of this very personage, the presentiment which had pointed so accurately to this very meeting, my recent dream—all contributed to unhinge me completely. "Sire," I exclaimed faintly, "there certainly must be some painful mistake. Upon honor, I am entirely at fault as to your meaning. It must surely be some other man." Disregarding, with an impatient frown, this attempt at an expostulation, the old heathen went on remorselessly: "Ze grand zegrèt vot you hugg is deadly—neetro-gleezercén—jeeant-poodè-re! Kinks zey do hev long ar-r-rms!" Then, after a pause: "I *veel* hev it of you! It eez ein leetil vord!" Here his tone softened visibly: "Entrust it to safe ears! I shall dell it to no mans!" Even in the midst of my fright I was somewhat tickled at the grotesque appearance of his Majesty during the interview. The figure he cut was certainly in itself a rather comical one. The odd idea struck me that he was a cross between the dodo and the vulture. On the whole, however, my abject timidity and a certain weird feeling of the eerie and the supernatural conquered all sense of what was ludicrous in the situation. "I can zay leetil vord, and *presto!* his head is off. But no, I *veel* virst dry to obtains vat I zeek by inducements ze more agreable." Then with a leer of hypocritical affection, "*Eh bien! Vare eez it?*" I protested with still greater earnestness than before that I knew no secret—that I could not conjecture what he would be at—that surely it must be a case of mistaken identity, like that of the Tichborne claimant, of which his Majesty had doubtless heard something when in England. The suzerain resumed as follows: "My vizier grand he shall hev been undère ze arrest. Vot for it pe? Von leetil vord from you shall make him quite correct. *Allons! vite! Vare it do pe?*" By this time I was all but distracted. What with suppressed emotion and the protracted nervous strain I had undergone, I could stand it no longer. Unbuttoning the collar of my night-wrapper, and inwardly breathing the wish that "this too, too solid flesh would melt" and "dissolve into a dew," I heaved an involuntary sigh. Observing my strong feeling and thinking he had at last made an impression on me, the Sultan again took up the thread of his discourse, and in this instance made a very clever appeal to my humanity. "My bepils," quoth he, "zey pe oll dying like zo many zheeb viz a murrain: zare carcase zey do offends ze g-great zon, ze g-gry of ze survivor he go up to heaven as ze gry of Niobe or Hagar-r-r. Varefores zey die?" Satisfied that he had now effected a practicable breach, his Majesty advanced like a forlorn hope and recklessly expended upon me his last shot. Putting on the wheedling manner he had used once before, and eagerly perusing my countenance, he whispered under his breath, "Do you *veesh* for monish?—*Voilà!*" and opening his caftan Nasr-ed-din displayed to my astonished view a diamond necklace which would have driven the jewellers of the Palais Royal to suicide for very envy. When he saw that he had not even yet succeeded he at first seemed stunned, and

then in a broken voice said, "In ze name of ze prophet, *vare it vas?*" This was his Parthian arrow. Finding that he could do no more he sat down on a chair, and carefully removing his bell-crowned hat from his head, placed it deliberately between his knees. As he did so I noticed that he wore a scratch. He then took a pair of pewter spectacles out of a pocket in the caftan, and drew from the deep recesses of the bell-crowned hat a large yellow bandanna handkerchief, slowly unfolded it, spread it out in his lap, and proceeded to wipe his glasses with the corner of it. The hat and handkerchief were both of antique pattern and originally of rich materials, but had both seen their best days. He then adjusted his spectacles on the tip of his nose, and looked over them at me steadily and reproachfully. I did not fail even then to take notice that they were of the old-fashioned sliding sort, and a very big pair, something like goggles. It is strange what queer fancies may pass through a man's brain even when it is most perplexed with care or apprehension. It occurred to me, just at this moment, that he looked something like an old dyspeptic owl, and something like a colored barber who had once dressed my hair in America. One may have an intellectual judgment that a given thing is mirthful without the slightest corresponding feeling. On the present occasion my risibles did not respond in the least to the impertinent suggestions of my reason. I was as solemn as a judge. So was the Shah.

His Majesty at this stage in the proceedings inserted his hand into another pocket of the caftan and brought out a damaged gold snuff-box, rapped it with his elbow and knuckles, and thrust some of the fragrant powder into his nostrils. Apparently he was not accustomed to this mode of using the seductive narcotic, for he sneezed. He sneezed a second time. He then surveyed me again with a most dolorous aspect through his spectacles, after which he took them off, wiped them softly with the bandanna, quietly put the bandanna once more in the bottom of his hat, and restored the glasses to their receptacle in the caftan. Here he rose up from his seat with the brisk movement and solemn absurdity of a Jack-in-the-Box. He then got into a terrific passion, during which he stamped violently on the carpet, ground his teeth, tore his wig off, shook his little fist in my face, and finally broke down utterly; and resuming his seat in the chair, fumbled in the bell-crowned hat for the handkerchief, and at length, and with the manner of one who is utterly overcome with grief, bowed his sovereign head, buried his face in the depths of the bandanna and sobbed like a child, catching his breath at the end of each paroxysm like a little boy who has the whooping-cough, or who is in a towering rage. Finding all his schemes frustrated, foiled for the first time in his life in one of his darling projects, unhabituated to contradiction, and (in the absence of his vizier and suite, and of the usual appliances of torture) wholly destitute of the means to enforce his authority and punish the offender, the discrowned monarch presented a most pitiable illustration of the imperfection of Eastern governments, as well as of the vanity of human wishes. My fear and disgust had never left me any room for derision, and they were now mixed with compassion. I could not but pity even while I

loathed and dreaded him. The preposterous and abhorred Merry Andrew had become a sort of helpless and desolate King Lear. When the fit was over, he hurriedly arranged his disordered toilet and put himself in readiness for a speedy departure. This event was hastened by the noise made by somebody scratching at the door. Starting up, the Shah glided, or rather shuffled, stealthily over the floor and out of the apartment. As he retreated he scowled upon me with a look (which I can never forget) of baffled malice, and uttered something in English which had to my ear a ghastly likeness to the Arabian proverb about death being "the terminator of delights and the separator of companions."

Peering through the crack of the door, which his Majesty had failed to close, I saw the Shah and some one else enter the opposite room and heard the key turn in the lock. Springing from the low bed, I dashed on my clothes, seized the muffler which his Majesty had dropped in his haste, and—incontinently fled. *Proh pudor!* you will say, and so do I. As soon as I was out of hearing I uttered a scream of relief and joy. It was fortunate for me that I was in time to catch a night-train for Venice, where I spent a few days at Danieli's, and then proceeded, in a state of extreme physical prostration, *via* Verona and Milan as far as Belgaggio on Lake Como. Here I sat down wearily and drank in a tide of peace among the myrtles and olives and rare wild-flowers of those grand blue hills and translucent waters. As soon as I could command the strength to do so, I wrote to Innspruck, enclosing the amount of my unpaid bill there, and demanding my portmanteau and alpenstock. My friends and I often talk over my mysterious adventure with Nasr-ed-din. Some of them indeed have provoked my resentment by foolishly endeavoring to explain the whole thing away, either as an opium-dream, an optical delusion, a crazy hallucination partly founded on fact, or as a prank of my foreign-travelling companion in collusion with my doctor. Nothing could be more untenable than every one of these suppositions. I have thought very much about the matter, and have never ceased to speculate what information it could have been that the Sultan was so anxious to get from me. All is not gold that glitters, and they may be right who surmise that the snuff-box was of some baser material. The muffler I still keep as a souvenir, and as an indemnity for many evils. I have indeed once or twice overheard sagacious suspicions on the part of certain underbred wiseacres who had been gossiping, I dare say, with the village tailor, that the scarf to all appearance had known more of Leeds or Paisley than it ever had of Ispahan. In the teeth of these vexations I am in the habit of maintaining against all comers that the muffler is a shawl of the finest black Cashmeer, and that it is not all a hallucination about my tête-à-tête interview with the Shah of Persia.

JOHN GRANTLEIGH.

TWO SONGS.

I.

ONE half of her face in the light, as she sat,
 And one in a rounded shade,
 Half-glowing, half-calm, with that shining mat
 Of golden hair, in curl and braid,
 Crowning her head with its wave and plait—
 Darling of mine!

The glow of the cheek that lay in the light!
 The tender bloom of the shaded face!
 A ring on one hand flashed, diamond bright;
 The other hand would I take into its place—
 Take into my own her hand so white.—
 O darling of mine!

The little hand yielded, then struggled—a glint,
 And her ring took a meaning: I went my way.
 She loved me of old, or so swore; but, a hint
 I had caught of a lover more wealthy—and pray,
 Has a soul never lacked beneath color and tint,
 Ere this darling's of mine?

II.

My own love, my own love, since silence lies between us,
 And word or cry from either heart will break it nevermore,
 I only wait in quiet, I only wait and wonder
 When the time for speech will come, when will all be o'er.

When I die, my dearest, when I lie a-dying,
 I may speak and tell thee that I have been true;
 To comfort thee, ah! dearest,—thou art so lone without me!—
 I will dream I am a ghost, I float in heaven's blue.

And oh! my love, I love thee! Long, well, and truly loved thee!
 And now my soul may greet thee, and tell it all to thee!
 If but the truth might find thee while yet I live, my dearest!
 Yet it were too sweet! folly, and hope is done with me.

H. H.

LONDON AND ITS HOSTS AND GUESTS.

TO a foreigner London must seem a most anomalous and mysterious city. In a social sense it has no residents, and even its political life is intermittent. The only thing about it which never stops is the commercial stream on which float these other existences, as pleasure-boats and royal barges once floated on the muddy, dingy waters of the Thames. Take away the West End, St. James and Belgravia — take away Downing Street and the Houses of Parliament, still the gigantic wheel of London's mercantile life will not pause; Lombard Street with its banks and loan-offices will flourish, and the Exchange will be as busily thronged as ever. There is this difference between London and New York, that society and the commercial interest are not one and the same; but London also stands apart from most other European cities with regard to its social grades, in that it has but one circle which dares to claim preëminence. In Paris there is a marked division between the cliques, that are after all pretty equal in birth, position and good breeding; there are three distinct parties that hate each other implacably — the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Bonapartists, and though the latter class includes many persons who feel more at home in the camp than the court, and many whose titles have been equivocally bought out of their illegal savings, still the party *does* possess men of culture, merit and good manners. Now, in London political feuds are restricted to the field of politics, the "House," the committee-room, or the hustings. In society it does not matter what you are or believe so long as you are a gentleman. There are of course various strata of society, but these imply shades of caste, not of political opinion. There is only one circle emphatically styled "good society," and the proof of this lies in the marked eagerness of all outside it, no matter how brilliant or agreeable may be their own set, to climb over into its magical enclosure. There is no buying oneself into it; a regular "character" is required by its judges, a security given by one of its own members that the candidate will not disgrace his future honors. In fact, to enter its pale a godfather is needed; but on the other hand godfathers and godmothers are found easily enough, for the wealthy candidate can generally offer a few votes in return, or the witty candidate can bridle the tongue of an obnoxious periodical, and so on through the scale of perfectly "legitimate" compensation.

As a rule London houses are small, and their construction lends itself but stiffly to any great amount of display; the hostess must often feel as if she was emulating the tea-cup which rashly tried, so says tradition, to get up a storm within its narrow compass. Still there are exceptions enough to do honor to the country, and even to rival some of the foreign palaces that seem so naturally adapted to scenes of magnificence, though in our degenerate days they so seldom witness them. Indeed, when we think of those foreign abodes, so

vast and yet untenanted, we feel disposed to reverse our former simile, and liken a fête in their halls to an assembly of ants striving to get up a stately pageant in the lair of a dead lion. The older and now unfashionable part of London contains beautiful, spacious houses, with halls paved with marble and saloons panelled in oak; but the tide has left them high and dry, and has reached another region, where narrow boxes, all frippery and gilding, are "the correct thing," and where elegance of detail replaces the simple beauty of proportion. Only a minority of people have houses of their own in London; many find it too expensive to keep a town as well as a country house while there are so many to be hired for a reasonable sum; and others, who do not care for so protracted a stay, spend part of the season very comfortably at a hotel.

The public buildings where official entertainments are given are mostly very fine, and in the case of the "City" very interesting. The great reception given to the Sultan of Turkey in 1867 at the Guildhall was a really magnificent sight; much the same was that tendered to the Shah of Persia last year, and a description of one will serve for both. The very road to the "City" is interesting, because so little known to the denizens of the West End. The Lord Mayor's invitations were a curiosity in themselves—embossed and illuminated cards, soliciting in formal, stilted language the honor of your presence at the public reception offered by the "worshipful corporation of the City of London" to the foreign and imperial guest of the nation. A long *queue* of state coaches and chariots filed slowly through the streets, stretching at least a mile distant from the point of attraction. The road lies through old High Holborn, a thoroughfare lined with busy thronging shops, while here and there stands an old jutting-eaved house with carved timbers running along its front, and each story projecting further into the street than the one immediately beneath it. Quaint, tortuous alleys, such as the Englishman himself does not believe to exist in London, but with which he is quite familiar in Continental towns, run out of the broad thoroughfare. The road is lined with eager, good-humored faces, who peer with innocent curiosity into the gaudy carriages as they roll slowly on at the snail-like pace necessitated by the long queue. The crazy steeples rise like aerial groves in the moon's dusky light, and dreamy recollections of old mediæval civic processions crowd on your mind as you tediously progress through the crowd. The carriages themselves are a feast for the eye. The coachman sits aloft, not on a common coach-box, but on a "hammer-cloth" or raised stool covered with cloth of the same color as the livery, and the sides of which are decorated with the crest of the owner in silver. He wears a gorgeous costume—pink silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes, crimson or blue plush breeches with ribbon-knots at the garter, a large bouquet pinned to the breast of his coat, which is of dark-blue or green, claret-color or gray, as the case may be, and adorned with silver or gilt buttons, each stamped with the family crest. On his head he wears a small bob-wig of curled white hair, like an incipient lawyer of the Queen's Bench, and were it not for his tall cockaded hat (the only ugly thing about the dress), his appearance would be perfect. Behind the coach or

chariot (the latter holds only two persons and is swung very high, having little folding steps to get down by) stand two footmen in almost exactly the same costume except the wig, for which they make up by powdered hair ; they hold on by the embroidered straps attached to the back of the carriage. On the panels on either side are painted the family arms, and both the exterior and interior of the carriage generally correspond with the color of the livery. After threading the crowded city streets, a true *terra incognita* to the West Ender, you arrive at your destination, the civic palace of the Worshipful Corporation. Here a splendid sight meets the eye ; we seem to have leaped back four centuries. Serving-men in quaint costumes, and with halberds in their hands, keep a lane free through the hall for the passage of the guests ; you are received by personages clad in long scarlet robes with white wands of office in their hands ; others usher you up the stairs and show you to a place according to the number of the ticket which you received along with the invitation. In the great hall is a raised stage, at one end of which stands the *daïs*, with a dozen red velvet arm-chairs clustered beneath. One of these seems more throne-like : it is the Sultan's. On each side are ranged seats which the West-End guests will occupy, forming as it were a guard of honor to the Sultan. Here sits the Cabinet in the civil-service court-dress — black velvet tunic, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and collar and cuffs of white lace ; there is clustered the *Corps Diplomatique* in all the variety of foreign military or official uniform, blazing with diamond stars and crosses, and bound with the broad ribbons of various orders of merit or distinction. Here is the scarlet Yeomanry uniform, there the modest Rifle green or gray and red of the Volunteer brigade. Yonder sits the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ; behind him a Colonial Governor. The Scotch tartan, and hairy pouch technically called “sporrán,” the jewelled dirk and silver buttons of the full-dress velvet jacket, show where stands a Hamilton, a McGregor, a Hay, a Macduff ; while scattered among the crowd are scores of men in scarlet cloth robes, white fur tippets and heavy gold chains — the Aldermen and Sheriffs of the City of London. Everything but their present dignity is sunk for the occasion : they may be soap-boilers, grocers, polish-makers, haberdashers, when they are at home, but here in this charmed circle, and for this one night of solemn masquerade, they are the pillars of the Constitution, the representatives of that solid middle-class which forms the bulk of the nation and owns more than half the nation's millions. They are civic potentates, “their foot is on their native heath,” and they dispense with stately consciousness the typical hospitality of the country. The Lord Mayor, in velvet robes, stands among the knot of higher officials under the *daïs*. His wife, dressed in the last fashion which has reached the city, and his daughters, blooming, bouncing, healthy girls, full of the unwonted honors of their responsible position, look anxiously down the lane, still kept free for the royal guests.

At last there is a stir. The band perched up in the high gallery whereon the wooden giants Gog and Magog stand grimly guarding the civic sanctum, strikes up the Turkish national hymn ; and the Sultan in European costume, accompanied by his own suite all wearing

the "fez," and the Royal family wearing in compliment to him the red and green ribbon of the principal Turkish order, sail up the hall. The Lord Mayor goes down two steps to meet him, escorts him to his throne, and then turns to receive his own future sovereign. The Royal party finally disperses itself on all the available seats under the daïs, and the Sultan through his interpreter says a few gallant words to the Lady Mayoress. Then four sheriffs clad in their picturesque costume advance with a gold box lying on a velvet cushion, and bowing low, station themselves in front of the Imperial guest, while an alderman presents the Lord Mayor with a parchment roll. The latter takes it and slowly and distinctly reads the address, in which the corporation of the city of London, offering their heartiest welcome to the Oriental monarch, beg of him to accept as a souvenir of his visit, the "freedom" of the city contained in the gold box herewith presented to his Majesty. The Lord Mayor lifts the box from the cushion and places it in the Sultan's hands, while an interpreter rapidly acquaints the latter with the purport of the ceremony. The Sultan rises to reply, and again the interpreter explains to the Lord Mayor the pleasure with which his august master deigns to accept the offered mark of friendly consideration. The hall rings with plaudits and the band strikes up again. A little social talk is indulged in under the solemn daïs; the Lady Mayoress looks proud and flushed, her daughters radiant, her husband important, though Britishly unconcerned.

The City is not half content with the honor conferred on her noble guest; she has yet other pleasures in store for him. The opera quartette and one or two superlative instrumentalists are ensconced in a convenient corner of the hall near the daïs, and delicately printed programmes are distributed among the company. Pauline Lucca is the star *par excellence*, and she is in splendid voice to-night. The concert lasts little more than three-quarters of an hour, but there are no long gaps between the songs, and everything of its kind is exquisitely perfect. Then a stir among the crowd in the hall announces another change of scene; the Sultan gives his arm to the Lady Mayoress, the English Royal Princes lead the Lord Mayor's daughters, while their own wives and sisters are escorted by the Turkish officials and the principal sheriffs of the "good city." They are all going down to the banquetting-hall, where the enormous wealth of the city plate, its dazzling beauty, antiquity and quantity, will be freely displayed. The sight of the tables is indescribable; the magnificence is more than kingly, and the strict adherence to old rules and customs makes one dream of those ponderous feasts of the Flemish burghers, whose dames were clad as queens, and whose ships resembled a royal fleet. Unfortunately, however, the wives and daughters of the "worshipful corporation" were not in this instance "clad as queens," for I never saw a more distressing amount of bad taste displayed at any entertainment. Certainly as regards toilette the city ladies had not yet emerged from outer darkness; the most striking contrasts of colors, the crudest combination of irreconcilable shades, the most aboriginal cut of garments, the most tangled bushes of artificial flowers cropping out at unseasonable places such was the scene

presented. It was a pitiful contrast to the dignified costume of the men, and made one long for some law that should regulate the state habiliments of the female as well as the male portion of responsible London citizens. After the supper a ball was given, for which we did not stay ; indeed it was something of a failure, for there was another public entertainment that night which drew off people's attention from the supplementary festivities of the Guildhall. The scene in the entrance-hall was perhaps more picturesque than any : groups of guests scattered about, liveried servants frantically searching for their masters, here the *piquante* prima-donna leaning on the arm of a famous pianist, there an artist looking calmly and critically on the mediæval picture before him ; on one side the rippling laughter of very young girls, to whom this intoxicating scene is almost the first taste of social pleasure ; on the other, the low cynical tones of the *habitués* of Belgravian salons, who have seen and tasted everything and found all pleasure but Dead Sea fruit.

Well, let us struggle through the well-dressed crowd, smiling sweetly to our friends, and more sweetly still to our enemies, till we reach the ragged crowd outside, where horses paw and link-men* swear, and pickpockets wriggle in and out among the horses' heads, and shivering beggar-women gaze fascinated on the gay spectacle, and hungry children cry, and policemen roar husky orders to "move on." Through all this turmoil we reach the carriage, and are whirled away in the darkness past unknown haunts and undreamt-of dangers, gin-palaces and thieves' meeting-dens, through all the reek and slime out of which towers wealthy London, fashionable London, political London. Eager, innocent, curious bystanders no longer gaze with lazy good-humor at the lordly string of carriages ; the streets are cleared for the people of whom Dickens wrote—the thief, the vagabond, the suicide. What have they to do with the guests of the Worshipful Corporation of the city of London ? We know not ; but if we would shake the golden scales from our eyes, perhaps we might at least guess. Our pomp and riches, whether of the butterfly kind that flourishes in Mayfair, or the ponderous sort that grows up in Lombard Street, may have sent yonder staggering wretch upon his downward path, or have set in motion the chain of circumstances that has brought that poor, starved girl to look so gloomily over the parapet of London Bridge. Not that there is not plenty of charity in London —no city in the world can boast of so many institutions, all supported by voluntary contributions, and overlooking no conceivable species of distress which human means can relieve ; but can even the most ingenious charity heal all sores, and do not carelessness and good-natured weakness undo more good than charity is capable of doing ? A contemptuously expressed opinion of the intrinsic worthlessness of woman's virtue may do more ultimately to ruin a soul than all the refuges and homes in London can do to heal it ; a petty act of meanness will alienate the chafed spirit of a poor workingman more

* A remnant of old times when gas was not and sedan-chairs were. At the present day these men get their living by holding lanterns to assist people into their carriages, roaring out their names when they require their chariots, letting down the steps, &c. They are privileged humorists, know every one's family history, livery and circumstances, and often come out with very apt sayings.

than all the free hospitals, the reformatories, the soup-kitchens can soothe it ; a hasty, careless glance may make a criminal of a beggar, and turn the scale that divides a weakly honest purpose from a desperate resolve. And who shall say that such unintentional provocation is not given every day, and that oftentimes the very crumbs from Dives' table do not come loaded with the poison of contempt into the poor home of Lazarus? So musing, it is not so difficult as it seemed at first to trace the subtle links that bind together the tired guest of the Guildhall safe in his comfortable carriage, to the wretched tenant of the riverside haunts slinking through the streets at midnight and meditating a burglary or a murder. If you looked long enough at this side of the picture, I warrant you the reverse would lose more than half its brilliancy in your sight, and you would think shudderingly of that weird painting at Bruges whose colors were mixed with the blood of poisoned criminals, eagerly sought after by the artist, but for the attaining of which he had to brave the penalties of the law. Surely some of our social pictures are painted with that sickening pigment! But the air around us seems to grow lighter: we are nearing the confines of our own kingdom again, and who does not know the opiate-like influence of security and comfort which so easily blurs the pictures now and then revealed to our inner sight by our uneasy conscience? With a shake and a jolt of the carriage we awake to "practical" life once more, and pooh-pooh the sentimental philanthropy which had nearly mastered us. Some people would rather be puppets than men: why should they not be free to bury their dignity as responsible beings?

The same night that saw the Guildhall reception to the Sultan, witnessed another national welcome to a different body of guests, the Belgian Volunteers. This was given in the shape of a public ball at the immense Agricultural Hall, Islington, a suburb of London, almost equally far from the fashionable part of the town as is the "City" itself. The entertainment was essentially "popular," the decorations of the roughest, the floor covered with saw-dust in many places, and the refreshments scanty. The immense nave or central part of the hall was filled with English and Belgian Volunteers in their various uniforms, and with women and girls in different stages of incipient toilette, from the plain alpaca gown to the high Swiss muslin skirt adorned with cherry-colored ribbons. There was hardly any finery much more elaborate than that, except of course among the spectators in full dress who stood by the Royal family and the Sultan on the dais prepared for them, and who had hastened from the "City" fête in time to cast a hasty glance at this very different scene. For form's sake a few of the princes and princesses went through a quadrille in a little space cleared for them, and while this lasted the crowd looked on and no one else danced. A Volunteer band played in a tribune reared aloft and hung with flags and evergreens, typifying the brotherly good-fellowship and everlasting peace henceforward existing between England and Belgium.

Another night a state reception was given to the Sultan's powerful vassal and dangerous rival, the Viceroy of Egypt. This man, the Napoleon III. of his race and country, has given tangible proofs of

his high order of intellect, of his passionate desire to educate his people up to the standard of European civilisation, to develop the resources of one of the richest as well as oldest empires of the world, and to reward merit as it deserves to be rewarded, no matter from what quarter of the globe it comes and to what religion it professedly belongs. The house where the Viceroy was most magnificently entertained was the same where an English Duchess knelt to Joseph Garibaldi, and where the buccaneer's stained red-shirts were reverently and enthusiastically cut up into strips to be kept as relics of the guest of one of England's peers. A palace it truly is, with its broad Italian stairway, its wide corridors connecting halls of a size too immense to be called salons, its treasures of art covering the walls, its coved and frescoed ceilings, and on this occasion its crowds of men in uniform and women in graceful toilettes circulating slowly round the centre of attraction, *i.e.* the Viceroy and some of our own Royal family. There is a sameness in the description of these brilliant scenes which, we are aware, must pall upon the reader, just as the wearisome sameness of the reality very soon palls upon the spectator. Here we may stop to observe the contrast, startlingly forced upon us, between the beauty of nature, of which description always falls so lamentably short, and that of artificial fêtes such as these, which the pen unconsciously presents as so much more dazzling and enchanting than they really were.

The new Foreign Office was hardly finished at the time of the Sultan's visit to London in 1867, but it was nevertheless resolved to convert it for once into a huge ball-room, that the fête offered by the Government might not be less splendid than that given by the "City." The building is rather like the new Post-office, New York, and combines no less than four Greek styles of architecture. It is built in a square enclosing a large courtyard, which space, as the largest available, was temporarily boarded and roofed so as to serve as a ball-room. The outer colonnades on the first floor of the building were fitted up with divans and festooned with gay drapery; the corners of the improvised hall were filled with groves of exotics, music was placed in some invisible retreat, and the inevitable throne was erected for the guest of the evening. This time there was no mediæval display, no formal address; it was purely a modern fête, a *bona fide* ball. The young daughters of the Turkish ambassador, in lieu of any royal lady belonging to the Sultan, were the chosen partners of the English princes; the Sultan and his handsome nephews stood looking on in languid, passive, Oriental approbation. The scene was very beautiful, though to the principal actors very fatiguing. But one incident was destined to make that night a memorable one. Towards midnight the supper-room was thrown open, and the Royal party, accompanied by the suite and the *Corps Diplomatique*, were ushered in. Dancing continued in the hall, and people circulated in the galleries above, admiring the show, criticising its details, pointing out friends in a proud and enviable position, and wishing it were not so hot. Presently an unaccountable stir is felt rather than seen, an uneasy sensation spreads around among the revellers, the very lights seem dimmed, a chilly breath wanders over the exotics

and bears away no perfume from them: something has evidently happened. "What is it?" people ask of each other, startled out of the frigid decorum of every-day life. "No one knows," answers your next neighbor, careless whether or no he has been previously introduced to you. "Do they know it in the supper-room?" whispers one who hardly knows it himself, and a frightened answer comes in a breathless voice—"They have summoned him without telling him why." What is it? Only a messenger. From where? From a kingdom mightier than the kingdoms of earth, from the realm of Death—the leveller who respects no person, who heeds no incongruity, who will not be put off by etiquette nor impeded by revels. The wife of the Turkish Ambassador had been struck down, dead or dying. It was an appalling stroke: no one who was present could ever forget the terrible scene, the desolation, the blank, the confusion. A deadly spell fell on all; people hurried by pale as ghosts, panting to get away from the ghastly mockery of a feast so rudely interrupted; wild rumors of dreadful import magnified the calamity, and the place was soon as deserted as if struck by a sudden pestilence. The truth was that the Ambassador's wife, already threatened with apoplexy and in a state of health unfitting her for any excitement, had sacrificed her health to what she thought her duty, and bravely accompanied the royal party to this fatal pageant. She was dead before she reached her home. Her daughters—gentle girls, with the pathetic gazelle-like expression often seen in Oriental eyes, and sometimes in Italian, girls of whom a poet might have said that they were jessamine-blossoms transformed into women—were taken home almost as insensible as their mother. Her sons were half distracted, her husband in a frenzy of grief which no consolations could at the moment allay. The worth of those who are gone is often unknown to the world till after they are seen no more. It was so with "Albert the Good," whom England honored more in his death than she ever praised him in life; it was so now with the gentle motherly woman whom the whole London world so sincerely mourned. The mainspring of her house seemed broken. On her her husband had leaned; she had been his rudder, his counsellor, his minister, to her children a bulwark and a refuge. All London felt the loss of the suddenly orphaned family as if it had been a personal one. It came home to every heart; people shed tears for it as they had not done for losses of their own; parties and balls were put off as if a Court-mourning had been proclaimed. The public sympathy was more real and intense than I have ever known it to be in any instance. The terrible thought was kept from that quick oblivion which effaces all things like words written with the finger on the sand just before the coming tide, by the very fact of its connection with the Sultan's yet unfinished visit. The Ambassador's door was besieged with eager callers, leaving cards of condolence, and who on lifting their eyes to the house of death were startled by seeing the skeleton preparations for the illuminations yet hanging over the door. A great official fête was to have been given there in a few days, and in the ghastly hurry consequent on this awful interruption to such projects the decorations had been forgotten. In the same sumptuous apartments where the throne for

the Sultan had already been erected, one mightier than he was enthroned, watching by his victim, who lay in state, surrounded by all that affection and wealth combined could procure to decorate a coffin—costly flowers, camellias as white and waxen as her own stricken daughters, sweet violets, bay-leaves, Oriental spices, tall candles, purple velvet pall. I had never entered that house before the death of its kind, gentle mistress; but I never went up those stairs in later years without thinking of that awful procession on the night of the Foreign Office ball, when a corpse was borne up the steps which not two hours before the living woman had descended in all the necessary richness of a full-dress toilette. One great consolation remained in the thought that it was no frivolous, obstinate race after pleasure which drew her forth that fatal night, but devotion to her husband's interests and the exigencies of a position which she valued as nothing save in reference to her children's future.

In describing these chequered scenes of London life, we can scarcely omit the "drawing-rooms" at Buckingham Palace; but there is so little to say about that which has not already been said, that we will not tarry long in the description. More uniforms, more gorgeous saloons, halberdiers and "beef-eaters" in the costume of the days of Bluff King Hal, more courtly chamberlains, and altogether an air of aping Versailles as it was in the days of *le Grand Roi*, but after all a great sameness of detail. One of the best parts of the pageant is the guard of honor outside the palace, the immovable Horse Guards in the rich uniform of scarlet and white, huge top-boots, and helmets with a *panache* of black or red horse-hair. These royal receptions take place from one till four or five o'clock in the afternoon—an arrangement sanctioned by long usage, but very senseless in itself, as it breaks up the whole day. A train at least two yards long is a necessary part of the ladies' court-costume; also a veil, and three ostrich-feathers in the hair. A man stands at the entrance of the Throne Room to spread the train gracefully as you pass into the Royal presence, and another at the further door helps you to throw it over your left arm when you have passed and made your obeisance. A chamberlain reads out your name as you go in, and according to your rank the Queen either gives you her hand to kiss or herself salutes you lightly on the cheek. The latter is the privilege of the wives and daughters of earls, and so on upwards; the former serves for all ladies below that rank. The Queen stands as she receives her subjects' homage, although it would seem more appropriate that she should sit; probably this is decided by long usage. The Royal family stand by her, a little drawn back however, and a group of court officials, the Earl Marshal, the Master of the Household, etc., stand in front of her. At "drawing-rooms" ladies alone are admitted into the Throne Room, though their attendant husbands and fathers invariably accompany them up to the threshold. There are several occasions on which it is customary to be "presented"—at the entrance of a young girl into society, on her marriage, on her accession to a higher title, and on her husband being either raised to the peerage or proving his right to some disputed title. This is supposed to give official confirmation to her new rank. "Levees"—so called from

the old French audiences given during the King's morning-toilet: *lever du roi*—are for gentlemen only; and on these occasions none but male members of the Royal family attend, except of course the Queen, who to all official intents and purposes is simply "the Sovereign."

The opening of Parliament was once a splendid festive occasion, but it has been shorn of its solemnity since the Queen's partial retirement from public fêtes. On this occasion the Peeresses who throng the galleries of the House of Lords appear in full dress and diamonds, while the Peers attend in their robes of crimson velvet, or cloth, with ermine borders. At a coronation each has his coronet carried before him on a velvet cushion by a page and his train borne up by another; but these details are of course as exceptional as the occasion, and are dispensed with at the yearly opening of Parliament. The procession down Parliament Street is as grand as the other great annual London pageant, the Lord Mayor's show in November. Again the "beefeaters" march with their tasselled halberds by the side of the carriages; the Cabinet, the *Corps Diplomatique*, the Admiralty, the great officers of the Royal household, the Mistress of the Robes, the Ladies-in-waiting, the Lords of the Bed-chamber, etc., roll by in old-fashioned coaches, each drawn by six coal-black horses; and at last comes the Queen herself in a coach that reminds one of Cinderella's present from her fairy godmother, all glass and gilding, and drawn by eight cream-colored horses; the color as well as the number has long been a tradition in the country. One cannot help feeling conscious somehow that all this sounds very feebly when compared with the pageants of old, the tournaments of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the jousts of Edward the Black Prince, and the legendary glories of King Arthur at Camelot. It is even shabby by the side of the Emperor of China's bridal procession, with his household goods and furniture drawn along on platforms to which four-and-twenty creamy oxen were harnessed abreast; but such as it is, it may be interesting to those who are fond of keeping up the old customs for the sake of their picturesqueness.

Among the public amusements to which society in London lends its countenance, the Caledonian Ball is conspicuous. It takes place annually, and is for the benefit of a Scotch orphanage. Every one goes to it, and is supposed to go in a fancy dress; but this rule is very much evaded. The average Englishman has a horror of exhibiting himself in any out-of-the-way garb, and even officers of the Line never wear their uniform on any occasion when they can possibly help it. Very different is this from foreign countries, especially Germany, where one might almost suppose that a soldier slept in his uniform. The ladies generally contrive for the Caledonian Ball some sort of fancy dress, not very conspicuous and easily convertible into an ordinary ball-dress, while the men content themselves with adding a blue or red collar and cuffs to their regular dress-coat, which costume is dubbed in derision the "postman's." There is, however, a quadrille the members of which are picked out and paired beforehand, and who always dance in some preconcerted and uniform costume. Sometimes there are two quadrilles, and the second is generally in the powder-and-pompadour style, while the one *de rigueur* must be essentially Scotch. The men, invariably Scotchmen, wear the full-

dress Highland costume, each wearing his own tartan, crest and badge; and the ladies usually wear white with broad silk tartan scarfs and their family badge, which is generally some flower—a sprig of heather, of bog-myrtle, as the case may be. The orphans, in their school-dress, are marched once round the room before the ball opens, while the bagpipes play Scotch airs that have been handed down from piper to piper for centuries. Then the Scotch quadrille is performed in the sight of the assembled crowd, and is followed by a “reel,” at the termination of which the ball begins in earnest. The fashionable world keeps to the upper end of the hall, the lower regions being appropriated by any one who can afford a ticket. Here are seen costumes in full bloom, costumes evidently borrowed for the night from second-rate theatres or clothes-dealers, terrible Turkish costumes, Satans, bushwhackers, Italian brigands, grim lawyers got up like Don Basilio in the *Barbier de Séville*—in short all kinds of terrific, gloomy characters that a course of Byron and Saturday-night literature can suggest.

To pass from these state receptions or public amusements to the more normal kind of entertainments, we may mention Holland House as one of the most interesting and hospitable of London abodes. It stands on the outskirts of the town, and is in reality a country-house of the Elizabethan period, which the gigantic strides of city progress has reached and now almost incorporated with London proper—a historical house, where the wits of the last century gathered in brilliant groups round the great Whig statesman of the day; a house worthy of the stately Tudor times which saw it built, and inhabited at present by one whose English tastes have been refined and completed in the classic cities of Italy. The house itself, of mellow, time-stained red brick, with wide mullioned windows and quaintly twisted stacks of chimneys, stands out in fine relief against the immense old elms and oaks that surround it. To the back stretches an undulating lawn, sloping off into a grove which one would be tempted to call a forest, so old and splendid are its trees, with grassy glades threading their massive trunks and quite realising the preconceived notion of a deer-haunted “chase” in the olden time. To the left of the house is a formal Italian garden enclosed by tall hedges, and on one side by an arched colonnade of rough brick entirely shrouded in ivy. This is perhaps one of the most picturesque and old-world garden scenes that you can imagine. The long conservatory running parallel with this garden opens on to a lovely little sequestered court planted with orange-trees, and giving glimpses of a vista that ends in a stone-coped pond covered with water-lilies in full bloom. It is quite Italian: you might fancy it the background of a fair Tuscan scene, and expect the ardent, gentle, handsome Tasso to come from yon balcony at the shy call of Eleonora d’Este. The interior of the house is more English, and is a very museum of antiques—Gobelin tapestry, black carved oak, rare foreign china, pictures, cabinets, etc., etc. You are, however, again reminded of the sunny South by the Pompeian mosaic on the floor of the entrance-hall bearing the device of a huge, statuesque-looking mastiff and the somewhat inhospitable motto *Cave canem*—Beware of the dog. Holland House is famous

for its "breakfasts," a kind of demi-toilette entertainment daily growing in favor in England, but unfortunately only possible during the last six weeks or so of the social year.

Dorchester House is another princely residence, but a modern one, rather in the style of Stewart's house on Thirty-fourth Street, New York, a pile of marble loaded with Italian sculpture, and filled with French furniture chosen with English regard to massiveness of form and to comfort in details. The hall is paved with mosaic and supported by a double row of pillars, while the walls are frescoed deep earth-red color with panels of Pompeian subjects. The long dark library, which from its size might be that of a club or a literary society, fills one side of the ground floor; various spacious rooms, tiled and mosaic-paved, and during parties filled with exotics and luxurious ottomans, take up the other side of the hall. The wide, regal staircase, thronged many a night in the "season" with the most distinguished of the ultra cream of society, leads to endless beautiful apartments, with French parquet floors, walls covered with satin damask and exquisite *chefs-d'œuvres* of modern art. But you miss one thing sadly: nothing looks home-like; you cannot imagine anything appropriate to these marble halls except the pomp and circumstance of social life; you would never dream of children's feet pattering on those steps, or of domestic happiness making its nest in those stately salons; everything seems lofty, inaccessible, beautiful and chilling. Perhaps it needs a century or so to mellow and attune its garish magnificence to some kind of subtle sympathy with human joys and woes. For my part I have always thought it an impossibility to be perfectly at home in any new house.

A very different dwelling is one which I remember in the Regent's Park—a straggling villa, large, low and roomy, standing in a garden fenced off from the public park (which by the way is the most charming in all London), and where the most delightful informal musical parties drew together the *dilettante* part of London society. There you met the best musicians and composers, English and foreign; there amateurs of undoubted merit performed for hours, while the company sauntered in and out of the cool rooms, ate ices and drank claret-cup, and flirted or played croquet on the lawn. This cleared the rooms for the lovers of music, and one could spend an afternoon there in peace, forgetting the trammels of stiff evening parties and the fatigues of feverish ball-rooms. Outside the windows, the lilacs and syringas swayed in the soft June wind and sent in balmy reminders of their presence to the dreamers within. In most of the rooms were carelessly scattered treasures of art, and over all was felt the influence of a gentle, appreciative woman. She was an old lady of seventy, the *beau-ideal* of happy old age, a dignified hostess, kind and unobtrusive. Her bachelor son, the owner of this London oasis, was a great collector of antiques, a connoisseur in pictures, altogether a patron of art.

London cannot boast of many regular ball-rooms; most people simply take up their carpets and wax their floors, leaving the rest to the imagination of their guests. One house, however, had improved itself in this respect and possessed a ball-room built on purpose,

lighted from above (it was built over a strip of yard and garden) and fitted up expressly for dancing. The floor was of oak and slippery as glass; to one side was a wide recess raised three or four steps, for the musicians, and opposite a cunningly contrived pond in miniature, with ornamental lamps round the coping, and gold-fish and water-lilies amicably sharing the enclosure. The room was not used exclusively for dancing; one night when some charity meeting (private theatricals, I believe) was going on in the salons above, the ball-room was turned into a refreshment-room, but by no means a common one. Tables were laid the whole length of the room, and down the centre of each ran a board stripe disposed as a miniature parterre, the little paths being imitated in fine sand and thick layers of costly flowers representing the beds. It was a beautiful conceit, beautifully executed. Indeed this kind of table decoration is becoming very popular in England; the design is traced on the table by narrow tin troughs filled with damp moss, and capable of being joined together or taken asunder so as to form almost any pattern you choose. Into this flowers are placed, so as to hide the tin entirely, and thus have the effect of being laid on the table. In the centre you will often find a cone of ice, or the likeness of an iceberg with rough edges and jutting points complete, its base smothered in flowers. (Sometimes the "ice" is only *glass*, for on hot nights the iceberg might resolve itself into a lake before dinner was over.) An ingenious use for ice has also been discovered lately for the cooling of ball-rooms; a slab of ice is placed in the window (with a concealed trough underneath), and the sash closed upon it after the manner of an Æolian harp, so that the breeze may come in cooled by its contact with the frozen mass. The ball-room of which we have spoken above was often the theatre of such dinners as one seldom sees in other London houses. Forty or fifty was the usual number of guests, twenty being generally the utmost number which an ordinary room can accommodate. It was not easy to see from one end of the table who were your fellow-guests at the other extremity. The monumental plate and many-branched candelabra, the pyramids of hot-house flowers, plants in silver vases, the cunning erections of fruit and confectionary that loaded the table, made a barrier as effectual as a small screen would have been if placed along the middle of the board between the two rows of guests. A singular exaggeration of adornment which I noticed on one occasion was the placing of everything, from the huge centre epergne to the tiniest salt-cellar, upon trays of glass with beaded edges fitted to the size of each article, the effect being the same as of a landscape reflected on the glassy surface of a still lake. You looked down into an inverted chaos of flowers, fruits and light, while here and there fragments of the ceiling and walls were likewise visible. This conceit had the oddest effect, but scarcely a strictly artistic one.

It is not unusual, two or three times in a season, for a ball to wind up with a special *cotillon*, though the dance has by no means been yet naturalised in England. In Germany where it is a usual practice, and a ball is not complete without one and sometimes two *cotillons*, it is conducted in a more inexpensive fashion, but its very rarity makes it quite a feature in England. The presents are often costly, such as

beautiful painted or ivory fans, glove-boxes of rare wood or Russia leather, châtelaines, charms, table-ornaments, scent-flacons, etc. It is almost equivalent to a Christmas-tree distribution to grown-up people. The bouquets of course match the extravagance of the remainder, and often cost five or six shillings each. There is more fun in the simple *cotillon* however, where the choice is signified by rosettes of ordinary ribbon and humble bunches of violets; people are too apt in this superlative *cotillon* to think more of the presents than of the giver, and to be tempted to covet their neighbor's goods, instead of attending to what is popularly understood to be a simple amusement.

Some pleasant little informalities have of late become quite fashionable in London, and relieve the stiffness of regulation "drums" and balls; for instance, the afternoon "at homes," which we have borrowed from the French, and which last from three till six o'clock, with the innocent enlivenment of strong tea and weak gossip. Sometimes the gossip is stronger than the tea; true, but people's tongues *will* run into grooves just the same as chairs at a party *will* somehow persist in getting into circles. Another easy way of satisfying your casual acquaintances or ball-room partners is by asking them to drop in at two o'clock for luncheon. This custom is getting into favor in London, and helps to pass the time between the customary midday ride or drive in Hyde Park, and the duty-round of visits and card-leaving which takes up the afternoon. Some houses have as many as eight or ten guests to luncheon every day—a regular round of *habitués* who "drop in" with clock-like punctuality on certain specified days of the week. There is this drawback to all this daylight sociability, that it rather exhausts your stock of endurance for the night, besides trenching upon the little leisure which you may be supposed to prize the more because of its fleetingness; but with people who set out every year with the British determination to *do* London thoroughly, just as they would *do* Mont Blanc, the cataracts of the Nile, or the ruins of Nineveh, it is quite a sacred duty to let nothing interfere with the course of worldliness which they have prescribed for themselves.

Flower-shows at the Horticultural and the Botanical Gardens are quite common events now; the shows of rhododendrons and azaleas—or, as they are called, American plants—being to my mind the most beautiful. I have seen thousands of these beautiful shrubs in full bloom, with every possible variety of shade from purple to blush-color, and orange to purest white, gathered under a huge canvas tent. The broad walks between the plants were lined with a carpet of moss; no camellia-grove could be more lovely. As for out-door places of amusement, London has no lack of such, the Zoölogical Gardens and the Crystal Palace being perhaps the most frequented by all classes. The musical attractions of the world-famed palace at Sydenham are manifold; the Hall of Arts and Sciences now shares some of these honors, and in a sense will endeavor at least to prove a rival to Sir Joseph Paxton's monster conservatory,

It would be impossible to enumerate all the various festivities that distinguish the London "season"; but perhaps the dinner and subsequent reception of the Royal Academy should not be left unmen-

tioned. It is the nearest approach to an intellectual fête which we possess in England ; it is the artists' gala-day, when the highest peer feels honored with an invitation to share the banquet of the guild of brush and palette. But alas ! Royal Academicians do not represent or concentrate in themselves all the artistic merit of the land, and the "Hanging Committee," as the judges are called who decide on the acceptance, rejection, and placing of the pictures sent up for exhibition, are a prejudiced body of men. Many a poor struggling artist, full of genius and enthusiasm, has seen his hopes go down before the carelessness or spite of his luckier brethren ; but for all that this festival is a characteristic one, and to the outside world well-nigh a perfect one. The great painters whose names are on every tongue are the hosts and speech-makers to-night ; a few art-loving noblemen, connoisseurs, members of Parliament, literary and scientific lights, the inevitable newspaper reporter, etc., are admitted to enhance and admire the scene ; and after the dinner a committee of artists receives the ladies invited — all the wives and daughters of successful artists and a few of those of the fashionable world who are known to care for art. Among the latter may be some who like the notoriety, the *cachet* of the thing, better than they love art ; such are found in every company assembled to discuss intellectual topics, but among the mass they will pass muster to-night. The halls and galleries are lighted, and the company saunters through — friends enthusiastically grouping themselves before the pictures of their favorites, and speculating on their chances of success with the public or the newspapers ; listless dandies lackadaisically pacing the rooms, looking out for a young girl with whom to flirt ; young couples blissfully ignorant of everything except that this is a rare and therefore not to be neglected opportunity of a private meeting ; or couples still more touching — a young husband anxiously pointing out to his bride the imperfect light in which his picture is hung, and telling over again in trembling rapture the hopes he has staked on that effort of his genius, all for the sake of the loving girl by his side, his brave and willing helpmate.

Though I have said that there is but one circle that can claim to be called exclusively and emphatically the "best," it by no means follows that there are none outside it worthy of study and of notice. There is the clique among which Dickens lived and wrote — the merry, kind-hearted, careless, clever set that frequented Jack Straw's Castle at plebeian but romantic Hampstead ; there is the artists' clique, less free-and-easy perhaps than those in Germany and Rome, for your true Englishman seldom divests himself of a certain natural stiffness, even among the laxest surroundings ; there are circles where grave scientific men meet and discuss the last problem as to the origin of species, and a thousand other sets more or less interesting and original. I do not count among these the society which is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, of which Thackeray has given so graphic a sketch in his *Newcomes*, the hangers-on to the most frayed specimens of "gentility," the women who fill their rooms with third-rate literary lions and "interesting foreigners" ; nor do I reckon the "City" society — the ponderous, decorous, vulgar clique whose representatives dress in omelette-style, mixing their greens and yellows with

alarming unconsciousness, adorning themselves with cameo-brooches, and wearing showy rings on their middle fingers. Then there are pleasures forbidden to the respectable English matron, but which the "fast" though innocent girl of the period sometimes longs to taste if it may be done in secret; though it leaks out sooner or later that so-and-so set off last night and sat in a retired box at such-and-such a music-hall, and afterwards supped on oysters and champagne at Evans' — a fearless, venturesome thing to do, a flying in the face of all the proprieties, true; but you see Bohemianism sometimes lurks in high places, where it is doubtless the mere result of that very repression which is supposed to stamp out its seeds in early youth. In these escapades there is literally no other attraction than that which forbidden fruit always exercises in the natural man or woman — nothing but what impelled Mother Eve to take the fatal apple after she had hardly been in existence for a few hours. And depend upon it, this night will probably be the last, as it has been the first, spent in such equivocal company; for nothing is more "stale, flat and unprofitable" than the reality of a tabooed and extra-social pleasure. You will ask "Where then do you concede genuine pleasure to be, since it is to be found neither in the dull respectable circle of good society nor in the stolen visits to less reputable haunts?" My answer is, "At home."

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

LIVINGSTONE.

THE great traveller whose remains and sad though victorious end are even now the table-talk of nations, deserves more than a passing notice, yet this is all that can be given to him. The march of his life has been so conspicuous and his deeds so plain before all men, that of him it may be said, he belongs to every family, though of course the strongest sympathy must be felt in England and America. While awaiting such account as may be had of his last and final journey, we have thought it not amiss to give a slight sketch of the man and what he has done.

Livingstone tells us that he comes of an old warrior-race that had always been found faithful, and above all honest, and that his great-grandfather fell at Culloden fighting for the old line of kings. The Livingstones were of the old religion then, and he tells quaintly how they had their religion changed by "the Laird coming round with a

yellow staff and proclaiming the advent of a new faith, from which it long afterwards went by the name of 'the yellow-stick religion.'" His grandfather finding that the small farm in Ulva would not yield sufficient for the support of an increasing family, removed to the mainland and took up his abode on the Clyde above Glasgow, near a large manufactory, where he lived respected in the employment of the proprietors, till in his old age he was pensioned off, to spend his last days instilling tales of old times and inculcating truth and honesty into the minds of his grandchildren. His father's trade, that of a small tea-dealer, does not appear to have suited the hero of this memoir, and he seems to have formed an extremely independent view of religious matters, probably influenced by the fact that his father, after bringing him up in the teachings of the Kirk of Scotland, subsequently became Elder of an Independent congregation. With the sincerest love and respect for his father, Livingstone at an early age found himself at issue with his narrow views. The tea-dealer had a rooted conviction that science was a deadly foe to religion, while his son was as deeply convinced that truth could never suffer from truth rightly understood.

His means of education were, as may be supposed, but small, and derived from his own efforts. Even at the early age of ten he showed that love of knowledge and that indomitable perseverance which through all his wanderings so greatly distinguished him. Notwithstanding the constant labor of a "piecer" in a cotton factory, the boy went regularly to a night-school from eight to ten, on his return from work, after which he would pore over his books till midnight, if his mother did not make a foray upon them. In the factory even the young scholar read by placing his book upon a part of the spinning-jenny, and snatching a sentence each time his work brought him past it. Thus he acquired a knowledge of the Latin classics, and so omnivorous was his taste that nothing was rejected except novels.

At an early age Robert resolved to devote his life to the service of God through charity to his neighbor, and with this noble object in view devoted himself to a course of medical study in order to become a medical missionary in China. He passed a successful examination, though he endangered his diploma by contesting the opinion of the examiner as to the virtues of the stethoscope. The Opium-war then raging in China diverted him from his original aim, and he applied for and obtained employment from the London Missionary Society, and under their orders sailed in 1840 to Cape Town, thence to Algoa Bay, from which place he travelled inland to Kuruman, then the most northerly station of Cape Colony. From this point he made numerous excursions to the north, and in order to acquaint himself with the native tongue he went to a place called Litubaruba (lat. 24° 30'), where he cut himself off from all European society for six months, during which time he acquired a knowledge not only of the Bakwena language, but also of their habits, mode of thought, usages and superstitions. He was driven from post to post by famine caused by the drought, which continuing for three successive years, dried up rivers and wells, leaving the ground parched and desolate; and the wretched tribe were forced to subsist on the products of the chase

and roots dug from the desert soil. He tells us of the great craving for meat, milk or salt produced by an exclusively vegetable diet, and the illness caused by it, which can, however, be relieved by any of these specifics, more especially by the last. With his own hands he built three separate stone houses, cultivated three gardens, and besides being doctor and teacher, was smith, carpenter and Jack-of-all-trades out of doors, while his wife was maid-of-all-work within. During sixteen years thus spent he was by no means idle, but made many excursions, discovering Lake Ngami, in company with Oswald and Murray, and at one time being nearly eaten by a lion. In recounting this experience, he speaks most disrespectfully of the king of beasts, saying that his appearance is no more imposing than that of a bigger kind of dog than any known, and his awe-inspiring roar is no more alarming than that of the meek ostrich, whose voice indeed cannot be distinguished from it. Singularly enough, while under the paw of the lion he felt neither pain nor fear; and this condition was not the result of any mental process, but a sort of stupor in which he saw all that was going on like a patient partially under chloroform, who still sees the knife which he does not feel. He speculates that this was the effect of the shaking, and that this habit of the carnivora may have the merciful result of relieving their natural prey from the pain and terrors of death. As few men who have shared his experience of being shaken by a lion as a mouse is by a cat survive to relate their experiences, this opinion is not likely to be tested by independent observation. It was while he was pursuing his missionary labors that the great hunter Gordon Cumming made his acquaintance and experienced his kind hospitality; and Livingstone fully bears witness to the prodigious quantity of game to be seen at that time in South Africa, which the world was almost disposed to deem fabulous when Gordon Cumming first described it.

The missionary progress of these sixteen years was so little satisfactory to Livingstone, and the impression made upon him by the raids of the Boers upon the independent tribes, in which they carried off children to be kept in a peculiarly brutal servitude, so affected him, that about this time he seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the road of the Gospel must be prepared by trade and civilisation, and that to build up these the slave-trade must be effectually suppressed. To this end all his future efforts were directed. Like Colenso, he had tried argument, and as that divine was out-argued by the Zulu, so was Livingstone by his most distinguished convert Sechele, whom he could never convince that his rain-making powers were a delusion; which is the more astonishing as the chief tried his hand at it for three years without producing a shower, till his land became a desert and the starving Bechuana had to seek subsistence further north. It appears that the slave-trade had just commenced in Southern Africa. The Makololo first heard of it in 1850, and in 1852 they were exchanging captives from other tribes for European goods, and guns were beginning to be introduced. Livingstone now took his family to Cape Town, whence he despatched them to England, and prepared himself for that plunge into the great unknown interior which shrouded him from the ken of civilised men for nearly five

years; one of the most important of these preparations was the reviving and refurbishing of his astronomical knowledge under the guidance of the Astronomer-royal of Cape Town.

In June 1852 he started to solve the great problem of what the interior of the continent contained. He was then unconcerned about the sources of the Nile, and his main object was to open safe roads from the east and the west into the great interior, where his fast friend Sir Roderick Murchison had led him to expect from physical causes a vast lacustrine basin. Through these roads was to pour the traffic of Europe and America; the roused spirit of trade, which he perceived to be strong in these South African tribes, was to be a shield against the slave-trader, and on this spirit was to be built a structure of civilisation and Christianity. His first point was St. Paul de Loando, the capital of Angola, on the western coast, 12° south latitude. His first year's wanderings were spent in exploring the interior as far as Linyanti, the capital of Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo. In his account of this journey he gives a curious instance of homœopathic treatment by the Bushmen. These tribes poison their arrows with the entrails of a species of caterpillar which they call the *n'gwa*, a poison which causes a death of terrible pain; the antidote used is a mixture of pounded *n'gwa* and grease taken internally and applied externally. Livingstone casts a slur on the practice, however, by suggesting that the grease would probably have the same effect without the caterpillar.

The river-banks were mostly so thickly set with reeds and a species of grass that cuts like razors, as to be almost unapproachable. Linyanti is a city of seven thousand inhabitants, and as Livingstone had visited the chief Sebituane in a former journey, he was received by Sekeletu, his son, with the greatest honor. The whole population turned out to greet the first white man who had ever penetrated so far north, for Sebituane had received him at a more southerly point of his dominions. "The court-herald, an old man who had occupied the post also in Sebituane's time, after some antics, such as leaping and shouting at the top of his voice, roared out some adulatory sentences, as: 'Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? We want sleep! Give sleep, my Lord!'"

In this interesting kingdom there had been an abdication, and some curious customs are touched upon. During his lifetime Sebituane had resolved that his daughter should succeed him, so he forbade her to marry, as he could not conceive that any man should be subject to his wife; he therefore desired her to treat men in general as he did women. After reigning thus for a time, the Princess Momochisane found the occasional husband a poor substitute for the constant affection of a lord and master, and longed to be under subjection the more as the favorite for the time being was often called in ridicule Momochisane's wife. So she called a council and there offered the government to Sekeletu, her younger brother, who in fear of another pretender, Mpepe, declined; but the princess was not to be defeated by any such male arguments, but triumphantly asserted her womanhood by bursting into a flood of tears, when

all opposition gave way, and retiring from government, she placed herself under the rule which she longed for.

Dr. Livingstone speaks very highly of this race, who treated him with the greatest kindness and attention. Many of the things related put us greatly in mind of the feudal times of Europe; for instance the following incidents. Mpepe had sworn to his adherents to put Sekeletu to death the first time he encountered him, and usurp his rule.

Mpepe, armed with his little axe, came along a path parallel to, but a quarter of a mile distant from, that of our party, and when he saw Sekeletu he ran with all his might towards us; but Sekeletu being on his guard, galloped off to an adjacent village. He then withdrew somewhere till all our party came up. Mpepe had given his own party to understand that he would cut down Sekeletu either on their first meeting or at the breaking up of their first conference. The former intention having been thus frustrated, he then determined to effect his purpose after their first interview. I happened to sit down between the two in the hut where they met. Being tired with riding all day in the sun, I soon asked Sekeletu where I should sleep, and he replied: "Come, I will show you." As we rose together I unconsciously covered Sekeletu's body with mine, and saved him from the blow of the assassin. I knew nothing of the plot, but remarked that all Mpepe's men kept hold of their arms, even after we had sat down—a thing quite unusual in the presence of a chief; and when Sekeletu showed me the hut in which I was to spend the night, he said to me: "That man wishes to kill me." I afterwards learned that some of Mpepe's attendants had divulged the secret; and bearing in mind his father's instructions, Sekeletu put Mpepe to death that night. It was managed so quietly that although I was sleeping within a few yards of the scene, I knew nothing of it till the next day. Nokuane went to the fire at which Mpepe sat with a handful of snuff, as if he were about to sit down and regale himself therewith. Mpepe said to him, "Nsepisa" (Cause me to take a pinch), and as he held out his hand, Nokuane caught hold of it while another man seized the other hand, and leading him out a mile, speared him. This is the common mode of executing criminals.

The Makololo are described as of a dark yellow color, with woolly hair. They have conquered many tribes, whom they rule over, each proprietor living on his lands, surrounded by large numbers of serfs, who have an easy time tending their ample flocks. The women of the Makololo deem it their province to govern these serfs, whom, up to this time at least, they had never sold into captivity.

Having spent a month in the city, Livingstone made a nine weeks' journey up the upper waters of the Zambesi, here called the Leeambe. This river they followed up to the north-west through rich, cultivated but unhealthy valleys, passing rapids by portage, and everywhere the Makololo coming to pay homage to Sekeletu. Soon they came to a forest region infested by that terrible pest the *tsetse* fly, which bars the way to domestic animals. His great object had been defeated; he could find no healthy country in which the Makololo could dwell unmolested, and so form a central station for European trade. Still he resolved to push on to Loando, and after a rest at Linyanti he started again, accompanied by twenty-seven men provided without payment by Sekeletu. We shall not go into the detail of his westward march. Before he left Sekeletu he had obtained a promise that the chief would in future pursue a peace policy, and that if a road was opened to Loando, he would do all he could to encourage legitimate trade with that settlement, and to discourage the slave-trade. At the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambe, both headwaters of

the Zambesi, about half-way to the coast, he left the course of the rivers, as they flow nearly from the east. The river was there about the size of the Thames at London Bridge. Here he found himself amongst the negro tribes, mostly governed by women. The *tsetse* fly also reappeared, and game was found. The wet season came on, and travelling became difficult. Livingstone rode his ox Sinbad, which did not like the old man on his back, and threw or rubbed him off against trees whenever he could. He suffered continually from fever. Where the game ceased, which it did as he advanced, the fly ceased also, and Dr. Livingstone surmises that its existence is dependent on that of the large game, particularly of the elephant. He observes that both in form and intellect the negro is here vastly superior to the typical negro as seen in civilised countries and on the coast. The most striking point of this journey is that the shadow of civilisation, which it casts before it, is very dark indeed. Thus far he had met with neither lying, thieving, nor drunkenness; but every march he made towards the coast brought all these vices more and more before him, more especially as he got into the slave tracks, where every form of extortion was practised, both for permission to pass through the country and on every kind of false pretence. It was only by the utmost patience and complete control over his men that he prevented bloodshed. Here also he found the custom of sacrificing of human victims at the grave of a chief, as well as polygamy on a large scale, some having as many as thirty wives. Livingstone is of opinion that the color of the Africans is distributed in five longitudinal bands, the darkest lying on the east and west coasts and the centre, while the more elevated lands between the centre and the east and west bands respectively, are of a much lighter color.

On arriving within the boundaries of the Portuguese province he was treated with the greatest kindness, and when he reached Loando itself, sick and broken down, Mr. Gilbert, the only Englishman there, took him into his house, placed him in his own bed, and treated him with brotherly kindness during his whole stay, fitting out his whole band with clothes at his own cost. Livingstone remained at Loando, recruiting from May 24th to September 20th, 1854. The Portuguese, from the Commander and Bishop downwards, and the officers of the British ships, vied in generous kindness, and when he started to return he was well provided with the necessary goods and cattle for the journey, and with presents for Sekeletu. Before leaving he was much urged to return to England, having a free passage offered him; and it shows his wonderful courage and strong sense of honor that in spite of the lowering effects of fever and the necessity under which he was of himself undergoing the perpetual fatigue of providing his camp with game, owing to the natives being such bad marksmen—which was a particular trial to him, as in consequence of this exertion the arm, broken by the lion at the outset of his journey, had never knit—he felt himself bound to conduct the Makololo who had stood by him so well, in safety to their homes.

To find a better route, more out of the line of the slave-traders, he passed through Pungo Adongo, the most southerly of the Portuguese provinces, where he was hospitably received by a Col. Pirco, when

neering that all the papers forwarded to England had been lost at sea, he remained till January 1st, 1855, writing them over again. He remarks that the negro here greatly resembles the ancient Egyptians, and not only do many of them wear their hair as represented in Egyptian sculptures, but they spin and weave in exactly the same manner. After a much easier and less adventurous journey than the former, he arrived at Linyanti in September, 1855, where he was received with great rejoicing, though many of his Makololo followers found that the wives they left behind them were no Penelopes.

At Linyanti Livingstone remained about two months. When the time for his departure approached, he thus expresses the kindness which he received from the Makololo and their chief:—

The mother of Sekeletu prepared a bag of ground-nuts by frying them in cream with a little salt, as a sort of sandwiches for my journey. This is considered food fit for a chief. Others ground the maize from my own garden into meal, and Sekeletu pointed out Sekewbu and Kanyata as the persons who should head the party intended to form my company. Sekewbu had been captured by the Matebele when a little boy, and the tribe in which he was a captive had migrated into the country near Tete: he had travelled along both sides of the Zambesi several times, and was intimately acquainted with the dialects spoken there. I found him to be a person of great prudence and sound judgment, and his subsequent loss at the Mauritius has been ever since a source of sincere regret. He at once recommended our keeping well away from the river on account of the *tsetze* and rocky country, assigning also as a reason for it that the Leeambye beyond the falls turns round to the N. N. E. Mamire, who had married the mother of Sekeletu, on coming to bid me farewell before starting, said: "You are now going among people who cannot be trusted, because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you and help you, though among enemies; and if he carries you safely and brings you and Ma Robert back again, I shall say that he has bestowed a great favor upon me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit and be visited by other tribes and by white men!" On telling him my fears that he was still inclined to follow the old marauding system which prevented intercourse, and that he from his influential position was especially guilty in the late forays, he acknowledged all too freely for my taste, but seemed quite aware that the old system was far from right. Mentioning my inability to pay the men who were to accompany me, he replied, "A man wishes of course to appear among his friends after a long absence with something of his own to show; the whole of the ivory in the country is yours, so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it." These remarks of Mamire are quoted literally, in order to show the state of mind of the most influential in the tribe. And as I wish to give the reader a fair idea of the other side of the question as well, it may be mentioned that Motibe parried the imputation of the guilt of marauding by every possible subterfuge. He would not admit that he had done wrong, and laid the guilt of the wars in which the Makololo had engaged on the Boers, the Matebele, and every other tribe except his own. When quite a youth, Motibe's family had been attacked by a party of Boers; he hid himself in an ant-eater's hole, but was drawn out and thrashed with a whip of hippopotamus hide. When enjoined to live in peace, he would reply, "Teach the Boers to lay down their arms first." Yet Motibe on other occasions seemed to feel the difference between those who are Christians indeed and those who are so only in name. In our discussions we parted good friends.

When leaving Linyanti, which he did at the expiration of about two months, Livingstone was charged with a multitude of commissions by Sekeletu, including a sugar-mill, all sorts of implements, and every article of dress that he had ever seen or heard of. At last on Nov. 3d he started, with 114 natives bearing his ivory; and following the north bank of the river, which here begins to be called the Zambesi, he soon found himself among the tributary tribes of the Batoka. As

he approached the low grounds, and followed the course of the stream as nearly as it was safe to do so, he observed a marked degradation in the physical and moral condition of the inhabitants, who were here quite black. A little further on he encountered a native race ignorant of even the most rudimentary idea of clothing, and whose method of salutation consisted of rolling on the ground and slapping their thighs with their hands. Before reaching these, however, he had passed through a high and salubrious region, full of large game, including vast herds of elephants, and a superior population well made, intelligent, and of a coffee-and-cream color. Having traversed these highlands, he came within sight of the "Smoke which sounds," as the natives call the great fall of the Zambesi, now known as the Victoria Falls. It appears that the superstitious fears of the inhabitants had been excited by the five vast columns of what appeared to be smoke, which can be seen from a great distance, and which, waving in the wind and accompanied by the deep thunderous sound of the falling water, impressed them with such dread that few had ever ventured near enough to examine the cause of the phenomenon. As the river was not in flood, Livingstone was able to float down to a small islet at the point where the cataract took its leap. He says:

But though we had reached the island and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream a thousand yards broad leaped a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. In looking into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which at the time we visited the spot had two bright rainbows upon it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; then condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls principally on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip there stands a thick hedge of evergreens.

This gigantic crack in the hard basalt he conjectures is the result of some convulsion of nature, which, by letting the Zambesi through, diverted its original course from north to south and turned it to the east coast, draining at the same time a vast number of lakes in the interior. Previous to this convulsion the Zambesi must have had its course south through the Kalahari desert, and like the Nile, traversed a vast distance without confluent, and been subject to periodical floods. If the Nile were to find a similar outlet in the highlands of Abyssinia, Egypt would be deprived of her inundations, and her fertility be gone forever.

Livingstone asserts that the soldier-ant is not a slaver, as has generally been asserted, but a genuine cannibal, and that he is actuated by his appetite alone when he attacks the nests of the white ants; he stings his victim into torpor as if with chloroform, and then dismembers him with a dexterity which might be an example to our butchers.

The water-shed which Livingstone crossed between the central basin and the coast, was about five thousand feet above the ocean; and owing to the manner in which the Zambesi has broken through the ridge, the singular spectacle was presented of the great river flowing to the east, while all its confluent flow towards the west till they reach the crest of the water-shed, at which point they all turn eastward. So long as Livingstone continued within the bounds of the Makololo or their tributaries they, to the number of 115, were all supplied with food. The whole of these highlands he describes as a magnificent country, fertile and salubrious, but sadly depopulated by perpetual wars. At one time the tribes had possessed immense herds, which being the great object of Makololo greed, had been swept away, in consequence of which the large game had returned, and with it the *tsetse*, and now no cattle can live there. As he descended into the lower grounds the country grew less healthy, and fever more common and severe; the people less to be trusted and less friendly. Here his Makololo finding elephants in the open, hunted them in their own mode with the spear, to the great admiration of their more timid countrymen. Here also he came in contact with stringent game-laws. When an elephant was killed, before the victor could touch it the lord of the manor had to be apprised of the death, so that he might claim his royalty; and in default of such notice the hunter lost all claim to any part of it. The lord's share is in general the under portion of the animal as it lies on the ground; but this differs with custom.

Before he reached the Portuguese settlements he met with remains of stone houses, and even churches — traces of the Jesuit fathers who had led the van of civilisation, and were doing good service till they were driven out by the Marquis of Pombal. From this point they reached Tete without serious obstruction, and thence duly arrived at Kilimane, where he took passage to the Mauritius, accompanied by Sekewbu, who would not consent to leave him. Unfortunately the poor fellow's affections were stronger than his head, and the wonders of the deep were too much for him and he became deranged. Livingstone could not bear to put him in irons, as the insult would have been dreadful to his wild nature. Just as the ship cast anchor he threw himself overboard, and though he could swim like a fish, so determined was he on self-destruction that he took hold of the anchor-chain and deliberately drew himself hand under hand into the water, and was never seen again.

On leaving Kilimane, Livingstone parted from the Makololo with the intention and promise to return and take them back to their country. In case of his death or of any other obstruction to his return, he left Sekeletu's ivory to be sold for their benefit, intending to buy the goods promised to the chief out of his own means, and to repay himself from the product of the tusks on his return.

He arrived in England on December 12, 1856, and left again for Kilimane March 10, 1858, this time with government assistance, and with the commission to explore the mouths and affluents of the Zambesi with a view to navigation and trade. Having found his Makololo still expecting him at Tete, he started with his son and assistants to explore the four mouths, selecting the Kongone as the

best. During his absence in England the Makololo had maintained themselves by cutting wood and going about dancing. They had, however, been subject to their share of vicissitudes, thirty having died of disease, and six young men having been brutally murdered by a half-breed Portuguese slave-hunter, whose atrocities appear to have been numberless, and who was at that time a rebel to the Portuguese government, and keeping the border in a very disturbed state. In fact the power of the Portuguese here appears to be little more than nominal. The home government at Lisbon had promised every assistance to Livingstone before he left England ; but it was merely an empty boast, as the officials, who are seldom or never paid, had never even heard of it. Most of the population are soldiers, whose pay is never or seldom sent, even to the officers, and who are in a very degraded condition. From the merchants, however, Livingstone met with much cordiality.

The first year was spent in short trips up the Zambesi and Shire, a confluent of the great river, falling into it from the left or north bank. On the Zambesi his exploration was brought to a stop by the Ke-brassu rapids, 100 feet high, which could only be ascended at high water, and then by a more powerful steamer than the one they had. The navigation of the Shire was stopped at 100 miles from the Zambesi by the five Murchison cataracts, extending over a distance of 35 miles, and having in all a fall of 1200 feet. The land on the banks attains an elevation of 4000 feet, and presents a beautiful, rich, fertile and salubrious country. On one of these excursions he saw a hippopotamus caught in a trap not unlike our common garrotting mouse-trap: a heavy log armed at one end with a dart poisoned at the point is suspended from a tree hanging over the animal's path, and the end of the rope attached to a trigger on the ground ; as the animal sets this off with his foot, the neck is just in the position to receive the falling bolt, and he very soon dies.

On one of these journeys he pushed as far as the Nyassa Lake, travelling in a northeastern direction. Its southern end, which he visited, was in $14^{\circ} 25' S.$ and $35^{\circ} 30' E.$ He found it a fine sheet of water fed by abundant streams, and about 160 miles wide and 250 long, running nearly north and south. It was rediscovered a few months later by a German traveller, who unfortunately died ; and his discoveries perished with him, his papers never having been found. Vast herds of elephants roamed the country he passed through, as many as nine large herds being seen in one swamp. Cotton, ivory and sugar might be exported, and with the great advantage of water-carriage all the way to England, excepting for 35 miles' portage on the Shire. He believes that a trade in these articles such as might be established would kill the slave-trade, at least from the Zambesi to the lake and along the 300 miles of its shore. His theory is that if ivory were sent in exchange for English manufactures, the principal motive of the slave-trade would be done away with, and the wars and struggles of the natives would be turned into the channel of peaceful traffic. Here he again encountered the ordeal by poison; the accused either dies of the poison, or throwing it up, is put to death for witchcraft. Here also he came into contact with the Arab slave-hunters.

On his march back towards Linyanti, Livingstone found nothing new or strange that need be related here. As an illustration of the evil results of want of government and weakness in the Portuguese province, Livingstone says as follows respecting the deeds of two half-castes and their marauding bands:—

The story is a sad one. After the traders reached Zumbo, one of them called by the natives Sequasha entered into a plot with the disaffected headman to kill his chief, Mpangwe, in order that Namakusuree might seize upon the chieftainship; and for the murder of Mpangwe the trader agreed to receive ten tusks of ivory. Sequasha, with a picked party of armed slaves, went to visit Mpangwe, who received him kindly, and treated him with all the honor and hospitality usually shown to distinguished strangers; and the women busied themselves in cooking the best of their provisions for the repast to be set before him. Of this and also of the beer the half-caste partook heartily. Mpangwe was then asked by Sequasha to allow his men to fire their guns in amusement. Innocent of any suspicion of treachery, and anxious to hear the report of firearms, Mpangwe at once gave his consent; and the slaves rose and poured a murderous volley into the merry group of unsuspecting spectators, killing the chief and twenty of his people. The survivors fled in horror. The children and young women were seized as slaves, and the village sacked. Sequasha sent a message to Namakusuree: "I have killed the lion that troubled you; come and talk over the matter." He came and brought the ivory. "No," said the half-caste; "let us divide the land." He took the larger share for himself, and compelled the would-be usurper to deliver up his bracelets in token of subjection on becoming the child or vassal of Sequasha. These were sent in triumph to the authorities at Tete. The Governor of Quillimane had told us that he had received orders from Lisbon to take advantage of our passing to reëstablish Zumbo; and accordingly these traders had built a small stockade on the rich plain of the right bank of the Loangwa, a mile above the site of the ancient mission-church of Zumbo, as part of the royal policy. The bloodshed was quite unnecessary, because the land at Zumbo having of old been purchased, the natives would have always of their own accord acknowledged the right thus acquired; they pointed it out to Dr. Livingstone in 1856, that though they were cultivating it, it was not theirs, but the white man's land. Sequasha and his mate had left their ivory in charge of some of their slaves, who were having a gay time of it, getting drunk every night.

On their way back the party visited the Victoria Falls and corrected the impressions of the former visit by actual measurement. The depth measured from the lip of the falls at Garden Island to the first rock when the plummet touched, was 310 feet, the bottom not less than 50 feet more, the breadth of the river at the falls over 1860 yards; the width of the cleft into which the river plunges 80 yards, and the outlet into which it rushes from 20 to 30 yards wide, and 600 yards from the left bank. Into this narrow opening the water from both banks rushes with awful fury, creating an indescribable whirlpool, which foams and boils down a narrow zigzag passage, more than 400 feet deep, for some thirty miles. Wherever the cleft was made the hard basalt is as sharp as if rent yesterday.

After these observations, taken at leisure, they proceeded to visit Sekeletu, whom they found, not at Linyanti, but living in total seclusion at a distant village. Having been attacked with leprosy, he had hidden himself from his tribe, living in a closed wagon and never showing his face to any one, a fact which was already having a disastrous effect upon his nation. Soon after his death his chiefs fought for his place, and in the strife destroyed their people, and in a few years the Makololo had ceased to exist.

On their way down the Zambesi they found that it was much ob-

structed by rocks and whirlpools, and as a natural outlet for commerce of little use; and shortly after, by orders of the Lisbon Government, both the Zambesi and the Shire were declared to be closed to foreign commerce. In the whole of this second expedition he was accompanied by his son Charles Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, and part of the time by his wife, who unfortunately died in 1862. On his first expedition up the Shire he had found a beautiful, healthy upland country, swarming with happy, well fed, and industrious inhabitants. When however he escorted Bishop Mackenzie and his missionaries to the proposed scene of their labors, the Ajawa had already introduced the horrors of slave-hunting, and meeting several gangs of captive Manganja, driven by half-breed Portuguese, he drove off the keepers and liberated the slaves, whom the Bishop took with him to form the nucleus of his mission. As yet the curse had not fallen upon that immediate neighborhood, and when he left the missionaries to build their houses and found their establishment in the healthy highlands about the lake, he returned to his ship at Tete without apprehensions for their fate. When at Tete he found that at least two of the bands of slaves liberated belonged to the Portuguese Governor and his brother, and had been collected under their orders at the very time they were professing to be doing all in their power to suppress it. There was at this time another obstacle in the way of all attempts to suppress this nefarious trade. The French had commenced their so-called free-labor system, and being openly carried on under the French flag, it could not be interfered with. Livingstone says that to obtain free labor to leave the country is quite impossible in Africa, and that the so-called voluntary emigrants to the French islands were obtained by genuine slave-hunting, and he himself saw them sent on board ship by boat-loads in chains. It is due to the late Emperor to add that when he became alive to the facts, he did what the Portuguese Government only promised to do, in 1864 he abolished the system.

Hopeless of traffic on the Shire and Zambesi, he made an expedition up the Rovuma, a river which empties itself into the ocean about nine degrees north of the embouchure of the Zambesi. The general direction of the Rovuma was found to be from S.W. to N.E., and according to native accounts was declared to flow directly out of Lake Nyassa. This he found to be an error, as at about 3° west of its mouth the Rovuma bends in a N.W. direction, and receives a confluent from the S.W. It evidently rises from the highlands which dominate the eastern shore of the lake. The river being very shallow and tortuous and the natives hostile and aggressive, shooting at them with poisoned arrows and muskets, on one occasion he was forced to use his rifles for self-defence. In two months he was back in the Zambesi, where he found that Mr. Thornton, a member of his expedition who had previously left him to join the German Baron van der Deeken in his interior explorations, had returned, having found perpetual snow at the height of 8000 feet on Mount Kilimanjaro, which rises to 20,000 feet. Before Livingstone could meet him, however, he was prostrated by fever and died shortly after, a victim to his generous exertions in favor of the missionaries and the expedition. After

the establishment of the Bishop and his party, the depredations of the Ajawa became so extensive as greatly to disturb him, and he undertook an expedition to liberate two of his own people who had been carried off. Having succeeded in this, he resolved to continue his way to Tete, to expostulate with the authorities; but his boat having been upset, all his provisions, clothes and medicines were lost, and in a small deserted hut Bishop Mackenzie succumbed to fever and bad food, and was buried by his disconsolate followers. The rest of the missionaries, now left without their leader and frightened by the outrages which they saw around them, left the healthy highlands, and descending to the fever-haunted swamps, most of them perished.

Livingstone had been up the Shire in a boat, and making a portage at the falls, had gone almost all round the lake, which he had found to be about 60 miles broad and 200 from north to south. He did not examine the extreme northern end, as he intended to return, and left his boat suspended in a tree and covered with branches. The depth of the lake he found to be over 100 fathoms. After his Rovuma expedition he attempted to carry the Nyassa, a small section steamer, past the falls into the upper Shire, hoping thereby to cut off the slave trade for the whole length of the Shire and the lake, about 600 miles. Finding the work more than he could accomplish with the means at his disposal, he went forward on foot, hoping to find the boat he had left fit for use. It had been burnt by the forest fires, and he could only prolong his journey along the shore. All was desolation. The Mangaja whom he had found on his first visit so numerous that all the country was dotted with their villages and smiling with abundant crops, was now a scene of ghastly desolation; houses, villages and crops burnt, men, women and children carried off or slaughtered and their putrid corpses or whitening bones exposed on every hand, except a miserable remnant cowering in the fever-breeding marshes, and dying daily of starvation and disease, too utterly hopeless and prostrate in body and mind to attempt to do anything for their own sustenance or support. All were gone. No wonder if the Doctor, who could not bear to shoot game unless required for food, is loud in his execration of the inhuman trade.

Before this trip was completed the expedition was recalled home. On his return to Tete he found that the infamous Mariano was at large, carrying on his slave-hunts on a larger scale than ever. We quote:—

It appears that this half-caste rebel, notwithstanding all his notorious robberies and murders and his actual rebellion and war, had been tried at Mozambique, and had been let off with the mild sentence of imprisonment for three years and a fine. Not having money enough to pay the fine, the Mozambique authorities considerably allowed him to go back to Quillimane to collect some debts which he asserted were due to him; but when he got there, it was found that his debts were due somewhere up the country. His Quillimane creditors, however, most feelingly petitioned the Government to allow Mariano to go thither, in order to collect ivory to pay both debts and fine. Permission was graciously given, and he was also allowed to take several hundred muskets and much ammunition; but instead of collecting ivory he returned to his own people up the Shire, and betook himself at once to his former course of robbery, murder and kidnapping, and set the Portuguese authority at defiance. The Governor of Quillimane then declared war against his old enemy, and with all his available soldiers and slaves in a fleet of boats and

canoes, sailed up the Shire to capture the enemy, but could not find him—and so sailed down again. The whole thing had the appearance to the uncharitable—who knew that nothing could be done in a district without the knowledge of the Governor—of Mariano's having been allowed to run away with a large assortment of arms and ammunition out of a small hamlet, where every one by means of his slaves knows the business of every one else. It is true, the Governor ran after him, but at the pace one does after a child in play—and of course could not catch him. A captain was afterwards sent across the country with a force, and was more fortunate than the Governor, for he reached Mariano. Unluckily, however, instead of capturing the rebel, the rebel captured him in a night attack, it was said, with his ammunition and a number of his men. The captain, according to the account of his brother officers, was allowed to depart, after receiving a present of ivory.

On his return to England, Livingstone rested for a while, and then went to Zanzibar as English consul. He was however never satisfied that the actual sources of the Nile had been reached, and at last set off again on the lonely journey which was to last till his last hour, or rather till now, when his countrymen, having declared him one of England's "worthies," are with pomp and sorrow laying his body in Westminster Abbey. Happily, the great traveller was to the last attended by true and faithful men, and we shall shortly be enabled to read those memoirs which he continued till death laid his hand upon him.

The great secret of his success seems to have been his pure honesty of purpose and the genuine love which he bore to his fellow-man, by which he gained a complete trust from the natives wherever he went, and was always able to gather free men, willing and eager to share his toils with him.

ARTHUR T. WELD.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK.

THE singular piece of good fortune which has recently befallen Mr. Leofwyn (pronounced Lev-win) of our city, has, naturally enough, given rise to considerable talk; but while the main facts are generally known, every narrator has a different version of the details. As the affair is somewhat curious, and as I have the pleasure of an acquaintance with one of the parties immediately concerned, I have obtained an accurate statement of the circumstances, which may be relied on in every particular.

Mr. Ina Leofwyn, I will premise, is one of the best known, and at the same time least known, men in the city. He is a descendant of one of the most ancient families in the State; a family which enjoyed

high consideration in colonial times, and possessed considerable wealth down to the earlier part of the present century. Then, one can scarcely tell how, but by that mysterious law which seems to set a limit to the continuance of prosperity, however honorably acquired and judiciously employed, the family began to decline, both in numbers and in wealth. One by one they died off, the property melted away, until the gentleman of whom I am speaking was left the solitary representative of the name, and sole inheritor of the very small remnant of the family estate.

Mr. Leofwyn is by taste and culture a scholar and man of letters, though he has produced no work of mark. While not only his family-name, but his perfect breeding and social accomplishments give him the entrée of all the best society of the city, he visits but little, for the reason, as he says, that he can not return the hospitalities that are so largely proffered him. Being a bachelor, his small income suffices for his immediate wants, and occasionally he adds to it by writing for a journal of repute, where his graceful and thoughtful articles are always welcomed, probably quite as much for their striking contrast to the ordinary tone of journalism, as for their intrinsic merit.

He lives in a set of chambers constituting the second story of an old mansion which for generations was the town-residence of his family, and the lower story of which is used as a school by the teacher of a private class of deaf-mutes, composed of pupils from all parts of the State, whose parents prefer that they shall receive private tuition, and can afford the high terms of a really highly-qualified instructor. Mr. Leofwyn has counted himself particularly fortunate in this arrangement, as he was compelled to rent these rooms, and would have found it impossible to procure other tenants who would pay as well and yet be so silent and orderly. In the rear of the house is a small but very pretty garden which he cultivates with his own hands. He allows the pupils the freedom of this during their recess; and he says that in no single instance have they done any intentional damage, while it is often a great pleasure to him to watch from his window their merry but voiceless sports.

I have spoken of the antiquity of his family, but really this word but faintly expresses the fact. He traces his lineage back in an unbroken line, not merely to the Conquest, but far beyond it, to some old Saxon thegn, whether of Canute's time, or Alfred's time, or Hengist's time, I do not remember. Though proud of his pedigree, he never obtrudes it, nor even alludes to it; though he has once or twice shown to a few antiquarian friends, at their request, old documents, copies of records, and heir-looms of amazing antiquity that perfectly convinced them. All the members of the family have borne old Saxon baptismal names.

With his peculiar tastes, feelings and habits, it is somewhat remarkable that his most intimate friend is a man in nearly every respect his exact opposite. This is a sort of adventurer (I use the word in no bad sense) of the name of Kennedy; an Irishman or Scotchman, he hardly knows which himself, who "never had a grandfather," as he says, who has knocked all about the world, doing heaven knows what; has made heaps of money by speculation and lost them again; a man whose education has been picked up in the four quarters of the globe,

speaking a dozen languages in a dozen degrees of ungrammatical fluency, with infinite shrewdness, versatility and knowledge of the world, ready to embark in anything that promises to pay, with the quickest head for business that was ever known, and who would long ago have been five times a millionaire but for his glowing imagination that gets the better of his judgment and continually lures him on to new El Dorados. He has made and lost, if report be true, a dozen fortunes or more, which he bears with perfect equanimity, declaring that speculation and adventure are a necessity to him; that it is the game, not the stakes, that he cares for, and that having no creature dependent on him in the wide world, he can afford to indulge his tastes.

They first met at a watering-place, where they were drawn together by the fact that each was a brilliant and masterly chess-player; and the tie thus formed was strengthened by the other fact that each man was a most fascinating converser, though in different styles. Kennedy had an infinite fund of experience, knowledge of men, mother-wit, and great dramatic power in narration; Leofwyn high culture, grace of language, poetic fancy, and exquisite tact. Each seemed to supplement the other; the acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and when Kennedy came to the city, he visited Leofwyn constantly and with almost the familiarity of a brother. "He is like no man I ever knew," he would say when speaking of him. "I know the outside of things, but he knows the inside. It is like getting out of the dust and stench of a factory-town into green woods in spring-time, just to hear him talk." And Leofwyn would say, "Kennedy is like the wizard's glass that showed him all that was going on in the world. His talk takes me out of my cell and carries me, as the magic cloak carried Faust, over all the kingdoms of the earth, showing me the great drama of humanity in action everywhere."

One morning Leofwyn was lying on a lounge in his "den," as he called it, lazily smoking a long Turkish pipe, when Kennedy suddenly entered.

"I am going a-fishing: will you come along?"

"Fishing?" repeated his friend, with surprise. "Where? and what do you expect to catch?"

"Never do you mind: you put down your pipe, get your rod, and come along. The walk will do us both good, and I pledge myself to a catch."

Having nothing particular to do, and the weather being pleasant, Leofwyn made no objection; he got down his rod—"Never mind a basket," said Kennedy, "mine will do"—otherwise equipped himself, and they started out. After passing through the city, they reached the rough hilly country lying beyond its western suburb. "We shall catch no fish bigger than a minnow in any stream here," protested Leofwyn; but Kennedy merely replied, "We shall see," and kept steadily on.

At last they reached the region of country known as Buzzard Ridge, and Kennedy, striking into a woodland path, led the way to a sequestered spot where a small stream came running over pebbles and among rocks, and was joined by a tiny rivulet which had once

been larger, to judge from the disproportionate width of its bed. The wedge of land in the angle rose with steep rocky sides, almost cliffs, and was covered above with trees.

"Do you know this place?" asked Kennedy.

"As well as I know my own house."

"What is the name of this stream?"

"Vinegar Creek; and I caught the last fish in it — a sun-fish, by the way — fifteen years ago."

"There is still one left."

"A moon-fish, probably."

"Yes, or a star-fish. What is the name of that brook?"

"It has no name that I know of. An old negro once told me that he thought he had heard it called Squirrel Run, but was not sure."

"Do you know the land up there where the trees are?"

"I have shot many a squirrel there when I was a boy."

"Let us climb up and look at it."

"With pleasure. I have some old prejudices about fish being usually caught in the water, but I am open to new lights."

Without answering, Kennedy led the way up the bed of the nameless brook a short distance until they reached a place where the ascent was practicable, and a smart scramble took them to the top. Here they found a nearly level plateau of perhaps some twenty acres, of irregularly triangular shape, beautifully wooded, with a slight dip toward the west or base of the triangle, on which side the access was quite easy. From between the trees, looking to the south-east, a lovely view was had over miles of beautiful rolling country, dotted with cottages and handsome villas, over the steeples of the city which seemed lying at their feet, and far down the wide river specked with white sails.

"Lovely site for a house!" exclaimed Kennedy. "Who owns this place?"

"It is part of the old Ranaldson estate. Vinegar Creek is the boundary. It is one of the oldest properties in the State. The old original Ranaldson bought it from the Indians; and I have seen the title-deeds with the hieroglyphics of a tortoise and a beaver and what not for the sachems' signatures."

"Why have they never built here?"

"Old Mr. Ranaldson, who has not very long been dead, often talked of building here, but he never had much ready money. It was a princely estate once, but has been frittered away for the most part. Still what is left is a fine fortune for the heirs, now the city has come so near."

Kennedy now walked to the other or northern edge of the plateau, followed by his friend. "And who owns the land on the other side of the creek?" he asked.

"It is all divided up, but it used to belong to the Corbin family."

"Has it any name?"

"The Corbins used always to speak of their place as 'Allerton,' but it was generally called 'Fisher's Folly,' a name the significance of which I never fully grasped until the present moment."

"What a charming gift wit is! However, I have promised you a fish, and I generally keep my word."

"The *perca scandens*, or climbing perch," said Leofwyn, putting on his eye-glasses, and peering intently at the topmost twig of an aspen poplar full fifty feet high, "is said to ascend trees; but I was not aware that it was found in this latitude. Perhaps you have him in your basket?"

"No, I haven't; but I have some lunch, and some old Otard, and a few Partagas, and if you have no objection, we'll sit down in the shade and try them all."

They seated themselves on the mossy roots of a spreading beech, and Kennedy produced a very capital luncheon. Leofwyn was surprised, however, when the things were unpacked, to see a bright new trowel at the bottom of the basket.

"This I apprehend," he said, taking it in his hand, "to be some new pattern of squid. I must say, Kennedy, as an angler you could give lessons to old Walton himself."

"*A la bonne heure. 'Avisé la fin,'* as the old Cassilis-Kennedy motto runs. And by the way, I have a strong conviction that I am descended from the ferocious old man-roasting earl; though I dare say, Leofwyn, it would break your heart to think that any son of Adam had so miserably short a pedigree."

When they were enjoying their cigars, Kennedy remarked:—"I happen to know why that place was called Fisher's Folly, and I will tell you. The old original Corbin bought the place where the home-stand stands, and a large tract of land to the north and west of it where the soil was richest, and this place he called Allerton. His grandson added the land on this side the ridge, but he could not run down to the creek because all that strip of meadow land and that hillside, about fifty acres in all, bounding on the creek, had been taken up by a man named Fisher, an honest, industrious, thrifty fellow, who had come out as a 'redemptioner,' and after making good his passage-money, by hard work and thrift had scraped together a little sum with which he bought that piece of land and built himself a log house on it. He was a sort of character in his way; and old Corbin took, or pretended to take, a great fancy to him, and often had him up at Allerton. Whether old Corbin put the notion in his head or not, and if so, whether he did it maliciously or not, I can not say, but Fisher was suddenly bitten with a mining craze—would spend weeks up in the mountains, neglecting his farm, and finally persuaded himself that he had found a gold-mine. He now offered Corbin his land, which he had always before refused to sell, for a sum in cash far below its real value, that he might secure his mine before anybody else found it. Corbin closed at once, of course. Fisher bought his mine, and came into town one day, radiant, with a bag full of iron pyrites, to find out that the stuff was not worth the bag that held it. The disappointment killed him: he took to drink and died within the year. Old Corbin, however, never set foot on the land he had so long coveted: he was threatened with an attack of gout when he closed the bargain, and when Fisher was tearing his hair in town, Corbin in his torments was blaspheming fit to take the roof off Allerton House. At last it struck at his heart, and he died about the same time that Fisher did. The neighbors named the new pur-

chase 'Fisher's Folly,' probably by way of self-congratulation on their own wisdom, and gradually it came to be applied to the whole place."

"But, Kennedy, how upon earth did you find all this out, and what have you been studying it up for? Do you propose to write the history of the county?"

"I found it out by an odd chance. A month or six weeks ago I was about taking a trip to New York, when I bethought myself that I might as well buy a book to read in the cars. I am not much of a reading man, as you know, but I can always read when travelling by rail. I happened to be near a second-hand bookstore at the moment, so I turned in, and having plenty of time, began to rummage the shelves for something to suit me. At last I lighted on an old parchment-covered and battered folio, which took my fancy so that I bought it. It was the old field-book of the surveyor who ran the lines of nearly all the estates in this part of the county. It had all his surveys carefully laid down, with a neatly drawn plat of each, and his signature to every one. I thought there might turn out to be something worth knowing to be picked out of this; though what had first excited my interest was the other side of the book, in which he had kept a sort of diary of his movements, of his various adventures, some queer enough, notes of peculiarities in the country, and a farrago of historical reminiscences and anecdotes about county estates and families, written in a beautiful, almost microscopic hand. I'll show you the book when we go back. It was out of it that I picked up the story of Fisher's Folly.

"And so you say that this is Vinegar Creek below us, that it bounds the Ranaldson and Corbin estates, and that the other little stream is either nameless, or else called Squirrel Run?"

"Yes."

"Then you are wrong on all points."

"How so?"

"That little nameless stream, as you may see from the size of its bed, even if we had not other evidence, was once much the larger of the two. It was the original Vinegar Creek; it gave the name to the whole stream below, and it bounds the land that old Ranaldson bought from the Indians. This stream beneath us was originally Squirrel Run. But in process of time, from some cause or other, it increased in size and the other branch dwindled, so that a change of names very naturally took place, and this larger branch got to be looked upon as the real Vinegar Creek. Old Ranaldson found the original Vinegar Creek a good boundary, and stopped there. Fisher found Squirrel Run a good boundary, and stopped there. Corbin would probably have reached over here, but Fisher stood in his way, and by the time he had got a grip of Fisher's land, the gout had got a grip of him, and held it. I only conjecture that he may have had the idea, by way of enlarging his domain merely, for this triangle is the poorest kind of soil, and was not worth much in those days. Anyhow, I fancy he was a close fish, and told his plans to no one; and his nephews who succeeded him, and whom he hated, were a harumscarum set, put the property in charge of an overseer, and lived a gay life in town. My old surveyor ran the lines of the whole estate

when Fisher's Folly was bought, and has left in his book a very neat plan of it, with the metes and bounds carefully laid down."

"Did he run the lines of the Ranaldson estate too?"

"No. You see that was then under the old law of entail, and could not be divided. But I found in my old book a significant memorandum:—'Mem. To find out which Fork of Vinegar Creek is the true boundary of the Ranaldson lands.' He never did find out, it would seem; but I did. I had seen this place before in one of my rambles, and wondered if it could be bought; and the hint was not lost upon me. I set about a quiet search at the Land Office, and there, inch-deep in dust, I found the original survey, and verified it by the original records. And I have also found when this stream began to be called 'Vinegar Creek, sometimes known as Squirrel Run.' So I am at this moment the only man in the world who knows the true boundary."

"Then if this piece of land we are on belongs to neither of the estates, to whom does it belong?"

"It belongs to the State, sir!" cried Kennedy, springing to his feet. "It is unclaimed, unsettled land; and I mean that it shall belong to us two before many days are over. And now you see the fish."

Leofwyn sat for a while in silence. Then he said —

"But, Kennedy, this looks to me like robbing the Ranaldsons."

"Not the least particle in the world. If they had ever improved it, or otherwise exercised ownership over it, I grant you; but they have never cultivated it, never fenced it, never cut a tree on it: they have never even paid taxes on it, for the acreage for which they are assessed is the true amount of their proper estate. They are simply under a mistake as to their boundary, that is all; and I propose to rectify it, and avail myself of the advantages the State holds out to settlers."

"But, my friend, granting that you have a right, both in law and equity, to reap the fruit of your singular discovery, I can not share it with you. It is yours, not mine; you are the original discoverer, so to speak, and why should you make me a present of half?"

"Why?" asked Kennedy, turning on him almost fiercely, "do you ask me why? Because I want a partner in this adventure; because you are the only friend I have; because you are nearer to me than any one in the world. And then," he added more gently, "you know my ups and downs. In six months' time I may not have a dollar in the world; and I want to be able, when I get to the bottom of the bag, to go to some one without embarrassment and say, 'lend me a couple of thousands to set me going again,' and to know that that some one is able to do it."

Leofwyn smiled very slowly and softly, as if he were reading something in a book; then reached up his hand and grasped Kennedy's—

"I understand you," he said. "I will be your partner."

Was this purely an act of generosity on Kennedy's part; or did he also take into consideration the advantage which the association with a man of Leofwyn's standing, whose name was a synonym for honor and high-mindedness, would have in an adventure like this, when he

was certain to be made the mark for every calumny, and if it came to the law, could not fail to be at a disadvantage as a stranger and adventurer, in a contest with one of the oldest and most popular families in the county? Who knows? Men's motives are rarely single.

"Good!" said Kennedy. "Now you have seen the fish, but he is not caught yet. We will set a hook or two."

So saying, he took up his trowel, and looking around, selected a straight young dog-wood, which he dug up, with its crooked root. This he trimmed off and made into a rough but very shapely walking-stick, which he handed to his friend, saying, "Have that finished off, and keep it as a memento of our bargain."

He next sat on the ground and dug with his trowel a little pit about six inches deep, then bent over and peered closely into it, Leofwyn watching him the while with considerable mystification. Presently Kennedy called him—"Look down in here"—he did so. "Do you see any gold, or silver, or ore of any kind?"

"I do not."

"Nor do I. Now come with me." They went to the edge of the cliff where a litter of stones of all sizes was lying, and under Kennedy's directions piled these up in a sort of parapet, about a yard long and a few inches high. Next, by his directions again, they carried some of the squarest of them a little back, and built them into a sort of fragment of wall. This work done, Leofwyn wondering all the while, Kennedy took his trowel and dug up four spots of ground about four feet apart, forming the corners of a square, and planted in each, very carefully, four grains of corn which he took from his pocket. Leofwyn began to see.

"There!" said Kennedy, as he covered up the last hill, "we have begun to inclose, we have begun to clear off the timber, we have begun to build, and we have begun to plant. Moreover we have sunk an experimental shaft for minerals, and found none. If that doesn't give us a good pre-emption right, I don't know what the word means."

"Is this necessary?" asked Leofwyn.

"Not if we are dealt fairly with. But the Ranaldsons are rich, and will try every effort to baffle us, and I think it prudent to leave no hole unstopped. The old colonial law which gave a decided preference to the claimant who had begun clearing, planting, and so forth, is obsolete, but it has never been repealed that I know of."

So having baited and set their hooks, the two anglers returned, and the next day commenced legal proceedings under the Code, for taking up a certain piece or parcel of vacant land. The clerks at the Land Office were stricken almost speechless when the claim was entered. The Ranaldsons received due notice and filed a caveat. There was a hearing before the Commissioner. The Ranaldsons were there with their lawyer, and as furious as if they were the victims of a nefarious conspiracy. Kennedy was all ready: he had his book, the writing and signatures of which were verified by comparison with documents in the office; the Ranaldson survey was produced, and those of the adjacent estates. The Commissioner issued a warrant of re-survey, and at the second hearing decided that the patent should be issued. This drove the fiery Ranaldsons almost

wild, and they came very near charging the Commissioner himself with being suborned to this unheard-of injustice, but were timely checked by their lawyer, who took them apart for a conference. Presently he came back, accompanied by the elder Ranaldson, and addressing himself to Leofwyn, and ignoring Kennedy, said:—

“Mr. Leofwyn, you will excuse me for saying that this is a very singular case. My clients, very naturally, have the feeling that a grievous wrong is being perpetrated upon them, and advantage taken of some one's inexcusable carelessness or oversight. They are for fighting it out in the courts; but I, though a lawyer, have advised a compromise, as litigation in matters of this kind is generally so protracted and so” (drawing out the words slowly) “e-nor-mous-ly expensive. Should you reject this, however, I am authorised to state that the whole family consider themselves bound in honor to resist your claim, and that, if necessary, they will expend their joint fortunes in resisting it by every means known to the law. I state your intentions correctly, Mr. Ranaldson, do I not?”

His client nodded, apparently not trusting himself to speak. Kennedy, who had a horror of litigation, was obviously staggered at this announcement, and looked anxiously at his partner; but Leofwyn, fixing a firm gaze first on the lawyer and then on his client, replied calmly:—

“Mr. Archibald, and Mr. Ranaldson, there can be no thought of a compromise here. Either our claim is perfectly valid and just—as valid as that of the first settler who took up lands under the Crown, and as just as that of your ancestor who bought his from the Indians for some muskets and strings of beads—or else we have no claim at all. To listen to a compromise would be placing ourselves in the position of persons who having found a flaw in your title or other means of disquieting you, were making a market of it; and neither my friend nor myself will allow even the shadow of such a charge. We are not meddling with your title at all: to the land in question you never had a title, nor ever asserted one: you have simply fallen into an error about the boundary of your land, which is now rectified. And as for your threatened litigation, I can offer you a much easier, quicker, and less expensive method of settlement. You know all the facts of the case: let us hear the evidence on which you propose to appeal, and if there is anything which a court would take into serious consideration, my friend and myself will at once withdraw our claim without waiting for a decree. If you refuse this proposition, you may rely upon it that we will not be intimidated from maintaining our rights by any threat of litigation, nor will we suffer ourselves to be placed in a false position from any fear of the result.”

The lawyer here took aside his client for another consultation, and after a few minutes returned alone, saying that the representatives of the family had concluded to withdraw any further opposition. The remaining proceedings were quickly despatched. The clerk almost wept as he made out the patent under the name, given by Kennedy, of “Fishermen's Luck,” and received the scarcely more than nominal sum at which the State, anxious to encourage immigration, was offering all unclaimed lands.

On their way home, Kennedy said to Leofwyn, "It is lucky for me that I have a man like you for a partner. I may as well own it: that threat that the whole Ranaldson family would club purses to fight us, and the prospect of interminable litigation, frightened me. When that old fellow was drawing out his words so slowly, I felt as if he was winding a rope round and round me. But for your coolness and firmness I should have compromised and been a fool for my pains."

"I saw that they were playing a game of bluff; and as I knew we had both law and right, I could easily be as firm as they."

"Do you know, Leofwyn, your quiet resolution reminded me of some of our games of chess. Often have I opened upon you a formidable attack, threatening mere ruin in a few moves, which would scare a weaker player, and you have gone on with your game with the most provoking indifference, because you foresaw that I should never get the chance to make the final move. You cool fellows are always more than a match for us excitable ones."

By this time they had reached their point of separation, and Leofwyn said at parting, "I must not forget to thank you for the pleasure I had in examining that old book of yours. I found it a perfect mine of old anecdotes and incidents. And by the way, I wish you would look in on me early in the morning; I shall probably have a suggestion to make."

"All right," said Kennedy, and so they parted. The next morning he called at Leofwyn's rooms, and asked what the promised suggestion was.

"It is a proposition," replied Leofwyn, "and it is that we take another stroll up Vinegar Creek. I have an idea that there is another fish there."

"Ay indeed? What? What have you in mind?"

"Tit for tat, my good friend. Wait till we get there."

When they reached the fork, Leofwyn led the way up the branch which they had first ascended, observing the water carefully. Presently he drew from his pocket a cup, and dipping it, tasted the water. This he repeated at several points, apparently with no satisfactory result. Finally he took from his breast a wallet, whence he extracted a strip of thin paper of a grayish purple color, Kennedy intently observing him. Holding this paper by one end, he knelt, dipped the other end in the water, and then examined it closely.

"What are you about?" asked Kennedy.

"*Avise la fin, Lord Cassilis, avise la fin.*"

After several experiments of this kind, conducted in silence, Leofwyn suddenly looked at his paper more keenly, and remarked, "I have a nibble." Then going up nearer to the foot of the cliff, he dipped a fresh paper, and announced "A decided bite."

Kennedy, thoroughly mystified, came up, and Leofwyn showed him the purple paper, the wet end of which had assumed a reddish color.

"What do you call that?" Kennedy asked.

"I call it a divining-rod at the present moment," his friend replied, continuing his investigations.

They were now at the very foot of the cliff, and just in front and above them was an immense pile of loose rocks and stones, sur-

rounding one gigantic mass, which had evidently broken away and fallen from above at a comparatively recent period. After surveying these from all sides, Leofwyn remarked to his friend, "I shall need your help now."

"What is to be done?"

"I propose, if possible, to clear away these stones, so that I can crawl under that great fallen rock. I think *my* fish is under there."

"All right," said the alert Kennedy, and the two set to work pulling away the stones. About half an hour's labor uncovered the side of the great rock, so that they could see that while the lower end was sunk in the soil, and the upper rested against the bank, there was a cavity under the middle into which a man might with some difficulty squeeze himself. As Leofwyn was pulling off his coat and waistcoat, Kennedy remarked in an abstracted tone, as if he were quoting a passage from a book, "The burrowing trout is found under rocky hills, at the bottom of mines, and generally in the bowels of the earth. It is taken by sending in a ferret, while a terrier watches the outlet."

Without replying, Leofwyn crept at full length, and with some difficulty, into the cavity, where for awhile his companion heard him pulling stones about, and then the splash of water. After some time spent at this work, he crawled out, very red in the face, covered with earth and mud, and holding in his hand a cup of beautifully clear and sparkling water, which he offered to Kennedy, saying, "Taste that."

Kennedy tasted it cautiously, and with slight signs of repugnance.

"Well?" asked Leofwyn.

"It has a curious spicy kind of taste, saltish, and decidedly sour."

"Just so. Now this water is, I am convinced, identically the same with that of the famous spring of Pymont in Westphalia — you know it?"

"I should think I did. It cured me once when I was crippled with rheumatism. By Jupiter, you are right! I now remember the exact taste. How did you find out that it was here?"

"From that blessed old book of yours. Did you not notice where it speaks of Vinegar Creek that there are some words interlined?"

"I saw them, but the letters were so fine and the ink so faded that I could not make them out."

"Nor could I, till I took a magnifier. Then I saw that they were 'soe called from a sowre spring which floweth into it from y^e rocks.' Now a 'sour spring' is in itself a thing worth looking into, especially in these days; and a sour spring which flowed so freely as to give the name of 'Vinegar Creek' to a considerable stream, was, it struck me, a fish of no common magnitude."

"You are right there; this *is* a fish, sure enough, and one that I should never have caught. But what were you juggling with the paper? Just mystifying me by way of paying me off?"

"Not a bit. I am a little of a chemist, you know, and a chemist is a man provided with supplementary senses to aid his natural ones. When I found that I could not detect any acidity in the water by taste, I tried a simple chemical test. I had taken the precaution to bring with me some slips of litmus paper, which turns from purple to red with the contact of the slightest acid. The shades of color it took

led me to the rock far more truly than any divining-rod. I reasoned in this way: I know that this spring once flowed freely; I see that a slight trickle of its waters comes from under these stones: it must be that the fall of this immense rock choked it and forced it to find some other, perhaps underground channel. Sure enough, I found the water oozing up just at the point where the rock was sunk deep into the soil, and I have no doubt that if the rock was blasted away, or a shaft run under it, we could restore the spring to its natural flow. As it was, the little clearing away I was able to do, increased its flow perceptibly. And now what value this adds to your discovery, I leave you to judge."

For answer, Kennedy shook him hard by the hand, clapped him on the shoulder, and then drank off the remaining water in the cup with as hearty gusto as if it had been Tokay; and we may be sure that the sun never ripened a vintage that would have had to him half so exquisite a flavor.

Before the week was out, Kennedy was in New York with a bottle of the water, a plat of the land, and some capital sketches of his own taking, showing the views at different points. When he came back, it was with two quiet keen-eyed men, authorised agents of certain great lords of capital, who looked in at the Land Office, drove out to the place and spent an hour there, and took an afternoon train back, having first received from Kennedy a document bearing the signatures of both partners, which he had all ready, and having placed in his hand in return a cheque for a sum so large that when he afterwards heard it named, the elder Ranaldson turned yellow and took to his bed for a week. Next year, they say, we shall have on Fishermen's Luck the most magnificent hotel and sanitarium in the world.

V. G. A.

FRONTIER SERVICE BY AN OLD CAVALRYMAN.

IN the spring of 1846 the regiment of Mounted Riflemen was added to the permanent military establishment of the United States. The war with Mexico had just broken out. The battles of the 8th and 9th of May at Palo Alto and Resaca had aroused the military enthusiasm of the whole country; and many officers who won glory in these victories, hoped they would receive more substantial rewards in promotion to the high places of the new regiment. These hopes were doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Polk promoted no officer to the Rifles who had been in those battles, but with two or three exceptions

selected them from civil life. The ranks of the regiment were rapidly filled, and the Harper's Ferry rifle was selected as our weapon.

A finer body of young men was probably never seen than the Mounted Rifles when we entered Mexico, and at that day the Harper's Ferry rifle was the best in the world. General Persifer F. Smith, of Louisiana, was our first colonel; and all who remember him at Monterey and on "Scott's Line" from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, will agree that he was a fine specimen of a soldier and a man. In the day of battle he perhaps had no superior in our army: his courage was of the highest order, his attainments were varied, his professional information was excellent, his judgment was sound, his plans were always formed promptly and executed boldly, and he had under all circumstances complete control of his resources. Those who knew General Smith only after disease had sapped the vigor of his faculties, can form little idea of him as he was when first appointed colonel of the Rifles. He was then the illustration of a brave and hardy soldier, and courteous, high-spirited gentleman. When danger was at hand, when difficulties were to be overcome, his bright blue eyes grew brighter, and his cheerful voice and cheery countenance and pleasant jest inspired all with his confidence, and made duty in his presence a pleasure. Had he no claim upon history besides Contreras, he would still rank with the best commanders America has produced. The excellence of his dispositions for that attack can only be equalled by the wonderful success achieved by the small force under his command, over the Mexican army in strong position. The confidence of the general in his troops, in the soundness of his plans, and in his knowledge of the enemy, is strikingly illustrated by the composure with which he drew out his watch as he saw his Rifles moving to the assault, and when the last Mexican had left the redoubt or surrendered, announced to the officers around him, "It has taken just seventeen minutes."

Our colonel was always general of a brigade during the war, and neither Colonel Fremont nor our Major ever joined us in Mexico. The command of the regiment therefore devolved upon our senior captain, Loring of Florida, a gallant young officer of twenty-four years, who led us into every action in which we were engaged in Mexico, and has commanded us ever since. At Vera Cruz, Twiggs' division was ordered, the day after we landed, to move around and close the investment on the north side of the river. The Rifles being a cavalry corps, though serving on foot, moved at the head of the column, and frequently during the movement one or more of our companies engaged the light troops of the enemy. In one of these skirmishes a squadron of lancers was routed by one of our companies, and the commander left dead; and on the day after, just as Company C, marching at the head of the column, entered a narrow trail by the National Road from Vera Cruz to the Capital, it encountered a Lancer escort conducting a train of mules laden with wine. Our men sprang forward into the road and opened fire upon the Lancers, who fled with remarkable promptness and energy, leaving the mules and wine. We had made a tiresome march that morning through tangled thickets and over loose sand, and were in good disposition to

appreciate our prize ; so having assured ourselves that there was to be no more fighting that day, we received permission from General Twiggs to roll a cask of wine down to the beach, where, in full view of the city, we broached it and drank it to the future success of the Mounted Rifles. An obliging Texan, who had guided us on our march from the south side of the city, added to the completeness of our enjoyment and filled the measure of our gratitude to him by lassoing and slaughtering for us a fat ox which was grazing near our halting-place.

The events of the siege were interesting enough, but beyond an occasional reconnoissance near the city, and now and then a skirmish with the light troops of Santa Ana, who had reorganised his forces since his defeat at Buena Vista, and was advancing with a new army in hope of succoring Vera Cruz, we had no very satisfactory test of our mettle. Within a few days of the capitulation of Vera Cruz, Twiggs' division was moved up towards the National Bridge, where it was expected that Santa Ana would meet him. The position was very strong, and it was with some relief we found that no opposition would be made to our passage. A day or two later, however, as the Second Dragoons, the advanced guard of our division, came in sight of the village of Plan del Rio, a force of Mexican Lancers was observed retiring from the place with some precipitation. The Dragoons immediately pursued them, but after galloping a mile or two were suddenly checked by the fire of a battery which commanded the road, and announced the presence of the great Mexican captain with his army ready for battle. We encamped at Plan del Rio that night, and at retreat General Twiggs assembled all his commissioned officers, and in a brief and soldier-like address announced to them his intention of attacking Santa Ana next morning, and explained in general terms his plan of attack.

It was on a bright April morning (the 11th, I believe) that we moved from our camp, twenty-five hundred men of all arms, to attack the Mexican army of more than twelve thousand, posted behind formidable breastworks, occupying the strongest mountain-pass in Mexico, and commanded by the ablest general of his day. On arriving near the first breastwork, the head of the division was halted under cover of the timber, while Colonel Johnston (now General Joseph E. Johnston, Quartermaster-general of the army), moved off toward the enemy's right, escorted by Company F of the Rifles, in order to reconnoitre the batteries which were known to be in that direction. For more than an hour we awaited the result of this reconnoissance and the signal to advance. Presently the sounds of a brisk fire of artillery and small arms, amidst which we could distinguish the sharp crack of our Rifles, told us that the work had commenced, and the quick command of "Forward, the Rifles!" brought all to our feet and in brisk movement for the point from which the momentarily increasing sounds of battle came ; being in heavily timbered and uneven ground, we could judge by the ear only of what we were soon to encounter. A few more steps would have brought us into the very presence of the enemy, when the command "Halt!" came from the head of the column. The firing had now ceased, and in a few minutes more we

were moved out of the narrow path we occupied, to make room for the bearers of Colonel Johnston, who were returning with him in a blanket desperately wounded. In order to make a satisfactory reconnaissance he had advanced to within musket-range of some of the enemy's pickets, who fired a volley at him and cut him down with two awful wounds. Company F sprang forward to rescue him, and in spite of a sharp fire from the batteries and the pickets, drove the Mexicans into their entrenchments with loss and brought the Colonel off. Sergeant William Coleman, Manly, and Pierre Chevalier gained good names among us all for coolness and pluck in this little affair. But Company F was then one of the best companies in the army, and in Mexico there were few bodies of men equal to it. These batteries were the same which the luckless General Pillow did *not* take a few days later.

By this time the morning had worn on to midday, and a volunteer general (Patterson) of higher rank than General Twiggs arrived from Vera Cruz, and not liking the aspect of affairs, countermanded the orders for attack until General Scott should arrive. Six days therefore elapsed before we made our attack, and were well employed by us in making reconnaissances, some of which were as daring as they were useful. Captain Robert Lee (son of "Light Horse Harry") was especially distinguished by his skill and courage in these, and procured much of the information which enabled General Scott on the 17th to turn Santa Ana's position and destroy his army. One day he had managed to approach within two or three hundred yards of a redoubt, when he suddenly saw the Mexicans issuing from it and coming towards him: he lay close under the cover of the brushwood and kept very quiet, while a large portion of the garrison passed within twenty paces of him and filled their canteens with water from a neighboring brook, without discovering him.

On the 17th we again moved up from Plan del Rio against the enemy at Cerro Gordo. General Scott came up, and several volunteer generals, with a considerable reinforcement of those troops. About sunrise, Twiggs' division moved, the Rifles leading, to take up its position on Santa Ana's left. We moved slowly and by a different route, which had been marked out for us by Captain Lee and some other engineers, so that it was past midday when we gained our position. We had been lying about in groups near our places and chatting together for an hour or two, when a dropping fire of musketry from the crest of the hill at the foot of which we lay announced to us that the enemy was feeling for us. The Rifles sprang into ranks, and were at once moved up the hill to where Lieutenant Frank Gardener, in command of one company 7th Infantry was already sharply engaged with an overwhelming force of Mexicans. He had been sent up to observe them. Other troops of Twiggs' division followed, but we had already driven back the Mexican skirmishers and were in no need of assistance within the three or four minutes which elapsed before they came up. Throughout the whole of that evening a desultory fire was kept up with considerable loss on both sides, but with no decisive result beyond establishing ourselves immovably in good position for the next day's fight. Early next morning the general

assault was made. Pillow's column attacked the Mexican right and was repulsed with heavy loss ; but as about the same time Twiggs' division stormed Santa Ana's main position, routing all before it, Pillow's disaster made no difference in the result.

Captain Loring led our regiment in this assault, and we suffered very heavily. Captain Stevens Mason and Lieutenants Ewell and Davis, all natives of Virginia, were killed ; Maury of Virginia, Gibbs of New York, and several other officers, were wounded. Immediately after the action we were pushed on to Santa Ana's fine hacienda of Encerro, and next day to Jalapa, where we spent some time ; for General Scott's original purpose, of moving at once upon the Capital, was unavoidably deferred by him, in consequence of some misunderstanding of his orders concerning the supplies and transportation of his regular divisions. It was therefore not until August that the Rifle Regiment found itself again before the enemy at Contreras in the valley of Mexico. Here we took an active part in the skirmishing about the enemy's position, and on the 22d and 23d we laid a heavy hand upon Valencia's luckless division. The same day we were pushed along toward Churubusco, but could not get up before the place had been stormed. No other opportunity for a general action was offered until Molino, where we were held in reserve under Loring, near Mescoax, all of us except our mounted squadron. It, with the rest of the American cavalry, was involved in the evolutions under the guns of Chapultepec under Sumner, which emptied many a saddle for them, and cost many good men and horses without accomplishing any good result.

After Molino, about two weeks, came Chapultepec, and a busy, bloody day it was for the Rifles. Many of our officers and men were among the killed and wounded of the day of Chapultepec and the Belen Gate. Loring, who had commanded the regiment in every one of its actions, was shot down within a hundred paces of the gate of Mexico. Many others beside him fell, but my memory does not now enable me to recall their names, and I have not access to any records which can prompt me. But I may here be permitted to pay my tribute to one destined to fall on another and far distant field—who always in battle attracted the admiration of soldiers, and the affection of those who knew him everywhere, and who was one of the first Americans to enter Mexico that day. Jemmy Stuart, as we all called him, was son of a brilliant editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, grand-nephew of Sir John Stuart, the Conqueror of Maida, and a descendant of the last Royal family of Scotland. He entered the Rifles from West Point, a stripling of twenty years. In person and manner he was refined and attractive, with an almost feminine beauty of countenance, and his brown silky hair, pearly teeth, and sweet expression of mouth, with his diffidence in the presence of strangers, gave to a casual observer no indication of the high spirit and dashing courage which made him prompt to resent insult and foremost in battle. He passed unwounded through all our Mexican battles, and perhaps no officer of his rank gained a reputation more enviable than his when peace was made. We all loved and respected him, while our officers seemed to regard him as their Bayard. Several years after, when the

Rifles were ordered out of Oregon, he and Captain Walker of Missouri were sent down into California to turn over to the Dragoons our men and horses. The two were intimate friends, and on this march occupied the same tent. The duty on which they were engaged was a sort of indulgence to them, and no idea of danger or actual service had been connected with it. One night, or rather morning, about two o'clock, Walker awaked, and Stuart said to him, "I have been lying awake all night. I have upon me a conviction which I cannot shake off that my death is at hand, and I wish you to promise to execute, in that event, certain requests which I now shall make." Walker endeavored in vain to dispel the sad forebodings which seemed to oppress him, so gave the required promise. That evening, to the surprise of us all, the command found signs of hostile Indians being near, and made preparations to hunt them up and attack them next day. At breakfast next morning Captain Stuart related to the other officers a vivid dream he had had the night before, in which a Rogue River Indian had seemed to come to the door of his tent, and after aiming first at Walker, then at him, shot his arrow through his (Stuart's) body. Before ten o'clock that morning the command under Stuart found, attacked and routed the Indians. Stuart as usual led the attack, and was shot through the body by an arrow from the bow of a Rogue River Indian. He was the only one of our men hurt in the fight. He lingered in great agony for near two days. We buried him near the root of a large tree near the road. His remains have since been removed, and now rest in his beloved South Carolina. His remarkable premonition of death is well authenticated, and seems to accord with the melancholy history of his race and with his own sad and imaginative temperament.

There was no general action with the enemy after the City of Mexico was captured, and from that day to this the whole regiment has never stood together in battle. But besides the greater battles in which we were engaged between our landing at Vera Cruz and our entry into Montezuma's Palace, we encountered the enemy in many combats scarcely known in the history of the war, and perhaps now forgotten by all except the men engaged in them. Some of these were severe and bloody fights, and in all the Rifles sustained the honor of their flag—and a beautiful flag it is, presented by the ladies of New Orleans to our regiment, and richly embroidered by the most skilful workers of Puebla. At this day we regard its rents and stains with pride and satisfaction, while we remember we have faithfully kept the promise our colonel made to the ladies who gave it to us, and that all its scars are honorable.

The day of Chapultepec was a glorious one for the Rifle flag. All along our bloody march its green silken folds and its blazing gold eagle were to be seen in the fore-front of the battle. Sergeant Hayre of New York bore it that day—a gallant, dashing fellow—and when we reached the Belen Gate, he and our flag were in the very front; and there are some who may remember how, after reaching the gateway after his flag had been for hours amidst the hottest of the fire, and had served as a beacon to guide us to our goal, Hayre tenderly held it under the archway where the balls could tear it no more,

while he stood conspicuously exposed to one of the most destructive fires our troops have ever encountered. It would gladden our hearts to their inmost core if we could once more march through New Orleans with our flag unfurled, so that the ladies who gave it could see the marks of Chapultepec and the Belen Gate: *they* would not count them blemishes.

After peace was made with Mexico, the Rifles were sent to Jefferson Barracks, preparatory to marching to Oregon; but the men claimed that they were now entitled to their discharges, and nearly all of them were discharged accordingly. The ranks were, however, soon recruited, and with a fine mount of horses we set out for Oregon under command of Loring. The route was then but little known, and the march was long enough—near twenty-five hundred miles; but we accomplished it without disaster, and in a reasonable time, establishing as we went garrisons at Fort Laramie and Fort Hall, and halting near Vancouver on the Pacific. While we were in Oregon the great gold discoveries were made in California, which tempted many good men to their ruin. Our regiment felt the evil effects of the lure, and desertions rapidly thinned our ranks. At the time I speak of the pay of a common soldier was eight dollars per month, while all around us laboring men of the humblest description and for the most menial services readily procured sixteen dollars per day. What wonder then if some of the Rifles forgot for a time what they owed to themselves and the flag they had never forgotten in battle? There was no actual service to occupy us and no prospect of it. On the contrary we were almost exclusively engaged as day-laborers in constructing houses, &c., at the various posts—in work, in fact, which we had never anticipated nor agreed to do when we enlisted.

During the height of this gold excitement Colonel Loring was absent from the headquarters of the regiment and in a distant portion of the Territory, when he received an express informing him that a large number of men, yielding to the temptations surrounding them, had organised themselves into a body, seized the necessary arms and munitions, and marched defiantly for the gold mines of California. With characteristic energy, Loring returned at once to the scene of this extraordinary defection, and organised a force to pursue and bring back the deserters. He led this party in person. It was made up of a very large proportion of officers and men of tried fidelity, and picked non-commissioned officers. A section of artillery started with it, but was soon sent back as unnecessary, while the remainder of the force pressed on in their pursuit. The season was very inclement; for nearly thirty days rain, snow or sleet fell upon them without twenty-four hours' intermission. The route was not much travelled, and there were many streams to cross, swollen by the rains so as to be unfordable and very dangerous. The commissioned officers took their regular turns at guard-duty as sentinels. Perhaps no more striking illustration of the energy and endurance of our troops has ever been afforded than by this pursuit of our deserters in Oregon. The result too was very satisfactory, for nearly all of them were recovered. They made no resistance—the poor fellows had no heart for it; for way-worn, ragged, barefoot and starving, they had lost

their way among the mountains, and were glad enough of the chance to return. In one party of stragglers from the main body the suffering had been very great, and when they returned to us it was strongly suspected they had eaten one of their comrades. The circumstances of this desertion were humanely considered by our officers, and except in the cases of some of the ringleaders, most of the men returned to duty without punishment, and ultimately became good and respectable men.

Before we had been long enough in Oregon to complete the works of construction we had commenced, it was decided in Washington City to transfer us to Texas. Our horses and private soldiers were accordingly turned over to the Dragoons, and the commissioned and non-commissioned officers were ordered home again to recruit our ranks. Thus it was that in the course of five years we were three times recruited, had three several and complete constructions of the regiment from new material.

The winter of 1851-52 found us once more upon the Gulf of Mexico and bound for Texas, whither we were sent to protect the frontier of that great State from the depredations of the Lipans and the Comanches who have for so many years hindered its progress. Western Texas is the great stock-region of America; perhaps there is no grazing country equal to it in the world. That portion of it between the Nueces and the Rio Grande is at this day almost without settlements. When Mexico, near fifty years ago, became independent of Spain, there were many wealthy and prosperous *rancheros* in that region, and vast numbers of horses, asses, mules, and horned cattle roamed over their immense estates. Spanish garrisons and "missions" were distributed over the country, and the Indians were kept quiet by the Spanish policy, which was good. With the Spanish rule disappeared the Spanish policy, the garrisons and the missions; and the Indians soon broke loose upon the *rancheros*, destroyed their haciendas, murdered their people, and turned their stock adrift. The whole of the vast territory was desolated—not a human resident remained. The domestic herds soon became wild herds, but continued to increase and multiply; and when we landed there in 1852 they roamed in countless thousands wherever water and grass were most abundant and luxuriant. Antelope were to be found there too; while bears, cougars, panthers, and deer in herds of more than a hundred, were to be found in every direction. In the winter, swans, geese, ducks and snipe flocked about the lagoons and marshes, and wild turkeys and several varieties of quail were always to be found by the sportsman.

Except, perhaps, the happy hunting-grounds of South Africa, so thoroughly beaten by the fortunate Gordon Cumming, there never was seen such a region for the enterprising hunter. Of all the game which abounded then in Western Texas, none was wilder, fiercer, or more dangerous than the wild cattle. There are jaguars there of enormous size; cougars, and pumas or lions, as they are called, frequent every water-hole whither the gaminivorous animals resort to slake their thirst. But these fall an easy prey to the hunter's rifle, and seldom, unless wounded and at bay, are aggressive or dangerous

to man. On one occasion, Captain Lindsey, while riding a fine thorough-bred mare, came suddenly on a large tigress, or jaguar, which fled at the sight of him. Lindsey gave chase, and his mare quickly overtook the beast and boldly bore the rider over it, knocking it about and rolling it over as she might have done a young hound, until the tigress, completely cowed, took shelter under a dense cactus, where Lindsey shot her dead with his pistol.

I had long desired to kill a lion or tiger, as our Mexican guides called them, and one day, being out on a scout with a small detachment, after making camp and resting my horse, I saddled up an hour or two before sunset, and calling to our guide, old Ventura, to follow me, set out to kill a deer for supper. I had not gone far from camp before I saw, nearly a mile distant, what seemed to be a doe with two fawns following her. They entered together a thin skirt of timber, near the point of which I was then riding. I passed quickly around the point and rode along the edge of the timber toward the point where the game would probably emerge, and to my surprise and delight, when I had reached within a couple of hundred yards of this point, out of the thicket stalked the most enormous lion I have ever seen. He seemed quite as large as an African lioness of full growth, and was very like one. The wind was blowing hard and was in my favor, for the lion was walking to windward, and I was rapidly closing on him from behind, to get a sure shot at short range. I had thus ridden to within fifty paces, and debated whether I would dismount or risk a less sure aim from the saddle. Had I had my own steady and brave old mare, from whose back Lindsey had killed the tigress, I would have unhesitatingly dismounted; but I was riding a strange horse, and a recent experience had taught me he would leave me and gallop back to camp if I gave him the opportunity, so I thought it more prudent to keep on his back. The lion looked very grand as he sauntered up the wind, with his tawny skin shining in the sunlight, his clear-cut head well up, sniffing the gale for the scent of his evening's meal, his long tail trailing along the ground and his whole movement full of conscious power. He presented me a fair shot behind his shoulder, and I took an unusually long and careful aim, and was just touching the trigger when old Ventura came up with a noise behind me which startled my horse, broke my aim, and made the lion face about toward me. Not an instant was to spare, as he stood boldly fronting us and ready to attack. I rushed my horse right at him, with a shout to disconcert his spring, and was considerably relieved to see him wheel about and bound off toward the timber. I followed with shout and spur, in hope my horse could place me alongside the lion, and thus give me a close running shot, but the tremendous bounds he made soon carried him beyond my reach, and as he cleared the tops of the chaparral with his last leap and plunged out of my sight into its depths, I felt I had lost my best and last chance of killing a Mexican lion. He was by far the largest specimen of his kind I have ever seen, and his hide would have been a famous trophy.

It was about this time that I was sent with a squadron of Rifles to a point thirty miles below Fort McIntosh to rest and graze the horses.

There were no habitations within twenty miles of us. We took with us only salted rations, and depended for our fresh meat entirely upon the wild cattle, which we could hear every night lowing and bellowing about our camp. Our guide was a famous Mexican hunter called Juan Galvan; and one day, having heard much of the difficulty and danger of hunting wild cattle, I set out with a select party of three other hunters, and a pack-mule to bear our game to camp. Besides the writer there was a Scotchman named Moran, a cool phlegmatic Vermonter, a famous hunter named Dewey, and last, but not least, Juan Galvan, whom no Indian could excel as a trailer, and who gave back for no white man in endurance and in pluck. It was not full light when we left camp and rode away from the Rio Grande for the interior thickets, where the wild bulls took shelter for shade and pasturage after their nocturnal roamings. About 7 A.M. Juan crossed the track of an enormous bull. "Muy grande! muy fuerte!" said Galvan; and no other track we had seen was so large or so fresh. We resolved to follow him, and so we did for several hours. It was eleven o'clock before Juan, who was riding just before us, uttered an exclamation, and throwing up his rifle, made a running shot at an enormous white bull who was tearing his way through the chaparral a hundred yards away. He was lost to sight before any other of us could get a shot, and we could only push along on his trail with renewed energy and excitement. We had ridden four or five miles, when at about midday we came upon our game standing in a dense clump of bushes about fifty paces before us. Juan and I immediately fired into the whole whitish mass, which was too much obscured and screened by the intervening twigs and branches for us to select a spot to aim at; for a very little twig will turn a bullet far from its mark. At the crack of our rifles the bull broke out of his cover, and gave both Moran and Dewey a running shot into his huge side. Probably all our shots struck him, for his trail when we retook it showed plenty of blood smeared and spattered over the broad cactus-leaves through which he tore his way. We travelled faster now, for the trail was easier to follow, and we were excited by the blood and the increasing danger of our next meeting with the wounded bull. It was after about thirty minutes' pursuit we again came upon him, standing as before in a dense clump of brush, and affording us four more shots, which were poured into him pretty much as before; and now his trail was bloodier than ever, and we were in the highest possible excitement. Juan's experience taught him that we would soon be "charged" by this prairie monarch, who was evidently not mortally wounded yet, but had shots enough in him to make him sore and savage. We had not been long on his trail this time before I discovered the bull, now at bay in the thicket about forty yards from us. Being determined to make no more wild shooting, I sprang from my horse and ran up to within twenty paces, and fired, as I thought, behind his shoulder. The bushes parted at once, and out came the bull, charging right for me with his head lowered and the black points of his long horns fairly aimed for me. I turned and ran for my horse, but finding I could not gain him and remount in time to escape the terrible enemy now close upon me, I wheeled suddenly into a huge

cactus on my right, and struggling through, lay close and still upon the ground behind it. My comrades, who had remained on their horses, were now safe and distant observers of what was passing between the bull and me. As I cautiously looked around the edge of my screen, Juan called out, "Teniente, bull comin' agin!" Sure enough, there he was not twenty yards from me, coming for me with his tail in the air and his head level enough to make me quit my insufficient cover and venture at random to seek some other safer refuge. This I quickly encountered in another enormous cactus, right into the midst of which I plunged and struggled through, throwing myself as before flat down on its roots, and internally most heartily regretting that I had embarked in the pursuit of this bull. By this time I had not less than one hundred cactus-thorns in my flesh, and the two horns of the bull would have been a comfortable exchange. Juan and both the others fired into him now, and not discovering my last hiding-place, the bull betook himself again to flight. As for me, I was no longer ambitious of any sort of honors. After lying in the most anxious apprehension I have ever known for what seemed a year, I arose from my prone posture and surveyed the ground. Everybody was gone, including the bull, who was then all the world to me. I realised my condition very vividly. I had no friends, my rifle was empty, my skin was bristling with cactus-thorns, my pride as a man and a hunter had left me, my horse was gone, my courage was gone—but, thank heaven, so was the bull! I had picked out a few of the biggest spikes and reloaded my gun, when Juan came galloping up, leading my horse and urging me to hasten on and finish the bull.

We had been on the trail about two miles, when on emerging from the chaparral we encountered, coming right toward us, a herd of about ten wild cattle. We fired into them, and Juan's quick eye at once marked that a fine young cow had received two balls in her left fore shoulder. He darted in pursuit of her, whirling his lasso as he rode, and in a few minutes returned without the lasso and reported that he had caught the cow and tied her to a tree. Before pursuing our bull further we rode to see that the cow was secured, so that we might leave her tied and return late in the day to butcher and pack her to camp. We were all about the tree, to a strong branch of which Juan had fastened one end of his lariat, while the other in a sliding noose was secure about the neck of a fine young sorrel cow, who with one leg dangling was eying us very savagely. Juan had dismounted and was examining the security of his rope on the tree; Moran was standing leaning against his large roan horse, holding his rifle and Juan's; Dewey was seated on his horse, leaning with both hands on his rifle, which he held across his saddle-bow. I was on my horse, very alert, keeping a bright lookout for the cow if she should charge. Sure enough she did, very fiercely, breaking the rope, and first struck Moran's horse under the flank, whirling him against the stalwart Scot, who dropped both guns and sprang up into a tree. The cow then struck Dewey's horse with such violence as to throw him over and toss Dewey over his head; he seemed to me to alight on his feet with rifle to shoulder, and before the cow could strike him he fired into

her face and climbed a tree. By this time Juan had perched himself in a friendly mesquit-tree, and I had galloped off to a safe distance from the cow, who was in possession of the field ; but soon Juan cautiously descended, got his rifle, then his pony, and riding close up, gave her a shot in the "curl," which ended her days and made for our mule a full load of capital beef. We quickly butchered her and sent our two men to camp with the meat, while Juan and I resumed our pursuit of the bull. The sun was just setting when he broke cover for the last time, and fled before us through an open glade of prairie, at a speed which left our jaded horses far behind. We had now been fourteen hours in constant excitement and exercise, and were ten miles from camp, in an Indian country too ; so we gave up the bull for that day, and got home about tattoo, all of us, men and horses, worn out, and I was sore enough from cactus wounds which were inflaming over my whole body. Next morning at dawn, on fresh horses, the pursuit of the bull was resumed, and about midday he fell, to the nineteenth shot we had since dawn of the previous day fired into him. He netted near one thousand pounds of fat meat.

In a long experience of war and the chase this was the most arduous and exciting hunt I have ever made. I am convinced there is no game on this continent so wary, so enduring and so dangerous as the wild bull of Western Texas. I except the grizzly bear always, who has not his equal for fierce and aggressive courage in all the catalogue of wild beasts. .

One day, at Fort Stanton, a horse-guard came galloping in and reported to Captain Claiborne of the Rifles that an old she-grizzly and two cubs were in the timber near the horse-pasture. Claiborne, who was a great hunter and fine shot, snatched his rifle, and accompanied by a friend, hurried out to meet this savage game. They soon found them and rolled the she-bear over. The cubs, about the size of a setter dog, clambered up into the trees and went out upon the ends of the limbs, where no one could get at them. Claiborne's object being, not to kill, but to capture them, he and his friend decided to shoot the limbs with rifle-balls until they could no longer bear the cubs' weight ; and being capital shots, they soon accomplished their novel plan for capturing grizzlies, and had the satisfaction of securing alive two fine young specimens.

During the same winter a large expedition was sent out after the Comanches. There were three or four squadrons of our regiment sent on this scout, and their route lay along the Raton mountains. The enemy was believed to be near and in heavy force, and no hunting was permitted nor was any discharge of fire-arms allowed. The column was moving around a spur of the mountain, when a she-bear came down from the rocks and crossed before the command. Lieut. "Red" Jackson was riding at the head of the column. He was a keen sportsman, and could not resist the temptation. His sabre was sharp, and he happened to be riding a horse blind of an eye, so keeping this blind eye towards the bear, he galloped out to engage her. The bear rose upon her haunches to receive the attack, when Jackson, pressing his horse close up, gave her a "right cut against infantry" across the skull, which actually split it and rolled her over

dead. This is probably the only instance on record of any man having encountered and killed a grizzly bear with a sword. The whole command witnessed it.

During fifteen years of constant service over the wide domain of the United States and Mexico, many adventures of war and the chase befel us ; but we have space for no more of them here, and will return to our service in Western Texas.

M.

THE ODD TRUMP,

BOOK I.—THE PICTURE CARDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RESCUE.

AFTER a rain of two days the water-courses were swollen and turbid. The little rivulet tributary to the Severn, and known as Merton's Brook, was now a mighty stream, spreading over the lowland meadows and roaring through the narrow defiles of the high ground. The afternoon sun was shining brilliantly upon the wet leaves on the trees and upon the green hedgerows, and no striking token of the long storm was visible except the sullen yellow flood, already subsiding, and the gorgeous rainbow in the eastern sky.

Plodding along the highroad from Gloucester came a pedestrian. He was a youth of twenty-two perhaps, clad in such attire as to escape attention—not remarkably fashionable, and not out of date. You would pass him almost without notice, unless he happened to be looking at you, and then you would probably nod civilly because you would detect his readiness to nod to you. Nothing at all remarkable about the fellow except the long lashes over his thoughtful eyes, and a certain prompt good-nature that you recognised somehow, even before he showed his white teeth in answering your salutation ; and it might occur to you that there was a kind of contradiction between the thoughtfulness of his brown eyes and the ready cheerfulness of his greeting. If you were a philosopher you would rightly judge that the quick smile was inherited, and the thoughtful expression acquired, perhaps through sad experiences.

Merton's Brook was bridged in two places. The highroad led

across the stream, but between the youth and the bridge there was a foot or two of rushing water thirty or forty yards broad. A horseman might cross it safely enough, but it was over boot-tops. The footman paused at the brink of the flood and debated with himself. Should he wait two hours for the torrent to subside? No. He, poor fellow, had not yet learned to wait. Should he dash in and through to the bridge? No. That involved a gallon of muddy water in each boot. Should he take off his boots and wade across? No. He could not afford the damage to his habiliments. What then? Why, there was the railway-bridge half-a-mile down stream.

The railway crossed the brook at the low meadows, and the bridge was merely a continuation of the trestlework that extended a hundred yards westwardly from the margin of the stream. There was no law forbidding passage here, but there was a grum old bridge-tender, whose duty it was to keep pedestrians away from the trestlework; but the brook had banished the old curmudgeon from his post, and the way was clear.

Arrived at the end of the trestlework, our traveller paused again. Before him were four lines of cold iron a little above the surface of the swift water. He could not see the cross-ties; they were submerged. If he crossed here, he must keep his foothold upon any one of the four rails. A hundred and fifty yards of this precarious travelling would bring him to the high eastern bank of Merton's Brook, and a mile from his home.

The pensive expression faded out of his eyes while he surveyed the scene, and gave place to a look of quiet determination. The obstacles he had encountered had awakened a dormant dare-devil in his bosom.

"It is a mere matter of pluck," he muttered, as he drew off his boots; and fixing his eyes upon a telegraph-pole beyond the stream, while the waters eddied and gurgled beneath his feet, he boldly and rapidly strode out upon his narrow bridge, and walked safely until he reached the margin of the brook proper, where old Galt's sentry-box stood. Here there was a small platform; and availing himself of the opportunity, he stepped upon it and sat down upon the bench at the door of the box. Old Galt was not there; he knew what Merton's Brook was after a long rain, and he had flown to his cottage before the flood had caught him.

The July sun was hot. The youth threw off his coat and neckcloth, inviting a catarrh; and while he sat there fanning himself with his hat, he heard the rattle of an approaching train and the shriek of the engine. It was coming from the west, and he had time enough to reach the bank before it. Catching up his boots and coat, he took the rail again, and stepping gingerly, neared the eastern bank. There he made a discovery. The huge timbers upon which the rails were laid were imbedded in solid masonry on the eastern end of the bridge, but the muddy torrent that came down from the hills had worn away a passage behind the abutment, around it, under it, and it had sunk away from the timbers, leaving them vibrating upon the angry tide. They were kept in place by the ties bolting them together, and by the rails connecting them with the track on solid ground; but as they trembled under the tread of the adventurous youth, it flashed upon

his mind like lightning that the weight of the coming train would tear the bridge from these frail fastenings. Rushing up the steep bank by the side of the track, he turned, and waving his coat and hat frantically, signalled the approaching train, already upon the trestlework. It was coming up at moderate speed — too rapidly to be checked in time. Without a definite purpose in his mind, he dropped his boots and coat, took off his waistcoat and braces, and waited a few appalling seconds for the catastrophe.

His quick eyes took it all in. First the spreading of the track just over the swirling brook, and the sullen plunge of the engine out of sight under the hissing flood; then the crash of the passenger-carriages as they ran together in a confused heap. Then the head and shoulders of the engine-driver, as he battled bravely with the water and finally crawled out upon the bank. Then he heard the wail of a hundred voices, and saw here and there men clambering out from the mass of ruins, some slipping off into the boiling flood, some aiding women with pale faces as they crept out into the sunlight from carriages lying over upon their sides. Then he saw a long tress of dark hair, a white face, an arm tossed up from a bundle of female attire as it swept by him in the surging torrent; and as he caught this last sight, he clasped his hands above his head and plunged into the stream.

Oddly enough, when his head emerged again, he raised his eyes to the placid sky and murmured a word or two of praise and thanksgiving that he had been led to divest himself of so much of his clothing. He was a strong swimmer, and as he rapidly gained upon the woman, floating now, and now sinking out of sight, he noticed that she threw her arm up again before she sank.

"She will come up once more at least," he said, as he clove his way towards her, or rather towards the spot where he had seen her hand disappear. It was gained, passed, and then after two or three more strokes he ceased his efforts and waited. He knew he must be within reach of her, but after a moment's delay, she not reappearing, he dived and swam under water until he touched her cold face. With one strong arm round her waist, he rose to the surface again, and by steady labor gained the shallows a mile below the wrecked bridge, and drew her out upon the grassy bank.

She was not dead evidently, though her eyes were closed. There was a tremulous motion in her hands as he chafed them, and she moaned when he raised her head upon his breast. What should he do? She would die for lack of assistance while he sat stupidly gazing upon her pale face. Raising her tenderly from the ground, he placed her limp arms over his shoulder, and taking her up bodily, he strode sturdily away from Merton's Brook up the hillside and into the high-road. She was a well-grown young woman, and not at all fairy-like in weight. Giving himself a brief rest when he reached the stile leading into a shaded footpath, he crossed it with his unconscious burden, and paused no more until he entered his mother's cottage, and ascending the staircase to his own chamber, he laid the moist, bedraggled body upon the spotless coverlid of his bed.

"I am safe to catch it now," he thought, his mind and body both

relieved of a weight. "When mother sees this mess, what will she *not* say? Mother! Mother! where are you, Mother dear?"

"Here, my son," answered a gentle voice below; "where are you?"

"Up here, Mother, in my room. Please come quickly;" and meeting her at the staircase with a kiss, he continued, "Don't be alarmed, please ma'am, I have fished up a young woman out of Merton's Brook, and she won't come to. She is not drowned, for she moaned just now. But please come and see what is to be done, and cut open her stays or something, and make her open her eyes."

A lovely, gentle face, surrounded and surmounted with hair of pure silver; long lashes over kind eyes, placid and calm; a step of easy grace; a dignity that was more noticeable because it was free from hauteur, and a direct honesty of expression — some of these were the characteristics which this lady had transmitted to the panting boy who stood aglow and dripping by her side as she looked at the motionless form upon the bed, after snipping certain cords with her scissors.

"A doctor the first thing. Run over to Galt's," she said, "Doctor Maguire is there. Stay! where are your boots and coat?"

"A mile up the bank, Mother," he answered. "I will tell you when I return."

"Come back, sir!" said his mother. "I will go for the doctor; help me raise her head a little. There! Now get the brandy from my room, and see if you can get a spoonful down her throat while I am gone." And glancing at the soiled counterpane, the muddy foot-prints on the matting, and her son's rather unclean appearance, she hurried away.

He got the brandy, and parting her white teeth with the spoon, he allowed the liquid to trickle slowly into her mouth. Presently, with a convulsive effort, she swallowed. She opened her violet eyes, and looking at his anxious face bending over her, she threw up her hand, as she had done in the water, and murmured:

"Save me! Oh, save me!" and then she closed her eyes again. It was a momentary look, imploring and eager, but it carried her with electric rapidity into the inmost recesses of his heart.

"Please don't faint again!" he said, kneeling by the bedside and chafing her hand vigorously: "Mother has gone for the doctor and will return in a moment. She don't hear me! What shall I do?" and he put back the tangled hair from her face. He thought he would like to have one soft tress, and with guilty haste and trepidation he took the scissors his mother had left and severed a glossy ringlet, which he kissed and then thrust into his bosom with a blush. In his confusion he did not see the little strip of violet below her eyelids. Taking her soft hand again he kissed it, while she lay quiet and apparently lifeless.

"She is not dead," he whispered; "I can feel a feeble pulse, and she is breathing evidently. Oh, if she would only show those blessed eyes again! I *did* save her, Heaven be praised! And if she will only live! Oh, how could I love her, if I dared!"

The brandy was gradually producing its effect, and a faint color spread over her face. While he watched rapturously the signs of

returning life, his mother, followed by Dr. Maguire and two of Galt's stalwart daughters, entered the chamber.

The doctor felt the pulses, listened a moment to her respirations, and nodded his head.

"A warrum bath, ma-am!" he said. "She is not kilt entirely. A warrum bath, and dry clothing, plaze, and me and the youngster will go down stairs."

"I turned on the hot water, Mother," said the youngster, "the bath is all ready. And while you are attending to the young lady, I will go to your room and make myself presentable. I need a full outfit, you see. Doctor, will you excuse me ten minutes?"

"Surely! Let it be quite warrum, ma-am. It will be all the better if it is hot enough to make her squale a trifle. All we want is the reaction."

When the doctor was summoned to the patient the second time, she was propped up in the bed, pale and languid.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "are you better, miss?"

"Yes, sir," she answered faintly, "only a little weak."

"Have ye iver a dhrop of brandy, ma'am? Yis, here is the stuff itself. Now, miss, I put four ounces in this tumbler. So! And now I fill it up with wather. Now swallow a tayspoonful ivery fifteen minits. Give her a cup of tay, ma-am, an hour hence, with as much dhry toast as she will ate. Thin give her what's left of the grog, and let her go to sleep. She will be well in the morning. Kape her *quite* to-night, plaze."

Rose Cottage was on the verge of Merton, a little village, five miles from Gloucester. On the morning after the railway catastrophe, Sally Galt entered the chamber, bringing the young lady's garments, dried and renovated. The patient was awake.

"Here are your things, miss," said Sally; "here is your purse. Three pounds six. We had to take the money out to clean the purse. A letter for the master, the postman has just left it. How do you feel this morning, miss?"

"Quite well, I thank you. I will dress and come down immediately. I do not need any assistance, thank you."

She dressed with exemplary rapidity, looked with dismay at the soiled ribbons on her hat, but put it on, and just as she was about to leave the room her eyes caught the letter on the table. She read the address:

"Radcliffe Merton, Esq.,

"Rose Cottage, Merton, Gloucester."

She staggered back with a low cry of anguish and covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the sight.

"Oh!" she said, wringing her hands, "what shall I do? I dare not pause to ask. I know I must fly."

She seized a pen and wrote a line or two upon a sheet of note-paper, wrapped a sovereign and a shilling in another sheet and addressed it "For the doctor," then walked softly down-stairs. Through a window at the right of the porch she saw the silver hair of her hostess as she bent over a rose-bush which she was tying to a frame. Without pausing the weeping girl passed out of the house into the lane, and then with

rapid steps gained the Gloucester highway. The morning was enchantingly beautiful. The birds were warbling in the trees; the brook had returned to its ordinary channel, still discolored, but placid in the sunlight, and nature appeared peaceful and happy, mocking with her smiling face the pallid countenance of the young maiden fleeing like a fugitive toward the ancient city. The note she left contained only these incoherent words:—"I am grateful—oh, how grateful! and oh, how wretched! But I am compelled to fly from friends who have been so kind to me, with no better explanation than this. Pity and forgive me."

CHAPTER II.

MISS MERTON.

The broad lands of Squire Merton lay upon both sides of Merton's Brook, including the village and a dozen fruitful farms. The estate had belonged to the Mertons two or three centuries, and they were one of the oldest families in the county. The present Squire was the elder of two brothers, taking the entire estate by the entail; while his younger brother, Captain Merton, of the Royal Navy, had inherited his mother's fortune. He married Miss Radcliffe, and dying, left his widow with one son, Radcliffe Merton, who was just attaining his majority at the date of this story.

Matthew Merton, or "Squire Mat," as he was more commonly called, was a hale old gentleman of sixty. He was a widower with two daughters, and "Nevy Radcliffe" was heir-at-law to all his broad acres. "Rose Cottage," which stood on the border of the estate, had been set aside for the future Squire, who spent the greater part of his time upon the continent, Mrs. Merton having a triangular weakness for Naples, Geneva, and Paris. But Rose Cottage was still understood to be Mr. Radcliffe Merton's house, and here he and his mother abode whenever they were in England.

Squire Mat was extremely busy the day of the railway catastrophe. The wreck was worse in appearance than reality. Nobody was killed, though the engine-driver escaped almost miraculously. He saw the impending plunge of his engine a moment before it occurred, and he took a "header" into the muddy stream and got safely ashore. Three of the carriages had been thrown over on the opposite track, bruising the passengers, but breaking no bones. One carriage had fallen bodily into the water at the edge of the brook, but the depth was less than a yard, and the inmates, all second and third-class passengers, had crawled out, not seriously hurt. There was a report current that a young girl had been swept away down the stream, but this was traced to a half-demented youth, who could not give a coherent account of the matter. He had travelled with her, he said, an hour; she was beautiful as an angel; he had seen a man plunge in the water after her from the bank, and that was all. A pair of boots, a coat, waistcoat and hat were found upon the bank, and the railway officials took possession of them.

The good Squire rode down the bank of Merton's Brook, looking for traces, but found none. When he returned late in the afternoon,

there was more authentic intelligence. A young gentleman had reclaimed the garments, describing them, and the contents of the pockets. He had also confirmed the report of the young lady's accident, and brought the pleasing news of her rescue. She was doing well, in a cottage down the stream somewhere. None of the railway hands knew the gentleman. The engine-driver had also seen him dash into the stream, but was too much demoralised by the "smash" to describe him. He had a vague idea that some one was floating away, and that the youth attempted the rescue. "He swam like a duck," he said.

"This is a poor scent!" said the fox-hunting Squire, as he rode slowly homeward. "Maybe the girls can puzzle it out. If Lucy don't get thrown off by a resemblance, she is safe to find some explanation. All those fellows said it was a gentleman, a handsome one and young. We will scour the country to-morrow on both sides of the brook. He must be a regular trump, though. Yoicks! I have found it myself! It was Trumpley Wailes, as sure as a gun! and just like him too."

Arrived at Merton Park, the first duty was to dress for dinner. The curate, Mr. Thorne, was there. He was regular in his habits, and whist at the Park was a regular appointment on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Punctuality was the cardinal virtue at the Park, and at seven o'clock precisely dinner was announced.

"Take Lucy down, Thorne," said the Squire. "Come, Baby," and he gave his arm to his younger daughter.

The curate had brought news. On his way from the village he had encountered Dr. Maguire, and had a very full account of the young lady's mishap. She had been rescued and carried to Rose Cottage by Mr. Trumpley Wailes, and was there now. The doctor said she was a charming gurrill, and promised complete restoration to health the next day. Mrs. Wailes had called him from Mrs. Galt's bedside, and he had prescribed for the young lady and put her in bed. She was very slightly drowned.

"Maguire says young Wailes had carried the lady from the brook to the cottage," said Mr. Thorne after the soup; "he must be tolerably athletic."

"The fellow is a regular Samson," said the Squire; "I remember seeing him put that drunken rascal, Podd, through a gap in the hedge. Podd was at Rose Cottage, where Radcliffe had sent him to fix up the flowers. He was full of beer, and was disrespectful to Mrs. Wailes. Trumpley bundled him through the hedge on the instant, and Podd was thoroughly astonished."

"Podd is a bad lot," observed the curate; "I should not like to offend him."

"No," said Mr. Merton; "he would make mince-meat of *you* in short order. But he did not seem to have any stomach for another tussle with Wailes, but walked sulkily away."

"How came Wailes to occupy Mr. Radcliffe's cottage, Squire?" asked the curate, not heeding the compliment to his prowess.

"Rad sent him down here from London a year ago with a letter to me. He said he was under special obligations to this young gentleman, and begged me to put him in possession of the cottage. Wailes

has always insisted upon paying me the rent every quarter. Podd was tinkering some flower-frames when Mrs. Wailes moved in, and said something to the old lady that was rather rude. I overheard him, and was about to blow him up when the youngster collared him. He went through the hedge before he finished his speech. Trumpley apologised to me very politely for momentary inattention to some remark I was making, as if he had just taken a pinch of snuff. What do you say, Lucy?"

Miss Merton sat at the head of the table by right. The hap-hazard manner in which the story has proceeded thus far, is but a lame excuse for the delay in presenting her formally to the reader. An English gentlewoman of thirty, at least. No one asked her for the odd numbers. Not specially beautiful in person, albeit not uncomely. Her dark hair arranged in plain braids. Placid gray eyes, full of goodness and charity yet erratic withal, at least one of them. The right orb of vision had a habit of rolling in fine frenzy into the inner corner whenever she was particularly interested in a subject. It was the only obliquity about her, for she was true as steel; and it did not disfigure her pleasant countenance, although it gave a comical tinge to serious sentiments sometimes. She had been mistress of Merton Park for nearly twenty years, taking the keys, the symbols of authority, at her mother's death, when Baby Sybil was born. Miss Merton had two devoted lovers. Dr. Maguire proposed with furious earnestness about three times a year, and was always rejected with gentle firmness. Mr. Thorne did not propose, because Maguire always went to him for consolation after each rebuff, and the curate felt that it would be a sort of breach of confidence to storm the citadel after one of these Celtic assaults; and by the time he made up his mind to declare his attachment, Dr. Maguire would happen to blunder into a new proposal, get his dismissal, and go to Mr. Thorne with the story of his latest discomfiture.

"I was about to say, Papa," said Miss Merton, "that Mr. Wailes always reminds me of old Mr. Grippe."

"Well," responded the Squire, "that is an entirely new discovery, Lucy, at all events. Perhaps you can designate the points of resemblance."

Miss Lucy's eye went into the corner.

"I am afraid I cannot, Papa," she answered, thoughtfully. "There must be certain points of resemblance, of course, but I cannot tell just what they are."

"I can assist you perhaps," replied the Squire. "Let me give you another slice of beef; so. Well, old Grippe wears a red wig; Wailes has glossy brown hair. Old Grippe weighs about eight stone light; Wailes is not far from ten. Grippe is four feet ten; Wailes is a foot taller. Grippe is afraid of his shadow; Wailes is not afraid of the devil. Grippe talks to you an hour without letting you know what he thinks; Wailes reveals his whole soul to you in two minutes. Grippe looks at you like a rat, with sharp eyes, peeping out of his hole; Wailes looks at you like a lion, with frank eyes in which is no touch of deceit."

"I don't think you have enumerated any of the real likenesses,

Papa," objected Miss Merton ; "there is something in their voices or accent—"

"Exactly. Grippe has a chronic asthma, and when he doesn't whine he wheezes ; Wailes has a soft, gentle voice that doesn't lose its musical intonations even when he is in a passion."

Miss Merton's eye came out of the corner. It was of no use to argue with so obstinate a man as the Squire ; so she led him off on a new scent adroitly, as only a woman can.

"Mr. Wailes looks too amiable ever to get in a passion. Did you ever see him in a regular rage?"

"Oh yes ; that time he bundled old Podd through the hedge. I should like to see Grippe touch Podd."

"Never mind Grippe, sir, please."

"Well, I saw Wailes in white heat on another occasion. Thorne, the port is with you. Thanks!"

"We are waiting very patiently, sir," said Miss Merton, "for your story."

"It is not much of a story," rejoined her father, "and I can hardly make you understand it. The whole thing occurred in a minute. It was at Euston Station in London. Wailes—I did not know him then—was waiting for a train. So was I. As we passed each other marching up and down the platform, I was attracted by the fellow's amiable face. Suddenly a young kid came racing down the platform, howling dismally. He was a mere mite of a boy, not over eight years old, I fancy. Wailes caught his arm as he passed, and I thought at first he was going to thrash the boy. But not he. He stopped his howling and asked him why he howled.

"'Cos a bobby beat me,' said the boy.

"'What were you doing?' said Wailes. 'Tell me the truth.'

"'I wasn't doing nothink. I axed a swell to let me hold his pock-mantle.'

"'Well?'

"'Vel, then, the bobby cotch me by the collar and licked me.'

"'Can you show me the bobby?' said Wailes, sweetly.

"'No ; there vas three on 'em. There they are at the end of the flatfom. I dunno vich von it was.'

"Wailes walked quietly down to the three policemen, and I followed to—to—to see what would come of it.

"'There was a small boy here just now,' said Wailes, with great politeness, addressing the three, 'and he tells me that one of you maltreated him. Who was it?'

"The three looked at him silently.

"'I shall make no complaints,' continued Wailes ; 'on the contrary, I will give you an opportunity to complain of me.'

"Still there was no reply. Something in the young fellow's manner cowed the three.

"'Because,' said Wailes, softly, 'I will thrash the infamous hound that beat that infant, within an inch of his life, if he will have the manhood to reveal himself.'

"He waited a minute or two for a reply, but none came, and then walked away with a gentle sigh.

"‘It seems to me, young gentleman,’ I observed, when we were out of earshot, ‘that you were looking for a fight just now.’

"‘Yes, sir,’ he answered, blushing like a girl. ‘I had a little brother once, and I lose control of myself when I see a boy treated with cruelty.’

"‘Suppose the right bobby had acknowledged the assault just now?’ I asked.

"‘I suppose you would have been following me by this time, sir,’ he answered, laughing, ‘to see me out of the scrape. I should have thrashed him, and the others would have arrested me. If Rad Merton had been here, we two could have polished off the three.’

"‘Rad Merton is my nephew,’ said I; ‘and that is the way I became acquainted with Mr. Trumpley Wailes.’

"‘That is a good story, Squire,’ said Mr. Thorne, slyly. ‘I have no doubt that the uncle would have taken the nephew’s place if a scrimmage had occurred.’

"‘Fie, Thorne!’ answered the Squire, ‘you forget that I am a Justice of the Peace. Are you going, girls? Thorne, will you finish the bottle?’

"‘No, sir; I follow the ladies.’

"‘Then I follow you. And now for a quiet rubber.’

As they took their places at the card-table, Miss Lucy’s eye went into the corner on an exploring expedition.

"‘I was thinking, Papa,’ she observed, as she cut the cards, ‘I was thinking that you resemble Ludovic Leslie.’

The Squire looked at her in mute admiration.

"‘Ludovic Leslie, you know,’ she continued, ‘*Le Balafré*. You know when his nephew was called away, he was fighting the Wild Boar of Ardennes, but he had to leave the combat unfinished; and the Wild Boar thought he would take that opportunity to escape, but Ludovic stopped him, and finished the fight on his nephew’s account, and cut off the Boar’s head. Now if you had polished the policemen on account of Radcliffe’s absence, you see how similar the cases would be. I declare men seem to think of nothing in the world but fighting; it is their meat and drink. Deal, Papa, please.’

The Squire silently dealt fifty-two cards, while Miss Merton’s gentle eye came back to its normal position. He pondered her words, and tried to remember where he had met Ludovic Leslie, and what he was like, and then as he turned the trump-card he confirmed her last statement:

"‘Clubs!’

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MM. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel made an ascent at Paris on the 22d of March last, in the balloon "Pole-Star," for the purpose of effecting certain scientific observations. They reached an altitude of over $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles and a temperature of nearly -8°F . Several of their results are worthy of notice.

M. Janssen, who gave them a good deal of advice and lent them a small spectroscope, desired them to notice particularly whether the two dark absorption bands which enclose the double sodium line in the solar spectrum, and which he had himself proved to be due to aqueous vapor, underwent any change at great elevations. He believed that the aqueous vapor which produced them was wholly in our own atmosphere. If so, these bands ought to disappear at great altitudes, for the aqueous vapor is mostly confined to the strata of air next to the earth. On the other hand there might be aqueous vapor in the solar atmosphere. If so, the absorption bands due to it ought not to vanish at any height above the earth. The *aéronauts* found that the dark band on the right of the sodium lines disappeared at a height of 3-10 miles, while that one on the left vanished at $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. At the same time the lines E and F were more sharply defined than ever.

They had been urged by M. Bert to carry with them and inhale oxygen gas as a defence against the painful and even alarming symptoms experienced by previous *aéronauts* in consequence of the extreme rarefaction of the air. They found the bags of diluted oxygen which he kindly furnished them to be invaluable in this respect. Without the oxygen they grew weak, their eyesight and appetite failed, their memory and thought became confused, and their pulse rose to 140. But after a dozen inspirations of the gas their strength returned, their spirits became gay, appetite and digestion improved, minds became sharp and retentive, pulse fell to 120, and the spectral lines which just before looked so vague, grew suddenly distinct. They did not suffer from cold at their greatest elevation, the air being quite calm. In the subsequent rapid descent, however, they were uncomfortably chilled. A carrier-pigeon dismissed at a height of 3 miles made ineffectual efforts to regain the balloon, but finding the flapping of his wings useless, he extended them at full length, and in this attitude swooped down in vast curves with fearful velocity until he reached the lower air. It was more than 30 hours before he arrived at his destination.

— Apropos of this communication M. Janssen relates two important observations of his own. In 1869, at Simla on the Himalayas, during a season when the air was so dry that paper could not be touched without electrifying it, he observed that the solar spectrum was extended in a long purplish streak far beyond the dark bars H. H.'

the usual termination of the violet end. This was part of the ultra-violet spectrum. The phenomenon disappeared on the return of the rains. On the other hand, in 1868, when upon the Red Sea, where the atmosphere is always nearly saturated with aqueous vapor, he examined closely the spectrum of the rising and setting sun. He was surprised to find that he could see far into the ordinarily obscure thermal spectrum below the A line. Brewster's lines Y and Z were plainly visible.

— Father Secchi, of Rome, to whom M. Croce-Spinelli had attributed the opinion about the origin of the vapor bands of the solar spectrum which he had just refuted, protests that he never held or uttered such a notion. He had seen in the spectrum of a *sun-spot* certain bands which coincided with those which were attributed to water vapor, and so had concluded that in the ascending current which, as he believed, existed in a sun-spot, the elements of water might be cooled enough to allow them to combine temporarily. The *aéronaut* could no more have studied the spectrum of a sun-spot from a flying balloon, than a navigator could inspect the spectrum of a fixed star from the deck of a rolling ship. With a mere spectroscope one can only get the general spectrum of the sun. To examine that of any special portion of the solar disk, one must employ a telescope to form a clear image of the designated part just on the slit of the spectroscope. Father Secchi never thought that the general solar atmosphere had any water vapor in it, and is not at all surprised at M. Croce-Spinelli's observations.

— Mr. George Gore, F. R. S., recently caused a powerful voltaic current to pass through the thick copper wire of an electro-magnet, and then divided it equally between two vertical pieces of thin platinum wire, so as to make them equally white hot. He then brought these wires symmetrically towards the vertical face of one pole of the magnet, and found, as he expected, one wire to be strongly bent towards and the other away from the pole ; but not the least alteration in the relative temperature of the two wires could be perceived. Now he argues that if the attraction and repulsion had taken place even to a slight extent between the *currents* themselves, there could no longer have been equal division of the entire current between the two wires, and one would consequently have gained and the other lost temperature. As this result did not take place, Mr. Gore infers that "the attractions and repulsions of electric conductors are not exerted between the currents themselves, but between the substances conveying them." He thinks that the current imparts definite and peculiar structure to the substance, and this modified structure determines the attractions or repulsions. He rejects Ampère's fascinating theory, which refers magnetism to molecular electrical circuits, on the two grounds, that electric currents generate heat and cannot be sustained without expenditure of energy, while magnets are not heated bodies and contain in themselves no source of power. Of Mr. Gore's paper we may say, that whatever may be thought of the conclusiveness of his fundamental experiment, there is no doubt that those who speak of

electricities or electrical currents attracting or repelling one another go a long way beyond their knowledge. Such researches as his may appear to enthusiastic partisans of the "modes of motion" to be as superfluous as to inquire whether noises in the air make it any heavier ; but believers in the material character of electricity are not all extinct, if we may credit the able author of the article on electricity in the last edition of the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

— Notice was taken, in the last number of this Magazine, of the novel researches of MM. Troost and Hautefeuille respecting the compounds of hydrogen with palladium, potassium and sodium. These by their metallic aspect, or electric conductivity, or magnetic capacity, or all together, oblige us to regard them as veritable alloys, and confirm the views of M. Dumas, who has always taught his pupils that hydrogen is a metal. Graham undertook to find the specific gravity of hydrogenium by measuring the change of volume and mass of the palladium alloy, and after several essays fixed at last upon the number 0.733 as the true density. But he labored under the mistake of supposing all the hydrogen occluded by palladium to be *combined* with the latter, whereas only 600 volumes were so. The French chemists having established this fact, resumed the problem under better auspices, and adopted a more rigorous method than was possible for Graham. Supposing, as he had done, that both metals preserve their atomic volume in the alloy, they find, from the palladium alloy, the density of metallic hydrogen to be 0.62, and its atomic volume = 1.6, while the sodium alloy (Na_2H) gives them for the same properties the numbers 0.629 and 1.59. These closely coincident results, obtained from combinations with metals whose densities (12 and 0.97) and combining weights (106.5 and 23) differ so widely, strongly support the modest claim of the authors that these results give at least a first approximation to the truth.

— Mr. Huggins has been giving attention recently to the gaseous nebulæ with a view to discover in them, if possible, traces of a proper motion toward or from our planet. The observations which he presented to the Royal Society two years since, seemed to show that the approaches and recessions previously detected in the fixed stars by the aid of the spectroscope could not be entirely due to our sun's motion, but that the fixed stars probably have two independent motions of their own : one in common with the group to which they belong, a second motion peculiar to each star. In seeking to extend these researches to the gaseous nebulæ, the distinguished spectroscopist encountered difficulties of the most formidable character. Let it be remembered that the light of one of these faint telescopic patches is comparable to that of a candle removed to the distance of 20 miles ; and that this infinitesimal amount of light is divided by the prism into four spectral lines ; and lastly, that for the object Mr. Huggins had in view, these lines must be widely separated by refraction through several prisms, so as to detect the slightest dislocation of any one of them from its normal position, and that light is lost both at entrance into and exit from a prism. We may thus appreciate the

delicacy of the task which Mr. Huggins undertook. To crown his difficulties, the skies of England are proverbially unfriendly to astronomers; very few fine nights suitable to such observations as these occur in a twelvemonth.

Of the four bright lines in the spectrum of a gaseous nebula, only one, the brightest, was fit for his purpose. This line was believed to be a nitrogen line, but the corresponding line of the ordinary nitrogen spectrum was so much broader that it overlapped the nebular line on both sides and could not be used to detect a displacement of the latter. Mr. H. was lucky enough to discover a line in the spectrum of lead vapor, which seemed to answer the purpose well, it being narrow and sharp, and coincident with the brightest of the four nebular lines in the spectrum of the great nebula of the sword-handle of Orion. After a whole year's work in comparing the corresponding lines of different nebulae with this fiducial line of lead, our author detected in no instance any change in their relative position; whence he concludes that none of these nebulae have a motion relative to our earth so great as 25 miles per second. This is considerably less than the velocity he had previously discovered to be possessed by the bright stars. It should be borne in mind that the spectroscope can only inform us of motion toward or from us, while the telescope takes account merely of motion perpendicular to the line of sight. The revelations of both, taken together, would give us the real direction and magnitude of the star's velocity.

F. H. S.

REVIEWS.

The Martyrdom of Man. By Winwood Reade. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co.

IF Mr. Reade, who is, doubtless, well known to our readers as one of the most adventurous and candid of African explorers, had written only the first part of this book, and called it *The Drama of Humanity*, we should be able to speak of it as one of the most fascinating volumes we ever read, and one which amply justified its title. For in this first part he gives us a rapid, but clear, dramatic, and most powerful sketch of the march of colonisation, conquest and civilisation over the eastern hemisphere, so far as these had an influence upon Africa, direct or indirect, from the earliest Egyptian records down to the invasion of the Arabs. His strong imagination, and his thorough knowledge of the countries spoken of, enable him to give to this con-

denser epitome of history the life which usually springs only from a multiplicity of details. Like groups in some grand pageant, with flash of armor, glow of trappings, and glitter of arms, the grand procession of empires rolls by: Assyria falls on Egypt, Persia on Assyria, and Greece on Persia; Asia precipitates itself on Africa, Carthage on Spain and Sicily, and Rome on Carthage. A tragedy of many acts, full of splendors and of horrors, rushing swiftly on to some strange consummation even yet not reached.

But he has called his book *The Martyrdom of Man*, which implies a conviction of the end toward which humanity, consciously or unconsciously, strives, and for which it suffers. Others have had convictions of such an end, and have shaped these convictions into religious beliefs; so he sketches the origin of the savage religions, and then, in more detail, the Hebrew, the Christian, and the Mohammedan faiths, considering the last two as developments from the first, and the first a modification of the esoteric doctrines of Egypt. In this part of his work there is certainly much that will give offence; not so much from his rejection of the doctrines of Christianity, as from his want of consideration for the feelings of a large part of his readers. Surely the professed man of science, the seeker for truth, should be tolerant of what he thinks error in those matters in which, by his own admission, scientific certitude is unattainable. Admitting, as he does, that mankind has been greatly helped forward by its religions, one who thinks that the culture of the age has outgrown Christianity, should touch it reverentially and gratefully for the good it has done. If it had no other claims to respect than its alleviation of the miseries of humanity from the eighth to the twelfth centuries, that alone should entitle it to loving remembrance while the world endures.

In the third part he treats of the idea of liberty, as it developed itself from the freedom of peoples to the freedom of classes, and finally to the freedom of the individual. This of course includes a history of slavery and the slave-trade. He admits that slavery has been one of the great means of civilisation; and while rejoicing in its abolition in Europe and America, his intimate knowledge of the negro compels him to add:—"A European government ought perhaps to introduce compulsory labor among the barbarous races that acknowledge its sovereignty and occupy its land. Children are ruled and schooled by force; and it is not an empty metaphor to say that savages are children." That the negro is a savage that can not of himself rise out of savagery, but can be *domesticated*, all history and all experience show us.

The last section of the work is devoted to an exposition of the doctrine of Evolution, and some speculations on the future of the race. He denies the immortality of the individual, but believes in the immortality of Man; and that the reward of virtue is the improvement of the race—a doctrine, which, as we endeavored to show in our notice of Strauss's book, annihilates all distinction between vice and virtue, good and bad, can not even offer its disinterestedness as a merit, since it strikes all merit out of existence, and substitutes for the *God-spel*, or "good tidings," the dreariest *Bad-spel* of hopelessness the mind can conceive. Life is indeed a curse if we have nothing better than that to look forward to.

Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers. By Clara Erskine Clement.

Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

THE American mind, with all its intense and overweening utilitarianism, is beginning to grope, somewhat blindly to be sure, but still with outstretched hands as it were, after something that shall render our hurried and restless life a trifle less unbeautiful. The vast increase of sudden wealth among us begets the question of its expenditure; for when even the *nouveaux riches* have surrounded themselves with every luxury for which money can be spent, they begin to affect a taste for what is artistic, if they do not possess it. Not only in our own country, however, is this the case; not only in American cities do we find men who have made every dollar of their possessions by trade, setting up their art-galleries, but even old England furnishes us with examples to the point. The inventor of steel-pens, Joseph Gillott of Manchester, had one of the finest modern collections of paintings in the British Isles, the recent dispersion of which, through the death of its owner, has enriched many an English home.

This is a new phase of development among us upon which we delight to dwell, for it proves that even all of the material elegance on which new men have been wont to pride themselves — fine houses, broad lands, sumptuous turnouts, rich viands and choice wines — do not wholly satisfy. Therefore a *soupeçon* of literature must be added; hence a library is coming to be the pet apartment of the new houses. And not content with books, there grows the craving for pictures and bronzes; hence the gallery, a needful appendage now (as it is getting to be considered) of every rich man's city home. This is as it should be. The maker of the fortune that purchases these luxuries may never be able, did he but confess it, to enjoy his treasures; but his children will; and growing up with fine works of art looking down upon them from the walls to which their eyes are daily lifted, they will become insensibly educated into a knowledge and love of beauty, of which their parents, without the advantage of such eye-training in their plastic years, never had a conception.

The fact of the increased demand of elementary books on Art is significant of this refining and widening taste in our midst. A very few years since, the only available works we could lay our hands upon as a sort of guide to this kind of lore were Mrs. Jameson's, and hers were not of the handbook order at all. Now various and constantly accumulating helps are within reach for those who wish to educate themselves into some measure of technical art-knowledge. Vasari may have leave to retire to his well-earned niche among the old masters, and resign to more modern hands the field he has held for himself so surprisingly long. We have rather loved his cataloguing prolixity, but it must give way now to such books as Miss Tytler's comprehensive ones. Kugler and Lanzi must yield to Jarves and Palgrave; and even Mrs. Jameson gives place to such a work as Mrs. Clement provides for us. In her two volumes whose names we have given, we find compressed all that is valuable in Vasari and

Lanzi, without any of their verbosity ; indeed, everything that even the artist needs to know of the mere *personnel* of his profession is compacted into these full pages. The *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art* is rich in all sorts of illustration, besides being crowded with myths and stories which to the uninitiated reader are delightful. We have an opening chapter on Symbolism in Art, which it becomes all who care to study pictures, particularly those of the old masters, understandingly, to make themselves familiar with. The legends illustrated in art make the book attractive even to readers who do not affect pictures at all ; the etchings of celebrated works place them before the eye better than pages of description ; and to crown all, the General Index is so painstakingly prepared that the entire contents of the book are at one's instant command. We cannot sufficiently praise this matter of indexes, in the case of both of Mrs. Clement's volumes : they give a very marked and additional value to the vast store of art-treasure which she has gathered together. She has suffered in her preparation none of the slovenliness in this department which prejudices us against many a work otherwise good. In her larger book—*Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers*—Mrs. Clement seems to have exhausted her subject. No name is omitted, not even among living Americans (and we number our artists now by the hundred). Not only are we furnished with whatever facts are to be had about the old and new masters, as to their lives, but in all instances we have lists of their works ; and what is an excellent idea for learners in art, the best pictures of each artist, and the place in which they are to be found, are indicated : so that in a certain sense, Mrs. Clement's work has a critical aspect. The monograms of the old masters are reproduced, and are very curious and unique. The illustrations in this volume are most excellent and valuable, and there are a great many of them.

Altogether we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the author of these two books. She has put within easy reach what heretofore we have been obliged to turn over scores of volumes to find, and she has performed for us an amount of patient, laborious and successful work, for which we will hold her name in pleasant remembrance.

M. J. P.

The Sacred Anthology ; a Book of Ethnical Scriptures. Collected and Edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

PROBABLY the most flattering notice we can give of Mr. Conway's book will be a simple account of its original contents and its sumptuous exterior appearance. Let the reader go to his bookstore, look at and fall in love with this large but not portly octavo, cleanly and coolly bound in linen ; with its clear, liberal type, choice paper, and margins that tempt the pencil to notes and commentaries more bulky than the text thus glossed. Let him take it home with him and keep it—where he pleases near at hand, say in company with his Greek Anthology if he be a poet, with his "Folk-Songs," his Dictionary, his Cyclopædia, or his Almanac—so that he may have it to refer to

often, as he will wish to do after having dipped into it at all. The book is arranged methodically as a legal digest; while its contents, strung upon the central thought of a consensus of ethnical morality, are multifarious as those of a commonplace-book. At the same time the collection affords a testimony that is surprisingly strong to the homogeneousness of man in respect of the cardinal religious feelings, and the universality of the crucial facts in ethics. Mr. Conway says in his preface: "The purpose of the work is simply moral. The editor has believed that it would be useful for moral and religious culture if the sympathy of religions [excellent phrase to set over against the narrow and bitter antipathies of sect] could be more generally made known, and the converging testimonies of ages and races to great principles more widely appreciated. He has aimed to separate the more universal and enduring treasures contained in ancient scriptures from the rust of superstition and the dross of ritual." And, carrying out his purpose very completely, Mr. Conway has given us the breviary of a Church which is undoubtedly very broad, but undoubtedly universal to correspond.

For a subject so wide in its scope, Mr. Conway's book is very thorough; and especially attractive in this regard, that while seldom quoting what is not to the purpose and worthy of his theme, he has as he says "confined his selections—beyond the Hebrew and Christian scriptures—to those books of a moral or religious character which, having commanded the veneration of the races among whom they were produced; are still the least accessible to European readers." The authorities from whom Mr. Conway quotes (of whom there is a bibliographical list with a careful index and some chronological notes), range from the Pentateuch and the Rig-Veda to Emerson's Dial and Alger's Poetry of the Orient. The Library of the British Museum has evidently been diligently searched by our author, but as evidently he has gone back most frequently to some loved favorites upon the shelves at home.

It is absurd to quote from a book made up of quotations, but how else to sample its toothsome morsels of sweetness and wisdom?

—Nánác lay on the ground, absorbed in devotion, with his feet towards Mecca. A Moslem priest seeing him, cried, "Base infidel! how dar'st thou turn thy feet towards the house of Allah?" Nánác answered, "And thou—turn them, if thou canst, towards any spot where the awful house of God is *not*!"

—They asked Lókman of whom he had learned philosophy; he answered, "Of the blind, because they never advance a step until they have tried the ground."

—A man with a disagreeable voice was reading the Koran aloud, when a holy man passing by asked what was his monthly stipend. He answered, "Nothing at all." He resumed, "Why then do you take so much trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." The other rejoined, "For God's sake read not."

—One night Gabriel from his seat in paradise heard the voice of God sweetly responding to a human heart. The angel said, "Surely this must be an eminent servant of the Most High, whose spirit is dead to lust and lives on high." The angel hastened over land and sea to find this man, but could not find him in the earth or heavens. At last he exclaimed, "O Lord! show me the way to this object of thy love." God answered, "Turn thy steps to yon village, and in that pagoda thou shalt behold him." The angel sped to the pagoda, and therein found a solitary man kneeling before an idol. Returning, he cried, "O Master of the world! hast thou looked with love on a man who invokes an idol in a pagoda?" God said, "I consider not the error of ignorance; this heart, amidst its darkness, hath the highest place."

- A Vedas void of mercy is a holy scripture only in name.
- False is the creed of those who hold that it is profitable to renounce the present life : cannot ye see that eternal existence commences in this life ?
- As the straight arrow hath a crooked use, and the curved lute in effect is straight, so by their deeds, and not semblances, let men be estimated.
- Kee-Loo asked about serving the gods. The Master (Confucius) said, "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve the gods?"
- For a man to worship a deity not his own is mere flattery.
- O thou whose inward parts are void of piety, and whose outside beareth the garb of hypocrisy ! hang not a gorgeous curtain before the door of a house constructed of reeds.
- The learned are said to have eyes ; the ignorant have merely two spots in their face.
- The porter to a fool can always say there is no one at home.
- Silence, prudence : prudence, science.
- Is virtue far off ? I wish to be virtuous, and lo ! it is at hand. Virtue runs swifter than the royal postillions.
- Death is a black camel that kneels down before every door. (Turkish Prov.)
- Raillery is the lightning of calumny.
- Woe to the nation where the young have already the vices of old age, and where the aged retain the follies of youth.

Down the River, or Practical Lessons Under the Code Duello. By an Amateur. New York : E. J. Hale & Son.

THIS is a burlesque upon the practice of duelling, conveyed in the ridiculous adventures, and generally preposterous behavior of a fire-eating Col. Lofty. There is humor in the book, but it is injured by the too great monotony of the incidents and by the extravagance of the caricature, which is so distorted as to fail of its effect.

The error which is generally made by those who attack duelling, is similar to that often made by ignorant assailants of Islamism, in regard to polygamy : Mohammed did not establish polygamy, he regulated and limited it. And so the code is not meant to foster deadly encounters, but to ensure their conduct with deliberation and impartiality. Men will fight on provocation ; and while they continue to be combative creatures, their deadly quarrels will be settled either by regular combat or irregular assassination.

Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co. 1874.

THIS volume, which forms the seventh of the Peabody Fund publications, contains the narrative of Father Andrew White, who was chosen by the General of the Jesuits to accompany the expedition sent out by Lord Baltimore in 1633, and headed by Leonard Calvert, to found a colony in Maryland. In it he recounts the incidents of the voyage, including a stoppage at Barbadoes and other islands, gives some account of the south of Maryland and of the aborigines, and relates the doings of the colonists and the missionaries to April 1634. To this is added an Account of the Colony, by another writer, and extracts from various letters of missionaries. The Latin text is accompanied by an English translation, and the typography and finish are marked by the care and elegance which characterise the best work of the firm from whose press it issues.

The Chronicles of Baltimore. By Col. J. Thomas Scharf. Baltimore: Turnbull Bros.

It has long been a matter of surprise to us that a city so old, so important, and so rich in material for history as Baltimore, had not yet found her historian; but she seems at last to have found him in the author of the work before us, whom we must heartily thank and compliment for the labor and research he has expended in collecting so great a mass of materials, and the skill with which he has used them.

Starting with the first notice of the Patapsco river by the adventurous Captain John Smith—who entered its mouth in 1606, and called it the Bolus river, because its red clay, of which now the most beautiful bricks in the world are made, to his eye “resembled Bole Armeniac”—we are led through colonial times, through Revolutionary times, through the long interval of peaceful (or nearly peaceful) growth that followed the war of 1812, and through the exciting period of the war between the States, down to the present day, no important event having been omitted, and many an occurrence chronicled which was thought trivial at the time of its occurrence, but has since been seen to be fraught with momentous consequences. Curious details are given of the social and business life of our ancestors three and four generations back; and much interesting matter here for the first time sees the light.

We have been particularly struck with the narrative of the events of April 1861; and immediately thereafter, as more full and correct than any we have hitherto seen. For obvious reasons very distorted accounts have been given of what happened in Baltimore at that time; but so far as we can judge of events in which we to some extent participated, the statements here given are exactly true. We should have been glad, however, if he had given a few more specimens of the captured letters of spies and delators who formed so characteristic and disgusting a feature of that time.

On the whole this is a book which no Baltimorean who has any regard for his mother-city should be without, and a valuable contribution to the history of the country.

Justin Harley: A Romance of Old Virginia. By John Esten Cooke. (Illustrated.) Philadelphia: To-Day Publishing Co.

It has always seemed to us that the colonial period of the Southern States affords the best field for American romance, as distinguished from the novel. We specify the Southern States, because while there are fine romantic elements in the Puritan times of New England, as Hawthorne has well shown, there hangs about them all a tinge of gloom, of iron-bound austerity frowning all joyousness out of life, that gradually oppresses the imagination of the reader. But in the South at that time life was full of graciousness and joy; men were free and masterful, yet grave and courteous; the refinement of the court was found beside the freedom of the wilderness. Personal dignity and the ancient traditions of honored names were then admitted claims to respect, and acknowledged obligations upon the

possessor. Class-distinctions made society various ; while personal independence made society manly. And while the times and manners are far enough from our own to be strange, they are still near enough for our sympathy.

And we are glad to welcome once more Mr. Cooke into his old field, in which he can scarcely be said to have a competitor. In *Justin Harley* he has given us a vivid picture of these times, and their men and women, and woven his plot round a very well-veiled and not extravagant mystery.

Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since. By Walter Scott. (Thistle Edition.) New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

THIS very handsome and convenient edition follows the text of the "Author's edition" of 1829, while the numerous illustrations are copied from those of the justly-celebrated and costly "Abbotsford edition."

As everybody reads, or ought to read, these masterpieces of fiction, the publishers have done good service in presenting them in beautifully clear typography, handsome finish, handy size, and at a very moderate price.

THE GREEN TABLE.

HOW few of the multitudes to whom Hamlet—Shakspeare's Hamlet—is as well known as a friend, ever think of looking into the old chronicles from which the poet spun his web of thought. And yet they are worth looking into. Even in them we find a cloudiness and uncertainty about the personality of the prince, rendering him as much a stone of historical stumbling as his modern representative is a rock of psychological offence. But there seems to be a kernel of fact at the bottom of the tradition, though scarcely historical.

King Helge of Denmark (let no man ask his date) won from the Saxons the peninsula of Jutland, and placed it under three viceroys, probably native lords who favored the Danish cause. These were later reduced to two, brothers, by name Horwendil and Fengo. Horwendil was the elder and mightier of the two, and he strengthened himself until he seems to have grown independent of his suzerain. He also attained such renown as a sea-fighter, that King Koller of Norway grew envious, and resolved to measure swords with him. The two fleets anchored on opposite sides of an island in the Belt, and the two princes, unaware of each other's arrival, were drawn by the greenness of the vernal woods to stroll in the forests, in whose shady recesses they met face to face, and after short parley, engaged in combat. Horwendil threw away his shield and wielded his great sword with both hands. Under his fierce blows King Koller fell, and received right royal burial from his enemy.

Horwendil next encountered and slew Koller's sister Sela, who seems to have been a kind of nautical amazon and had taken command of the Norwegian fleet. After these exploits he demanded and received in marriage the daughter of his overlord, King Rørik of Denmark, called by some Gerutha—whence Shakspeare's Gertrude, for Horwendil is "the majesty of Denmark"—and by others Groa, by whom he had a son, Hamlet. But his prosperity had excited the envy, and his predominance the anger of his brother Fengo, who murdered him, married his widow, and seized the crown of Jutland. Hamlet now planned his uncle's destruction, and Fengo, suspecting his intentions, sent him to England with two companions, who bore a secret dispatch for the king of that country, in letters engraved on a piece of wood, ordering Hamlet's execution. Hamlet gets possession of this piece of wood, scrapes off the letters, and carves others requesting that his companions shall be put to death, but that he shall be married to the king's daughter.

This device succeeds, and not long after Hamlet returns, kills Fengo, justifies his act before the Jutish people, is accepted by them and reigns as king of Jutland, until his maternal uncle, Wiglaf, now king of Denmark, undertakes to reduce him to subjection, conquers and kills him.

Thus, say the antiquaries, is the uncertainty about Hamlet explained. He was never king of Denmark, but the last of a short line of upstart Jutish *reguli*, whose father had achieved such a reputation that some of the traditions placed him among the Danish kings. But alas! if we begin to scrutinise Horwendil, he grows very dim and mythical, and in an old Norse legend we find him in very suspicious associations with Thor. Thor, it says, fought the giant Hrungrir, whose heart and whose head were of hardest stone, and who was armed with a grindstone as a weapon. Thor flung his hammer, which shattered the giant's head, but in mid-air it encountered the grindstone, which split in two, and a piece stuck in the head of Thor. To get this fragment out he had recourse to the witch Groa, the wife of Horwendil, who commenced chanting magic verses over it. Unluckily, Thor, to gain her good graces, told her that she might soon expect her husband home; that he had himself carried him out of Jötunheim (land of the Frost-giants) in a basket on his back, and by the same token one of Horwendil's toes had stuck out of the basket and frozen, and he, Thor, had broken it off as a keepsake. Delighted with the news, Groa stopped her charm just at the critical moment, and the stone stuck forever immovable in Thor's head, as a punishment for not letting well enough alone.

Pooh, say the mythologists, the meaning of all this is plain: it is mere nature-mythus. Horwendil ("the man with the arrow") is the plant of barley. Thor, the weather-god, the guardian of the harvest, brought the sprouted grain safely through the frosts of winter, by a covering of snow; but one precocious sprout peeped out and was nipped. The fight with the king of Norway is the struggle with the cold north-winds of spring; but now the hero is stronger, and throws his shield away; that is, the grain boldly thrusts out its unprotected spikes.

But who then are Fengo and Hamlet? Our own audacious conjecture is, that this part of the story is a sort of temperance-myth, and relates to the proverbial prevalence of drunkenness in Denmark in early times. Fengo, the younger brother of Horwendil, is the malted grain; Hamlet, the legitimate successor, is the barley-loaf. Fengo is mean and ill-favored as compared with his brother, yet for awhile he gets the kingdom and pushes Hamlet aside; that is, the habit of beer-swilling so grew on the Danes that most of the barley was malted, and there resulted a scarcity of bread. Groa, Hamlet's mother, is a metathesis for Gora; and Gora [Ger. *gähren*—*gegohren*, to ferment] is the yeast, which joined with the grain produces the leavened bread. But this Gora, or yeast, is a necessary

result of the process of brewing, also, hence Gora is fated to be the wife of Fengo. Hamlet and his friends plot against the wicked king, whose drunkenness Hamlet holds in disgust: that is, those who are alarmed at this state of things get up a sort of temperance movement; Fengo is killed, and the barley-loaf restored to its due honors, until a Danish host sweeps down, burning granaries and destroying crops, and the famine which follows is the death of Hamlet. We flatter ourselves that there have been less plausible interpretations.

TWO SONGS.

I.

AGNES.

"I loved her: peace be with her; she is dead."—THE PRINCESS.

Poor Agnes, fair one! That her face was likest,
Was a full, sweet-breathed, white rose, pale, passionate and sweet;
Her eyes were like the heavens, her smile was rare, and deepened
Like the morning sunbeams. All our prayers did meet,
Winging heavenward, suing for her good and blessing;
She was dear to every one in all the country-side:
Is dear, while silence wraps now her name, her old, old story,
Her sorrowful old story—she lived, sinned, suffered, *died!*

II.

Only my sorrow, only my burden
Lives with me, knows me well, lies on my breast;
This grief and I will lie close in my coffin,
The wind blow above us while we lie at rest.
*The wind is strong and eager and keen,
The world is old, and the times are drear;
We shall not know it, the grass waving o'er us,
Wind and world and dreary time will not dare come near.*

Ah! this my secret and sorrowful burden,
Dear to my life now, and core of my heart,
Stays by me evermore; I alone know it—
I who forgive it its anguish and smart.
All the world changes: earth and sky alter;
Everything wearies me, cloud and wave and field;
This one still sorrow is like a dead love changeless,
Like a dead face where the smile forevermore is sealed.

An angel's presence, silent and sacred,
Does sorrow live with me, calm, keep me pure;
Ah! this my sorrow, let all forget us!
We two are comrades, grave, firm and sure.
Let the grass whisper!, let the rain patter!
Let the wild storm of life pass us two by!
We, lying silent, guard our own secret;
Only very close and deep let us, lovers, lie.
*The wind is strong and eager and keen,
The world is old, and the times are drear;
We shall not know it, we shall sleep soundly
Where wind and world and dreary time will not dare come near!*

stern as bulwarks to protect machinery,—that a vessel thus loaded, thoroughly on fire which communicated with the magazine and by its explosion “utterly destroyed her,” her flag at the mast-head and the fire running along and aloft, licking the very clouds, and the smoke of the rosin and turpentine denser and blacker than night—we say again, is it possible that that flag could have escaped the conflagration? We have the statement that “boats were lowered and every effort made to extinguish the flames, but to no purpose, and the *Webb* was left to her fate”—no account of any man having gone on board. But with fifteen war-vessels in pursuit of one small ram, and chasing him from first to last upwards of three hundred miles, it is reasonable to suppose that they ought to have rescued one piece of bunting after the officers and crew of the *Webb* had retired to the woods, and so we give it up. Nevertheless there is no account that the Confederate flag was hauled down.

G. W. M.

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN OF 1862. CORRESPONDENCE
OF GENERALS LEE, JACKSON, AND OTHERS,
WITH GENERAL EWELL.

2.

[*Confidential.*]

HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, *April 21, 1862.*

General R. S. EWELL, *Commanding Third Division, &c.:*

General:—Your letter of the 20th has been received. When I wrote to you in reference to your proposition to advance against the enemy in your front, I was under the impression that Gen. Johnston had communicated with you by telegraph. It seems it was by letter, and I therefore see no reason for doubting the fidelity of the T. line, which you think may be involved.

I am ignorant of the strength of the enemy east of the Rappahannock in your late front. General Field has been compelled to abandon Fredericksburg. General Auger's division (reported 5000 strong) is said to occupy Falmouth, and General McDowell, with a large force, to be landing at Acquia. General Field thinks that an attempt will be made to advance on Richmond from that direction.

If it is practicable to strike a speedy blow at General Banks and drive him back, it will tend to relieve the pressure on Fredericksburg. I do not know where the forces said to be approaching Fredericksburg are drawn from, unless from those attributed to Banks' column.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

3.

CONRAD'S STORE, *April 21, 1862—4.50 P. M.*

My Dear General:—If you are in the position indicated in my dispatch of yesterday for you, please let me know by return courier. The enemy has an advance of about 3000 by estimate near Columbia Bridge, which is the one leading across the south fork of the Shenandoah from Fisher's Gap to New Market. Only three pieces of artillery have been seen there. You had better cut off information as far as practicable from being carried from your position in the direction of Madison Courthouse.

Please do me the favor to have the three accompanying letters put in the office at Gordonsville.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

4.

CONRAD'S STORE, 5.50 A. M., *April 22, 1862.*

My Dear General:—As soon as the roads will admit of your doing so, please move to the intersection of the roads leading respectively from Gordonsville to Madison C. H., and from Orange C. H. to Stanardsville. Please let me know what time you will be there. No news here.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

5.

CONRAD'S STORE, *April 22, 1862—11.50 P. M.*

My Dear General:—Please remain where you are for the present. Much obliged for the paper. The enemy in some force entered Harrisonburg yesterday, but the main body is still near New Market.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

(Endorsed on above:—Received at one o'clock P. M. April 23.)

6.

SWIFT RUN GAP, *April 25, 1862—10.15 A. M.*

My Dear General:—Have you any further news respecting the movements of the enemy?

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

7.

CONRAD'S STORE, 6.30 P. M., *April 23, 1862.*

My Dear General:—Your dispatch of 12 M. to-day has been received. Your present position will enable us to form a junction, should it be necessary, either at Fisher's Gap or Swift Run Gap, and I hope without much delay to move off on the cars, should it be necessary; and I agree with you that it would be advisable to have

an eye to moving by rail as well as forming a junction of our forces to meet Banks.

Rosencrantz is in command of Shields' division. The enemy does not appear to have made any important changes since yesterday. Part of his cavalry was about seven miles from here to-day.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

(Endorsed :— Received at 3 A. M. on April 24.)

8.

SWIFT RUN GAP, April 24, 1862.

My Dear General:—Your dispatch of this date has just been received. You are in the position I desired. I will, in case of an emergency, follow your suggestions and continue to send couriers until I get an answer. I hope you punished the delinquent. There is a man a few miles from here named Kite, but he is loyal. There are a number of the same near Fisher's Gap, whose position I do not know. If you can give me his first name, I may ascertain his views. No news here. Much obliged for yesterday's paper. Did you get two letters from me for General Lee yesterday?

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL, Commanding Potomac District.

(Received at 9.50 P. M.)

9.

SWIFT RUN GAP, 8.40 P. M., April 26, 1862.

My Dear General:—I wrote to you this afternoon requesting you to move forward for Stannardsville at dawn to-morrow morning. I write a second time, lest you should not have received the first dispatch. What time do you suppose you will reach Stannardsville? If you can encamp this side of the town, it would be preferable, provided your troops would not be overmarched thereby. It is important that your command should come up in good condition.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL, Commanding Potomac District.

10.

SWIFT RUN GAP, 1.50 P. M., April 26, 1862.

My Dear General:—Ashby writes me that he is falling back before a superior force of the enemy (infantry and cavalry). The enemy, when he wrote, had advanced within about seven (7) miles of my position. Please move forward to Stannardsville at dawn to-morrow morning, unless you hear from me to the contrary before that time.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General EWELL.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this at once, as I will continue to send until I hear from you.

II.

SWIFT RUN GAP, *April 26, 1862.*

My Dear General:—I am much obliged for the papers you sent me yesterday. Banks at last accounts was still at New Market with his main body. I am only about 16 miles from Fisher's Gap, and 28 from New Market. Do you make regular reports to General Johnston? The General directed me to send communications for him to you. Please acknowledge receipt of the accompanying one, and let me know to what point you send it.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

12.

SWIFT RUN GAP, 1.40 P. M., *April 27, 1862.*

Dear General:—It would be better for you not to advance any farther than you can in good marching order; and I am of the opinion that you had better encamp in the vicinity of Stannardsville to-night, and to-morrow make an early start and get as near the Gap as you can consistent with comfort. Please let me know whether you can bring with you any forage; I have great difficulty in procuring it here.

What do you know about Federal forces being in the vicinity of Warrenton? I desire all the information that can be had on this point.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

(Endorsed:—Received 3 P. M., April 27, 1862.)

13.

SWIFT RUN GAP, 7.20 A. M., *April 27, 1862.*

My Dear General:—Your dispatch of 7 P. M. yesterday, and the other two letters, have been received. No additional news, except that the enemy has withdrawn the greater part of his forces from the Columbia Bridge.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

14.

SWIFT RUN GAP, *April 28, 1862.*

My Dear General:—Please leave your command in some comfortable position near where you may be when this reaches you, and come on in person, as I am anxious to see you as soon as practicable.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

15.

CONRAD'S STORE, NEAR SWIFT RUN GAP, }
2.20 P. M., April 20, 1862. }

General.—Since writing my dispatch this morning I have received another from you. The position I wish you to encamp at to-morrow evening (Monday) is at the intersection of the road from Orange C.H. to Stannardsville with the road from Gordonsville to Madison C. H. This will place you within two days' march of either Swift Run Gap or Fisher's Gap. You had better have five days' rations with you.

At last accounts the enemy had not entered Harrisonburg. The move on Fredericksburg was probably designed to prevent reinforcements being sent to me.

Very respectfully yours,

T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General*.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

Endorsed on above was a copy of a portion of a letter to General Jackson in answer to the following letter from him*:

"Not more than that, as I believe, from Fisher's Gap, and as my teams, &c., &c., will be kept in better order, I would recommend that I be left at Gordonsville until the time you decide my movements either to Fisher's Gap or Swift Run Gap. In addition, the road from the point you designate to Stannardsville is represented as very bad—at this time nearly impassable. Please let me hear from you at Gordonsville as soon as possible. I cannot possibly move before to-morrow.

"Yours, &c., R. S. EWELL, *Major-General*.

"One element in the above proposition is that I have the railroad. Should I be recalled towards Richmond, I will send another express this afternoon from Gordonsville, and leave one at Stannardsville to bring back an answer.

"From Gordonsville to Madison C. H. is 20 miles, thence to Fisher's Gap 15 or 16.

R. S. EWELL, *Major-General*."

16.

CONRAD'S STORE, NEAR SWIFT RUN GAP, }
9.45 A. M., April 20, 1862. }

My Dear General.—Your dispatch of yesterday has been received. When on your way here you reach the turnpike from Gordonsville to Madison C.H., please halt your command and make it as comfortable as you can, still being ready to move at once in case of necessity. Brigadier-General Edward Johnson was with me last night.

Very truly yours, T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

(Endorsed :—Arrived at 7.44 A. M., on 21st April.)

[Answer to above.]

My Dear General.—Yours of 9 h. 45 m. the 20th has just arrived. You there direct me "you reach the turnpike from Gordonsville to Madison C.H., halt your command," &c. The road from this place to Orange C. H. being bad and several miles longer than from Gordons-

* For the first part of this letter see below, No. 16—the part headed "Answer to above."

ville, where is an excellent pike leading to Stannardsville, and also to Madison C. H., I have selected, as I advised you, the road *via* Gordonsville, particularly as I have railroad to Gordonsville. I will therefore halt at Gordonsville until I hear further from you, which I take to meet the intention as near as possible of your letter. The largest part of my division reached Gordonsville this morning. At Gordonsville I am nearer to Stannardsville, and by a much better road than from this place. Should you wish, I can move at an hour's warning to the intersection of the road leading between Orange and Stannardsville with that between Gordonsville and Madison C. H. I shall be at Gordonsville to-night. I was there last night and requested General Taylor to write early to-day explaining my position. There is nothing new since I wrote last. Yours, &c.,

R. S. EWELL, *Major-General*.

P.S.—As I was closing this letter yours of 2.20 of yesterday was handed me. Owing to the great delay of the trains, my division will not be in a fit condition to move to-day; roads are nearly impassable. As at Gordonsville, I am still in two days' march of Swift Run Gap, not more than [see preceding letter] that, as I believe, from Fisher's Gap," &c. [For the rest of this letter see No. 15.]

16.

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT, SWIFT RUN GAP.

My Dear General:—Please move your command to Stannardsville by ordinary marching. Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

(Received at 1 P. M.)

17.

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT, MOUNT SOLON, }
May 17, 1862.

General:—Your dispatch informing me of your crossing the mountain in consequence of Shields having done so, has been received. I shall continue to move down the Valley for the present. For the purpose of carrying out the order for organising the Maryland Line, I have detached the 1st Maryland Regiment from Elzey's brigade, and assigned it to Brigadier-General George H. Stuart. Should you need the regiment, I have directed General Stuart to remain with you; but so soon as he can be spared, I wish you would direct him to return to the Valley District, as it may facilitate the organisation by being in the Valley [*sic*].

I am, General, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General*.

18.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR RICHMOND, }
May 17, 1862.

General:—If Banks is fortifying near Strasburg, the attack would be too hazardous. In such an event we must leave him in his works. General Jackson can observe him, and you come eastward. If, how-

ever, Shields is on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad near the Rapidan, it might be worth while for your joint forces to attack him, then for you to move on, while General Jackson should keep Banks away from McDowell. We want troops here; none therefore must keep away, unless employing a greatly superior force of the enemy.

In your march communicate with Brigadier-General Anderson near Fredericksburg; he may require your assistance.

My general idea is to gather here all the troops who do not keep away from McClellan's greatly superior forces.

General Branch is ordered to Hanover C. H.

Most respectfully,

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General*.

After reading this, send it to General Jackson, for whom it is intended as well as for yourself.

J. E. J.

Major-General EWELL.

Endorsed —

"Suspend the execution of the order for returning to the east until I receive an answer to my telegram. Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General*."

19.

HEADQUARTERS V. D., July 28, 1862.

General:—General Jackson requests you to send your wagons to the rear at dawn, your train to move in rear of those of this division. Have your troops in the road by sunrise. Respectfully,

A. S. PENDLETON, *A. A. General*.

Major-General EWELL.

20.

MECHANICSVILLE [near Gordonsville], August 4, 1862.

General:—Your dispatch of 3 A. M. of this date is at hand. Is the large encampment you refer to of infantry? As far as consistent with efficiency, we should keep the enemy ignorant of our infantry force; but if you have an opportunity to strike a blow, do it, and if you need reinforcements, let me know. Respectfully,

T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General*.

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

21.

NEW MARKET, 1-4 of 11.

Major JAS. BARBOUR, *A. A. General*:

Dear Sir:—Yours just received. I received a dispatch from Gen. Jackson this morning ordering me not to leave the Valley unless Banks did. I am under the impression that Shields will go from Flint Hill to Gaines X Roads, thence by turnpike to Warrenton. How can he get away if General Ewell gets after him? I have nine Yankee prisoners on hand here; will send all information from the front to you. Respectfully,

TURNER ASHBY, *Colonel Commanding*.

I have forwarded your dispatch to General Jackson by my courier.

TURNER ASHBY, *Colonel Commanding*.

22.

MADISON C. H., May 20, 1862.

General:—After I had proceeded three miles on my march to New Market this morning, I was overtaken by a courier bearing orders from General Johnston for me to proceed with my command to Hanover C. H.

I have reached this place on my return, and will encamp about five miles from here to-night; will reach Gordonsville by noon to-morrow, and proceed immediately to Hanover C. H. My quartermaster has gone forward to-night to Gordonsville to organise the railroad transportation.

Unless General Mahone shall have assumed command of his brigade, or I shall receive other orders from you, I will carry with me the 2d North Carolina regiment, leaving the 16th Virginia at Rapidan. I will not feel at liberty to abandon that position entirely without express orders.

Hoping that I will soon have the opportunity to report to you in person,

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. O. B. BRANCH, *Brigadier-General.*

Major-General R. S. EWELL.

23.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, }
CAMP IN MASSEPONAX HILLS, May 17, 1862. }

Major-General R. S. EWELL:

General:—My apprehensions of the probable design of Banks to unite with McDowell, and the resulting importance of attacking McDowell without delay, are confirmed by your note received through General Branch. I respectfully suggest that you with Gen. Branch attack McDowell in the rear, by a surprise [*sic*] if possible; that you advise me of the time of the attack, when I will drive in his pickets and make a vigorous attack on his force on this side, which will draw his whole attention to this side; and I think you could drive his army off the hills into the river, as I have no doubt of being able to press his force on this side across the two pontoon-bridges and prevent the army on this side from escaping in that way. Or if you think best, I will march up the Rapidan [*sic*], cross over both rivers, and meeting your forces, march by concerted joint movement against McDowell's rear.

I should have to march from forty-five to fifty miles to Falmouth by this route to get high enough up the river for this purpose, and the objection to this plan is that it leaves my rear exposed. By the other plan I believe we have it in our power by a quick movement to take McDowell's whole army opposite Fredericksburg. It would be gratifying, and probably advantageous, for me to be informed of the strength of your force and its composition, particularly of that part of it under General Branch's command; also what transportation he has. I have discarded tents, and hope to have wagons enough to move, if depots are not too far apart. In the event of this movement, I sup-

pose you would order supplies to Rapidan Station or some other one, that I could draw on in case of emergency or disaster at Richmond.

I have the honor to be, General, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH R. ANDERSON, *Brig.-Gen. Commanding.*

25.

HARRISONBURG, *May 15, 1862.*

Major JAS. BARBOUR, *A. A. General:*

Sir:—Colonel Ashby directs me to say to you that he considers it perfectly safe for Major-General Ewell to send his train down the turnpike. Colonel Ashby will camp about New Market to-night, and will remain there until the portion of his command acting with Gen. Jackson's army rejoin him. He expects them to-morrow.

By order of Colonel Ashby:

JAS. EDW'D MARSHALL, *Lieut. and Adj. Cavalry.*

27.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., *April 13, 1862.*

General:—Gen. Pettigru's brigade is still here. There is nothing new at all. A deserter from Sickles' brigade, brought in by my pickets yesterday, says that there are but two regiments left on the other side the Potomac, the balance having gone to Old Point. He also says he knows of no Federal troops near Dumfries.

Very respectfully,

CHAS. W. FIELD.

General EWELL.

30.

LACY'S SPRINGS, *May 16, 1862.*

Major JAS. BARBOUR:

Dear Sir:—You will please inform the General that I have moved to this point on my way to New Market and Luray, but will wait here till my companies [*sic*] with General Jackson, expected to-day, come up, when I will move by way of Luray to Fauquier. I have three companies [*sic*] down below Mt. Jackson scouting. Banks has sent another reinforcement to Milroy to Moorefield.

Under these circumstances I thought it best not to leave this road until I had followed down their column as far as Strasburg, so as to cause them to believe you were behind them upon this road, and also to give your wagons an opportunity to get over the mountain, if they come this way. Please let me know if the obstructions have been or are being removed from Thornton's Gap, so that I can cross there.

Respectfully,

TURNER ASHBY, *Colonel Commanding.*

34.

FREDERICKSBURG, *April 16, 1862.*

Dear General:—Everything is quiet in my front. Nothing more has been heard either from the enemy's cavalry or his gunboats below. I will always immediately inform you by extra courier of anything important. I don't think the gunboats will venture up here. Nothing new in Richmond.

In haste, yours truly,

C. W. FIELD.

35.

BRIG. HEADQ. SPOTTS. CO., TELEG. ROAD, }
14 MILES FROM FREDERICKSBURG, *April 20, 1862.* }

General:—I fell back to this place on yesterday in order to get behind several streams which are rendered impassable by heavy rains. The point selected is very favorable for a stand against superior forces. I have reliable information of the strength of the enemy at Fredericksburg as 5000—8 pieces artillery—not yet crossed over. Reports of landing of troops at Acquia Creek; probably not true. In the skirmish the enemy lost 20 or 30—most, if not all, killed; our loss trifling.

I am, General,

CHAS. W. FIELD, *Brig.-Gen. Com'g.*

40.

MR. DAILEY'S, 3 1-2 MILES FROM MARTINSBURG, }
May 26, 1862. }

General:—We followed the enemy to within a half-mile of Martinsburg. They made a stand and opened on us with artillery. As our horses, especially those of the Courtney Artillery, were broken down, I concluded to retire to this place, where I could get forage and rest till morning. I shall go there now. I hope you will send up the Baltimore Artillery and Maryland regiment. Our horses need rest greatly. There are various conflicting rumors about the Yankees; some say they are making a stand half-a-mile beyond Martinsburg. I shall soon find out. After leaving Winchester several miles, the country is much wooded, and there are no doubt many Yankees yet in the woods.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. STEUART, *Brigadier-General.*

45.

HEADQUARTERS V. D., *June 8, 1862.*

General:—The General Commanding directs me to enclose this dispatch just received. He is going down in person to see into it, but requests that you will not advance your pickets until you hear further from him. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. S. PENDLETON, *A. A. General.*

Major-General EWELL, Commanding, &c.

[*Enclosure referred to above*

Major-General JACKSON:—

The enemy have had a scout of 20 near the bridge this morning at Port Republic. On our approach they fell back. We pursued them, but did not see the scout at all. After passing General Lewis's about two miles, we found ourselves in front of a regiment of cavalry. They are now just below General Lewis's.

E. SIPE, *Capt. commanding Scout.*

46.

By Telegraph from FREDERICK'S HALL [Station on railroad], }
June 22, 1862. }

To General R. S. EWELL:—

Move all your command to-morrow morning to Beaver Dam, with Cunningham's, if cars enough. Your baggage-train must reach Beaver Dam to-morrow night. Acknowledge receipt at once.

By order:

R. L. DABNEY, *A. A. General.*

EVACUATION OF RICHMOND. REPORTS OF GENS. EWELL AND KERSHAW.

SPRING HILL, TENN., Dec. 20, 1865.

Gen. R. E. LEE, *Lexington, Va.:*

General:—About the middle of February last I received a communication from you, enclosing a law which I was directed to carry out. This law required preparations to be made for destroying the cotton, tobacco, &c., which the owners could not remove, in places exposed to capture by the enemy. I immediately sent Major Brown of my staff to Mayor Mayo with the document, and requested him to call a meeting of the Common Council to give their opinion as to the measures proper to be taken. After a free discussion with some of the Council and by their advice, I issued a circular to the "merchants and owners of cotton and tobacco," embodying the substance of your order and the law that accompanied it. This I entrusted to those gentlemen and to Major Isaac N. Carrington, Provost-Marshal, for distribution. Being informed a few hours later that it was misunderstood as to take effect at once, I substituted another, stating expressly that the "necessity had not yet arisen." Together with Mr. Scott, a tobacco-owner and Councilman, I visited and inspected all the warehouses containing tobacco, and after consulting the keepers, we concluded they could be burned without danger of a general conflagration. I gave instructions to Major Carrington to make the necessary arrangements, and requested Mr. Scott and the other members of the Council to consult with him and give him their views. The Ordnance Department offered to furnish barrels of turpentine to mix with the tobacco so as to insure its burning; but this I declined, for fear of setting fire to the city. I sent for the Mayor and several of the most prominent citizens, earnestly urged upon them the danger of mob-violence should we be forced to evacuate and the entrance of Federal troops be delayed, and begged them to endeavor to organise a volunteer guard force for such an emergency, proffering the necessary arms. I regret to say but one man volunteered, and the rioters, as

predicted, were unchecked. On the night of Saturday, 1st April, I received a dispatch from Gen. Longstreet, telling me he was going to the south side with two divisions, that Kershaw would be left on the lines, directing me to move whatever troops I could collect down the Darbytown road, and to ride by his headquarters for further instructions. I left my staff to see to the movements and collection of troops (of which only the Cadets and three battalions of convalescents from the hospitals were in town), and rode down; but Gen. Longstreet had gone before I reached his headquarters, and I received orders from his A. Adjutant-general Col. Latrobe, to relieve and send forward two brigades left on picket, which was done soon after sunrise by Col. Shipp, commanding the Cadets and convalescents. At 10 A. M. of Sunday I received a message from Major Chestney, my A. A. G., to return at once to the city, and on doing so received the order for the evacuation, and to destroy the stores which could not be removed. All that time allowed was done.

General G. W. C. Lee's division being mostly composed of heavy artillery, was almost without transportation, which was procured by impressing all that could be found. All the guard-forces were required to take the prisoners from the Libby and Castle Thunder, and as the militia had dispersed (being mostly foreigners), no troops remained in town except a few convalescents. A mob of both sexes and all colors soon collected, and about 3 A. M. set fire to some buildings on Carey street and began to plunder the city. The convalescents then stationed in the Square were ordered to repress the riot, but their commander shortly reported himself unable to do so, his force being inadequate. I then ordered all my staff and couriers who could be spared to scour the streets, so as to intimidate the mob by a show of force, and sent word to General Kershaw, who was coming up from the lines, to hurry his leading regiment into town. By daylight the riot was subdued, but many buildings which I had carefully directed should be spared, had been fired by the mob. The Arsenal was thus destroyed, and a party of men went to burn the Tredegar Works, but were prevented by General Anderson's arming his operatives and declaring his intention to resist. The small bridge over the canal on 14th street was burned by incendiaries, who set a canal-boat on fire and pushed it under the bridge. This was evidently done in hopes of embarrassing our retreat, and General Kershaw's division passed the bridge while on fire at a "double quick." By 7 A. M. the last troops had reached the south side, and Mayo's and the railroad bridges were set on fire.

From the hills above Manchester we watched for some time the progress of the flames, and all at once saw fire break out *through the roof* of one of the large mills on the side *farthest from* the burning warehouses, the flames from which scarcely reached half-way up the sides of the mill. It was considered a fire-proof building, and extra precautions had been taken by the owners. I cannot conceive how it could have caught in such a place, unless set on fire. I have been told that Mr. Crenshaw found his mill full of plunderers, whom he got out by agreeing to give them all the provisions in the mill, and that they were in the act of building a fire on the upper story of the mill

when discovered. I tried to find out if this was true, but no reply has come to the letters written for that purpose. If correct, it affords exact proof of what I am firmly convinced is the case, that the burning of Richmond was the work of incendiaries, and might have been prevented by the citizens. General G. W. C. Lee's division crossed the river at Drewry's and united with Kershaw a few miles from Manchester. We marched very rapidly to join the main body, and though delayed by the swollen condition of the Appomattox, came up with it near Amelia Court-house on the 5th of April. We were to march all that night, but owing to the slow progress of the trains and troops in front, had only reached Amelia Springs, seven miles off, by 8 A. M. Parties of cavalry here appeared on our left flank, and about 11 A. M. made an effort to get to the road on which our trains were moving past us. Gordon's corps, the rear-guard, was being hard pushed at the same time. I threw out as skirmishers part of Colonel Atkinson's command of heavy artillery of General Lee's division, and a battery of light artillery acting as infantry under Captain Dement, which had just been assigned to me. These troops soon repelled the enemy's cavalry skirmishers. Their demonstrations continued from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M., and I retained my troops in position to cover the passage of the trains. As soon as they were out of the way, I followed General Anderson's corps, and was followed by General Gordon, who brought up the rear of the trains, constantly fighting. On crossing a little stream known as "Sailor's Creek," I met General Fitz Lee, who informed me that a large force of cavalry held the road just in front of General Anderson, and were so strongly posted that he had halted a short distance ahead. The trains were turned into a road nearer the river, while I hurried to General Anderson's aid. General Gordon's corps turned off after the trains. General Anderson informed me that at least two divisions of cavalry were in his front, and suggested two modes of escape, either to unite our forces and break through, or to move to the right through the woods and try to strike a road that ran toward Farmville. I recommended the latter alternative, but as he knew the ground and I did not, and had no one who did, I left the dispositions to him. Before any were made, the enemy appeared in rear of my column in large force, preparing to attack. General Anderson informed me that he would make the attack in front, if I would hold in check those in the rear, which I did until his troops were broken and dispersed. I had no artillery, all being with the trains. My line ran across a little ravine which leads nearly at right angles towards "Sailor's Creek." General G. W. C. Lee was on the left, with the Naval Battalion under Commodore Tucker behind his right; Kershaw was on the right. All of Lee's and part of Kershaw's divisions were posted behind a rising ground that afforded some shelter from artillery. The creek was perhaps 300 yards in their front, with brush-pines between and a cleared field beyond it. In this the enemy's artillery took a commanding position, and finding we had none to reply, soon approached within 800 yards and opened a terrible fire. After nearly a half an hour of this, their infantry advanced, crossing the creek above and below us at the same time. Just as it attacked, General Anderson made his assault, which was

repulsed in five minutes. I had ridden up near his lines with him to see the result. When a staff-officer, who had followed his troops in their charge, brought him word of its failure, General Anderson rode rapidly towards his command. I returned to mine to see if it were yet too late to try the other plan of escape. On riding past my left, I came suddenly upon a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers advancing upon my *left rear*. This closed the only avenue of escape, as shells and even bullets were crossing each other from front and rear over my troops, and my right was completely enveloped. I surrendered myself and staff to a cavalry officer who came in by the same road General Anderson had gone out upon. At my request, he sent a messenger to General G. W. C. Lee, who was nearest, with a note from me telling him "he was surrounded, General Anderson's attack had failed. I had surrendered, and he had better do so too, to prevent useless loss of life;" though I gave no orders, being a prisoner. Before the messenger reached him, General Lee had been captured, as had been Kershaw and the whole of my command.

My two divisions numbered about three thousand each at the time of the evacuation. Twenty-eight hundred were taken prisoners, about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The difference of over three thousand was caused mainly by the fatigue of four days and nights almost constant marching, the last two days with nothing to eat. Before our capture I saw men eating raw fresh meat as they marched in ranks. The heavy artillery brigade of Lee's division was closely engaged for the first time on this occasion, and spite of the fall of its commander, Colonel Crutchfield, displayed a coolness and gallantry that earned the praise of the veterans who fought alongside of it, and even of the enemy.

I was informed at General Wright's headquarters, whither I was carried after my capture, that thirty thousand men were engaged with us when we surrendered, viz.: two infantry corps and Custar's and Merritt's divisions of cavalry, the whole under command of General Sheridan.

I deem it proper to remark that the discipline preserved by General G. W. C. Lee in camp and on the march, and the manner in which he handled his troops in action, fully justified the request I had made for his promotion. General Kershaw, who had only been a few days under my command, behaved with his usual coolness and judgment.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. S. EWELL, *late Lieut.-Gen. C. S. A.*

CAMDEN, S. C., Oct. 9th, 1865.

Major:—On the morning of Monday, the 3d of April last, I moved in obedience to the orders of Lt.-Gen. Ewell, from my position on the lines near Fort Gilmer, through Richmond to Mayo's Bridge, reporting in person to Gen. Ewell. Under his orders I detached two battalions to suppress the mob then engaged in sacking the city. Arriving at the bridge I found it in flames, and rapidly passed my command over to Manchester, informing Gen. Ewell of the facts. By the efforts of some boatmen the flames were arrested before they had rendered the bridge impassable. By the time the infantry had passed, the large

mill above the Danville depot, and too far distant from it to have been ignited by the burning of the latter, was observed to be on fire, the smoke being first seen to issue through the roof in all parts of it, and then the windows on all sides, indicating that it had been set on fire in the interior. As much of the conflagration which ensued was caused by the burning of this building, the circumstance has been deemed of sufficient importance to be stated here, in order to remove the erroneous imputation that the conflagration resulted from the action of the authorities.

A few miles from the river the command united with that of Gen. Custis Lee and moved in the direction of Amelia C. H. Learning that all the upper crossings of the Appomattox were impassable, on Tuesday the command moved to the railroad crossing, and by night had succeeded in passing the river with the entire train. The next day the rear of the Petersburg army was overtaken at Amelia C. H., and marching all night, the command arrived at Amelia Springs a little after sunrise the next day. From this point Gordon's corps marched in rear. About 10 o'clock the command reached a point where the wagon-train was moved to the right upon a cross-road which intersected that upon which the troops moved at right angles. Here the column was posted to resist the cavalry of the enemy, Merritt's and Custar's divisions, which attacked at that point, and repulsed several charges upon different parts of the line. They were held at bay until the last of the train had passed the point attacked, when I was directed to follow the movement of Gen. Custis Lee's division. Before my troops left the ground, Gordon's advance appeared while his rear was engaged with the enemy. I was not informed that Gordon would follow the wagon-train as he did, and was therefore surprised on arriving at Sailor's Creek to find that my rear was menaced. As the troops in my front had halted, I detached Humphreys' brigade commanded by Col. Fitzgerald, and Gary's dismounted battalion under Lt.-Col. Barham, to take position near the house occupied as a hospital by Pickett's division, to cover my crossing of Sailor's Creek. Upon arriving at the top of the hill on the south side of the creek I was informed by Gen. Ewell that the enemy had possession of the road in front of Gen. Anderson, and that we were to hold the enemy in check while that officer attempted to open the way. My command then consisted of only three brigades, Humphreys', Simms', Brig.-Gen. J. P. Simms commanding, and DuBose's brigade, Brig.-Gen. D. M. DuBose commanding, and the dismounted cavalry already mentioned. The whole at the time amounted to less than two thousand effective men. DuBose was placed in the edge of the wood, with his right resting on the road; Simms on the right of the road, a little in advance. Gen. Lee's division was on the left of the road, his right occupying a line in front of DuBose, his left on the same line or nearly so. In the meantime the enemy attacked and overpowered Humphreys and the dismounted cavalry, forcing them back to my position. They were formed at once on the left of the road, and Simms was moved further to the right. The enemy planted batteries near the hospital and swept our position at short range, and under cover of the fire the 2d and 6th Corps attacked us. Both in

Lee's front and my own they were repulsed with loss on every advance, but pressed us constantly with fresh troops, extending all the while to our left. During the attack I received from Gen. Anderson a message through Capt. S. D. Shannon, A. D. C., to the effect that he had commenced his movement and hoped to be successful, if I could hold out a few minutes longer. Sending him an encouraging reply, I continued to resist the enemy for some time, hoping to hear from Gen. Anderson that the way was open. Unfortunately his attempt had failed, and the enemy made his appearance in rear of Simms' brigade at the same time he was engaged in front and flank. That officer attempted to extricate his command, but found it impossible to do so without confusion, as he was attacked on all sides. This condition of things being discovered by the other troops, all fell back towards the rear and left. I kept up something of a skirmish as the command retreated; but after moving some four hundred yards, I discovered that all who had preceded me had been taken by the Yankee cavalry, who were in line of battle across the road. I then directed the men about me and the members of my staff to make their escape in any way possible. I discovered afterwards that but one had succeeded, as the enemy had completed the circle around our position when General Anderson's line was broken. My losses in killed and wounded must have been considerable, but I have no means of estimating the number. The conduct of the officers and men of the command under these trying circumstances is beyond all praise, and worthy the reputation of these veteran regiments. On no battle-field of the war have I felt a juster pride in the conduct of my command. I beg leave expressly to include in these just encomiums the little command of Lieut.-Col. Barham, and especially that officer.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. KERSHAW, *late Major-Gen. C. S. A.*

Major CAMPBELL BROWN, Richmond, Va.

CAMDEN, *April 29, 1867.*

My Dear Major:—Your favor covering copy of my report came to hand this day, and you will please accept my thanks for the same. You are correct in your recollection of the position at Sailor's Creek; Simms was on the right of the road. Please have the correction made in the original.

Yours truly,

J. B. KERSHAW.

Major CAMPBELL BROWN, Charlottesville, Va.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA. REPORT OF GEN. EWELL.

RICHMOND, VA., *March 20th, 1865.*Colonel W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*:

Colonel:—When Gen. Grant crossed the Rapidan, R. D. Johnston's North Carolina brigade of Rodes' division was at Hanover Junction; the 2nd Georgia of Doles' brigade, same division, and Hoke's brigade, of Early's division, were in North Carolina. About 13,500 effective infantry and 2000 artillery were present. By order of General Lee, his corps and division commanders met him on Monday, 2^d of May, 1864, at the Signal Station on Clark's Mountain. He then gave it as his opinion that the enemy would cross by some of the fords below us, as Germania or Ely's. They began to do so next day. About noon of the 4th we moved from our camps on the Rapidan towards Locust Grove, on the old turnpike from Orange Court-house to Fredericksburg. Johnson's division and Nelson's battalion of artillery bivouacked two miles south of Locust Grove; Rodes just behind them, and Early at Locust Grove. The artillery was close behind Early. Ramseur's brigade of Rodes' division, with three regiments from each of the other divisions, was left on picket. Next morning I moved down the pike, sending the 1st North Carolina cavalry, which I found in my front, on a road that turned to the left towards Germania Ford. About 8 A. M. I sent Major Campbell Brown of my staff to General Lee to report my position. In reply he instructed me to regulate my march by General A. P. Hill, whose progress down the plank-road I could tell by the firing at the head of his column, and informed me that he preferred not to bring on a general engagement before General Longstreet came up.

Advancing slowly with J. M. Jones' brigade of Johnson's division in advance, prepared for action, I came about 11 A. M. in sight of a column of the enemy crossing the pike from Germania Ford towards the plank-road. The "Stonewall" (Walker's) brigade had been sent down a left-hand road, driving in the enemy's pickets within a mile and a half of Germania Ford. Being a good deal ahead of General Hill, I halted, and again reported through Lieut.-Col. A. S. Pendleton of my staff, receiving substantially the same instructions as before. Just after they came the enemy demonstrated against Jones' brigade, and I placed Battle's, of Rodes' division, to support it, with Doles on Battle's right. They were instructed not to allow themselves to become involved, but to fall back slowly, if pressed. Some artillery posted near the pike on Jones' front was withdrawn. Soon afterwards the enemy fell suddenly upon Jones' right flank and front, broke his brigade and drove it back upon Battle's, which it disordered. Daniel's brigade of Rodes' division, and Gordon's of Early's, were soon brought up and regained the lost ground, the latter capturing by a dashing charge several hundred prisoners, and relieving Doles, who, though hard pressed, had held his ground. General J. M. Jones and his aide-de-camp, Captain Robert Early, fell in a desperate effort to rally

their brigade. I placed it in reserve to reorganise — Battle's brigade, which had rallied in time to do good service, taking its place in the line, which was now formed on the ground first occupied. The brigades were as follows from right to left of my line:—Daniel, Doles, Battle (Rodes' division), G. H. Steuart's "Stonewall" (Walker's), Stafford's (Johnson's division), Pegram, Hays, Gordon (Early's division); Battle's left and Steuart's right rested on the pike. Slight works were at once thrown up, and several partial attacks of the enemy repulsed. In a counter attack by Steuart's and Battle's brigades, two 24-pound howitzers, brought up the pike within 800 yards of our works, were captured. The troops were brought back to the works after posting skirmishers to hold the captured pieces till dark, when they were brought off.

General Stafford was mortally wounded in a similar attack by his own and the "Stonewall" brigades late in the afternoon. The fighting closed at dusk with the repulse of a fierce attack on Pegram's brigade. General Pegram was severely wounded, and Colonel Hoffman (31st Virginia) succeeded to the command. This evening General Ramseur came up with the picket regiments, which rejoined their brigades. Ramseur went to the extreme right of my line next morning.

The 6th of May was occupied in partial assaults on my line, now greatly strengthened, and in efforts to find my flank, which were promptly checked. About 9 A. M. I got word from General Gordon, through General Early in person, that his scouts reported the enemy's right exposed, and he urged turning it; but his views were opposed by General Early, who thought the attempt unsafe. This necessitated a personal examination, which was made as soon as other duties permitted; but in consequence of this delay and other unavoidable causes the movement was not begun until nearly sunset. After the examination I ordered the attack, and placed Robert D. Johnston's brigade of Rodes' division, that morning arrived from Hanover Junction, to support Gordon. Each brigade as its front was cleared was to unite in the attack. Hays was partly moved out of his works to connect with Gordon. The latter attacked vehemently, and when checked by the darkness, had captured with slight loss a mile of the works held by the Sixth Corps, six hundred prisoners and two brigadier-generals (Seymour and Shaler). Of the force encountered not an organised regiment remained, and nearly all had thrown away their arms. They made no attempt to recover the lost ground, but drew back their line so as to give up Germania Ford entirely. Major Daniel of General Early's staff joined in Gordon's attack, and was desperately wounded and maimed for life while gallantly assisting in this brilliant movement.

On the 7th of May no fighting took place except that in extending to join General Hill's left. General Ramseur came upon a division of the Ninth Corps entrenching. This he put to flight by a sudden attack of his skirmishers, capturing several hundred knapsacks and occupying the ground. On the night of the 7th the General Commanding sent me word to extend to the right in conformity to the movements of the troops there, and if at daylight I found no large force in my front, to follow General Anderson towards Spottsylvania

C. H. This was done. On the march orders were received placing General Early in command of Hill's corps, transferring Hays' brigade to Johnson's division, and consolidating both Louisiana brigades under General Hays, and assigning R. D. Johnston's brigade to Early's division, of which General Gordon came in command. After a very distressing march through intense heat and thick dust and smoke from burning woods, my troops reached Spottsylvania C. H. about 5 P. M., just in time for Rodes to repel an attempt to turn Anderson's right, which rested on the road. Rodes advanced nearly half-a-mile, when his left, coming upon strong works, was checked, and he was forced to halt. Johnson's division formed on his right; Gordon remained in reserve. On the 9th the lines were defined and entrenched. There were two salients: one at Rodes' right brigade (Doles'), the other at Johnson's centre, where I occupied a high open point, which if held by the enemy would enable their artillery to command our line. Johnson's right was connected by skirmishers with Hill's (Early's) left. A second line from Rodes' left centre to Hill's left, cutting off the salients, was laid out by the Chief-Engineer and built and occupied by Gordon's division. Heavy skirmishing took place. General Hays was severely wounded.

10th May.—The enemy's batteries getting an enfilade and reverse fire on Gordon's line, he was withdrawn and placed in rear of Rodes' left and Anderson's right (Kershaw's division), where an attack was expected. About 4 P. M. I learned that General Doles' skirmishers were driven into his works. He was ordered to regain his skirmish-line at any cost, but while preparing to do so, his lines were attacked and broken, he losing 300 prisoners. The right of Daniel's brigade was exposed and fell back to the second line already mentioned. Battle's brigade and Gordon's division were rapidly brought up and the former thrown across the head of the enemy's column, while the leading brigade (R. D. Johnston's) of the latter, with the remnants of Doles' and the right of Daniel's brigades, struck on one flank, and the "Stonewall" (Walker's) of Johnson's division on the other. In a short time the enemy were driven from our works, leaving a hundred dead within them, and a large number in front. Our loss as near as I can tell was 650, of whom 350 were prisoners. Captain Thomas T. Turner, my aide-de-camp, was very efficient in rallying the fugitives, and was severely wounded while assisting in recapturing several pieces of artillery which the enemy had got temporary possession of.

Wednesday, 11th May.—It rained hard all day, and no fighting took place. Towards night the enemy were reported withdrawing from Anderson's front, and were heard moving to our right; scouts stated them to be retiring to Fredericksburg. I received orders to withdraw the artillery, which was done along Johnson's front. Soon after midnight Major-General Johnson reported the enemy massing before him, and General Long was directed to return the artillery to the entrenchments, and General Gordon ordered to be prepared to support Johnson. Different artillery was sent back, and owing to the darkness and ignorance of the location, it only reached the lines in time to be taken. The enemy attacked in heavy force at earliest dawn, and though gallantly resisted, their numbers and the want of

artillery enabled them to break through our lines, capturing Major General Ed. Johnson, Brigadier-General G. H. Stuart, about two thousand eight hundred men, and twenty pieces of artillery. The smoke of the guns and the mist kept the air dark until comparatively a late hour, thereby assisting the enemy, as he was enabled to mass his troops as he chose. They poured through our lines in immense numbers, taking possession to the right and left of the salient, and keeping up a constant fire of artillery and musketry for 24 hours. General Gordon was heavily engaged, one brigade broken and its commander, Gen. R. D. Johnston, wounded; but he held his ground, drove out the enemy in his immediate front by a strong effort, and regained a portion of our works to the right of the salient. Their main effort was evidently against Rodés' position to the left of the angle, and here the fighting was of the most desperate character. Gen. Rodés moved Daniel's brigade from its works to meet the enemy. Gen. Kershaw extended so as to allow Ramseur to be withdrawn, and as Daniel's right was unprotected, Ramseur was sent in there. He retook the works to Daniel's right along his whole brigade front by a charge of unsurpassed gallantry. But the salient was still held by the enemy, and a most deadly fire poured on his right flank. Accordingly, Harris's Mississippi brigade, which came to my assistance about 9 A. M., was sent to Ramseur's right; but as it still failed to fill the trenches, McGowan's South Carolina brigade, which arrived an hour later, was ordered to the same point. Only part of this brigade succeeded in reaching the trenches and joining Harris's brigade. Spite of the terrible flank-fire to which they were yet exposed, the brave troops of these three brigades held their ground till 3 A. M. of the 13th May, when ordered back to the new line. Gen. Daniel was killed and Gen. Ramseur severely wounded early in the day, but the latter refused to leave the field. The nature of the struggle will be apparent from the fact that after the loss of Johnson's division (before sunrise) my force barely numbered eight thousand — the reinforcements about fifteen hundred more. Gen. Ed. Johnson estimated the enemy's force at this part of the field at over forty thousand, and I have every reason to believe this a moderate calculation. The engagement was spoken of in Northern papers as a general attack by their army. It was met only by my corps and three brigades sent to my aid, and after lasting with unintermitted vigor from half-past 4 A. M. till 4 P. M. of the 12th May, ceased by degrees, leaving us in possession of two-thirds of the works first taken from us, and of four of the captured guns which the enemy had been unable to haul off. These guns were withdrawn by hand to the McCoull house, and Gen. Long was directed to send after them at night. Major Page, whom he instructed to get them, left the duty to an orderly sergeant, who failed to find them, and they were again allowed to fall into the enemy's hands. As it was inadvisable to continue efforts to retake the salient with the force at my command, a new line was laid out during the day by Gen. Lee's Chief Engineer some eight hundred yards in rear of the first, and constructed at night. After midnight my forces were quietly

* I think this may probably be a clerical error for 14 hours, although the firing lasted far into the following night.—C. B.

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1874.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE DRIFT OF
POPULATIONS.

IN the course of a very instructive, if not very ingenuous speech of Senator (late Secretary of the Treasury) Boutwell, upon the currency and the state of the finances, made in the United States Senate, January 22d, 1874, a little controversy arose between the Senator from Massachusetts and General Gordon, Senator from Georgia, upon the actual facts connected with the assumed increase of the country in prosperity. Senator Gordon inquired "whether the prosperity of the country, particularly the producing classes of the country, has proportionately increased as we have approached the par of gold." Mr. Boutwell, without precisely giving a categorically affirmative answer to General Gordon's question, reiterated his opinion as to the prosperous condition of affairs in general, and the rapidity of the national growth. "And," he went on to say, "if it be true, as the Senator from Georgia has asserted, that there is an absence of prosperity in the South, I apprehend, from the observations I have been able to make, that it is due to circumstances entirely independent of the policy of the Government. I call the Senator to witness that the cities of Charlotte in North Carolina, Columbia and Charleston in South Carolina, Jacksonville in Florida, Savannah, Macon and Atlanta in Georgia, Chattanooga and Knoxville in Tennessee, are all more prosperous now than they were at any period before the war; that in all these cities there has been an increase of population, an increase of business, and an increase of wealth for the purposes of business.

"MR. GORDON.—That is true.

"MR. BOUTWELL.—That is true.

"MR. GORDON.—But that does not answer my question. My ques-

tion was as to the producing classes in the country, not as to the growth of cities.

"MR. BOUTWELL.—*Cities are the outgrowth, the evidences of general prosperity. They exist only in the sunshine of general prosperity; and when you have demonstrated that a city is prosperous, increasing in numbers and wealth through months and years, you have established incontrovertibly the fact that that city is situated in a prosperous community. Nothing can be truer; else all history is false, and all observation of no consequence.*"

The controversy now went off into a discussion as to what constituted prosperity, in the course of which Senator Gordon confirmed some remarks made by me in a previous number of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE,* in regard to the present condition and future prospects of cotton culture, saying that "the increased production of cotton, therefore, is not due to any great facilities that have been furnished to the production of cotton, but it is due entirely to the fact that new fields, new areas, higher latitudes, heretofore appropriated only to the growth of grain and grasses, are now used for the cultivation of cotton, and *the cotton-lands proper have, as I stated in my remarks, so depreciated in value that they are no longer regarded as security for debt.*"

The matter, however, to which I wished to call attention is this discussion between the Senators in regard to prosperity and population — points in respect of which Messrs. Gordon and Boutwell are each of them partly right and partly wrong. Senator Gordon is right in believing that the South is not prosperous, though he is not entirely right as regards the causes of that want of prosperity, and he is entirely wrong as regards the effects of one of the remedies which he insists upon, to wit: inflation of the currency, which is about as efficacious for the disease as to inject water under the skin would be efficacious for the cure of a man tumid and suffocating with dropsy. Senator Boutwell is right in regard to the growth of the towns in population, but he is wrong in taking that single fact as a sure evidence of prosperity. When he spoke so positively upon this subject, as if it involved an axiom in political economy, he doubtless had in his mind the well-considered observation of Adam Smith, that "*Had human institutions therefore never disturbed the natural course of things, the progressive wealth and increase of the towns would, in every political society, be consequential and in proportion to the improvement and cultivation of the territory or country.*" But in the case before Senator Boutwell, "human institutions" have very seriously disturbed the natural course of things, and there is accordingly no consequential relation nor equitable proportion whatsoever between the condition of the cities and that of the territory tributary to them.

Essentially, however, this matter of the drift of populations goes much deeper and affects the framework of society much more vitally than either of the Senators seems to have supposed. I have been at some pains to gather and collate the facts to which I could get access bearing upon this subject, and I find that they are unexpectedly significant, and seem to imply a general drift of populations,* such as cannot be reasonably ascribed to any set of local circumstances, but

* December 1873, p. 68.

must be in consequence of general, if not universal causes, operating pretty much everywhere concomitantly with the other forces controlling that ensemble of social conditions which we term civilisation.

1. As to these facts. The census reports and other statistics of the countries which provide such things for comparison, show that there is a steady, constant and rapidly accelerating drift of population to the towns and cities. This is easily demonstrable by a comparison of the growth in population of the towns and cities of any country during any specific period, with the growth in population of the whole country during the same period. But these figures constitute only *one* factor in the ratio of disparity of growth, for the reason that, in order to make the basis of comparison equal, we must also take into consideration the differences between the *natural increase* of the country people and those of the towns and cities, and the *duration of life* of the respective classes. These involve an examination of *vital statistics*, of the birth rates and death rates of localities, which I have not gone into further than to ascertain in a general way, and to verify what indeed is a universally received opinion, that the people who live in the country are both more prolific and longer lived than those who collect in towns; that there is a larger number of births in proportion to inhabitants, a much larger number of persons born who live to manhood, and a larger proportion of persons who survive past the middle age in the country than in the cities and towns. This state of facts of course intensifies in a very considerable degree the force of the drift movement to which I have referred. If, for example, the natural increase of the country people in a State should be 5 per cent. per annum, and their superior vitality 10 per cent. in excess of that of the people of the towns in that State whose natural increase should not exceed 2 per cent. per annum, and if, in spite of these facts, it should be ascertained that the actual growth of the rural populations was not in excess of 1 per cent. per annum, while the actual growth of the town populations was 10 per cent., the conclusion could not be resisted that, in regard to that State at least, anomalous causes were at work which tended to drain off the population of the country into the towns, and that it was important in every sense of the word that these causes should be ascertained and appreciated.

In the same way, upon the point of *immigration*, if it could be shown that, while from 60 to 70 per cent. of the immigrants to a country were rustics in the land of their birth, all but about 25 per cent. of them become denizens of towns and cities in the land of their adoption, we should have a still further and equally striking proof of the working of effective causes in promoting a gravitation of populations to the cities. This much premised, I proceed to the facts, such as I have been able to get together.

(1) *The United States.*

The aggregate population of the United States in 1870, by the tables of the ninth census, was 38,558,371, against 31,443,321 in 1860, showing a percentage of increase for the decade of 22.31 per cent. (This is a closer approximation than that given by General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, of 22.22 per cent. for the "constitutional population," *i. e.* the population exclusive of Indians and the people of the Territories.)

The following table (A) gives in consecutive order the *percentage of increase* of the total population of the respective States and Territories from 1860 to 1870; the *number of towns* in those States having in 1870 a population of 5000 or over and the aggregates of those populations; the *number of towns* in those States which in 1860 had a population of 5000 and over, and the aggregates of those populations; the *aggregate increase* of those town populations; and the *percentages of increase* which those aggregates imply. This furnishes us at once with a basis for comparing the relative proportions between the growth of country and town neighborhoods. For purposes of further comparison I have thrown these States into certain grand divisions, and in Table B have given the aggregates and summary of the whole. It is to be remarked, however, in advance, that neither these tables, nor those which succeed, furnish us an exactly fair means of comparison of the relative growths of different sections, for the reason that there is a *difference in the meaning of the word "town"* between different sections of the country, which is often delusive and confusing. "Town," in our section, means a collection of inhabited houses, an aggregation of populations; in New England and in some of the Middle and Western States it implies simply *township*, or what we call "election district," in other words, the smallest civil division, the political molecule. In Pennsylvania, and Ohio too perhaps, the word "borough" is similarly misleading. To illustrate how this works confusion, the population of Hagerstown, in Washington County, Maryland, is given in the census as 5779; but, according to the Massachusetts system of enumeration, it would include the election district of which Hagerstown is the centre, and its population would be 12,250. So, on the other side, we have the return for the "town" of Adams, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, made as a single population, whereas the tables show that this includes not only the two villages of North Adams and South Adams, but the entire circumjacent township as well. At the cost of some trouble to myself, I have corrected this sort of discrepancy, as far as I could safely do so without running any risk of duplicating populations, or of disturbing the real ratios which it was my principal object to get at.

TABLE A.

Name of State.	Percentage of increase of total population.	No. towns having 5000 & over—1870.	Population of those towns—1870.	Population of the same towns—1860.	No. towns having 5000 & over—1860.	Population of those towns.	Aggregate increase of 1870 over 1860.	Percentage of urban increase.
Maine (lost)	0.22	13	130,823	113,679	10	99,885	17,144	15.08
N. Hampshire (lost)	2.38	8	78,952	70,632	5	78,907	8,320	11.79
Vermont	4.90	3	31,235	18,927	2	15,290	12,308	65.02
Massachusetts	18.38	50	799,599	469,872	49	698,212	329,727	70.17
Rhode Island	24.47	6	142,848	100,457	8	116,293	42,391	42.19
Connecticut	16.80	21	252,955	198,307	15	176,936	54,648	27.55
New England	10.32	101	1,436,412	971,874	89	1,187,523	464,538	47.80

TABLE A—(Continued.)

Name of State.	Percentage of increase of total population.	No. of towns having 5000 & over in 1870.	Population of those towns in 1870.	Population of the same towns in 1860.	No. towns having 5000 & over in 1860.	Population of those towns.	Aggregate increase of 1870 over 1860.	Percentage of urban increase.
New York	12.94	58	2,190,593	1,693,678	83	1,938,925	496,915	29.34
New Jersey	34.83	24	428,041	253,581	17	243,876	174,460	68.80
Pennsylvania	21.19	41	1,207,878	852,645	22	831,907	355,233	41.54
Delaware	11.41	2	36,211	26,871	1	21,508	9,340	34.76
Maryland	13.66	7	306,277	233,299	4	235,625	72,978	31.28
Dis. of Columbia.	75.	2	120,583	69,855	2	69,855	50,728	72.62
Middle States* ..	18.81	134	4,289,583	3,129,929	129	3,341,696	1,159,654	37.05
Virginia †	4.44	10	140,042	109,063	10	128,895	30,979	28.40
North Carolina ..	7.93	5	36,218	26,819	2	14,984	9,399	35.05
South Carolina ...	0.27	2	58,204	48,519	2	48,519	9,685	19.96
Georgia	12.	6	87,875	62,055	5	62,207	25,820	41.60
Florida	33.70	5	28,925	12,836	0		16,089	125.34
S. Atlantic States	11.66	28	351,264	259,292	19	254,605	91,972	35.46
West Virginia † ...	4.44	2	24,826	16,573			8,253	49.80
Kentucky	14.30	10	186,249	109,662	4	104,071	76,587	69.83
Tennessee	13.40	6	89,424	51,397	2	39,611	38,027	73.97
Ohio	13.92	33	602,897	292,378	14	328,907	310,519	106.20
Illinois	48.36	28	536,769	250,891	16	223,092	285,878	113.04
Indiana	24.45	13	190,628	106,600	9	90,874	84,028	78.82
Central States....	19.81	92	1,630,793	827,501	45	786,555	803,292	97.07
Michigan.....	58.06	18	207,676	107,627	5	71,057	100,049	92.95
Wisconsin	35.93	13	162,105	102,112	7	84,220	59,993	58.74
Minnesota	155.61	4	45,301	18,686	1	10,401	26,615	142.43
Lake States	83.20	35	415,082	228,425	13	165,678	186,657	81.71
Alabama	3.40	6	68,292	44,904	2	38,101	23,388	52.08
Mississippi	4.63	4	30,546	18,202	1	6,612	12,344	67.81
Louisiana	2.67	3	204,411	174,724	5	196,510	29,687	16.99
Texas	35.48	6	48,979	27,593	3	20,571	21,386	77.14
Gulf States.....	11.54	19	352,228	265,423	11	261,794	86,805	32.71
Missouri	45.62	9	397,292	193,010	4	182,058	204,282	105.83
Kansas	239.90	4	39,037	12,449	1	7,429	26,588	213.56
Nebraska	326.	2	22,133	3,800			18,333	482.44
Iowa.....	76.91	11	118,138	59,080	6	49,647	59,058	100.00
Arkansas.....	11.26	2	17,764	5,298			12,466	235.30
Western States...	139.93	28	594,364	273,637	11	239,134	320,727	117.17
California	47.44	9	211,045	87,492	2	70,590	124,553	142.36
Oregon	73.30	1	8,293	3,308			4,985	150.69
Nevada	520.	3	15,862	2,983			12,879	431.74
Pacific States ‡ ...	213.58	13	235,200	93,783	2	70,590	141,417	150.68

* Not counting D. C., the population of which being city entirely, would unfairly enhance the aggregate. † Virginia and West Virginia have to be aggregated for the purposes of this table. ‡ This aggregate is delusive, being swelled by the enormous growth of Nevada. About 55 per cent. would represent the real growth of the Pacific slope.

The Drift of Populations.

TABLE A—(Continued.)

Name of State.	Percentage of increase of total population.	No. of towns having 5000 & over in 1870.	Population of those towns in 1870.	Population of the same towns in 1860.	No. towns having 5000 & over in 1860.	Population of those towns.	Aggregate increase of 1870 over 1860.	Percentage of urban increase.
Utah	110.	1	12,854	8,207	1	8,207	4,647	56.62
New Mexico.(lost)	4.	1	4,765	4,603	0		162	
Colorado	15.	1	4,759	4,749	0		10	
Territories*.....	40.33	3	22,378	17,559	1	8,207	4,819	27.44

* No Territories included but such as have towns larger than 5000 (or 4500) in population.

TABLE B—Summary.

Divisions of States.	Percentage of increase of total population.	No. towns having 5000 & over—1870.	Population of those towns—1870.	Population of the same towns—1860.	No. towns having 5000 & over—1860.	Population of those towns in 1860.	Aggregate increase of 1870 over 1860.	Percentage of urban increase.
New Engl'd States	10.32	101	1,436,412	971,874	89	1,187,523	464,538	47.80
Middle States.....	18.81	134	4,289,583	3,129,929	129	3,341,696	1,159,654	37.05
S. Atlantic States	11.66	28	351,264	259,292	19	254,605	91,972	35.46
Central States.....	19.81	92	1,630,793	827,501	45	786,555	803,292	97.07
Lake States.....	83.20	35	415,082	228,425	13	165,678	186,657	81.71
Gulf States.....	11.54	19	352,228	265,423	11	261,794	86,805	32.71
Western States...	139.93	28	594,364	273,637	11	239,134	320,727	117.17
Pacific States.....	213.58	13	235,200	93,783	2	70,590	141,417	150.68
Territories	40.33	3	22,378	17,559	1	8,207	4,819	27.44
Aggregate.....	22.31	453	9,327,304	6,067,423	320	6,315,882	3,259,881	57.72

Tables C and D give the populations in 1870 and 1860, and show the percentage of increase of, respectively, fifty of the largest cities, and one hundred of the largest cities and towns of the United States.

TABLES C AND D.

Populations of 50 and 100 chief towns and cities in the United States in 1870 and 1860.

Name of town.	Popul'n in 1870.	Popul'n in 1860.	Name of town.	Popul'n in 1870.	Popul'n in 1860.
New York.....	942,292	805,657	Syracuse.....	43,051	28,119
Philadelphia.....	674,022	565,529	Worcester.....	41,105	24,060
Brooklyn.....	396,099	266,661	Lowell.....	40,928	36,827
Saint Louis.....	310,864	160,773	Memphis.....	40,226	22,623
Chicago.....	298,977	109,260	Cambridge.....	39,634	26,060
Baltimore.....	267,354	212,418	Hartford.....	37,180	29,152
Boston.....	250,526	177,840	Scranton.....	35,092	9,223
Cincinnati.....	216,239	161,044	Reading.....	33,930	23,161
New Orleans.....	191,418	168,675	Paterson.....	33,579	19,588
San Francisco.....	149,473	56,802	Kansas City.....	32,260	4,418
Buffalo.....	117,714	81,129	Mobile.....	32,034	29,529
Washington.....	109,199	61,122	Toledo.....	31,584	13,768
Newark.....	105,059	71,914	Portland.....	31,413	20,341
Louisville.....	100,753	68,033	Columbus (Ohio).....	31,274	18,554
Cleveland.....	92,829	43,417	Wilmington (Del.) ..	30,841	21,508
Pittsburg.....	86,076	49,217	Dayton.....	30,473	20,081
Jersey City.....	82,546	29,226	Lawrence (Mass.).....	28,921	17,639
Detroit.....	79,577	45,619	Utica.....	28,804	22,529
Milwaukee.....	71,440	45,216	Charlestown (Mass.)	28,323	25,063
Albany.....	69,422	62,361	Savannah.....	28,235	22,292
Providence.....	68,904	50,658	Lynn.....	28,233	19,083
Rochester.....	62,386	48,204	Fall River.....	26,766	14,026
Alleghany.....	53,180	28,702			
Richmond.....	51,038	37,910		6,053,758	4,021,567
New Haven.....	50,840	39,267		4,021,567	
Charleston.....	48,956	40,573			
Indianapolis.....	48,244	18,611		2,032,191,	
Troy.....	46,465	39,232	or 50.5 per ct. increase of 50 chief cities.		

Davenport (Ia.).....	20,038	11,267	Elizabeth.....	20,832	11,567
St. Joseph.....	19,565	8,932	Evansville.....	21,830	11,484
Omaha.....	16,083	1,881	St. Paul's.....	20,030	10,401
Hoboken.....	20,297	9,659	Dubuque.....	18,434	13,000
Erie.....	19,646	9,419	Taunton.....	18,629	15,376
Williamsport.....	16,030	5,664	Wheeling.....	19,280	14,083
Burlington.....	14,387	7,713	Norfolk.....	19,229	14,620
Atlanta.....	21,789	9,554	Bridgeport.....	18,969	13,299
Bloomington (Ill.).....	14,590	7,075	Bangor.....	18,289	16,407
New Bedford.....	21,320	22,300	Norwich.....	16,652	14,048
Salem.....	24,117	22,252	Newburgh.....	17,014	15,199
Manchester (N. H.).....	23,536	20,109	Auburn.....	17,225	10,986
Petersburg.....	18,950	18,266	Fort Wayne.....	17,718	10,388
Lancaster.....	20,233	17,603	Sacramento.....	16,283	12,797
Trenton.....	22,874	17,221	New Albany.....	15,996	12,647
Nashville.....	25,865	16,988	Kingston (N. Y.).....	16,429	16,640
Bangor.....	18,289	16,407	Flatbush.....	16,139	6,742
Covington.....	24,505	16,471	Grand Rapids.....	16,507	8,084
Oswego.....	20,910	16,816	Springfield (Ill.).....	17,364	9,320
Springfield (Mass.).....	26,703	15,199	Terre Haute.....	16,103	8,594
Poughkeepsie.....	20,080	14,706	Somerville.....	14,685	8,025
Camden.....	20,045	14,358	Gloucester.....	15,389	10,904
Peoria.....	22,849	14,045			
Smithfield (R. I.).....	25,073	13,299		7,028,483	4,666,695
Newtown (N. Y.).....	20,274	13,372		4,666,695	
Harrisburg.....	23,104	13,405			
Quincy (Ill.).....	24,052	13,718		2,361,788,	or 50.6
North Providence.....	20,495	11,818	per cent. increase of 100 cities and towns.		

These tables show that while the growth of the whole population of the United States has been only 22.31 per cent. during the decennial period, the growth of the fifty chief towns in the same period has averaged 50.5 per cent.; the growth of one hundred chief towns has averaged 50.6 per cent.; and the growth of four hundred and fifty-three towns having a population of or above 5000 inhabitants each, has averaged 53.72 per cent. That is to say, the towns have increased in population at a rate which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as rapid as the general increase in population of the country at large. It is noticeable also that this growth of the town population is absolute as well as relative. The average population of 320 towns in 1860 was 19,737; the average population of 453 towns in 1870 was 20,590. The average population of 100 cities in 1860 was 46,666, but in 1870 was 70,284. The average of 50 cities in 1860 was 80,437, but in 1870 was 121,075.

This disparity of growth is not confined to any locality, but is general throughout the whole country. Thus, in New England, while the population at large has only increased 10.32 per cent., the town population has increased 47.8 per cent. New Hampshire, in respect to entire population, lost 2.38 per cent. during the decade; but her town population increased 11.79 per cent. So with the Southern States. South Carolina's increase in the aggregate was less than one-third of one per cent. (0.27 per cent.), but the population of her larger towns increased 19.96 per cent. If the comparison had been made upon a basis of all towns exceeding 1500 to 2000 inhabitants, the influx of population into the Southern and Western towns would have been much more strongly marked. Thus, in regard to what I have called the *Western States* (*i.e.* those west of the Mississippi between the 35th and 45th parallels), the *town* growth *appears* to be only 117.17 per cent. against a *total* growth of 139.93 per cent. But this is a delusive proportion, growing out of the fact that, there being so few towns of over 5000 inhabitants in these new countries, the data for comparison were insufficient. Towns of 2000 people in Kansas would be more than the equivalent of towns of 30,000 people in New York and Massachusetts. The total population of Kansas has increased 239.90 per cent.; but a rough comparison of towns in Kansas of over 1200 inhabitants shows an increase of over 400 per cent. This has happened too in what is peculiarly an agricultural State—the paradise of the land-grabbers, the realised type of the millennium of quarter-section civilisation.

These tables show to what an absurdity Mr. Boutwell's position, above given, leads. For if the growth of cities be an infallible test of prosperity and an unerring index of its ratio, then Virginia must be more prosperous than Connecticut, North Carolina than New York, Georgia than Pennsylvania, Florida than Massachusetts, and Arkansas than Illinois—all of which Mr. Boutwell would repudiate; or, if he did not, the world would laugh at him.

I have referred to *Immigration* as illustrating this drift of our populations to the cities. The proportion of immigrants who were denizens of rural sections in the lands from which they came, can only be approximated in a roundabout way. Boediker's elaborate tables (Berlin, 1872) show that of 242,567 persons emigrating from

Prussia between 1862 and 1871, there were 113,512 who were males above the age of 14. Our census tables of occupations show that there are 28,000,000 persons (in round numbers) above the age of ten years, of whom 12,500,000 have occupations, and 5,920,000 of these are agriculturists, 5,500,000 being males, or eleven-twelfths. Striking an average between these data, it will be found that of 7,425,069 persons representing the nett immigration to the country from the commencement of the government to December 31st, 1869,* about 2,800,000 should have occupations. In the return of occupations made by the Bureau of Statistics, 942,524 of the above immigrants are given as farmers, while at least one-half of those returned as laborers should be included as farm-hands. This would make a total of 1,600,000 agriculturist immigrants with occupations in 2,800,000, or four-sevenths of the whole. Allowing for subsidiary occupations, it will be only a fair estimate to assume that 70 per cent. of the immigrants to this country are and have been inhabitants, not of the cities, but of the country in the lands of their birth. This, indeed, is confirmed by the tables of Boediker above referred to, where, of 242,000 emigrants, of whom less than 90,000 were available for hard labor, 58,830 are given as agriculturists pure and simple. It may be assumed then that 70 per cent. of the immigrants who arrive on our shores are not townspeople, but country folks. What proportion of them goes to the towns when they come here, and what proportion goes to the country? A few instances will illustrate. The foreign born population of Chicago is as 14 to 29, or nearly one-half, while that of Illinois is as 5 to 25, or one-fifth. The foreign population of New York City is as 4 to 9; of New York State it is as 11 to 43. In Massachusetts there are 3 foreigners in every 14 persons; in Boston 87 in 250. In St. Louis 11 to 31; in Missouri 2 to 17. In the State of Wisconsin 36 to 104 persons are foreign born; in the city of Milwaukee 33 in 71. In Minnesota 16 of every 44 persons are foreign born; in the city of St. Paul 86 in each 200. But these figures do not give more than a hint of the enormousness of the disproportion. Turning back to tables C and D, we perceive that the 50 chief cities have an aggregate population of 6,000,000 in round numbers, or about 16 per cent. of the entire population of the country. The foreign born population of the country, in round numbers, is 5,600,000, 16 per cent. of which should be the proportion of foreigners dwelling in cities, conceding an equal division of them between city and country. This would give as the proportion of foreign population for our 50 chief cities a total of 900,000 in round numbers. But, upon the basis of previous place of residence and occupation abroad, only three-tenths of these should congregate in the 50 great cities; *i. e.*, the total foreign population of those cities should not exceed 300,000. The actual foreign born population of the 50 chief cities, however, amounts to 1,950,000, or in other words,* is more than twice an *equal*, and more than six times greater than a *normal* apportionment would give. Nothing can show more conclusively than these figures do, the drain of population to the cities.

Again, to glance at the matter for a moment in the light of *vital*

* Report of Bureau of Statistics on Commerce and Navigation, for 1870, p. 718.

statistics. The number of persons in the country at large in proportion to each person born during the census-year 1870 and surviving at the end of that year, was 34.64. The number of persons to each person so born and surviving in a selection of agricultural States without large cities, was about 31.50. The number in other States having a preponderance of cities averaged about 44. New York's proportion was 42.19; Pennsylvania's, 44.18; Massachusetts', 44.18. This would indicate a survival of persons born at the rate of about 25 per cent. in favor of agricultural districts as against cities. As regards deaths, again, while the proportion of deaths for the whole country is 1.28 per cent., the proportion for the agricultural districts falls a little below 1 per cent., and for the cities rises above 1.50 per cent. In the classification of deaths according to occupation (which, however, is palpably imperfect), we have 493,000 deaths in 38,500,000 persons of all conditions, and 51,000 deaths in 6,000,000 of agriculturists, showing the difference between 0.85 per cent. and 1.28 per cent. in favor of the agriculturists.

Upon this branch of the subject, General F. N. Walker, Superintendent of the Ninth Census, has some very pertinent remarks ("Report of the Superintendent to the Secretary of the Interior," Ninth Census, Vol. I., p. xviii and xix). He is speaking upon the general "Retardation of the National Increase," but the most of the considerations he adduces are such as apply chiefly to the populations of the towns, and from which the population of the country is pretty much exempt. "First, the retardation of increase in the colored population. To make up the total of 41,500,000 [expected population in 1870], we should have had to rely on the colored element for an increase of something like one million, which would have been their proportional gain in ten years, according to previous experience. This expected gain has been so far neutralised that we have instead but 438,179 as the increase of this portion of our population. *Drawn largely from the plantations, where their increase was natural, rapid, and sure, to cities and camps, where want, vice and pestilence made short work of the multitudes hastily gathered, inadequately provided for, and left for the first time to their own control, while so much of the impulse to procreation as depended on the profits of slave-breeding was withdrawn* by the abolition of chattelism, it is only to be wondered at that the colored people of the South have held their own in the ten years since 1860." "A fifth cause may be alluded to, namely, the notorious growth of habits of life in many sections of the country which tend strongly to reduce the rate of the national increase, and which, if persisted in, will make the showing of another census hardly so satisfactory as the present, even without a devastating war to account for the loss of hundreds of thousands in hospital and on the battle-field. No one can be familiar with life in the Eastern and Middle States generally, and in the Western cities, and not be aware that children are not born to American parents as they were in the early days of the country. Luxury, fashion, and the vice of 'boarding' combine to limit the increase of families to a degree that in some sections even threatens the perpetuation of our native stock. This tendency is not one that requires to be brought out by statistical comparisons. It is patent, palpable, and needs no proof."

I am not statistician enough to reduce all these several facts with mathematical accuracy to their precise force and bearing upon the question at issue; but I have adduced data more than sufficient to corroborate and confirm the general conclusion to which the tables given would naturally lead, that, while the population of the country increases at the rate of 2.23 per cent. per annum, the population of the towns increases at the rate of over 5 per cent. per annum, in excess moreover of extraordinary losses. In other words, that there is a steady drift of population to the towns, and a confirmed tendency on their part to aggrandise their numbers by draining off the population of the rural districts. This draining process (Mr. Boutwell to the contrary notwithstanding) is exhaustive, so long as the ratio remains as high as it now is, and is to be taken as the indication of a condition which is the opposite of prosperity.

It may be said, and truthfully, that special causes have tended to accelerate and intensify this movement of population in the United States. Beyond a doubt, events that have happened since 1860 in this country have contributed largely to disturb the equilibrium between town and country. In the South, the tendency towards town-life has been stimulated by (1) the flocking of the negroes to the towns, a phenomenon of universal occurrence; (2) by the disturbance of labor, which, by depriving country people of servants, drives them also to live in the towns. Elsewhere, the depression of the agricultural interests by high tariffs, depreciated currency, and inordinate taxation; the tariff stimulation of manufactures; and the moral (or immoral) influences of a state of war upon both men and women, have combined to increase the population of the towns at the expense of the country. Senator Sprague,* of Rhode Island, a man who thinks for himself, though his faculty of expression is defective, has said that the centralising tendencies of the day are virtually breaking up the old New England system of education and progress, which "depended upon and was acquired through a general distribution of property." Said he: "Everything is undergoing a rapid change. Villages are sapping the foundation of farms, towns of villages, cities of towns—everything is centralising. The laborer, the artisan, and even the director of these laborers, find the cost of living, the temptation to imitate the rich, so strong that the demands for education are relaxed. The laborer cannot afford his children time to go to the school. He cannot afford to deprive himself of compensation for the labor lost by school attendance. There is going on in New England an increase in the number of those who cannot read and write, and it is by no means confined to the foreigner. The greater proportion is found among the native born."†

But even were all these local and temporary causes removed, as it is to be hoped they will be in the course of time, the drift of population to the cities would be found to continue. It would be less excessive, perhaps, but still steady and permanent. It is, in fact, not simply a feature of our present anomalous national condition; it is not merely a characteristic of the civilisation of the United States. It is more

* In a speech in the U. S. Senate, July 1st, 1870.

† In confirmation of this it may be remarked that children in the New England cotton factories are worked *not less than* 12 hours a day. What school-hours have they?

than that: it is a trait of the common civilisation of the race, an ethnic movement, and one that disturbs every people familiar with the hum of steam-machinery. This, too, is a fact easily ascertainable from the statistics so assiduously collected by the governments of Europe.

The startling rapidity of the recent growth of the great cities and capitals of Europe has often been remarked upon; but this same excessively rapid growth is not confined to the capitals, but is common to all the towns, small as well as great. Thus the population of London, which was 2,362,000 in 1851 and 2,803,000 in 1861, was in 1871 3,252,000, an increase of 450,000, or 16 per cent. for the decade, the increase of the United Kingdom for the same period being only 8.9 per cent., or a little less than half the London rate. But this excess of ratio is not the case of London only. The aggregate population of the sixteen largest towns in England, next to London, was 2,495,000 in 1861, and 2,936,000 in 1871, showing an increase of 17.6 for the decade. In short, as the British census itself says,* "The population in urban districts in England and Wales has grown more than twice as fast as that of the rural districts (1.73 per cent. against .71), and very nearly the same percentage prevails in Scotland."

In France, the causes which accelerate the depopulation of the rural districts have not been so active as in England. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, a writer from whom I shall have to quote again, in a very interesting paper on the "English Agricultural Gangs," † says that this is due to several circumstances, and first because of the small proprietorship universal in that country, which "makes the peasant a fixture of the soil, and renders country life, in spite of its privations, more pleasant to him than the life of the cities; moreover, manufacturing industry is in several of our provinces still very far from having realised the progress which we have seen it make in England during the last forty years. These are the chief causes which maintain our rural population in a state of relative density when compared with that of the rural districts in England." But notwithstanding these, retarding causes, the drift is well established in France, and our author confesses as much. "Governments have unanimously resisted this emigration from the rural districts; orators and writers in abundance have exalted the happiness of country life; but these touching idyls have not been efficacious in restoring to the cottages any part of the population that is deserting them. Far from diminishing, emigration to the cities is accelerating."

I have not the statistics accessible upon which to found any pretence of accuracy in details with regard to the drift of population in Europe, but a careful examination of such data as I can command satisfies me that the population of the towns in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria, and Netherlands has increased twice as rapidly as that of the rural districts. What is the condition of things in regard to the other peoples of Europe I have not ascertained, nor was it necessary that I should do so, since the data given are more than sufficient to establish the operation of the general law, that wherever the use of

* I quote from Whitaker's Almanack, 1872.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*. 1st September, 1869, p. 113 et seq.

machinery predominates, or tends to predominate, there is an accelerated drain of population to the cities and towns, and a constantly diminishing ratio of increase in the population of rural districts. These proportions become much more formidable when, as we did in the case of the United States, we consider in the light of vital statistics the many circumstances to be overcome which are favorable to the increase of population in the rural districts, and adverse to its increase in the urban districts. Thus the vital statistics of Scotland (for 1868) show that "The greatest amount of births was in the mid-land (rural) districts; the largest amount of deaths and marriages took place in the town districts. . . . The deaths in the principal towns were 28.63; in the large towns 25.04; in small towns 21.71; and in the rural districts 17.32 per 1000: showing the baneful effect of the want of proper sanitary arrangements in the crowded districts."

These facts and the forces that control them deserve to be brought out with great distinctness, for the reason that there is a great deal of loose and inaccurate thinking in regard to the subject, and to the conditions surrounding and following upon this drift of population. Thus a very clear-headed, sober and careful man, a patriot too, one should imagine, Mr. Joseph Arch of England, has been for many months travelling, inquiring and planning how to promote a wholesale emigration from the rural districts of England, apparently through fear of the rustic laborer perishing by being overcrowded. If he had well weighed the facts attending the drift of population, it would seem as if he should rather have feared that the rural districts would suffer through the exhaustion of their necessary labor supply, as is now the case in so many districts of this country, and that his proper mission should be rather to equalise the population of town and country, or at most to encourage emigration from the towns instead of the rural districts. Thus too the *New York Nation*, a paper exceptionally well informed in statistics, and exceptionally able in presenting rational and conservative opinions, has for years been urging, in a series of very able and forcible articles, the necessity for the State to adopt a general policy of restricting the powers and reducing the functions of municipalities. Anything more impracticable than a project of this sort, in view of the fact that the drift of population tends constantly to augment the power and strengthen the influence of the towns, it is difficult to conceive.

The disproportionate growth of the urban districts in fact is beyond the power of legislation to check; and this will be readily admitted when it is seen that the *causes* which lead to this drift of population are permanent, constant, normal, and organic. As M. Leroy-Beaulieu remarks: "Let us hasten to say that *this phenomenon results from the nature of things*, and that to be astonished at it or deplore it is to be ignorant of the economical conditions of our time. The depopulation of the rural districts is not principally produced by artificial causes that can be combatted or destroyed. If in certain lands some accidental circumstances—the works of demolition or of reconstruction in large cities, the augmentation of the yearly military contingent—contribute to reduce the number of rural laborers, these are neverthe-

less no more than subsidiary causes." The active and permanent causes still remain, and these may be summed up as follows: (1) Increased facility of communication; (2) the greater variety of occupation offered by city life; (3) the inability of purely agricultural labor and agricultural industries to supply an adequate subsistence to those who depend upon them, and who yet are not willing to live as farm laborers used to live. In other words, and in brief, the farming class of laborers has been brought into competition with machinery, has been beaten, and is surrendering.

The greater facility of communication and the cheap travel and freighting of modern times, have operated in two directions to depopulate the rural districts. They have tended to diminish the amount and variety of agricultural employment by draining off from the farms agricultural products of all sorts in their crudest forms—raw materials which used to be more or less manufactured on the farms or in rural districts by hand, horse or water-power, but are now sent off to the cities to be manufactured from the raw directly into the ultimate finished product. Take the whole country east of the Alleghanies and not nearer than fifteen miles to large cities, and you will find that the wheat which used to be milled at home or near by, is now shipped from the farm as wheat and milled in the cities; the corn and rye and fruits which used to be made up into whiskey and brandy in the domestic copper still, are now sent to the cities to be steam-distilled; the fruits that used to be dried in the gardens or in the domestic dry-houses, are now canned in the great city establishments; the corn and hay which used to go to market on the hoof are now shipped in bulk; and even the cheese and butter are now manufactured in town centres by the great factories which have supplanted the old-fashioned dairy and spring-house. The case is the same with regard to the special industries connected with flax, hemp and tobacco. Moreover, the facility of communication has made the rustic familiar with the ins and outs, the ways and sights, the glamour and the fascinations of city life, without disclosing to him its burthens and hardships; and he returns to his dull, drained country and his diminished round of monotonous occupations with a sense of disgust and apathy.

If he goes to the city he is aware that it will cost him more to live; but he is encouraged to believe that he can more than make up for this by the higher wages and the greater variety of occupations which city life affords. There the females of his family can find suitable work as well as he, and the children, and his sources of income in this way seem to be doubled. Factories are opened on all sides around him, and the wages are a weekly certainty, not a monthly or semi-occasional dole.

And then, he *can* live better, according to such person's notions of living, than he could in the country. He does not have his vegetables so fresh, nor his milk so pure; but he does get fresh meat oftener, and a greater variety of other things to feed the mind as well as body. Night in the city is not a dreary pall that comes down after sunset, dimly pricked through with disconsolate stars. It is lamp-light, crowd, bustle, talk, sights to see, thoughts to exchange, excitements to keep one alive on with their continual friction.

Perhaps, too, his means are cramped in rural life in proportion as the round of his occupation is narrowed. For, be it remembered, the life of the farm-laborer is by no means what it was a generation or two ago. As M. Leroy-Beaulieu has remarked: "Formerly agricultural labor and the dependent industries were almost everywhere combined in the same spot and in the same hands. In the laborer's cottage the trade of the weaver was conducted also; the young peasant-girl plied her distaff while minding the cattle; the grandmother, when age prevented her from taking part in the rude toil of the fields, still contributed, thanks to her wheel, to the revenues of the family. Thus each day and each member of the domestic community had an appropriate task. Whether it was clear or rainy weather, occupations were permanent because they were diversified; when one employment failed, another one could immediately be taken up." For example, compare the old system of threshing with the flail with the present one by steam-machinery, thus doing in a day what formerly could not be done in two months. Compare the old-fashioned sheep-husbandry with the present one. Formerly, when a flock was sheared, the wool was washed at home, spun upon the domestic wheel, knitted into stockings, dyed, and woven into carpets or sent to the fulling-mill hard by to be made into cloth. All these industries have disappeared from the farm, ingulfed by the whirring spindles that make our huge brick factories a chief feeder to the modern maelstrom in which individuality goes down and is crushed into an indistinguishable jelly. But to continue with M. Leroy: "The progress of machinery and the development of industry on the large scale, have inflicted a sensible blow upon this old organisation of labor. After a savage struggle almost all the trades have abandoned the cottages; agglomerated industry has ruined dispersed industry. Reduced to his purely agricultural tasks, the peasant in spite of a noticeable increase in his wages finds himself in a more unfavorable position than formerly. It is for this reason that the rural populations decay, and agriculture in the moment of its urgent need finds itself deprived of an arm. In France this emigration from the country to the cities has so far not set in so intensely as in England. . . . In Picardy, Normandy and Lorraine, wool, and sometimes flax, are still woven in the cottages and bonnets made in the little hamlets. The peasants of Dauphiné weave silk in the intervals of field-work. A thousand other industrial pursuits, here the making of gloves, there that of embroidery or laces, occupy life in our villages. In England there is not an industry in which steam does not participate; not merely cotton, woollen and flax, but silk also, are woven only in factories; in hat-making machinery has taken the work away from the cabins; lace even, and embroidery, are to-day at Nottingham the subject of vast enterprise. Country operatives have become very rare. In many counties their absence is not so much felt on account of the increasing proportion of pastures and meadows; but in districts where the soil is devoted rather to the production of corn than the fattening of cattle, the agricultural gang system has had to be organised."

Now, no fact is more thoroughly established than this, that when a conflict has arisen between manual labor and labor by machinery,

manual labor goes down. Machinery in farm work is becoming more and more common, and the use of it must, in the nature of things, tend more and more to become universal. But as the use of machinery spreads, it constantly *dispenses with* a greater proportion of *intelligent labor*, by reason of its continually increasing ability to serve itself efficiently with labor of an inferior quality. The more intelligent labor will not compete with the less intelligent, but goes elsewhere, or changes its occupation. The effect of this therefore is not only to diminish the quantity of agricultural manual labor, but to make that which remains deteriorate in quality.

It is hence necessary for us not only to believe the causes which produce the drift of population to cities to be permanent, but also to feel that their operations need to be watched with solicitude. We must consider how society is likely to be affected by this condition of things, which is unavoidable; for only by intelligently observing and thoroughly comprehending these new conditions can we expect to adjust ourselves to them without jar and without injury. Without being obdurate optimists, it is perhaps still admissible for us to hope that that which is clearly inevitable need not be necessarily bad; or if the complaint upon diagnosis prove to be a disease, and more than that, an incurable disease, it may still be possible for us to lessen its rigor with palliatives, and retard its progress by a careful and appropriate regimen. In any case, whether we seek remedy or palliative, whether we aim at a mere temporary patching-up or a radical cure, the nature of the disease and its effects upon the economy must first be ascertained.

What therefore are likely to be the *political effects* of this drift of population to the cities? How is political society going to be wrought upon by it? Unquestionably, the most immediately noticeable tendency of this drifting of populations is to promote centralisation (already a danger right ahead of our republic); and it is equally beyond doubt that when individuality has been brayed in the mortar of centralisation, one of the new products most certain to come out is Communism, or some other of those manifestations of envy in which Socialism culminates. We do not want Communism yet awhile; but, even if we should miss getting that, we do not want centralisation yet awhile—indeed, we do not want it at all. Senator Sprague, in the speech above referred to, has summed up the meaning of centralisation in a few very pregnant though crabbed sentences: "Like all other forces, if great and constantly augmented, when superior, unless regulated and curbed, it becomes as it were the destroyer or subordinator of all other powers within its reach; and having absorbed all else, it has no further food to feed on and dies. In plainer words, the interests of the people and a country become absorbed and sucked up, and then there is nothing to feed on, and the existence so constituted ceases its growth and life from want. . . . With us as in France, these forces centralise, establish reserves, giving value to cities, poverty to surrounding lands. It is the same as if the Mississippi river and all the rivers of this continent were allowed to run into the ocean, without a return of rains to the land through the movement of the clouds, set in motion by the sun at the equator."

In an industrial point of view, the political equilibrium is nicely adjusted by the conflicts (ending in compromises always) between producers and consumers, between agriculture, commerce and manufactures. The resultant of forces thus composed gives us an adjustment usually equitable and as little injurious as any government interference can be. But weaken agriculture by the drift of labor to cities, and you weaken commerce *pari passu*; organised labor in the form of trades unions combines with organised capital in the interest of manufactures, and the spirit of protection is evolved; and this is no more than the consummation of class partialities. A conflict is inevitable between capital and labor at this point, and capital in order to win sows the seeds of political corruption broadcast. Communism is the correlative of protection; all Communists are Protectionists, and all Protectionists follow their theories into the *cul de sac* of Communism. This has been strikingly illustrated in the case of the late Mr. Greeley, most radical of Protectionists and most "advanced" of American socialists; and in the English High Tory "Seven points" (each of them communistic in tendency) which Mr. Scott Russell attempted to make the basis of an alliance between English Radicalism and Conservatism a year or two back. All these forces deploy naturally more or less upon the plane of political and social disorganisation. They are hurtful to the State, and it becomes the State to contend against them and against whatever tends to promote their efficiency and activity.

How then can the State contribute to retard the drift of population toward the cities? Effectively in no other way than by leaving to individuality its fullest scope, and to personal enterprise the clearest field of action. In other words, not by creating new laws, but by repealing old ones. The more that a State declines to be a State, the more it becomes the theatre of developed individuality, in which all qualities have fullest play, and nothing "that becomes a man" runs the risk of being starved and perishing. *Repeal* is a word that Americans are very slightly acquainted with, but it is highly important they should immediately solicit its intimacy. It is not hyperbole to hold with Buckle that all the good legislation of the nineteenth century has been in the merely negative direction of repealing some bad legislation of previous muddle-headed meddlers. If people could only be brought to comprehend that the proper way for a tub to stand is on its own bottom, there would really be some hopes of safety for the Republic. But can the world ever unlearn so much as all that implies? I dolefully doubt it.

The effects of this drift tendency upon the distribution of wealth deserve to be carefully studied. The nightmare of every hypertrophied community is the antagonism between labor and capital, and rightly so, for in proportion as population concentrates, capital accumulates and multiplies, and is attracted to the opposite pole from that about which labor organises itself. It follows from this, not (as many assume) that it is the interest of *capital* to oppose the causes which tend to concentrate and organise labor, for these same causes likewise tend to promote the accumulation of capital, but that it is the interest of the *community at large* to oppose them, and that too with

all the forces at its command. I am not one who looks upon large capital, nor upon concentrated capital, as an evil; on the contrary I regard it as one of the benignant forces of civilisation. But I am resolutely opposed to every act of the community which tends to foster and promote in positive ways the growth of capital, and that for the simple reason that the growth of capital unassisted is simply irresistible, and too rapid to be wholesome. Any one who thinks of how capital is perpetually renewing and adding to itself in a geometrical ratio in the mere process of interest-getting, cannot fail to recognise that legislation *for* capital is just as destructive in principle as legislation *against* capital is inoperative in practice. If my dollar is simply let alone and allowed to go on getting to itself sixpences, and these sixpences again getting to themselves three mills and fractions, it will not be long before my dollar will be able to gather to its service all the other dollars, and all which dollars can buy, in the world. This is a matter easily forgotten by those who in legislating to promote the organisation and concentration of labor, legislate at the same time and *ipso facto* to promote the accumulation and aggrandisement of capital. It is not too much to say that every act of Congress meant to raise the wages of operatives in manufactories has tended to increase and fortify the capital which employs them, nor is it extravagant to assert that every such act which has added ten cents to the per diem of spinsters and websters, at the expense of consumers generally, has added a million dollars to the coffers of Mr. A. T. Stewart, and at the expense of the consumers too. There are two classes of persons who profit by every monopoly: the class of capitalists who have their *direct* profit in it; and the class of capitalists who realise their *indirect* profit by it. It is of the essence of this class that they should be neither "bulls" nor "bears" in any definitive fashion, but simply *winners* all the time.

The influences of the drift of population upon the aggregate growth of communities are important to consider. Are we disciples of Malthus? Do we believe population to be a drug and man a nuisance and an encumbrance, because capital does not multiply in the same ratio as man increases? If we do hold such opinions, we must look upon the drain of people to the cities as an unmixed blessing; but if we hold the contrary view, we must think it an unmixed evil. For, no matter how rapidly the principles and humanities of public hygiene are developed, the causes which tend to increase the waste of human life in large cities are developed still faster. The mere fact that as cities grow, rents increase in a duplicate ratio to wages, and that over-crowding is a necessary consequence, is sufficient to thwart the utmost efforts of sanitary skill. The race increases less rapidly, and dies off more rapidly, in proportion as it is concentrated in urban masses. That is inevitable. Will the time come for all centres of population, as it has come perhaps already for some centres, when the waste exceeds the supply, and the hypertrophy is succeeded by anæmia and atrophy? It is a poor method of reasoning to argue from the imperfect and restricted civilisations of the past to the large and various civilisation of the present, but I cannot help recollecting how the elder cities, if what we know about them be correct—

Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, Rome — first gathered to themselves all the life and all the activities of the States of which they were centres, and having digested that and finding nothing else to feed upon, fed upon themselves and perished, the States perishing with them. Is the drift of population to our towns and cities a parallel case? Does it mark a backward stride of our civilisation?

It would seem as if the *morality* of masses of population could be better attended to than the morality of detached people — on a right principle of action — since the great sympathetic nerve of the crowd is far easier touched and played upon than the obscure filaments that run this way and that to the hearts of individuals. But the fact stands that the aggregated crowd is immoral, and the detached individuals moral. The family-tie, as society is now constituted, is the fountain of right ethics; but the triturations of close social collision, the influences of centralisation in breaking down individuality, have worn away the family-tie in cities until it is very thin and weak.

Here then in this matter of the drift of populations, we are brought face to face with new social problems, which seem to demand for their treatment the application of new social methods, or the renovation of old ones. Given a new phase to our municipal incubus, and new conditions to our agricultural establishment, how is society to readjust itself to them? The function of the State in the matter is very plain; it is summed up, as I have said, in the single word *Repeal*. Let the State persistently remove out of the way all sorts of artificial obstructions that it has laboriously placed, and let it henceforth practise the self-denial of resolutely saying: "None of these things are my business."

No further political action is required but this negative sort, and that is hard enough to do, for abstention is the highest, most difficult and rarest of all political virtues. But what further social action will and ought to ensue, is worthy the close study of political economists. Intelligent social action is needed, or the new condition of things will presently get to be simply intolerable.

For instance, to come to details and to matters which immediately concern ourselves, What is the South going to do in regard to the agricultural labor question, and in regard to the flocking of the negroes to the purlieus of the cities and towns? How is the general dearth of agricultural forces throughout the country to be counteracted? And how, as our cities increase in number and growth, are we to break up the current system of "ring" management, which by corruption and theft tends to make it impossible for municipalities to exist but by the imposition of intolerable burthens? "Reform" movements in cities are but temporary expedients, clubs to beat down the immediate present monsters, but of no account in preventing the recurrence of other monsters still more formidable. The "Grangers'" movement is a good sentimental affair, and no matter what its mistakes, will be beneficial by helping to remove some of the sense of inferiority that has attached to agricultural labor. But the "Patrons of Husbandry" cannot stay the tide, though they had power to drink up Esil or eat a crocodile. As for the negro problem — there is perhaps another drift may settle this, after many pains — but there's

old coil here, too. Ah—the prayer of Ajax should be the prayer of all good Americans in this juncture, Tyndall and Thompson to the contrary notwithstanding.

EDWARD SPENCER.

THE AMBASSADOR'S GHOST-STORY.

IT is something to have seen a ghost, and since so many ghost-stories are retailed from one witness to another till the link becomes only problematically reliable, I may come forward with some degree of confidence to tell a tale “as it was told to me” by the man who really saw the ghost. He was an old man when he told me the story, and had been long in the diplomatic service of a prominent German kingdom. He was a shrewd and witty person, who had made of society a study, and of conversation an art. Whether talking to a lowly or exalted companion, his demeanor was ever the same; and in the circles where I met him he was deservedly a general favorite. As a bachelor his position was still more agreeable, and indeed a country party was more eager to secure him as a guest than to entrap many a ponderous representative of far greater political powers. So it happened that one night at dinner, sitting next to the old *diplomate*, the writer heard the following story told with all the enthusiasm of a youthful reminiscence:—

You wish, said the ambassador, that you had seen a ghost? You would hardly care to see another if you had ever seen one. I remember my only experience in that line very well, though it happened nearly fifty years ago. I was quite a novice at my calling then, a raw recruit just come from college and turned over to the tender mercies of a *chancellerie*. I cared more for the social advantages of diplomacy than for its political preferment, and was more assiduous at evening parties than at my morning desk. I met several of my acquaintances from the University in the very first town in which I was stationed. Germany, you know, was more subdivided then than it is now, and there were plenty of petty courts at which to train young politicians and “bed out” embryo statesmen. Well, our young friends were never averse to an adventure, no matter of what sort—gallant or dangerous, mysterious or athletic, it was all one to them. We had heard a great deal of a certain tradition according to which the presence of a ghost was attributed to the castle of Ebersfeld, about twenty miles from our place of abode. The ghost

was a lady veiled and shrouded in black, who on one night of each year, the 29th of October, passed through the main banqueting-hall of the castle, though the doors were double-locked, and there was said to be no secret opening practicable anywhere, either behind the hangings or under the shields and weapons hung round the walls. The castle had been abandoned in consequence of this apparition, but was still in a perfect state of preservation. One old man stayed there as gate-keeper; he was said to remember the lady herself whose wraith had frightened the inhabitants away. The castle belonged to the reigning sovereign, who, however, cared little for a residence so unsuited to his rather "fast" tastes; and the old castellan made money quickly and hoarded it safely by showing curious tourists over the "haunted" pile.

We had our doubts as to the genuineness of the ghost. It was true that the history of the lady was darkly hinted to have been a fearful one: she had lived at Ebersfeld as wife, mother and widow, and in each relation had proved fatal to those nearest her in blood; unheard-of treasures were said to have accumulated under her management, and it was supposed that many persons had died under torture through her cruelty and rapaciousness. To this rumor added that numerous peasant families on the estate had been starved to death, or left to perish by the inclemency of the weather in their unroofed and miserable hovels.

On the 1st of October, as a party of us young men were sitting round the fire after a hard day's shooting in the "bachelor hall" of a keen sportsman of our acquaintance, we fell to imagining adventures and relating them as fast as we spun out the "yarn," crossing the thread of each other's disclosures with more startling details yet, or a wilder web of impossibility and grotesqueness. The neighborhood abounded in material on which to graft our fancies; for it was more haunted by elf and demon, captive princess and enchanted knight, than the very Rhineland itself. Frankenstein's monster was the type of the least thrilling tale to which we would deign to listen. Demon hounds were at a premium, and midnight wrestles with creatures worse than Caliban were quite favorite fictions. At last some one exclaimed: "Look! I see a castle in the fire—battlements, draw-bridge, moat and all, and fiery pennons waving from the wall; and there"—as a charred brand, black and dented, fell slowly across the blaze—"there is a lady in black passing through the halls!"

"Ebersfeld!" said one, suddenly. We looked at one another, all struck with the same idea. The fiery semblance of the castle was crumbling away, and we gazed at it in fascinated silence for a little while, till its glow disappearing, left the room almost in total darkness.

"Who will go with me to Ebersfeld on the night of the 29th?" suddenly asked the one who had seen the likeness of the castle in the fire. A chorus of voices answered him; not one would remain behind. Ebersfeld was only twelve miles away from our present tryst, and we could easily stay out of town till the 1st of November. Then our host, a wild, romantic young fellow, proposed that we should qualify ourselves for this novel quest by an appropriate ceremony. Each one accordingly seized a half-calcined brand from the huge pile

of wood smouldering on the hearth, and holding it aloft, stood up before the fire. In the other hand was a goblet of Hungarian wine ; and repeating after our host a formula to this effect, "I swear that neither man, woman nor fiend shall deter me from watching on the night of the 29th of October in the halls of the reputed ghostly *châtelaine* of Ebersfeld," we drained our goblets to the last drop in confirmation of our resolve.

No more was said about it till nearly the end of the month, though we had, some of us, our private suspicions as to the human agency at work in the annual ghostly visitation, and some a hardly acknowledged fear of trespassing upon the supernatural in a manner rather more abrupt than was quite agreeable. I confess I had some such sentiment myself ; but strange to say, the one among us who was most strongly possessed with this fear, as he afterwards owned to me, was a young man in the Austrian army, later on a dauntless and reckless soldier, who after several campaigns fell at the battle of Sadowa with the rank of a general and a score of medals on his breast.

Two of our party who were strongest in their suspicion of trickery, were despatched as the vanguard three days previous to the 29th, with full powers to bribe the old castellan to let them have their will in the haunted house, and strict injunctions to reconnoitre the place from garret to cellar, to discover if possible whether or not the ghost was a *bona fide* ghost. The rest of us were to follow in the afternoon of the day itself. It was nearly dark as we started, though it was not more than four o'clock, for the day had been foggy, and the pine forests on the road to Ebersfeld were very dense. We went without a single servant, determined not to risk the possibility of deception through their collusion with the old man of the castle. We were all mounted, and carried firearms, besides our provisions in hunting-pouches fastened to our saddles. As we rode along we every now and then sang in chorus snatches of college drinking-songs, and our host favored us once by declaiming in a lugubrious recitative a mediæval legend of a knight who, going on a quest somewhat like ours, was never heard of again until next year, when at the identical hour the spectre lady passed again in view of two watchers half dead with terror, bearing at her girdle the severed head of the rash knight.

Perhaps you think that this was a sorry preparation of our nerves for detecting an imposture, or even facing a real ghost ; but I believe that most of us enjoyed the concomitants of the adventure more than they cared about its professed aim, and I know to a certainty that our host's mania for reviving antiquated customs and bringing back a state of things more poetical than practical has since become notorious. At any rate none of us stopped to reason ; we had not spared the flasks of Tokay at our banquet before setting out, and we were too young to care to see things in any other than a romantic light. An hour and a half brought us to Ebersfeld, where we found our companions eager to receive us and give an account of their stewardship.

They told us that they had never let the castellan out of their sight for an instant, that they had made him lead them over every nook and corner of the building, that they had ruthlessly hunted away

or destroyed every owl and bat about the place, sounded every wall, examined every hanging, and made themselves absolutely certain that no trickery was possible. Moreover, the old man had volunteered to tell them all he knew of the "ghost," both in life and death, but they had deferred the revelation till the hour when we should arrive, that the whole party might be present to listen to and judge the tale. They had had plenty of wine sent in and a passable dinner got ready, though only of light things, so as neither to threaten us with indigestion or sleepiness in our momentous watch. This, with the canned and cold provisions we had just brought, we proceeded to attack at once. By eight o'clock, all traces of our meal having been cleared away and the horses sent into the adjoining village to be stabled, we sat down regularly to our watch, the castellan seated among us, eager to begin his story.

The banqueting-hall had no roof but that of the castle itself, its walls running up the whole height of the three-storied house; for about the height of a tall man it was paneled in mixed chestnut and oak, and above for twice that height was hung with loose tapestries, very much injured by moths, and almost wholly concealing the tall but damp and narrow windows. Above that all was bare rough stone, except in one corner, where a carved balcony bearing a shield with the arms of Ebersfeld projected the distance of three feet at the height of eighteen feet from the floor. Antique armor hung in various places, and two flags, taken in battle in 1562 from the army of the Prince of Orange (against whom the Germans of this principality were fighting as mercenaries), were placed crosswise over the huge fire-place, their immense and ragged folds harboring dust enough to have put out the fire had they been shaken over the blaze. There were only two doors to the hall, massive portals of oak, perfectly sound, eight inches thick and ten feet in height. These we double-locked, and moreover, much to the castellan's dismay, took the liberty of making fast by means of leathern thongs nailed from the panels to the moulding beyond.

Besides an old-fashioned table, innocent of the refinement of a table-cloth, but heaped with silver flagons of wine and bowls of lemons and sugar, there was no furniture in the hall save the rough stools on which we sat. We had placed lamps on the floor in all directions and in the balcony above, besides numerous wax candles on the table itself. The glare was almost painful, and certainly far from ghostly. We did not smoke. The old man, who seemed half afraid of us, and more so of the ghost, told us he had left off watching on the fatal night for the last seven years, and as the apparition never crossed any other part of the castle than this hall, he had hidden and locked himself away in the part most remote from it. Once, however, he was startled by a blaze issuing from the windows, though these were mostly hidden from the inside by the folds of the tapestry. That had only happened once within his recollection.

"Did you always *see* the figure, or only *feel* its presence?" asked one.

"Generally I only felt it; but when I have had others with me, I've always seen it distinctly," he replied. He then told us the story, as far as he knew it, of Caroline von Ebersfeld.

"She was born," he began, "about 1682."

"And you saw her!" we exclaimed, incredulously.

"Ay, I saw her, but I was a mere baby, hardly five years old; and as she died in 1755 at the age of seventy-three, and we are now in 1820, you see it is just possible that you, sirs, have seen in me a man who saw a contemporary of Louis XIV. Well, she was born, as I said, about 1682, and grew up very beautiful. Her maiden name was Scanderberg. She was, so my father has told me—for he was castellan here before me, and remembers her first coming here—very haughty and quick in temper, and also fearfully jealous by nature. My father was not castellan then, of course, for he was younger than the Fürstin Caroline, and was only a page of Count Ebersfeld. She was of much higher rank than her husband, but she had insisted on marrying him, having taken a violent fancy to him at the Court at Vienna; and as she was an only child, an orphan and an heiress, and he was a gallant and handsome gentleman, though no prince, she had her way. All her possessions came to him, but they were to descend to her second son, or failing more than one male heir, to her first daughter. If she had no children, the whole was to go back to distant relations of her own, except one fief, which she settled irrecoverably on her husband, no matter what contingencies might arise. The Count seemed well pleased with his bride, and they were a loving and gallant pair. Her wishes were his law, and as she seemed inclined to quiet domestic pleasures rather than dissipation, these wishes were seldom extravagant. First one son, and then another, and then a daughter were born to them, and no one dreamt that such a united couple could be made unhappy by any external cause. About five years after her marriage an old knight, a neighbor of theirs, died in very poor circumstances, leaving an only daughter twelve years old to the guardianship of our Fürstin, whom he called 'his gracious lady of mercy,' and who he said would be the fittest protectress for a maiden so forlorn, yet of gentle blood and unused to hardship. The young girl came, sirs, and a more beautiful child you never saw; for child she was—so small and waxen, with eyes like heaven's blue, and hair like fine-spun silk, all golden and wavy. She always wore white because her dead mother had vowed her to the Holy Virgin for fifteen years, the period, as you know, of the life of Our Lady before she became the mother of Our Saviour. At first the Fürstin was delighted with little Johanna von Felseneck, and let her play with the babies, and even have authority over them. We all loved the gentle girl; she was such a contrast to our lady herself, beautiful and splendid as she was, yet so imperious and inconsiderate. Johanna remained a child in size so long that she only seemed like the elder sister of the little ones, and our brave young Count used often to have her with him when he rode into the forest to cut down trees or make improvements. My father often led her pony on these expeditions, and indeed I think he soon felt for Johanna a different feeling than one generally has for a little child. So it went on till she was nearly sixteen, and the household all noticed that the Fürstin was less kind to her than before, and often spoke harshly to the poor orphan in the presence of the servants, as if to make the rebuke more

marked and the humiliation more galling. The Count often interfered in her behalf, but his wife would then cast a look at him that was very unlike the smiles and glances of her bridal days when she first came home with him to Ebersfeld. Well, I need not weary you with details, for it is getting late, and I have seen too much in this old hall not to prefer being silent as midnight comes on."

Here the clock outside boomed nine times with a sepulchral ring that echoed through the hall, and made us fancy that some vibration had struck the flame of our candles on the table. The old man looked anxiously at the door and went on. None of us had broken the silence by so much as an exclamation.

"I tell you enough," he said, "when I say that the Fürstin grew jealous of the poor girl under her charge, and thought that her husband was transferring his love to Johanna. Jealous people are blind to every evidence that does not tally with their prejudices ; and she *would* see the worst in the girl's most innocent actions. Johanna had left off wearing white now she was past fifteen, and even this our lady twisted into a design to attract the Count's notice. Everything was thus turned against her, and if the Count said a word for her, his wife was more cruel than ever to the orphan girl. At last Johanna herself, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow at an accusation so foul being made against her, found courage to entreat the Fürstin to marry her at once to any one, be he the meanest of her servants, and to let them leave Ebersfeld forever. The Count got to hear of this and was very angry. There was open war now between him and his wife. She really did lose his love, though not, as she had thought, by the treachery of a rival, but by her own wicked temper. In short, she wearied him out. She made her children hate their father, and taught them to think her ill-used by him. Her second boy was a fiery little fellow, only seven then, but, as I have heard, a little devil when he was roused. He had his mother's temper, and was her favorite. The other boy and the girl were puny children, as meek as white mice, with no will or ideas of their own. One could see the difference in their characters even then. The Count sent for his married sister to take away Johanna and protect her till a suitable match could be found for her, at least in rank if not in fortune. But the Fürstin raged and foamed. She referred to the old knight of Felsen-eck's will, which she had kept, giving the girl to *her* especial charge ; and she reminded her husband that by her position and by the terms of their marriage-contract she had a claim to absolute independence in anything not directly connected with the domestic affairs of the Ebersfeld family. He offered to give her back the fief she had settled on him irrespective of any emergency, if she would only consent to exchange for it the guardianship of poor Johanna. He was not wise in asking this ; poor, dear Count ! he was as frank and simple as the day. She thought he had some design in this, and absolutely refused to give up her ward ; she even threatened to appeal to the Emperor, nay, to the Pope himself. The girl was in her keeping till the age of twenty-five,* and no power on earth should make her give up her rights.

* Formerly, and in some places still, the legal age of majority on the continent of Europe.

"The matter rested here for a time. The Count was an easy-going man, but some things he could not brook. So one day when Johanna was nowhere to be seen in or around the castle, he peremptorily inquired for her, and was told by his wife that the girl had run away with a servant, and that she would not even pursue the disgraced maiden. But our lord knew better, and the household was all eager to help him to find out the truth. It came out after a while that a servant-girl had seen a horse in the courtyard one night, ridden by a man whose face she could not distinguish, and some large bundle had seemed to her to be lifted up before him on the horse by a tall woman's arms. The Count sent out a swift messenger to Scanderberg Castle, his wife's own patrimony, to make secret inquiries. There was reason to believe that Johanna had been carried there at first, but the messenger satisfied himself that she had at any rate been removed since. It was obvious that Scanderberg was likely to be searched, and precautions must have been taken accordingly. The messenger learnt that there was a convent of canonesses near the castle, and that two sisters had started for Prague a fortnight before. On the strength of his own suspicions, he left for Prague and told his story in confidence to the archbishop. His Grace promised to investigate the matter, though of course he would express no opinion. Count Ebersfeld now left home and followed his messenger to Prague, having heard from him of the progress of his quest. My father told me that the Fürstin grew worse than ever after that, morose, imperious, cruel even, but there seemed a kind of saturnine contentment about her that did not tell of any anxiety for the success of her plans, whatever they were. Every search, every effort at Prague was unavailing, and while the Count sent his man back to watch the convent at Scanderberg, he himself prepared to leave for Vienna and tell his tale to the emperor. The day before he left a funeral took place, not from the canonesses's convent, but from that of the Augustinian nuns. He made inquiries of the abbess herself, evidently a most kind and virtuous woman, who told him with tears in her eyes that the girl they had just buried within their own cemetery was a beautiful, fragile, child-like creature of eighteen, who had come to them a month before, perfectly friendless, nearly starved and in rags, saying that though she dared not tell her whole sad story, she could say that she had at the peril of her life escaped from cruel enemies, and only had sought this shelter that she might at least die in peace. The description tallied with the appearance of Johanna. She had neither papers nor any sign about her by which she might be recognised, and had never said a single word more about her history. She had never rallied but had grown weaker and weaker, till at the last she had asked as a crowning favor to be buried in the habit of the order and within their cemetery. The nuns firmly believed her to have been a pure and unfortunate maiden, persecuted by cruel, unchristian foes, and worthy of their utmost sympathy. They had complied with her last requests and laid her to rest among their own dead sisters. The only name she gave was Maria, and she seemed to be a gentlewoman by birth, and to have been tenderly reared. The Count came to the conclusion that this poor victim must be Johanna, and sad and disheartened, he

abandoned his project of going to Vienna. Not knowing what to do, he suddenly levied a troop among his own retainers and went off to the Netherlands, where the French and English were then fighting. He joined the English troops, and for a long time no one at Ebersfeld heard anything of him. Once he sent a letter to the Fürstin by a messenger, and she detained the man, who was one of the Count's troopers. He was made away with in some mysterious way; the servants all thought he was murdered, and my father told me so himself. The children grew up wild and uneducated; the younger boy was rough and cruel, like his mother, but a capital horseman, an expert swordsman, passionately fond of hunting, and as handsome as the Fürstin when she first came among us. When he was only fourteen, he was as tall as a man and as strong as a horse. Many of the household had dropped off, some had died, some had left in disgust; the affairs were going to ruin, and the rents were seldom paid in. The Count wrote again, this time to the parish priest, complaining that no remittances were sent to him, and begging him to speak to our lady. He was afraid to do so, and wrote back to this effect, giving an account of how things were going on. It was ten years from the day that he had left Ebersfeld (and nearly twenty since his marriage), that he arrived suddenly before the castle gates, with his armed retainers. He was very much changed; hard lines on his face told of dissipation and drink, his temper was soured, and report whispered that his character was far from spotless. His courage, however, was undisputed, and he had won his laurels gallantly in the wars. He sent a message to his wife to meet him in this very hall with his sons and daughter. The Fürstin came, arrayed in her queenliest robes, and despite the twenty years added to her age and the hard expression on her dark face, she looked almost as beautiful as before. But she met him proudly and coldly; and when he turned to his children, he saw fear and loathing depicted on their countenances. He could not help admiring his younger son Conrad; but after saying a few words, which the latter but rudely acknowledged, he addressed himself to his wife again. He told her in stately, measured tones, as if speaking to a distinguished stranger, that he had come to take his eldest son, the heir of Ebersfeld, with him to the Court of Vienna, and that he hoped the Fürstin would in the future administer the estate better than heretofore. To help her to do so, he would place a worthy man as 'intendant' or steward of the property, with instructions how to manage the Ebersfeld moneys; as to the Scanderberg possessions, he never intended to touch them with his little finger. Our lady acquiesced with a low and stately courtesy, and calling her sons to follow her, left the hall. She soon sent a message to the Count that a banquet would be ready for him in two hours, at which she craved his company. They met again in silence, and the solemn meal progressed, till at last the mighty potions of wine in which the Count indulged overpowered him, and he was borne senseless to his former bridal-chamber. The Fürstin remained alone with him through the night, but in the morning he did not reappear. She sent a message to his troop to the effect that their lord, being indisposed, had decreed that they should proceed to Vienna in advance under the command of his eldest son,

Count Ernest. The poor youth, bewildered and terrified, himself confirmed the order, and showed such anxiety to be off that before sunset the whole troop had departed. Rumor had spoken of a beautiful female companion of our lord whom he had prudently left behind him in the village. The Fürstin astonished every one by sending a courteous message to this girl, together with a gift of flowers, inviting her to come to the castle. A litter was sent to transport her here. She came, and went up at once to the room where the husband and wife had retired the night before, and which had remained ever since inaccessible to any one save our mistress. The girl disappeared behind the heavy folding-doors, and only a quarter of an hour afterwards a fearful but instantly smothered shriek startled all those who were within hearing of this room. Food was sent up during the course of the evening, but was received at the anteroom door by the Fürstin herself, and no one could catch a glimpse of the interior of the vast bedroom. Three days passed, when a great commotion was excited by the return of the young Count Ernest, stripped of his gay clothing and bound on a sorry horse between two mounted brigands, followed by a band of twenty more, who peremptorily demanded a heavy ransom for his person. They held their pistols close to his head until the money was delivered to them; and the unhappy young man confirmed their report, stating that, lured by a gypsy-girl, he had sauntered a little way from his escort and been set upon and captured by the robber-band. The quickness with which the ransom was paid suggested to every one at the castle the idea that the Fürstin had suborned the gang to play this evident farce. Moreover, some hinted that Count Conrad was not quite unconnected with the affair, and his absence on a solitary hunting expedition during those eventful days was not thought a token of innocence in the matter. It was well known that the Fürstin wished Conrad to inherit Ernest's patrimony in addition to his own, and Ernest's residence at Vienna would have brought his claims into too wide notice to suit her views. Crestfallen and bruised, the poor youth became once again the cypher he had ever been, and interest centred anew round what was believed to be the death-chamber of our lord. The beautiful girl no one saw for a week, but it was whispered with terror among the servants that a face of unearthly horror had been dimly seen for an instant in the window of an upper room adjoining that where the Fürstin was entrenched. Some said it was the foul fiend announcing the death of the Count, but others said it was the distorted face of a woman, and that by some dark arts the girl's beauty had been destroyed and turned into loathsomeness. Such things, they said, had been heard of.

"At the end of the week, a priest, a doctor, and a lawyer were sent for simultaneously, all from a considerable distance. The messenger who went for them was beside himself with fear, almost idiotic, but he *did* remember the place from which he brought them. It was a little town, fifty miles from here, called Lagen, and he found the three all together in one house and evidently in readiness. They entered the sick room together, and remained there about six or seven hours. The doctor stayed through the night. Early in the morning,

at three o'clock, while it was still quite dark, he came out and announced that the Count was dead. He had died from the effects of a fit brought on by his intoxication the first night of his arrival. So ran the tale. No one believed it. It was the night of the 29th of October."

The old man paused and looked fearfully at the door. No one spoke for many seconds, but at last one of us asked briefly:—

"And what followed?"

"The next day," said the castellan, beneath his breath, "he was buried with great pomp, but hastily, and no one saw his face in the coffin except the Fürstin and her three friends. They laid him in his own family vault in the chapel here; but that was not the worst. Perhaps it was really inadvertence, perhaps a refinement of cruelty, but two years later, when the coffin was opened that the body might be enclosed in a richer one, the corpse was found in the most ghastly contortions, the shroud was rent, the hands and feet had had the nails torn out of them, the face, hardly recognisable, was still evidently distorted, and there was every reason to believe that our unfortunate lord had been buried alive, and had returned to consciousness for a few hours of lingering agony within his living tomb."

This was a horror for which none of us was prepared, and we scarcely dared gaze at each other as the castellan paused once more. The clock struck ten.

"After the Count's death," began the old man again, "a will was made known to the household, by which he was said to leave Ebersfeld and all his patrimonial estates to Count Conrad, with a portion or allowance reserved for Ernest, to be doubled if he consented to take holy orders, and a dowry left to his daughter, who was to enter a convent as soon as she should be of age. I need not tell you whose fabrication this document was, and who were the convenient instruments used in its forgery. The household was but small now; many were rough and doubtful persons, appointed by the Fürstin, and shunned by my father and the other old servants, but even the latter were too timid to be of any use as a counterpoise. The Fürstin made herself not only feared, but *felt*. No one displeased her long, and no one cared to incur, even for the shortest space, a displeasure likely to be so fatal. Of the wretched girl I have mentioned, nothing was ever heard for a quarter of a century. Some thought she was murdered the night that shriek was heard, and her body mysteriously made away with; others, impressed with the story of the apparition of the horrible human face once seen at the window, believed that she was kept a prisoner in some secret place known to their dreaded mistress alone, and fed by herself just enough to keep her mind alive to the horror of her position. The truth was not known till many years after. The Fürstin wore the deepest mourning for seven years; she was still a beautiful, stately woman, but her rule grew worse from year to year. You may have heard, sirs, of her hoarding treasure and torturing her peasantry; that is an exaggeration. But she *did* use them with the greatest rigor, turned them out of house and home on the slightest pretext, raised their rents, oppressed them in every way, even refusing all aid to such as begged at the gates for broken vic-

tuals or cast-off clothes, as if she took a pleasure in their misery for mere innate cruelty's sake. Her daughter drooped and pined under her cold, unkind treatment, and died before she was twenty; her money fell to Count Conrad's inheritance. Count Ernest became more craven and wretched than ever, though he refused to the last to profane his religion by taking holy orders, for which he knew he was unfitted. One day, five years after his father's death, he was stung into more manliness than he had ever shown, by some sarcasm of his mother's, and he actually threatened to appeal to the emperor against his father's will, which he said every one in the castle knew to be no genuine document. He was very near his majority then, and one or two of the servants had fired his mind with an intention of resisting his mother's unjust rule. But he paid dearly for it. The Fürstin had often before shown how little she cared for Count Ernest; she despised him for the very weakness which she herself had purposely fostered, and the fierce love of her nature, warped by her fatal jealousy of her husband, had centred itself on Count Conrad, the haughty, insubordinate, tigerish boy. A month later poor Count Ernest was laid by his father's side; the same doctor who had appeared then was present once more, and freely gave out that the young man had caught a cold in the damp autumn forests (it was well known that the pineries of our country are the most healthy of woods), which his constitution was too consumptive to throw off. Every one remembered what had happened five years since, and they shook their heads in silence at this lame explanation of their young lord's death. No one dared rebel, however, and again the diminished family circle grew as quiet as before. The same things went on, the Fürstin's temper grew devilish, the young Count took to drinking and vice, and the castle became a perfect hell. After another two years, the mother and son began to quarrel; an ill feeling suddenly grew up between them, the Fürstin declaring that he meant to murder her in order to be lord of Scanderberg at once, and he swearing that she was possessed by the devil and ought to be shut up in a convent to save the family name. He drank more and more, but always alone, and the wine seemed to make him melancholy-mad rather than furious. He had fits of gloom that would last for days. His health was rapidly giving way, and what strength or beauty he had left he squandered among wicked women. His mother had formerly encouraged this, to keep him from marrying during her life-time: she feared the adverse influence of a young wife. At last one day they had a worse quarrel than ever, and that very night Count Conrad died from a rush of blood to the head. So ran the tale this time. They said the drink had done its work; but as he died only half-an-hour after his supper, which he had taken alone with his mother, the story looked dark to eyes so accustomed to horrors.

"After this the Fürstin became in a manner insane, raved for days, and had to be watched lest she should attempt her own life; but she often had lucid intervals, during which her temper was more fiendish than ever. She was cured eventually, but remained a morose, passionate, vindictive woman—worse every year as she grew older; so much so that the household melted away, and only the ghost of the

former lordly retinue was left at Ebersfeld. Many lonely years went by, and the castle was as much avoided as if it was the house of Blue Beard, till one day a change came over its terrible mistress. She was alone in her dressing-room, her waiting-woman in attendance outside in a little slip of an anteroom, when a stifled cry and a heavy fall were heard almost simultaneously. The woman was at first afraid to go in, but a suppressed moaning coming from the dressing-room at last emboldened her, and she opened the door. The Fürstin lay prone on the floor, with her black velvet draperies, looking startlingly like a funeral pall, spread over her. Her face was hidden. The woman spoke to her. For a moment her mistress did not answer; and as the maid, struck by the peculiar smell in the room and the strange appearance of something on the dressing-table, was moving towards it, the Fürstin, without raising her head, said: 'Do not touch anything, Annette, and give me some warm rose-water at once.' The girl did as directed, and when with a strong effort the Fürstin raised her head, Annette was so terrified that she let the basin and its contents fall from her hands. The Fürstin's face was one hideous mass of eruptions, her beauty gone forever, and even her eyes closed over as with a crust; a gunpowder explosion could not have had a more terrible effect. She told the maid that some deleterious powder had been carelessly left among her *rouge* and rice-powder boxes, of which she always had of late a wonderful assortment. But the effects were permanent. Doctors' remedies relieved the pain, but the eruption never disappeared, and from that day no one ever saw the Fürstin's face again until she lay in her coffin; she wore always an impenetrable veil, sometimes even a slight crape mask under that. She lived for twenty years in this state. I often saw Annette, the maid, and used to drink in, in childish greed of horrors, the ghoul-like tale, as it seemed to me then, of our lady's misfortune. It was an understood thing among the servants that she had by mistake been handling some of the poisons of which she was so skilful a manipulator to the prejudice of others, and that this was a just vengeance from Heaven. When I was a little frisking boy I have seen her in this very hall stand by the fire as if in a dream, tall, dark, clad all in black, and her gaunt fingers sparkling with gems. She used to sit here all night on the anniversaries of the death of her husband and her sons; her daughter she never seemed to remember. Once she spoke of Johanna; it was three days before she died. She was not ill, but somehow she knew that she would die. She was asked if she would see the priest who had attended the Count; she shuddered and said 'No. But the poor old parish-priest of whom I told you before, she consented to see. She called my father, who was castellan then, and before those two she said that she wished a sum of twenty thousand crowns to be sent to Johanna von Felseneck, if still alive, at the priory of the 'Red Sisters' in Bruges. Her hearers looked at each other as if a ghost had suddenly risen before them. She then said, with a cold but not sneering voice, 'I know you all suspected me of murdering Johanna: I did not, but I sent her where she would not trouble me again; and if she is still alive, find her out and let her accept this reparation. You are both witnesses and trustees of this

will of mine; I want no lawyer to effect it. On any other subject I have nothing to say. My will leaves this castle to the sovereign of the little State, and Scanderberg goes back to my own relations.

"The old priest was with her alone for several hours, and stayed till she died. Her death was as strange as her life. Though a Catholic, she steadily refused the sacraments of the Church, and the poor good priest looked inexpressibly shocked and grieved when the servants questioned him later about their lady's spiritual fate. He would never give any opinion, but it was evident he feared very much for her soul. She distinctly said, five minutes before she died, that for a hundred years to come her ghost would haunt Ebersfeld on the night of the 29th of October, and that the form of the apparition would be the passing of her spectre from end to end of the banqueting-hall. She died in the same room whence her husband's body had been carried out more than thirty years before. They buried her in the chapel, near the Count and her children. Suddenly, as the coffin was being lowered, a woman pushed through the crowd and laid a cross of evergreen leaves on the velvet pall. She was in black, and veiled. It turned out to be the poor girl, the Fürstin's rival, who had come with the Count, and been so graciously and unaccountably summoned to the castle by our lady. When she raised her veil it was seen that her face was one mass of eruptions, as the face of the corpse which had just been hidden away from human sight. She said that immediately on her arrival, and after she had been allowed to speak a few words to the Count, her hostess had graciously presented her with another lovely bouquet, more fragrant and beautiful than the one she had sent to her by the litter-bearers. She had no sooner put the flowers to her face to enjoy their sweet smell than she felt her skin burning, her eyes blinded, and horrible pains shooting through her head. When she rushed to the mirror, her face was one mass of loathsome sores. Here she was kept for a fortnight, fed by the Fürstin, who would mock and exult over her, and every now and then present her to her dying husband as a fit object of his guilty love. She was smuggled away at night, and was glad enough to leave the neighborhood. For years she had continued to lead a bad life, but at last remorse took possession of her, and she found a refuge in a community of holy sisters, who allowed her to help them in nursing the sick. She had come to a town within twenty miles of Ebersfeld with some sisters who were going to found a house of their order, when she heard of the Fürstin's death, and determined to give her former persecutrix one silent mark of her forgiveness, even though that mark should speak but to the dead. And that is all I know, sirs. The Fürstin did come back as she foretold, and every 29th of October it has been so, till now no one cares to live here, and the castle has grown as deserted as an old owl's rest."

"And Johanna?" we asked.

"Johanna was found at the 'Red Sisters' house, and she lived for many years after the Fürstin. She was not a nun, but a very devout and holy woman, living by special permission in the cloister. The poor young girl who died at Prague was, you see, another unhappy victim, probably with a history just as sad as this poor orphan's.

The 'Red Sisters' knew nothing of Johanna's history at the beginning, except that she was given into their charge 'out of kindness to the girl'; but when later on she found courage to tell them her story, they adopted her at once as the child of the convent, and promised to protect her against all comers. And now, sirs, it is past eleven."

We were all impressed with his tale, and with the solemnity of the coming hour. Little was said for many minutes. The candles were half burnt out, but the lamps were still as bright as ever. We could distinctly see the nailed thongs of leather fastening the doors, and we even went on a supplementary round to satisfy ourselves that no secret opening in panel or arras could yet lend itself to a skilful deception. The wine was hurriedly passed around again. Most of us were standing. The wind rustled in the wide chimney, and the tattered flags swayed gently for a second or two. Then all was still, save a solitary owl, whose hoot we could distinguish at regular intervals outside in the ivy tower. He had probably come back to his old haunt after the morning's raid made by our companions. Another pause, and the great clock in the outer hall began to toll midnight.

Our eyes were nailed to the door; it was yet closed fast. *Six, seven, eight*, all in booming tones like a tocsin bell, but no figure came; *nine, ten, eleven, TWELVE!*

A cold rush of air, the lights sway and dim, and a figure, tall, gaunt, and shrouded in black, passes slowly through the hall from door to door. Her face is hidden; how or by what, no one could afterwards tell. Her form was graceful and stately, though so skeleton-like, and we fancied that the glimmer of rings on a thin white hand was vaguely discernible.

One of us, bolder than the rest, rushed to the further door to intercept the awful spectre. We saw him go right up to her, touch her, and — *pass through her*. At that moment she vanished, and he, staggering for a moment like a man who is shot, fell suddenly forward. When we were sufficiently recovered to go to him, he was in a dead swoon.

We went as if in a dream to feel the doors and fastenings. They were as immoveably fixed as before; nothing human could have got through them. We could swear to it that the doors did not open by so much as a hair's-breadth. The candles seemed to us to burn with a deadened light, and there was an unearthly clamminess about the atmosphere. We shivered as we poured the remainder of the wine hastily down our throats and felt no glow from its effects. We drew nearer the fire in silence, replenished it, and tried to talk. Conversation died away in sickly whispers; it was but a ghastly mockery to attempt it. Our companion revived after half-an-hour, and when questioned, only shook his head, saying: "She breathed on me as I touched her, and I felt as if the very marrow in my bones were turned to ice."

The castellan was very thoughtful. We asked him in a low voice how it was that this room, and not her husband's death-chamber, was haunted. He said that it had always been believed that it was during the banquet she had prepared for him in this room, the first

night of his arrival, that she had put into his wine the poison whose nicely calculated effects only killed him a week later. After a while we tried to sleep, simply lying on the rugs spread about the hall, but with most of us it was a troubled sleep, a mere pretence. We could not rest there, yet there was some fascination which kept us in the place, and we never dreamt of dispersing to more comfortable quarters. We did not breakfast at the castle next morning; we had seen too much to care about mingling common reminiscences with our supernatural experience, and we rode off in silent groups of two and three back to our host's house.

Next week we went back to town, but instead of boasting of our adventure, as we had meant to do, we "hushed it up" as much as possible. Perhaps you think that the wine and the solemn preparations we had made, and the long, dismal tale of the old castellan, all predisposed our minds to fancy that we saw the ghost of Caroline von Ebersfeld in this lonely hall of her deserted castle. I can only tell you the facts and let you think what you please. As I said before, the one whose nerves were most shaken by the anticipation of seeing the spectre became a brave soldier and died a hero's death in battle; and the one who was most reckless and incredulous was the same who fell down in a dead swoon when the icy breath of the spectre touched him — was *myself*.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

A LETTER.

ALL day long I've been sitting and thinking
 All the manifold thoughts that roll
 Through the infinite depths of the human soul,
 Running along the gamut of change
 From that quaint little red-bird that sits there winking
 At me with its queer little, bright little eye,
 Perched on a swinging branch of the elm,
 To musings deep and yearnings high,
 And all the myriad forms that range
 Through Fancy's infinite realm.

* And twice or thrice there has come to me,
 As I dreamed my dream and mused my musing,

A thought that has pierced through the panoply
 Of arrogance, self-esteem and folly,
 My inmost being interfusing
 With a profoundest melancholy;
 And I've turned away from the strife outside,
 The noise and riot and anger and pride,
 The hearts that bear and the hearts that break,
 And all the vanity, woe and ache —
 In short, from this whirligig of confusion —
 Turned to find myself a mistake,
 And my life one long delusion.

What do you think, my calm-eyed friend,
 Sitting away from me there in the hills,
 Resting awhile on your oars, and knowing
 Peace and rest and the joy that fills
 Your heart with its placid overflowing,
 As if from a spring that shall know no end
 As it hath known no beginning —
 What do you think? Is this life below
 The vestibule, the portico
 Of a larger land that we shall know
 When we have left off sinning?
 And spurning from us this house of clay,
 Do you think we shall spring above one day,
 At a bound the portal winning?
 Or are we, as I sometimes think,
 Within one iron circle bound,
 Condemned the same eternal round
 To tread in one shape or another;
 Forever verging on the brink
 Of a vast expanse that cheats us ever;
 Compelled our loftiest hopes to smother,
 A barren seed in a barren ground
 The soul's supreme endeavor?

Ah, my friend, you have looked on life
 With earnest eyes, and your true heart knows
 All the bitter woe of the strife,
 All the agony, trouble and pain
 Of the soul that feels that the strife is vain
 To win one joy from the hand of Fate,
 To gather one garland of cool repose
 For the tired brows that watch and wait
 And labor unto the end;
 And you too know that in spite of this,
 The soul whose possibilities

Are more magnificent than life,
 More infinite than death,
 Must press on still, though the victor's wreath
 Come not to the head that is bowed beneath
 The burden of the strife.
 And the faith and hope and truth which lend
 To your eyes that calm content, my friend,
 Find sometimes a faint echo too
 In this sad heart that yearns for you—
 Yearns to lay down the warlike guise,
 The battered helm, the useless sword;
 Yearns for calm, for rest, for peace,
 For love's reward and pain's surcease;
 Yearns to see with bodily eyes
 The kingdom of the Lord.

You, my friend, who are resting yonder,
 Hear a message from me who lie
 Under this pitiless summer-sky,
 Dreaming of you as the swallow dreams,
 With a fierce unrest and a yearning wonder,
 Of pleasant lands where his mate hath fled—
 Lands of valleys and meadows and streams—
 Dreams and dreams uncomforted,
 And still must lie with his broken wing
 Far from her, and the fleet winds bring
 From skies that shelter her darling head
 Odors and charms, till all life seems
 Without her such a worthless thing;
 And I, too, dream and long for you,
 Yet knowing all the while,
 Betwixt your quiet life out there
 And this fierce, turbulent stream of care
 Washing and surging around the isle
 Of my life,—these clouds that rain no dew,
 These suns that do not smile,—
 A gulf is fixed as wide as that
 Which erst did span the distance o'er
 From that lost soul on the nether shore
 To where, far past the utmost blue,
 The shriven beggar sat.

But still my soul can pass the bar,
 My spirit span the gloom,
 And these high thoughts that haunt me are
 Seeds of a fairer bloom,

Soon to soar past the furthest star,
To sound the deepest tomb;
And still, though seas between us roll,
The true heart seeks its wonted goal:
Not face to face, but soul to soul
We stand this summer night,
And the rare alchemy of love
Transmutes all common things that move
Around, below, beside, above,
And crowns me with delight,
Till almost through the gloom I see
Your eyes' soft charm illumine me,
And thrill through all my frame to hear
Your voice and feel your presence near.

Your voice—ah me, how often now
On other ears its tones will fall!
Your eyes—how oft they will endow
Far other answering eyes with all
Their rare, sweet wealth of smiles!
Your presence—many another heart
In that new home with magic art
It now from care beguiles!
And I, if not forgotten quite,
At doubtful intervals (perhaps
Just before sleep your being wraps
In some long balmy night)
May come, a momentary guest,
A shadow in your hours of rest—
Something to think of when
For one brief space the outside world
Its busy pilgrim tents has furled,
And then forget again!

Well, be it so; but still, I think,
Between us some mysterious link
Shall hold, and through these summer days
My soul in vague, unconscious ways
Shall bring some witness of herself,
Which sometimes from your memory's shelf
You may take idly down, or look
Between the pages of your book,
And see some word which shall recall
The friend who, far away,
Thinks of you always throughout all
His life's long, weary day.

Ah me, full well do I know that far
 Beyond the reach of the failing hope
 Those grand eternal destinies are
 Which once I dreamed my life's proud scope
 Should conquer and achieve.
 And what was I that my eyes should look
 Beyond the page of the written book
 Of daily labor penned for me,
 And with threads of a pale infinity
 Such gossamers should weave?
 And yet, and yet—ah, surely these
 Proud longings, hopes, aspirings high,
 These dreams of golden palaces,
 These echoes of strange minstrelsy,
 Haunting me with their dim delight
 Between the watches of the night,
 Through all the dull toil of the day,
 Tell of a glory far away,
 A land where purged spirits stray,
 Where this my soul her inner life,
 Evolving out of pain and strife,
 Might know a truer revelation;
 Her dreams fulfilled, her joy made sure
 Forever, in that full and pure
 And perfect consummation!

Alas! the difference between
 The homes we gild with fancy's sheen
 And those whose earth-built walls enclose
 Our real joys and loves and woes!

 Ah, if we only knew
 The glory that we throw away!
 The truth and beauty day by day
 Growing less beautiful and true,
 As shadows of our discontent
 With their transparency are blent;
 If we could see how every hour,
 Beneath the poisonous Upas-trees
 Of false desires, still smaller cower
 Our wasted opportunities,
 Surely we then would leave each doubt,
 Nor count the *ifs* nor ask the *whys*,
 Before our long revolt wear out
 The patience of the skies.

Yet still my soul, unrestful, longs
 For something more than she has found,

Still haunts her loftiest, sweetest songs
A want unfilled, a love uncrowned !
O Thou whose thoughts are deep,
Far past our mortal finding-out,
I pray Thee stay this restless doubt,
These thoughts that long and weep !
Choose Thou for me : into Thy hand
I give my life, nor seek to know
These things so hard to understand,
For it is better so.

Once more, then, leaning out beyond
The blank leagues that divide our faces,
I think how faith's eternal bond
Holds through all change of times and places ;
And something of that sweet repose
Of yours, that perfect golden calm,
Through the long, empty distance flows
Around me like a stream of balm.
I seem to feel that rest and peace
Which all your nature gives to mine,
And all doubts pass, and all pains cease,
As through*the dark your dear eyes shine ;
And so the narrow path I tread
By some strange charm is glorified,
And through green fields all pansy-spread
I seem to wander by your side
What though it pass as all dreams pass ?
What though the vision be no more
In truth than shadows on a glass
Cast from an ever-shifting shore ?
The dimmest dream that comes to man
Has in it some strange vagrant hint
Of truth, whose far on-reaching plan
He cannot grasp : the faintest tint
That dyes the flower, by subtlest laws
Is wedded to that glorious burst
Of perfect color whose deep cause
Dwelt in that wondrous sun which first
Arose upon the sleeping earth
When all the morning-stars did sing,
And in the flush of nature's birth
Life subtly crept through everything.
And though I am not with you now,
And though we never walk again
Together as of old, I trow,
Not quite for naught, not all in vain,
Our comrade-steps have trod those bye-gone ways,
Our hearts grown side by side throughout the vanished days.

And so, my friend, I turn this page,
And come to you there in your cool retreat,
With no wild thoughts that chafe and rage
And in impetuous surges beat
Against the iron shores of Fate,
But with calm eyes that trust and wait;
And seeing that of all earthly things
Both bad and good the end is best,
Bid my vexed spirit fold her wings,
Through barren places seeking rest,
No more to roam, but in obedience sweet
Bow the tired head and stay the wandering feet.

BARTON GREY.

THE DESTROYERS OF THE LATE CONFEDERACY.

SOME of the patriotic citizens of Georgia determined to establish at Atlanta a branch society of the Southern Historical Society. To give interest and success to the Society, they invite Mr. Hill to deliver a speech before the Society and the public generally, at its inauguration. Mr. Hill attends accordingly, and delivers a speech before the assembled multitude, commencing as follows: "Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen." Of course, neither the Society nor the "Ladies and Gentlemen" are responsible for the utterances of Mr. Hill. He assumes accordingly all their responsibility by writing out and printing his speech. Whether good or bad, it implicates nobody but himself. No part of his audience have endorsed or appropriated anything the speech contains. With Mr. Hill therefore, and Mr. Hill only, must we deal in considering his speech.

Beyond all doubt Mr. Hill performed his task with signal élat and ability. As a whole, the speech fully entitled him to the cordial thanks of his audience, which we trust they tendered him. As a State paper it affords the very best analysis of the relations between the Northern and Southern people — secession — war — reconstruction — cheatery — despotism — which has appeared since the war closed. It is searching, vigorous and eloquent, and the people of the Southern States owe Mr. Hill a lasting debt of gratitude, which they should never forget and should ever strive to repay. It is a great address, not only from the magnitude of these great subjects, but from the

power with which they are treated. But we profoundly regret, both on account of Mr. Hill and the Southern people,* that he had not confined himself to these great subjects. Unfortunately, we think, he has put into his address a discussion of the merits of men and of parties exclusively appertaining to the Southern Confederacy. Here his love for some and his hate for others carry him away into the most violent extremes, and he appears in the position of an ignoble, fanciful partisan, as small in his errors and injustice as he is great in his estimate and discussion of the great subjects which exist between the North and the South. We propose to expose this ugly flaw in Mr. Hill's address, and to consider, 1st, his estimate of General Lee and Mr. Davis, and 2d, his estimate of the men to whom he was opposed in the civil administration of the Confederate Government.

General Lee is so universally revered throughout the Southern States (and we may say, throughout the civilised world) that it is always popular, at least in the Southern States, to laud and magnify him. His great fame constitutes a monument which weak and pretentious men like to climb and sit on, that they may in some way be identified with him and catch some of his reflected greatness. Mr. Hill takes up General Lee and treats him in the following fashion: "He possessed *every virtue* of the greatest commanders. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a private citizen without reproach, a *Christian without hypocrisy*, and a *man without guilt*. He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles." Now, if General Lee was in the flesh, we are satisfied that he would shrink in horror from such a delineation of his characteristics. He was "a Christian without hypocrisy." How can a real Christian be anything else? Our Saviour in His sermon on the Mount, which proves Him to be God more than all His miracles, repeats again and again the terrible refrain, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees — hypocrites!" And His great characteristic was, that "He was a man without sin." We turn to the dictionary and we find "guilty" defined "sinful," and "sin" defined "iniquity," and iniquity is guilt. Thus "guilt" seems to be synonymous with "sin." If General Lee possessed the same characteristic and was a man without guilt or sin, he was equal to the Saviour—a God at least. Mr. Hill therefore lets him down a little when he compares him afterwards to men, and asserts that he possessed every virtue of the greatest commanders; he was Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Washington, all combined—without any of their weaknesses or vices. Having dressed up General Lee with such superhuman power and excellency, Mr. Hill turns to the Statesman of the Confederacy, to find a suitable pendant, that its glory both in civil and military matters might go down resounding throughout after-ages as having produced the two greatest human beings born on earth since the creation. He finds him in Jefferson Davis, and he raises him up to an equality with

General Lee, and puts him up on the same pedestal of glory in the following fashion: "Jefferson Davis was as great in the cabinet as was Lee in the field;" that is, Jefferson Davis, like Lee, amongst the world's soldiers had all the knowledge, wisdom and abilities of all the world's great statesmen combined, without any of their vices or weaknesses. He in the cabinet and Lee in the field stand forth superhuman and sinless beings, vouchsafed by God for the benefit of the Confederacy. How then, in the name of all poetry, did the Confederacy fail? But the world is too low for such men, so Mr. Hill carries them to heaven, to show how true is his estimation of them, and makes them disport there for the delectation and admiration of the angels of God. He says, "Hand in hand and heart to heart they moved in the front of the dire struggle of their people for independence — a noble pair of brothers! and if fidelity to the right, endurance of trials, and sacrifice of self for others, can win title to a place with the good and great hereafter, then Davis and Lee will meet where wars are not waged and slanders are not heard: *and as heart to heart and wing to wing they fly through the courts of heaven, admiring angels will say, 'What a noble pair of brothers!'*"

Now, what is all this but fiction run mad? It is worse, it is very little short of right-down blasphemy. If we met in a child's book or on the panels of a beer-saloon, Lee and Davis depicted as flying through the courts of heaven, "heart to heart and wing to wing," for the admiration of the angels of God—although repulsive, it might not be surprising: but before an historical society, whose business is with facts and the collection of facts, no one earnest in seeking only the truth with respect to General Lee and Mr. Davis could have thrown before them such wild and fanciful nonsense. We greatly fear that it must impair the usefulness of the whole address, especially in the North. It might be argued, where there is such manifest fiction and error in the estimation of men, what confidence can be placed in the general reasoning and conclusions of the address?

Indeed, Mr. Hill's extravagant estimate of General Lee's qualifications as a soldier does not accord with his acts. The Confederate Congress, seeing the condition of our military affairs under the command of President Davis, determined to put him aside, and to vest General Lee with the absolute command of our army. Now if General Lee possessed all the military abilities of all the great generals, modern and ancient, how came Mr. Hill to vote against this proposition? It will not do for him to say that it interfered with the unsurpassable abilities of President Davis, for according to his own statement, these abilities were *civil*, not *military*. Mr. Davis was great as a statesman, not as a soldier. But the perilous exigency of the Confederacy needed a soldier. The life or death of the Confederacy depended upon military rule. This was the opinion of the Confederate Congress, and they therefore clothed General Lee with the absolute rule of our army. Where was Mr. Hill when this measure was on its passage in the Senate of the Confederate States? Against it. He voted in a minority of two (he and Mr. Barnwell) against giving General Lee this power. Did Mr. Hill wish the Confederate cause to fail? That we do not believe. But how can his action *then* be reconciled with the opinion of General Lee that he expresses *now*?

For Mr. Hill to assign any cause for the failure of the Confederacy is a farce, for failure was an impossibility with such men "hand to hand and heart to heart moving in the front of the dire struggle." Yet Mr. Hill acknowledges that it failed, and having done up General Lee and Davis, he enters upon the task of doing up the other men with whom he came in contact in the civil administration of the Confederacy. With this estimate of Mr. Davis, of course all question of his wisdom and all opposition to his measures were flagrant impieties. He deals with these men accordingly in a manner directly contrary to his treatment of Lee and Davis. He lets loose his fancy on them, not in celestial praises, but in bitter aspersions. He cannot help revelling in extremes, and although many of these men were the prime originators of secession and voted for Mr. Davis for the Presidency, whilst Mr. Hill opposed secession and voted *against* Mr. Davis for the Presidency, and all of them possessed not a particle of power to direct a single measure of the Confederate Government, and voted in Congress for every measure it brought forward to carry on the war, yet Mr. Hill charges on them the sole cause of the failure of the Confederacy. He says: "It is astonishing how men in high position, and supposed to be great, would make war on the whole Administration for the most trivial personal disappointment. Failure to get places for favorites of very ordinary character has inspired long harangues against the most important measures, and they were continued and repeated when often those measures became laws. 'Can you believe,' said Mr. Davis to me, 'that mere statesmen in a struggle like this, would hazard an injury to the cause because of personal grievances?' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'I not only believe but know it.'" There is a beautiful accord as to the motives which actuated those who could not approve of the course of the Administration and ventured to express their disapprobation. Mr. Hill then goes on to state "the causes of our failure." Very justly observing that no physical disadvantages are sufficient to account for it, he says:—"Malcontents at home and *in high places* took more men from Lee's army than did Grant's guns. The same agency [malcontents at home and in high places] created dissensions among our people, and we failed to win independence because our sacrifices ceased, our purposes faltered, and our strength was divided." In this account of causes he leaves out of consideration the whole field of military operations, with the blunders and disasters the unwise intervention and dictation of the Government at Richmond produced. He treats as nothing the retention in office, in spite of all remonstrance, of the most miserable incompetents, especially those ruling the Treasury and Commissary departments, the two most important civil offices in the Confederacy, which could alone without any other agency produce its overthrow. No lack of wisdom or energy on the part of the Administration occasioned the "malcontents" or created the distrust, divisions and falterings which filled the minds of the people. It was the factious and criminal opposition of "men in high places," acting from the meanest personal and the most trifling motives, "taking more men from the army than Grant's guns;" and the people of the Confederate States themselves, who had not the patriotism or

the sense to appreciate the purity and greatness and success of the Administration—which occasioned the downfall of the Confederacy. Let us take up and consider the “causes,” as Mr. Hill states them, and we are very much mistaken if it cannot be shown that they are erroneous, unjust and wrongful, both to “the men in high positions” and to the people of the Confederate States. It is profoundly to be regretted that Mr. Hill should have made such accusations. Amidst the despotism and ruin which now prevails over the Southern country, it would have been far better that all differences which took place at the South during the existence of the Confederacy should, at the present time at least, have been left in abeyance. But truth should never be passive when error is busy with its perversions; and it is impossible for men who, in a great struggle for the independence and liberty of their country, had earnestly and faithfully done their duty, to allow, without efforts to prevent it, its history to be manufactured like painted muslins or paper-soled shoes, and they themselves to be represented as occasioning its failure from their corrupt egotism or abominable indifference. They grieved perhaps quite as much as Mr. Hill at the overthrow of the Confederacy; and the mighty burden of their grief at the termination of the contest was—not that one hundred and fifty thousand of our people were dead from glorious battle, or that the black pall of barbarism and despotism would be spread over our fair land—but that the contest did not last for ninety years if necessary, like that of Holland struggling for her independence against Spain; or for seven hundred years, like that of Spain herself for the expulsion of the Moors, rather than that we should have succumbed to Northern domination.

Fortunately for the truth, Mr. Hill has given us (very fairly, we admit) the means of testing the value of his “causes,” and the weight and justice of his imputations. He states the “*measures especially*” on which he relies to elucidate and substantiate his charge of a criminal opposition to the measures of the Administration. They are *three*, and only *three*—conscription, impressment, and the limited suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

First, of conscription. To understand clearly how far conscription was an Administration measure, and what kind of opposition it encountered, it is necessary to detail some of the facts which preceded and brought it into existence. After the first battle of Manassas, and an advance of the Confederate troops was no longer feared, preparations of the most extensive nature were made by the Government of the United States to overwhelm the Confederate States in the ensuing campaign. There was no concealment in their preparations, and everybody seemed to understand them but the Confederate Government. The Confederate army, to meet the second campaign of the war, consisted almost exclusively of twelve-months volunteers. They were supposed to be, as they were originally, one hundred and forty thousand men, and of these eighty-three thousand were in Virginia. The greater part of the eighty-three thousand in Virginia had spent the summer, after the battle of Manassas, sorely against their expectations and wishes, in inactivity, and the winter without tents or the usual appliances of war for protection against the

elements. The army had been reduced ten thousand men by sickness and death. Of course they were intensely disgusted, and to expect that under such circumstances they would not go home at the expiration of their terms of service and let others take their places, seemed to be hardly reasonable. Yet this was exactly what the President expected, and so confidently expected that he could be induced to make no preparations to meet such a result. Members of Congress anticipating such a state of things, began to look around for other means to recruit and increase the Confederate army. The Government of course was approached, but they found that the Government would say little and do nothing. To the proposition to call on the States for more troops, the usual answer was, "I want no more troops; we have enough." At length, however, it disclosed a policy to increase the army, and it was laid before Congress. It consisted in *receiving more volunteers*, but for the war; and of offering to the twelve-months volunteers, of whom the army of Virginia was composed, and whose term of service was about to expire, the *privilege* of volunteering for the war. It was in vain that it was urged in Congress that this policy was simply to disband the army and to lay the country open to the enemy, since it could not be doubted that the twelve-months volunteers would not volunteer for the war, after their miserable sufferings and experiences in the camps and bogs of Virginia. Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, then a general in the service, offered a bill in Congress as an amendment to the Government bill, authorising the President to call for soldiers from the States. Two hundred and fifty thousand men were the numbers contemplated by the bill. South Carolina was ready with every man in the State enrolled and conscribed, and could within a month have put forty thousand men in the field. An angry and excited debate arose upon the bill. It was confidently affirmed that the twelve-months volunteers in the army would re-volunteer for the war, and that quite troops enough would obey the call in the States by other volunteers for the war, to make our armies adequate to the defence of the Confederacy. Col. Hale, from Alabama, then acting as chairman of the Military Committee, and who nobly fell in battle at the head of his regiment, said in reply to those who denied that such affirmations were consistent with the true state of things, that "it was a very extraordinary thing that gentlemen on the floor should pretend to know more of the temper and feelings of the army than the head of the army itself, with every appliance for obtaining correct information absolutely at his command. The President tells you, 'I do not want the troops you propose to give me. All I ask of you is to pass the bill I submit to you, and I have troops enough.' 'Oh no!' say these gentlemen, 'we know a great deal more about the army than you do. It will not answer to the call for re-volunteers you propose to make to it; it wants to get away and go home.' Now, for my part, I trust and support the Government rather than these gentlemen, however able and patriotic they may be, and deem it my duty to vote for its bill. Other gentlemen may do as they please." Such was the substance and very nearly the words of Col. Hale. Mr. Toombs rose after him and delivered a most eloquent speech, the last speech made on the bill he introduced, calling in

conclusion on Congress to witness that "he and those who acted with him for a vigorous prosecution of the war, had done their duty, and that the sole responsibility for the disasters which might ensue, from our armies being too few and feeble to meet the enemy, rested exclusively with the President of the Confederate States,"—and then withdrew the bill. The Government bill passed without a dissenting vote.

The Provisional Government shortly after expired, and the permanent government of the Confederate States entered on its career. Within a few weeks afterwards the term of service of the twelve-months volunteers began to cease, and the policy of the President to be tested. Not a regiment in Virginia re-volunteered for the war, and not a regiment from the States appeared to take their places. Richmond was filled with soldiers returning home. The commanding officers of the army were in a state of alarm. They appealed to the patriotism of the soldiers to remain a few weeks, or a few days, until other troops might arrive; and in the meantime they hastened to Richmond and urged the immediate passage of a conscription bill, by which those in service might be conscribed in the ranks. Congress, to save the army and to save the cause, was obliged to pass the bill. Such a law was of doubtful constitutionality under the Constitution of the United States; but under the Constitution of the Confederate States, which rose into being for the very purpose of preventing constructive powers being assumed by the central government, it was not doubtful. The power without regard to his will to convert a citizen into a soldier, is one of the highest attributes of sovereignty; and by the Constitution of the Confederate States, where sovereignty was recognised as alone in the States, no such power was granted to the Confederacy. The only power given to obtain coerced military services from a citizen of a State was to call out the militia of the States, which were to be organised, officered and sent into service by the Governors of the States. Yet what was to be done? The President had driven Congress into the dilemma of passing such a law with the enormous patronage and power it cast into his hands, or of seeing the Government in flight, and perhaps Virginia conquered. To this terrible alternative we were driven at the opening of the *second* campaign of the war, from our triumphant success in the first.

Now, if the above narrative of the origin of the conscription measure is correct (and there are many actors still living who know whether it is correct or not), how does it prove a factious or criminal opposition to the Administration? Was the opposition to the volunteer act factious and criminal? Why, no one in Richmond repudiated it in hotter haste than Mr. Hill—this miserable Presidential abortion. The prospect it opened was not comfortable, with McClellan at the head of one hundred and forty thousand men, and the army of the Potomac dispersed and gone home, marching down on Richmond *and Mr. Hill*. We doubt if any one in Richmond at that time repeated more devoutly than he that prayer in the Litany, "from battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us!" Well, did opposition to the Conscription Act in Congress prove the meanness

and baseness of the opposition? There was no opposition to it in Congress from any quarter. So in the origin of the Conscription Act there was no opposition to the Administration. Nor was there any opposition to the Conscription Act amongst the people; not a voice against it appeared in the public press, nor was a single harangue made, within the compass of the writer's knowledge. The people responded cheerfully, and the women. But did no opposition arise to this act during the course of its operation? Yes; a great deal, and from three causes: 1. the unequal and unjust manner in which the act was enforced; 2. blockade-running; 3. despondency of success. These three causes occasioned a powerful opposition to the enforcement of the Conscription Act; but every one of these sprung up directly amongst the people themselves, and were produced by the Government at Richmond.

No conscription act can be enforced without a certain tendency to unpopularity. It was for this reason that it would have been better for the States to have conscribed their citizens and have sent them into the field. All harshnesses and partialities, if any existed, would then have fomented in the States, and the Confederate Government would not have been affected by them. But under the administration of the Confederate Government, with conscription came exemption; and when the exemptions, gradually increasing, amounted to more soldiers at home than were in the army of Virginia, discontent began to sap zeal for the service amongst the soldiers in the field. The Government had its reasons for these exemptions, but they did not reach the minds of the people, who saw only injustice in one able-bodied soldier being at home making cotton or interested in blockade-running, and another standing in the ranks without relief or change for the war. Their suffering families at home stimulated their discontent, and their affections chiming in with their sense of injustice, made them deserters and skulkers. More than three hundred thousand conscribed soldiers stood out from the service and endeavored to hide their shame by their numbers. But was this the work of "men in high position"? It was the work of the people, under the operation of the conscription law directly on them as administered by the Confederate Government.

Blockade-running also strengthened the discontents amongst the people from the manner in which the conscription law was enforced, and not enforced at all in large districts of country. This was the peculiar policy of the Administration inaugurated during the provisional Congress. Under its influence that body refused to confine the trade in cotton, tobacco and naval stores exclusively to the Government of the Confederate States, which should exclusively control and use it. Free trade in cotton by individuals was its policy; and this spread everywhere the greedy lust for gain, and indifference to the Confederacy but as an instrument of money-making. The people saw this and felt it in the rapid accumulation of wealth by individuals, and the extortionate prices they were compelled to pay for the articles imported. The soldiers argued: Why should we suffer or die in the field while these men are flourishing at home, living in security and ease, and making money? So the soldiers in

the field deserted or refused to join their regiments when conscribed. Who occasioned this result?

But yet another cause controlled the three hundred thousand who shirked conscription and the army — *despair of success!* The battle of Gettysburg, crowning the desperate campaign into Pennsylvania ordered by President Davis, began the despondency; but the removal of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the western army converted it into despair. The people lost all confidence in the Confederate Government, and the murmurs for the restoration of General Johnston to the command of the western army as President Davis rode along the lines in review, constituted the last protest of our falling cause.

Impressment is the second great measure cited by Mr. Hill to prove the factious opposition of the "malcontents in high places," which ruined the Confederacy. It is not difficult to show that the whole opposition to impressment was the work of the Confederate Administration, rising naturally up from the people themselves, whose property was impressed.

But to show the exigency which occasioned it, it is necessary briefly to trace what preceded it. After the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, the greater part of Tennessee fell under the control of the enemy, and Kentucky and Tennessee were closed as regular sources for the commissariat of the Confederate States to supply the army in the east with provisions. But there were two other sources of supply offered to the Government — the one to exchange cotton for provisions lying in Nassau and the Bermudas; the other, to exchange cotton for provisions in Western Tennessee. The President approved of the first, but he opposed the latter. The first failed from the incompetency of the Government to carry out the arrangements agreed on, with a charge of faithlessness resting on it. The latter failed, although strongly recommended by the Secretary of War and the head of the Commissary Department, from the direct intervention of the President. The President had somehow or other got it into his head that the cotton proposed to be exchanged for army supplies in Tennessee was necessary to the Government of the United States to meet its financial obligations in Europe, and if they did not get it, the war would cease from their inability to obtain the means to carry it on. The cotton exchanged in Nassau or the Bermudas was not charged with the fatality to the Government of the United States, but the cotton in Tennessee bore their destiny. If they got it, they would be saved; if they did not get it, they would be doomed and the war cease; and before the Legislature of Mississippi the President declared his policy, and predicted as a consequence an early peace. But we obtained no peace. The Yankees found no difficulty in paying the interest due on their debt in Europe in January, and we lost both cotton and provisions. Mr. Randolph, Secretary of War, soon after these exhibitions of great statesmanship resigned his office: but whether from intense admiration or disgust, few can tell.

What was the consequence of the failure of these efforts to provision the army? The army was compelled to provision itself, and by impressment seize the food necessary for its subsistence. Impress-

ment is a perfectly legitimate expedient to support an army on the march or in imminent conflict, and thus used, it was accompanied with not the least opposition in the Confederate States ; but when it became a regular expedient of finance to carry on the war, it was intolerable. It was soon met with strong opposition from the people. To stifle, if possible, complaints, Congress passed a law legalising impressment ; but so unjust and odious had it become that the thing killed itself. The only fair way to provision the army was to lay a provision tax, which would take equally of the property of all. This was done afterwards, and cheerfully obeyed after impressment failed.

Now, from whence came the opposition to the impressment policy? Was it not from the people whose property was impressed? Like the conscription measure, was it not the direct fruit of the Government policy? Had the supplies of food offered to us by sea and land been wisely and efficiently exchanged for cotton, which was destined to inevitable loss to us, our armies would have been provisioned and impressment never heard of, excepting according to the old law of armies. As it was, Congress did all the Government asked to enforce it, and it fell, not from the opposition of "men in high positions," but from its own inherent weakness and injustice.

The last count of Mr. Hill's indictment against the "malcontents—men in high position who took more men from the army than Grant's guns" by their opposition to the Confederate Administration, is that they opposed a limited suspension of the *habeas corpus* act.

No one but those in close affinity with power in a contest like that in which we were engaged, could understand how in a struggle for liberty it was inconsistent with liberty to oppose despotism. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* act established a military despotism. This despotism was acknowledged within the army and the lines of the army. But Richmond was not within the lines of an army ; nor was Washington ; yet Mr. Lincoln declared martial law over Washington, and Mr. Davis declared it over Richmond, both of them thus suspending the *habeas corpus* act by executive authority. The Constitution of the United States, as well as the Constitution of the Confederate States, intrusted this power exclusively to Congress. Mr. Lincoln's usurpation was resisted in Washington, and when relief was sought by an application to Chief Justice Taney for a writ of *habeas corpus*, the writ was defied by Mr. Lincoln and his victim kept in prison ; but when a similar application was made in Richmond to Judge Pennybacker in behalf of a prisoner, Mr. Davis released the prisoner, and applied to Congress for the power of suspending the *habeas corpus* act. This releasing of the prisoner was pretty good proof that he knew he had committed a usurpation. He dared not make a contest upon the subject. Now, under such circumstances is it surprising that in a great contest for liberty, such as that in which we were engaged, there should be found men in Congress who should refuse to grant the power of arbitrary arrest by suspending the *habeas corpus* act? This usurpation showed unscrupulousness as to the Constitution ; and such a power could only safely be intrusted to one who revered and obeyed it. Mr. Lincoln was in a very different position from Mr. Davis, intent as he was on

establishing a consolidated despotism in the United States. That was the aim of no party in the Confederate States. No one would tolerate what Mr. Lincoln did — seize and cast into prison sixty-two editors of newspapers. Nothing could justify the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in the Confederacy but a clear, manifest necessity. That no such necessity existed was made very apparent ; for when the power was afterwards granted, it was of so little practical use that upon the expiration of the Act it was never renewed, even by those who supported it in the Confederate Congress. During the whole seven years' war for independence and liberty by our ancestors, commencing in '76, the *habeas corpus* act was never suspended.

Such were the circumstances bearing on the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, as nearly as we can remember them ; and if Mr. Hill or anybody else think they have proved any delinquency or faithlessness to the Confederate Government, they should freely entertain and express their opinion. We claim also the right of expressing ours ; and that opinion is, that those who refused to vote for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act did their duty, and so far from proving themselves to be "malcontents," they deserved and do now deserve the approbation of every free man who was engaged in that great contest. If Mr. Hill thinks despotism is a suitable way to win free government or liberty, he would have supported Lincoln if in the United States in all his atrocious and tyrannical usurpations. He ought to have been on the other side of the Potomac.

We have thus, in as brief a manner as a clear conception of our positions and reasoning appeared to us to admit, discussed the three great measures on which Mr. Hill relies to prove that those who opposed them were influenced by unworthy and unpatriotic motives. If our space permitted us, we would give him a dozen other instances in which just such measures of "great statesmanship," to prove the wisdom of the Confederate Administration, were opposed as ruinous to the Confederacy ; but we will close, as we began, by limiting ourselves to his own chosen cases for crimination. If they do not support his imputations, they are unsupportable. In arraigning others, he convicts only himself. Beyond all doubt, they have this striking peculiarity, that by each of them the Constitution of the Confederate States was violated ; and they tended directly to a despotism by vesting in the hands of President Davis irresponsible arbitrary power over the persons and property of the people of the Confederate States.

In conclusion, we beg leave to congratulate the Historical Society of Georgia, and Mr. Hill, upon the great good his address may do. It is felicitous, perhaps more from the great truths it does *not* disclose than from the truths it teaches, because it stimulates inquiry on those most important. Nothing can be more important to a people than a correct understanding of any effort they may make to obtain their independence and liberty. Failures distinctly comprehended are ever the grand stepping-stones to future success. Mr. Hill's lucifer-match has set fire to the mephitic air he has so long cherished around him ; and although the explosion may not be very agreeable, it may cast him up to a brighter day and a purer atmosphere. A few more such addresses from Mr. Hill, and he will have no reason to fear that the

Yankees by purchasing-up lying documents will succeed in manufacturing a history of the late contest which may lower us and raise them in the estimation of the world. He will wake up the Southern mind, and render imposition by fictions from any quarter an impossibility.

Some of the facts or assertions in this article may be questioned, or may be questionable, and it appears to the author, therefore, that propriety may require that their responsibility should not be unknown. He accordingly signs his name.

R. BARNWELL RHETT.

MAY 21, 1874.

THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK I.—THE PICTURE CARDS.

CHAPTER III.

LUNATICS.

“**B**E jabers!” said Dr. Maguire, as his old gig rattled away from Rose Cottage, “there is something in the atmosphere of Merton that favors lunacy! Here is that gurrill, drowned and kilt yesterday, and not fit to be out of bed, no doubt — and she is aff like a shot out of a hot shovel, the divil knows where! Laving me a guinea too! And she got no taste of medicine either, barrin’ the dhrop of brandy. She had to fly, she says — and she is a born lady, I’ll been sworn. I wonder if anybody was pershooing her?”

“Thin there’s ould Galt, as crazy as a loon. Niver a guinea out of that shanty, and yet I have to attend his cranky ould wife, who has as many whims as a duchess. Be jabers! she will have some rayson for crankiness when she takes them pills I left her this morning. It is an interesting case, and has given me many valuable chances to experiment. I ought to have a student to profit by my researches. That young Wailes would do.

“But he is a regular lunatic also. No man in his sinses would have got ready to swim yesterday, while the train was coming. And now he is aff, like another shot out of another hot shovel! Whin I asked him where he was going he just smiled, and said ‘up the road, Doctor,’ but he bolted out as soon as he read the gurrill’s note. He’s after her, be jabers!

"And here comes the Squire's carriage. And I thought it would rain and have got on this ould coat! Miss Lucy will be in the vehicle, av coorse. She's a monst'rous fine woman, and I shall land in lunacy meself if I don't prevail on her to become Mrs. Maguire. Whoa! Jalap. The top of the morning to you, Miss Lucy! And to you, Miss Sybil. Squire, I am surprised to find you going on wheels."

"We are going to make a call, Doctor—that is, we are going to take the young lady to the Park. You must come over and cure her there. How is she this morning?"

"Is it the gurrill that was drowned?"

"Yes—or at least the girl that Wailes pulled out of the water. Is she better?"

"She's aff," responded the doctor—"fled—laving a guinea for me and a short note for Mrs. Wailes."

"Fled?" said the Squire and his daughters in a breath.

"Bedad, it's her own word!" replied Maguire; "it's a nate little note, and just says she is obliged to fly."

"Let us go on to the Cottage, Papa," said Miss Merton, "and see Mrs. Wailes. Good morning, Doctor."

"Come over to dinner this evening, Doctor," said Squire Mat, as they parted. "Rad is coming—expect him this afternoon. Lucky it was not yesterday. Thorne is coming, and I will invite Wailes and his mother. We can make a double rubber."

"More lunacy," said the doctor; "get up, Jalap. Merton has made up his mind to marry little Sybil to that ugly divil Radcliffe, and in order to make the course of true love run rough, he encourages this good-looking young Wailes to dangle about his daughter. I suppose his income is about five pounds ten per annum; and he is about as independent as ould Grippe, who has lashins of money. Then he has the curate there twice a week, and I shouldn't wonder if *he* would be swate upon Miss Sybil too. His stipend is not very extensive, I fancy."

"Spakin' of ould Grippe reminds me that I have to go there to-day. That guinea is sure enough. Same ould trouble, av coorse—want of nourishin' food and dhrink. I could prescribe for him without seein' him. Half a pound of beefsteak for breakfast; one of Merton's dinners about twice a week. But I must humour the ould baste and give him some medicine. Sodæ Bi-carb. grains five—every four hours. And that's two-and-six more. It goes agin the grain to charge him such prices, but he would have no confidence in the treatment if he didn't pay. Another well-defined case of lunacy."

"When I persuade Miss Lucy to become Mrs. Maguire, I'll try a little experiment on her—I'll operate for strabismus. If I can kape that eye of hers from running into the the corner, it will play the divil with her discovery of resemblances. Her last exploit was to find a striking likeness between me and Podd. Lunacy again. G'long! Jalap," and he gave his horse a vicious cut. "Spaking of the divil, here he is. Hillo, Podd!"

A tall, raw-boned man of about forty, with red hair and whiskers, little red eyes, keen and restless, rather repulsive in appearance, probably because of an air of insolent presumption that was habitual

with him. You would judge him to be a free-thinker, a radical, a republican, a disorganiser. He carried a bundle of plants, the roots wrapped in moss. This was Podd. He did not answer the doctor, except with a surly nod.

"Where are you going, Podd?" said the doctor, pulling up.

"Grippe's."

"Hum! — three miles. Where are you from?"

"Glo'ster."

"That's three more. Come, get in the gig; I'm going to Grippe's."

"Rather walk," answered Podd.

"Why, you blockhead, you'll save an hour!"

"Lose it," said Podd; "he pays while I walk."

"That's sensible anyhow," quoth the doctor. "He pays by the day, does he?"

"I charges him by the day," responded Podd; "he gen'lly knocks off summut, but I puts on enough to let him knock off."

"That's sensible also, though the morality is dubious. Do you treat all your customers in the same way?"

"No; I gen'lly lets 'ristocrats make their own terms — they're too proud to higgle over a shillin'. If I am dealin' with women I gen'lly makes a 'zact bargain, and if I can I makes 'em pay in advance. Grippe is neither 'ristocrat nor woman, though he'd like to pass for a 'ristocrat if he could. He orders the plants as if he was a lord, and pays for 'em as if he was a cadger." This was a long speech for Mr. Podd, and he paused exhausted.

"Bedad!" said the doctor, "you're a philosopher, Podd. Whom do you call 'ristocrats?"

"There's precious few on 'em about here," answered Podd. "I s'pose you might put the Squire in."

"No others?"

"Well — I mean by 'ristocrats those people who think the world was made for them. Sich a chap as young Wailes —"

"Wailes? Why, Podd, you're demented. Mr. Wailes is one of the most modest, unassuming of young men. And he is no richer than you are."

"Riches don't make any difference," said Podd, with an air of disgust; "that's the foolery of 'ristocracy. I don't know where Wailes gets it, but he is a reg'lar 'ristocrat. He passed me on the road a mile back, and he didn't notice me no more than dirt. If I was to do a job for him worth a shillin', he'd throw 'arf a crown at me, pretty much as you'd throw a bone at a dog. Hang him! I cannot abide him," and Mr. Podd sat down on the roadside, plucked a twig from his bundle of plants, which he chewed viciously. The doctor drove on, leaving the floriculturist to his reflections.

"Clear lunacy," said Dr. Maguire. "It's odd how many ways men's minds can go astray. Of all the young fellows I know, Wailes is least like the overbearing 'ristocrat, as Podd calls him. In fact he is easy and natural in his manners, always cheerful and polite, and would not harm a fly. What can have put this ould rashkil agin him?"

Jalap had a trick of working the head-stall over his ear. If he was

tied up to a post, he could extricate one ear in one rub ; but by some muscular action he managed to get it out of duurance, even while trotting along the road. His master always replaced the bridle when Jalap disarranged it, as the ear bent down gave a quizzical appearance to the "turnout," and the doctor was careful of appearances.

"You ould omadhann!" said he, as he adjusted the head-stall, "I wonder where you learned that trick. I'll put a strip of vesicating epispastic on your ear, me boy. You are as bad a lunatic as the rest of them."

He had stopped on the crest of a hill, which was in fact the highest point of land within a circle of ten miles. Looking back over the road he had travelled, he could see the chimneys of Merton and the church-spire ; a little to the left the trees of Merton Park, with an occasional gleam of the mansion among them. Podd was afoot again half a mile off. Looking northward, the doctor saw the smoke of Gloucester, though the town was hidden by intervening trees. As he was stepping into his gig again, he was startled by the sudden appearance of another personage close by him.

On one side of the road there had been an excavation made years ago. It was probably the beginning of a work of repairs, as the old road had originally deflected at the brow of the hill. This little hollow was overgrown with bushes, thick enough to conceal the young lady who emerged from their shadow.

"It is the Doctor," she said, half in inquiry.

"It is," responded Maguire, "and bedad ! you are my patient. My dear young lady, you have demoralised an entire community by your abrupt departure—" He paused as she clasped her hands with an air of great distress.

"Oh Doctor," she said, "please say no more. I was obliged to do what I have done. I know how rude and ungrateful you must think me, but I could not do otherwise."

All the quaintness disappeared, and the doctor presented the characteristics of the polished gentleman he was, being confronted by beauty in distress.

"Will you allow me to serve you?" said he. "You have left a fee for me this morning that I have hardly earned."

"I wish to reach Gloucester, Doctor," she answered. "I was tired and sat down there to rest. And, and—now that I am rested I am afraid to go on."

"Pray, tell me what you fear. Or, if you do not wish to tell me, get into my gig, and I will take you to Gloucester ; I am going there." This was a constructive fib, as the doctor had no intention of visiting Gloucester a moment before. "It is quite lucky that I met you, as the encounter will save me from two or three miles of a dull drive, and save you from a tiresome walk."

"Is there any other road?—I mean, some road less direct than this? Oh Doctor, you look so kind I will tell you all. While I was resting, I saw—the gentleman who saved my life yesterday—alas ! alas !—he was coming up the hill and I crept into the bushes there until he passed. He did not see me, but I saw him—his face as resolute as fate. And I think—I—fear—he is looking for me !"

"Divil a doubt of it!" said the doctor involuntarily.

"Well, sir—it is life and death—oh, I cannot tell you! But I *must* escape him. And now, if you can take me to Gloucester—by some other road—how I will thank you!"

"Get in the gig, my child," said the doctor. "I was lying just now, when I said I was going to Gloucester. I am going to visit a patient who lives a mile from the town. But it is entirely out of the way of ordinary travel, and I will take you into Gloucester from the other side. Come, think of me as your father and do not fear."

She took the seat by his side, and Jalap, put upon his mettle, spun along the road at a good pace. She was silent, and the doctor was too considerate to talk much, until they reached the lodge-gates of Halidon, the seat of the eminent banker, Mr. Anthony Grippe.

"This is Halidon," said the Doctor.

"Who lives here?"

"Mr. Anthony Grippe."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Doctor, please tell me how I can reach Gloucester. I will walk. I'd rather walk, please. And, Doctor, please don't say to *any one* that you saw me to-day. Please promise!"

"Certainly, my child, I promise." She was getting out of the gig as he spoke. "If you are determined to walk, keep straight on this road; it will take you into the eastern side of the town, a mile off."

She had taken a step or two, paused, turned, ran back, and took the doctor's hand and kissed it; and then she skimmed along the road at a rate that soon hid her from the doctor's sight.

"This case is the best defined of all," said the doctor; "confirmed lunacy! It must have come to her through three or four generations of March hares. She runs like a startled fawn from young Wailes—ah! what has that sly rashkill been up to?—and she runs as vigorously from ould Grippe. How lovely she is! If angels iver went crazy, I should think this was one—broke out of some celestial mad-house, and allowed to flit about the earth to set ivery man mad that saw her. I did not even ask her name. Bad cess to me! I was too much of a blockhead to ask her anything. She sat up here just like a duchess, and somehow she kept me quite by her manner. And thin she had a tear or two in her eyes ivery minnit!

"If I only knew who caused those tears," he continued, savagely, "I'd crack his skull with all the pleasure in life; and if the crack happened to be fatal, I'd dissect him after!"

Gloating over this diabolical picture, he passed through the gates of Halidon.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. ANTHONY GRIPPE.

Halidon is one of those diminutive counterfeits of Paradise which abound in merry England. It had belonged to a family of gentlemen through twenty generations, and the Trumpleys of Halidon, although without title, had occupied a high place in the county records for six hundred years. They had been prosperous generally, up to the majority of the last of the race. Harold Trumpley had taken pos-

session of the estate thirty years before the date of this story, and after a few years of dissipation, had left England utterly bankrupt. He was very little known in Gloucestershire, as he resided on the Continent, generally at Baden when the gambling season came round, and at other times at Paris, Brussels, Stockholm, or St. Petersburg. He avoided English society, was rude and uncouth in his manners, and always quarrelsome in his cups. At last the news of his death came. He had won largely in a gambling encounter with the bank at Baden, and gathering up his gains had started for Paris, and was murdered on the road. His remains were brought to England and interred in Merton churchyard. His only surviving relative was a sister, whose entire fortune was an annuity of five hundred pounds, and a year after his death she left Halidon to marry Mr. Henry Wailes. The reader has already seen her. The estate was sold under legal process, yielding barely enough to pay the various mortgages and the numerous debts of the profligate owner. Mr. Anthony Grippe was the purchaser.

The description of this gentleman given by Squire Mat was sufficiently accurate so far as it went; and the contrast between the withered old banker and the stalwart youth was certainly marked enough for identity. Mr. Grippe, in addition to his other ailments, had a stiff leg, and hobbled over the ground in ungainly fashion. Other points of dissimilarity may appear as the story progresses.

As the new owner of Halidon he was received by the county gentry with considerable reserve. At the date of the purchase he was a junior partner in the banking firm of Browler Brothers, Gloucester, and had been entirely unknown until he became a landowner, and as possessor of Halidon, which was a show place, one of the magnates of the neighborhood. Such attentions as he received from the rector of the parish, Squire Merton, and a few others, were civilly acknowledged, but he pleaded feeble health and the exacting cares of his business as excuses for declining all social entertainments. As years rolled on he gradually rose from his subordinate position in the bank, and finally, only a year or two before the date of this story, he had bought the interest of his partners, and was now the sole proprietor of "Browler Brothers," which his application and genius had raised into an "eminent" firm, with unlimited credit. Mr. Grippe spent as much time as possible at his bank, and appeared to have no enjoyment of life except in the prosecution of his business.

He had startled the curious among his clerks and acquaintances a few days before the doctor's visit by bringing an invalid daughter from Paris, and taking her directly from the railway-station to Halidon. Nobody had ever heard of his marriage, and he had passed for an old bachelor for twenty-odd years. There were few among his friends that ventured to ask him any personal questions, and those that did, got no answer. He had a convenient deafness, which, with violent attacks of asthma, seized him whenever he pleased. The paroxysms always outlasted the patience of any anxious inquirer into his personal affairs, unless the questioner happened to be one whom Mr. Grippe did not care to treat politely, in which case the answer came promptly enough, but it was the reverse of satisfactory.

The doctor was ushered into the library, where he found Mr. Grippe, his right leg propped up on a cushioned stool, to which he pointed as an apology for not rising. The banker was quite bald, but wore a magnificent gray beard, something unusual among gentlemen of his age and occupation, but which he asserted mitigated his fits of asthma. He was rather below the medium size, and had that thoroughly seasoned appearance which you have noticed in a smoked herring. When his ugly red wig was off he was not positively ill-looking, as there was a twinkle of humor in his small eyes occasionally, and his flowing beard gave an air of dignity to his *tout ensemble*. Just now he was looking his best, as his wig was hanging on the back of his chair, and he was frugally regaling upon biscuits and cheese, which he moistened with occasional draughts from a mug of bitter beer.

"Good-morning, Doctor," he said, "take that chair. Jem, draw the cork from the other bottle. Bitter beer, Doctor. You will have to praise it, for you ordered it for me. The Stilton is good though."

"Upon my word," replied the doctor, seating himself as directed, "this is a double pleasure! Stilton and Bass! Bedad, that's double too! But I mane the pleasure of partaking of the faste, and of finding yourself well enough to partake also."

"Well enough!" said Mr. Grippe, "of course I'm well enough: never was better in my life."

"Well, thin," responded the doctor, with his mouth full of biscuit, "I'm bate entirely. I thought you sent for me professionally."

"So I did."

"But I cannot see how my professional skill can be of any use, if you are in your usual health."

"Ah!" said Mr. Grippe, "my usual health is nothing to boast of. I have had a fine attack of asthma this week. Very probably I shall have another to-day; I feel the symptoms now."

"And you wished me to be at hand to treat the symptoms as they appeared?" said Dr. Maguire.

"Not a bit of it!" answered the banker. "I have another doctor to whom I always apply for relief from asthma."

"And who may he be?"

"Dr. Experience. I have been fighting asthma forty years, and I know all about it. It would be inhuman to choke a man on the verge of suffocation with your confounded drugs. No, Sir! I sent for you to see another patient. Do you know French, Doctor?"

"Wee, Munseer," replied the doctor; "that is, I know that much of the lingo, and that's all. Bedad, thin, it isn't a Frenchman you want me to physic?"

"No," said Mr. Grippe, meditating. "Ah! here comes asthma! Excuse me, Doctor," and he took a cigar-case from his pocket, extracted a small cigarette, which he lighted and puffed vigorously.

"Piff!" said Maguire. "What stooff is that?"

"Stramonium."

"Deadly, be jabers! I knew a celebrated professor oncet, who said the man who treated himself had a fool for a patient; and he intinded the observation for professional men, too. Piff! You

might alternate that pison with a whiff or two of sulphuretted hydrogen by way of relafe. Piff! Of all the quackeries I have iver encountered this is the worst!"

"Quackery!" replied Mr. Grippe, disdainfullv. "Pray, what is asthma, Doctor?"

"A disease of the pneumo-gastric nerves," answered the doctor promptly.

"What is the specific effect of stramonium?"

"To kill."

"Pooh! I have been smoking it forty years."

"Well, you have the constitution of a horse. Forty minits of that stooff would put me in the grave."

"I suppose I must have considerable powers of resistance," said the banker, slyly, "as I have been swallowing your mixtures for a dozen years. Never mind the stramonium, Doctor; you can make up for it when you drug me next time."

"I've been trating you with mild remedies hitherto," said the doctor; "let me get another chance at you, that's all! Where is the patient? my time is limited."

"Let your other patients wait a little," said Mr. Grippe; "it will be all the better for them, no doubt. I don't see how we can get along though. Does that homœopathic fellow know French?"

"If he does," quoth Dr. Maguire with dignity, "it is the only thing he knows. What the divil—excuse me!—do you want with that barbarous lingo? You said the patient was not a Frenchman."

"No; but she happens to be a French woman."

"Murder! and where did you get a French woman?"

Mr. Grippe had another sudden paroxysm of asthma. He coughed and spluttered—strangled—kicked his stool over, and lighted another cigarette.

"The indications are quite plain," said the doctor impressively. "Constriction of the eighth pair; nausea, and consequent relaxation. One grain of tartarised antimony in six subdivisions; a dose ivery fifteen minits. Relief within an hour."

"And death within a year," said Mr. Grippe, choking and gasping. "Antimony! Metallic poison! Get out with your drugs, and set up my stool again, please. Thanks!"

"If you would lave off that confounded ould wig," said the doctor, "I believe your health would be better."

"Do you? Well, I am going to leave it off. She don't like it."

"Ah," said Maguire, "we have got back to the patient again. Have you been making an importation? What is she? A cook?"

"No; I must explain, I see. Doctor, suppose a man had got married in France twenty years ago. Suppose his wife had died, leaving an infant daughter. Suppose he left the child in safe hands there until now, and then concluded to bring her home? And suppose she, being the worse for the Channell passage, should need treatment, and the blockhead of a doctor could not understand her description of symptoms—"

"Hould on!" said the doctor; "a ray of light dawns upon me."

"That is something to be thankful for," said Mr. Grippe.

"Hould on! If you married a French woman, you must have coorted her. If you coorted her, you must have known her lingo. Be jabbers! how much French do *you* know?"

The asthma gave Mr. Grippe another turn. He meditated amid his gasps.

"She knew a little English," he answered.

"Oh! Ah! Well, no doubt the child knows a word or two. Come on; I shall have no trouble to mention. Come on!"

Mr. Grippe threw away the remnant of his cigarette and led the way through the long hall. Ascending the staircase, he knocked at the door of the chamber over the drawing-room. It had been the domain of the ladies of Halidon for many generations.

"Entrez!" said a soft voice from within; and followed by Dr. Maguire, the banker passed through the door and into the presence of a new character, whose importance in the story demands a new chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HELOÏSE.

The spacious chamber into which the gentlemen entered was one of a *suite* running along the south side of the house. The windows looked out upon a well-kept lawn, adorned with diminutive flower-beds, floriculture being the banker's most amiable weakness. Over the belt of shrubbery at the foot of the lawn the spire of Merton church was visible, and here and there glimpses of Merton's Brook are seen through openings in the trees. The view on that bright summer noon was enchanting.

The young lady who was seated at the window arose at their entrance, looking with some curiosity at the doctor, whose countenance presented a queer compound of confidence and trepidation. He had a general idea that he could make himself understood by speaking very broken English, but had forgotten to provide for the relative necessity of understanding what the lady might say to him. He was still perplexed with this problem, and looking with some dismay at the black eyes of his prospective patient, when Mr. Grippe opened the ball.

"Mossu le Docture, Mam'selle."

"Bonjour, Monsieur," replied the lady; "asseyez-vous, Messieurs."

As she spoke with her hands and eyes as well as her voice, they understood her and took the seats indicated, and she resumed her own. There was an awkward pause, the lady alone retaining perfect composure. Mr. Grippe began to have symptoms of asthma again, and Dr. Maguire secretly wished he had some similar ailment to fall back upon.

"Monsieur parle-t-il français?" said Mademoiselle, smiling at the doctor.

"Well, no," responded Maguire, "that is—on poo—but not enough for a prolonged conversation. But we shall get along. How do you feel to-day? That is: *commy vous portay vous?*"

"Je suis bien fatiguée, Monsieur, c'est tout."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "that's well. Though what the blazes 'say too' may mane, bates me entirely." This last sentence was intended to be an "aside." The doctor proceeded: "Mam'selle, parlez l'anglay on poo?"

"Not a leetle word," replied the lady.

"That's a misfortune. I say, Mr. Grippe, why in the world have you allowed your daughter to reach this age without taching her some few sentences of the vernacular? Permitty moy, Mam'selle," and he took her wrist in his fingers. "So! good pulse anyhow. Be jabers, I remember some more of the lingo that just suits. Vouly vous avay some bear anglay, Mam'selle?"

"Plait-il?"

"No; bear anglay. Mr. Grippe, plaze ring for a bottle of that bitter beer. She will understand the bottle, I'll be bound."

The banker rang the bell and gave the necessary orders. When the bottle appeared, the doctor went through various contortions in dumb show, to make Heloise acquainted with it. She looked at the bottle and nodded her head. Then, drawing the cork, he poured the beer into a glass and presented it with a polite bow. She took the tumbler and swallowed the contents without a struggle.

"Now thin," said Dr. Maguire, "we may venture to lave the case. My prescription is easily understood, Mr. Grippe. The young lady must have a bottle of beer twice a day, until she is well. As for diet, a beefsteak for breakfast—dejuney, Mam'selle—and whatever she will ate for dinner. Ye'll have to get some other interpreter, however. I can't come over here every day, merely to translate for you."

"I shall have an interpreter this afternoon," said Mr. Grippe. "I hope Miss Heloise will learn English very rapidly, as I long to converse with her myself."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, complacently, "you can pick up enough of the lingo to get along, if you only have courage to try. Mam'selle, you understood me pretty well?"

"Je ne sais pas," replied Mam'selle.

"It's of very little use to say it to your Pa," said the doctor; "but he will improve with practice. Kape him at it, Mam'selle. Adoo, Mam'selle. Au revore!"

When the gentlemen departed, Mademoiselle took an English lesson in this wise: She drew a letter from her pocket, and reseating herself at the window, began a laborious study of its contents. It was in English. She could not read it, but the reader can:

"PARIS, *July 10.*

"Most Beautiful:

"I offer no apology for thus addressing you. I cannot do otherwise. I love you; and this fact will excuse any action that may seem improper. I do not know what obstacles may be in my way, but I will surmount them all, unless you forbid the effort. I do not know what risks I encounter in communicating with you in this way, but I have no other dread than that of incurring your displeasure. Six times have I seen you, and the last time, I saw you disappear within the convent gates. If I could so win your favor, and win you, I

would tear down its walls with naked hands. But I dare do nothing until I gain a word—a look of encouragement from you. To-morrow I shall see you again, at the Madeleine, and shall find or make an opportunity to place this note in your hands. And then I will have to wait a week—seven long ages—until the next Sunday, when I may read my fate in your eyes. I offer you the home of an English gentleman, who has no desire in life equal to that of calling you his wife. If my mad passion has not blinded me, I could almost hope, I hardly know why. But if it be possible for you to regard me with favor, one line from you addressed to ‘R., Hotel Meurice,’ would fill me with inexpressible joy.”

The penmanship was defective, and this, perhaps, increased the difficulties of the translation. But Heloïse pored over the mysterious characters with manifest impatience, consulting a French and English dictionary, and making little progress.

“Hélas!” she said at last, in her own tongue. “It is impossible! I can make out only one charming word—‘Je vous aime!’ Ah! when shall I know the rest?”

She walked the length of the large room up and down with the superb grace of a tigress in her native jungle. There was no trace of fatigue or of any more serious ailment, and she was evidently in robust health. Probably Mr. Grippe, who had suffered untold agonies between Calais and Dover, thought the trifling sea-sickness, and the subsequent headache of which she complained, were more serious maladies than they really were. Her pale face, looking paler by contrast with her black eyes and hair, and also by contrast with the ruddy complexion of English girls, had awakened his anxiety, and her manner was *distracted* and cold. The little French that the banker knew was larger in volume than her knowledge of English, and the few days she had spent at Halidon had been specially dreary to her, and appeared to confirm her in the French idea that the sun never shone upon that desolate island. It was dull and cloudy when she landed, and there had been forty-eight hours of solid down-pour since her arrival. Altogether, she had spent nearly a week in compulsory silence, and this was so totally abnormal to a young woman of twenty or thereabouts, that the true marvel was that she survived the ordeal.

Looking from the window she saw the doctor’s gig depart; then the carriage came up the drive, and Mr. Grippe entered the vehicle and was driven off. Without knowing accurately how much liberty she had, she suddenly concluded to explore the grounds of Halidon, and putting on her hat and mantilla, she descended the staircase and passed out upon the lawn.

She was in the midst of sylvan scenery of enchanting beauty. The park surrounding the mansion contains about a hundred acres, and every part of it kept in excellent order. It was a perpetual mystery to all the inhabitants of the district that Mr. Grippe, who was stringently economical in his ordinary outlays, should spend money so lavishly in keeping up Halidon. It was the more remarkable, as he entertained very few visitors, giving one solemn dinner-party in the year, and invariably escaping all return civilities upon the plea of

ill-health. His dinners were faultless and well-served, as he imported an army of cooks and waiters for each occasion. All the sights in the park and upon the wide lawn were novel to Heloïse. She watched the nimble-footed deer with delight as they glided in and out of the thicker coverts. She made the circuit of the park, pausing a moment to admire the graceful water-fowl on a lakelet at the southern boundary, and promising herself many days of enjoyment in more minute explorations hereafter, she came out upon the lawn again, her face aglow with exercise and her eyes sparkling with pleasure. The carriage was grating over the gravel as she reached the entrance. Mr. Grippe descended, and immediately assisted a lady to alight. Approaching Heloïse, who stood watching them with great eagerness, the banker presented his companion :

"Miss Mabel Grahame, Mam'selle Heloïse."

The new-comer extended her hand, addressing the French girl a few words in her own musical language. By way of response, and with happy tear-drops glittering in her black eyes, Heloïse clasped her round the waist, imprinted two impetuous kisses, one on each cheek, and then drawing her to the house, exclaimed :

"Come, come ! I shall love you as long as I live !"

CHAPTER VI.

MABEL.

The Reverend Edward Grahame lived in London. He had one child, a daughter, "little Mabel." She got this name when her mother died, and when the gentle little fairy was the solitary light left in her father's desolate household. Mr. Grahame had a missionary chapel in Blackfriars, with an assured revenue of about a hundred pounds, which he supplemented by literary work that yielded him as much more. He was a "younger son," a dozen lives between him and the family inheritance, with one brother in the navy, one in the army, and the elder the perpetual member of the Lower House from his native borough.

As a matter of course the church was the natural field for the fourth son. The other vocations for men of gentle breeding being bespoken for his brothers, the Reverend Edward quietly fell into his predestined groove. The missionary post was the first that offered, and after a few years of conscientious labor, of frequent contact with poverty and vice in distress, and especially after his own dire calamity in the loss of his wife, he became so engrossed in his work, so heartily interested in his humble flock, that no preferment would have tempted him away if the opportunity had been presented. An eccentric old rector took a fancy to the young clergyman, and left him his library at his death, and this was the most valuable of his earthly possessions. He was a lover of books, and this gift was a mine of wealth to him. As his daughter grew up to womanhood, manifesting no ordinary powers of mind, he found delight in the task of instructing her in various branches of lore usually unexplored by the gentler sex. She was an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and as her father

was master of two or three modern languages, he had transferred this knowledge to her also. The maid-of-all-work, who had been the solitary servant of Mr. Grahame since his beginning of housekeeping, had instructed Mabel in various feminine arts in rude fashion, but at the date of this story she was probably the most erudite young gentlewoman in England in classical learning, and the most ignorant in all those accomplishments, necessary and otherwise, in which young ladies are expected to excel.

The literary work in which Mr. Grahame engaged was double. He was making a book, and his whole soul was in it. He had spent years upon it, and he loved it. In addition to this grand work, he did a great deal of fitful writing at odd times, for which he received some small remuneration. The idea of getting money for the book never entered his mind, and it was all the better for the book that it did not. But the "money writing" was a far different occupation, and he enjoyed that also, as it brought a different set of mental muscles into play. Had he been a little more worldly-wise he would have gained better pay than he did, but he was content with such remuneration as was offered, and did not dream of hawking his wares from place to place.

Mabel had an annual invitation at Christmas to Grahame Manor, in Sussex, and for two weeks in each year she saw society. The other fifty weeks were spent with the poor and needy in Blackfriars, in such missionary work as a clergyman's daughter would naturally find in such a locality. Out of their scanty income these gentle people gave munificent donations to the just and the unjust; and Mabel's education, mental and moral, progressed in the midst of poverty, toil and vice, which were less hideous in their manifestations because of the light shed upon them from her angelic face. How much less evil in the concrete there was within the range of her ministrations, by reason of her patient kindness; how much less in the abstract by reason of her valorous conflicts with the devil in his stronghold, no mortal may know. Doubtless there is a record elsewhere, where the story of dauntless courage that resisted, and the no less dauntless courage that endured, is preserved.

She was not much of a favorite with her cousins at Grahame Manor. She had no "accomplishments." She could not play for their dancing parties, and could not dance while another played. She had a lamentable habit of speaking the truth, in an absurdly simple fashion, which sometimes disconcerted her interlocutors. She saw so many actual woes in Blackfriars that she could not get up a polite sympathy for imaginary woes in Sussex. She had no fine dresses, and she steadfastly refused to borrow from her cousins, no matter what company was coming. But the younger children—and their name was legion—fairly worshipped her, and no doubt the regularly recurring invitation was due to their clamors. Christmas would be shorn of half its jollity were Cousin Mabel absent, and her two weeks were mainly spent in the society of these young vagabonds, and in the midst of profusion the more noticeable by contrast with her economical home.

There came a time when the literary work would not sell. Mr.

Grahame was dismayed to find himself in positive straits. They did not owe any debts; it was part of their religion to "owe no man anything." And they knew how to dispense with accustomed comforts too. But they had some pensioners who relied upon the parson for certain luxuries, needed because of age and infirmity, and he had counted upon the proceeds of his writings to supply these needs. Their wealthy relations in Sussex would have died of excessive hilarity had they overheard the grave discussions between father and daughter as to the possible modes of egress from their difficulties.

Their baker was tolerably prosperous and slightly pious. Some local matter had stirred him up to the point of writing a letter to the *Times*. It was printed, and the happy breadmaker hastened to the parson with a copy of the paper. Mr. Grahame was out, so he left the paper with Mabel. She did not see the *Times* very frequently, and she devoured it with good appetite. She read the baker's letter first, and then she read all the rest of the paper. When her father came she showed him the letter, and afterwards an advertisement. The reader does not care about the letter, but the advertisement is interesting. It ran thus:

"WANTED. — An English *gentlewoman* about twenty, who speaks French, as companion to a young French lady, and to give her instruction in English. Address, for two days, *with references*, A. G., Charing Cross Hotel. Salary, fifty guineas."

"Now, father," said Mabel, "if you can spare me a little while, maybe I can get this fifty guineas."

"Spare you, Mabel!"

"Perhaps I will not be far from you, father. You know we have to get some money for poor old Kirby and his wife."

"What do you think of doing, little Mabel?"

"I thought I would answer this advertisement. *I* speak French. *I* am a gentlewoman. *I* can refer to the Reverend Edward Grahame, A. M., Sharp street, Blackfriars, and to Sir Philip Grahame, M. P., Grahame Manor, Castleton, Sussex."

"Run down to Kirby's, daughter," said Mr. Grahame; "I cannot answer you immediately; I must think a little. Take some jelly with you."

"It is all gone, sir. I took the last to them on Saturday."

"Indeed! that is a misfortune. Well, go down anyhow and see what they need; I promised to send you. Return in an hour."

With resolute courage the parson faced the appalling proposition. To be separated from little Mabel! It was a long hour to both of them, but it passed. When she returned it was dinner-time. The parson had an inflexible rule, which was to "dress for dinner," no matter what the dinner was. To-day it was chops. She put a ribbon in her hair, put on a lace collar, a gift from Uncle Philip last Christmas, and took her father's arm as he came out of his chamber. The chops were too much for their appetites, poor things!

"Do you think you ought to apply for this place, Mabel?" said her father.

"Yes, sir. That is, if you think so. It is large pay for very little work. Indeed, it would be altogether pleasant but for leaving you."

"I have thought it might be good for you, child, to have so much change from your monotonous life. And it is not so dreadful as it appears. Suppose you were going to Grahame Manor for six months instead of two weeks?"

"I very much prefer Mr. A. G., even without counting his guineas. Really, father, as you have so often told me, the sound is more frightful than the substance. Nothing can prevent my coming to you any day; and poor old Kirby—"

"There, there," said her father, "you may write the note. There will be forty applicants ahead of you, and no doubt you will never hear of A. G. again. Time enough to be distressed when the substance takes the place of the sound. Write your note, child."

The postman left a letter addressed to Miss Mabel Grahame at the parson's house the next day. Father and daughter read it together:

"Mr. Anthony Grippe begs to present his compliments to Miss Grahame, and is very happy to accept her proposal. He goes to Paris to-night, and will return early in next week with the young lady referred to in his advertisement. If agreeable to Miss Grahame, Mr. Grippe would be glad to meet her at the railway station at Gloucester, on Tuesday or Wednesday next. His carriage will be in attendance on both days. His residence is Halidon, between Gloucester and Merton. He encloses a check upon Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smith for five pounds, to defray Miss Grahame's expenses, and begs to refer her to these gentlemen for any information she may desire concerning Halidon and its owner."

These two sat quietly looking at each other, after reading the polite note two or three times. It was a more prompt response than they expected, and they were rather stunned than otherwise.

"Gloucester, Merton, Halidon!" said Mr. Grahame, breaking the silence at last. "Come into the study, Mabel; I must tell you a little story."

FRONTIER SERVICE BY AN OLD CAVALRYMAN.

II.

THE military posts in Texas were very meanly built. The quarters for the troops were insufficient for the preservation of their health or the promotion of their comfort, and, except our tents, we were without shelter for the most part of our Texas service. As we were a great deal in the saddle and constantly scouting, with

pack-mules only for transportation, we were often without tents even. This Texas tour of duty developed our men, if it had no other good effect. Many of us became good woodsmen and hunters, and quite expert in the use of our arms, so that when we marched from Texas into New Mexico, the old soldiers of the Rifles were probably as efficient men as have ever been in service.

We had quite a number of successful Indian affairs too, and some of them were very creditable to our arms. Lieutenant Cosby made a daring attack upon an overwhelming force of Camanches, in which he received a dangerous wound, and his sergeant, Burns, one of the finest men in the regiment, was killed. Poor fellow, he was found with his broken sabre in his hand and his body pierced by many wounds of arrows and lances, showing that he had made a desperate resistance and been overwhelmed by his foes. We buried him by the shores of Lake Trinidad in a wild and dreary spot. When I last passed that way, several years after, some kindly hand had placed a wooden cross at his head, inscribed with his name, age, and date of his death. He was a brave and manly fellow, of great physical strength, and a fine specimen of the most meritorious and the worst rewarded class of men in our country — I mean the first sergeants of our army. Without intending to disparage our commissioned officers, who are unquestionably excellent — perhaps as good as any in any service — I may be permitted to say that a good first sergeant of a cavalry company is beyond question the most useful, if not the most important, member of it. His labor, his vigilance, his patience and his intelligence are wonderful, and his physical powers must always be great to enable him to meet the requirements of his office. He is a clerk and an accountant; he has his tactics always in his mind; he must at any moment be able to report accurately concerning every man and every horse in his company; he must at all times know the condition of every portion of the complete outfit of the company. In fine, he must be omnipresent and omniscient in all matters affecting it, must be the best shot, the best swordsman, the best horseman and the best-dressed man in the company — all for twenty dollars per month: less than the hire of a common field-laborer. A cavalry company may be without its captain or its lieutenants and still maintain its efficiency, but when it has no first sergeant it inevitably suffers.

Besides this affair of Cosby's, in which no success could have paid for the life of Sergeant Burns, several very successful and remarkable fights took place between small parties of the Rifles and the Camanches. One of these was the very energetic pursuit made by Captain Van Buren, of Indiana, and about fifteen of our men, after a force of about twenty Camanches. The Rifles followed the Indians like sleuth-hounds for five days, and finally came up with them near the Precinios and routed them with heavy loss. Unhappily, Captain Van Buren received in this affair two wounds, one of which proved mortal, and he died at Corpus Christi a few days after. He had been severely wounded in the valley of Mexico, and was amongst our most energetic and aspiring officers. Soon after the regiment reached Texas, Sergeant Canovan and Corporal Hugh McQuade, now first sergeant of F company, after a long and skilful pursuit came on a

party of fifteen or twenty Camanches just as they were preparing to cross the Rio Grande. They attacked them so cleverly as to completely surprise them and to destroy the whole party with the exception of a few, who escaped into Mexico.

In 1854 Captain Walker, of Missouri, with forty men of different companies, followed from Eagle Spring the trail of a party of Apaches who had stolen cattle from a man named Campbell. After a most energetic pursuit, through mountains part of the time, on the morning of the third day he surprised a large Indian village of fifty lodges into which the cattle had been driven, and after a sharp attack and fight destroyed it, killing a chief of considerable influence and twelve warriors. Walker's lieutenant, Carr, and several of his party were wounded, and one man killed. Soon afterwards Lieutenant Randall of Texas, with a detachment of I company Rifles, surprised and destroyed a band of about fifteen Apaches in the same region of country. There are many other affairs of our Texas service which I have not time to recount here.

In the summer of 1856 the Mounted Rifles, then serving in Western Texas, suddenly received orders to leave that department and march into New Mexico. These orders were obeyed so promptly, and the march was made so expeditiously, that the regiment reached Fort Bliss before the news of its coming had arrived there. A very short time found the regiment distributed over that wild Territory and hard at work, as it had always been our fortune to be. Two or three years of such active service broke our horses down, so that it became necessary to draw from "the States" an almost entire remount.

In July 1859 I was ordered to take command of two hundred cavalry recruits from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, to Fort Leavenworth, whence with a remount of fresh horses we would march across to Fort Union, where the whole would be distributed to the several companies of the Mounted Rifles. A few days placed us all in Fort Leavenworth, where we remained just long enough to organise our command and prepare it for the delicate duty of convoying near five hundred young cavalry horses across the desert and through the range of predatory Indians for eight hundred miles. The recruits had been under active drill at Carlisle for some months, and we had a fine set of young officers not long from West Point, who were assigned to duty with the squadron, which was mounted on the best-broken of the remount horses, so that everything was soon in fair marching order. The horses which were not under the saddle were driven out in "strings." Each string was made up of about thirty horses and placed in charge of its own squad of men. The picket-rope of the string was secured by one end to the pole of the wagon in which was hauled the tent of the squad with their clothing, rations, &c. A pair of heavy, steady wheel-horses, driven by the teamster, were hitched to this wagon; then came the led horses in spans, secured each by a short halter to the picket-rope. The string was led off by a pair of steady leaders hitched by the swingle-tree to the end of the picket-rope. The whole thus presented a long team of about twelve to fifteen pairs of horses. The management of this team required no little skill and experience on the part of the drivers and outriders of

the squad. In our column there were a dozen or so of these strings, and they made the mouths of the Indians water, I suspect ; but they never got a horse. Several families of officers serving in New Mexico joined our command, and we marched away from Fort Leavenworth before the middle of July in fine health and spirits. Our route lay through Kansas, then in the full richness of its summer verdure, across the Kansas and Kaw rivers, across the Walnut Creek, Pawnee Fork at Fort Larned, the Arkansas at old Fort Atkinson, and thence by the Cimeron to Fort Union. We had some grouse-shooting until after Council Grove was passed, where we saw the last inhabited prairies and entered fairly into the great American Desert, the home of the buffalo, the antelope, the wolf and the wild Indian. Soon after leaving Council Grove we struck the buffalos, and for days they thronged our route in countless thousands. From daylight to dark they were in sight, and all night long their moanings and lowings resounded about us. The camp was full of meat. Buffalo in every shape and form abounded with us, until a very sad catastrophe threw a gloom over our command and ended our buffalo runs. One morning as we were approaching Walnut Creek, I rode out from the column on a thoroughbred horse to make a dash upon a herd of buffalo grazing in sight of the road. A young sergeant, Wilson, rode up, and touching his cap, asked permission to join in the run. He was a bright, pleasant fellow, attentive to all his duties, a good horseman, fond of hunting, and a favorite with all. I at once assented to his joining me, and he then asked if I would permit his friend, Private Constant, to go with us. This, after some demur on my part, based on Constant's inexpertness in managing his horse and pistol, I also granted, yielding to Sergeant Wilson's warm pressure in behalf of his friend's wishes. This Constant was a little French soldier fresh from Algeria. He was amiable, alert, wholly ignorant of the English language, and full of the excitable enthusiasm of his race. He was very vain of his equestrian accomplishments, supposed to have been acquired during his African campaigns ; and having been recently unhorsed in the presence of the command, his Gallic honor was now at stake, and he felt the importance of vindicating among the buffalos the horsemanship of France. As we cantered toward the herd, first one and then another of the young officers galloped out from the column and joined us, until, to my regret, I found our party increased to eight, nearly all inexperienced hunters, and the most on wild horses hardly more excitable than themselves. Constant was perched like a monkey on the back of a hard-mouthed, powerful horse. In his hand was an army-revolver, which he cocked before he was within cannon-range of the enemy. His eyes gleamed with an eager look which filled me with apprehension ; my prophetic soul misgave me as I looked upon him. I halted my command in the hollow nearest the buffalo, pointed out to them the great danger from so large a party as ours running at once into the herd, ordered Constant to uncock his pistol and return it to the holster, and cautioned all the others against drawing or cocking until they should have closed in upon the buffalo. Then with an inward wish that I was well out of the scrape, I led at a gallop over the ridge

straight for a thousand buffalos grazing quietly four hundred yards away. The nearest bulls wheeled with a loud grunting so soon as we cleared the top of the ridge, and the whole herd went off at a full gallop, we dashing after at the speed of our horses. I was still in the lead, and had closed to within fifty yards of the hindmost of the herd, when a pistol cracked behind me and a ball went singing through the air. I knew at once it could only be the Frenchman. I reined in my horse a little, and like Mazeppa, "writhing half my form about, howled back my curse" at his infernal awkwardness. As my horse checked up, the Frenchman tore past me, his eyes popped with excitement as he tugged on his bridle with both hands, in one of which was that pistol, cocked again. Close by his side rode his friend Wilson, as if trying to help him. They passed off toward the right, while I pushed my horse into the midst of the herd. I had shot two or three buffalos when a pistol-shot two hundred yards to my right attracted me, and as I hastily looked, I saw Wilson toss his arms wildly into the air. I felt he was a dead man, but being in the thick of the run, it was not until some seconds had elapsed, and his riderless horse, pursued by Constant, had galloped far off into the prairie, that I was able to follow back the trail to where my poor sergeant lay. He was the most ghastly picture of sudden death I have ever seen. He lay with head thrown back, his eyes glaring white and wide open upon the sky. His clutched hands were full of the grass, and not a spark of life left in him — had all gone out in the wild toss that I had seen. The ball had entered within two inches of one nipple, passed straight through his heart, and come out just two inches from the other nipple. By the time I had reached him, all our companions, absorbed by the chase, had disappeared, and only the dead man and I were together in the wide expanse of prairie. After half-an-hour I was relieved to see Constant galloping toward me leading the sergeant's horse. His success in accomplishing this feat seemed to have filled him with inward satisfaction, which beamed from his face as he came up to me ; but it was instantly replaced by a look of amazed horror when I said, "Did you shoot this man?" Evidently he was unconscious of having done so ; indeed I do not believe he knew whether his pistol had gone off at all. On examination I found two barrels empty. Having succeeded in attracting to us one of the young officers, who had been detained about a cow he had shot, I rode off to seek the column and get an ambulance. After galloping several miles, I returned with the surgeon and such assistants in the ambulance as he required, and placed the sergeant's body in his charge. By this time all our hunters had assembled except Lieutenant Franks. One of the party reported to me that early in the chase he had seen Franks' horse throw him over his head and then gallop off with the buffalo ; that, though Franks was considerably shaken, he did not believe he was much hurt, and had seen him an hour or two ago walking in a direction which, if continued long enough, I knew would soon take him to the Pawnees. Having no confidence in the woodcraft of any of our party, I ordered the ambulance to be driven to the summit of the highest ridge near us, to serve as a landmark until my return, and then galloped off to look

for Franks. I had gone about four miles, I think, when I discovered that young soldier striding, pistol in hand, over the prairie right away from all his friends. I galloped close up behind him before he knew of any one being near him, and hailed him: "Hallo, Franks, where are you going?" He wheeled around with a look of intense relief, and said he was making for camp. "Where's your horse?" "Oh, he went off with the buffalo two hours ago." "Franks, is your pistol loaded?" "No, by George! I forgot that." "Well, old fellow, you are in a mighty bad neighborhood with an empty pistol. You are going straight away from all your friends, and may soon fall in with some Pawnee or Kioway; so load up as quick as you can and jump up behind me, and I'll carry you back to camp." Black Jack was a generous horse, and soon bore us to where we found the melancholy group on the hill anxiously watching for our return. We overtook the column at Walnut Creek, and in a sequestered little nook formed by a bend of the river we had a grave prepared for our comrade; and then just as the sun was setting I read the burial-service of the Episcopal Church over his body, and we left him to his rest.

In the department of New Mexico the Rifles have had many affairs with Indians, some of them brilliant. In one of these, Captain Alfred Gibbs was desperately wounded at the conclusion of a most energetic pursuit and an action, which was a complete success, for the Rifles killed every Indian in the band, and took from them all their plunder and property. But our last Indian affair was perhaps the most important, brilliant and successful we ever had. Colonel George B. Crittenden having ascertained that the Camanches in great force were within two days' march of Fort Union, organised with secrecy and dispatch a force of about eighty-five Rifles and moved rapidly to find the Indians. They had gone toward the Cimeron before he reached their recent camping-ground. He pursued rapidly, marching over a country previously unknown to any but the Indians and the Mexicans who trade with them. The road was difficult and rough—it lay through mountains—and the weather was bitter cold. Still the command pushed on by day and by night, using every precaution and enduring every privation to avoid discovery. On the morning of the eighth day, about seven o'clock, they galloped into a Camanche camp of one hundred and fifty lodges. The surprise was complete; many of the warriors were still rolled in their buffalo robes and asleep when the first rifle cracked. Three hundred of them were absent hunting buffalo; but over two hundred "bucks" remained, and were fearful odds against Crittenden's attacking force, which was only sixty rifles, the remainder being left with the packs. A sharp fight ensued, but a few minutes sufficed to leave the Rifles in complete possession of the whole village. The women and children fled to the rocky hill-sides to the number of four or five hundred, at the first alarm. The warriors fought just long enough to cover their retreat and then followed their example. The Rifles continued in the village about eight hours, actively occupied all the time in destroying the tents and stores, and maintaining a desultory fire with the Indians amongst the rocks above them. The total result of this excellent operation were thirty-five warriors killed, more than one

hundred and fifty lodges with a large amount of stores destroyed, and forty horses captured. Not a woman or child was hurt. Four of the Rifles were wounded, none very dangerously. Soon afterwards the Camanches sued earnestly for peace, and their request was favorably considered by the commander of the department.

This seems a good point of our history at which to recapitulate briefly our service in the first fourteen years of our service. It sums up as follows: In Mexico, during nine months, we engaged the enemy eighteen times, losing in killed and wounded sixteen commissioned officers and several hundred men. Commencing with the unfortunate day of Captain Stuart's death in Oregon, in the action with the Rogue River Indians, we have (small detachments of us) had fifty-six successful affairs with the Indians of Oregon, Texas and New Mexico, losing in them eight commissioned officers and many men killed and wounded. Thus, since the day of our landing at Vera Cruz until the late war, fourteen years, this regiment, or portions of it, had been successful in action with the enemies of the country on more than seventy occasions, and we had lost in killed and wounded twenty-four (24) commissioned officers and a proportionate number of our rank and file. This summary has been made up from official returns, and covers in a general manner the history of the regiment during this period.

It has so happened that every Virginian who became an officer of the Mounted Rifles, except one, has been killed in battle. Stevens Mason of Loudoun County, Tom Ewell of Prince William, Davis of Lynchburg, and D. H. Maury of Fredericksburg, were in the regiment at Cerro Gordo. The three first-named were killed in the assault on the 18th; the last had been severely wounded in the advance on the 17th. William E. Jones, William Chambliss, and J. E. B. Stuart were assigned to this regiment after the Mexican War, and all of them, after attaining high rank and distinction, fell in defence of Virginia. Loring, who was for so many years our active and daring colonel, served with his characteristic gallantry throughout the late war in the Confederate army, and now is chief of all the infantry of Ismail Pasha, the able monarch of Egypt. After the breaking out of the war between the States the "Mounted Rifles" became the "Third United States Cavalry." I left the regiment on the secession of Virginia, and know nothing of its history after that date.

M.

THE LOUISIANA CASE.

IT will be observed that my heading is a borrowed one ; its real owner is Mr. B. J. Sage, of New Orleans. Under it he gives, in the June number of the MAGAZINE, his views as to the process through which his sorely-burdened State might be, and should be properly, brought out of that *case*. According to those views, the Congress of the States united is the agent which has been empowered and directed to do the bringing-out, in that clause of the Federal Constitution which *guarantees to every State in the Union a republican form of government*.

In laying his premises, the arguer employs these sentences : " It should always be held in mind that the people were self-organised, self-existent and self-governing commonwealths when they made the Constitution. They politically existed, and were capable of acting only in this form. They designated themselves as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, et als., and provided for their joint, or common affairs, in their federal pact, without the slightest change of name, people, organisation, character or authority ; and Maine and Texas are as distinct in these matters as France and China. . . . Complete statehood, complete autonomy, and complete ultimate authority have by all the States been guaranteed to each."

Now, "with due deference, I submit" that those sentences will not bear unharmed a very close analysis. There are breaks in their chain of logic ; they express contradictions ; there is a stepping from starting-point forward to conclusion, then comes a bound backward to beginning, in which end and steps are ignored entirely — *bounced* out of place, out of sight, out of being. New York, during the interval between the dissolution of the first confederation and the establishment of the second, had, undoubtedly, full, independent, original state powers, just as France has them now. It was at her own option to continue a republic, or to substitute for the republican a monarchical or an aristocratic form of government, as it is optional with France at present to keep on or to put off *her* (*questionable*) system. But how stood she with respect to the matter in view after her ratification of the instrument which bound her into the new union — had she still "complete ultimate authority" to convert herself into a kingdom or an empire ? Not even our expounder himself, I think, will venture an affirmative answer here. No, he cannot but deny the authority ; and with the denial must go a cancelling of his claim that that complete power, "complete statehood" and "complete autonomy," have been insured by all to each one of the members of the existing *firm of States* ; also the claim that there was not the "slightest change of character" (individual character) produced by the partnership. If the conditions of the separate States do remain unaltered, then the constitutional guaranty amounts to nothing practically, and poor Louisiana will find the remedy so encouragingly held out for her only a deceptive, dodging *Will-with-a-wisp*.

At the formation of the Union under the Constitution, a new State—call it the *State of the United States*—was created, to the extent of being clothed with the powers transferred by plain word and by necessary implication, just as effectually as one was created at the organisation of each of the original thirteen States under *its* body of fundamental laws. And ever since the formation, the statehood, the autonomy, the ultimate authority of every one of the *limbs of the new tree*, so to speak, has lacked *completeness* exactly according to the measure of those transferred powers.

It was made the office, the duty of that general State to secure to—in a possible emergency, to force upon—each of its constituent parts the accepted pattern of government. The phrase, “republican *form* of government,” instead of simply “republican government,” was selected by the framers of the Constitution evidently with a particular design—that of intimating to the *executor of their will* that the interference must be only with obvious outer features, not with internal minute details. By the plan of Mr. Page—a plan, by the way, fashioned after that of the ante-civil-war abolitionists—for one example, South Carolina rightly could have been required to choose her presidential electors in the manner in which all the States except herself chose them.

Which of the three arms of the State should carry through the guaranty? Since the case is one which needs no special legislative enactments, and as there are no nice points for the courts to determine, the executive arm is, clearly, the proper medium.

My suggestions *hereto* contain the idea that Louisiana’s limbo calls, in my judgment, for interposition, not under the clause which has been cited, but under some other portion of the Constitution. The outlines of that limbo are faint, indefinite enough, to be sure; and it is no very easy piece of engineering to give it “local habitation and a name.” Nevertheless, by means of a careful spectroscopic dissection of its lowerings, at least a hint as to “what’s the matter” and a spring upon which to start corrective proceedings might be produced.

Well, the *spectra* indicate what, for want of a better term, may be designated an *invasion-seizing-upon-the-ballot-scambling-for-office-light-fingering-into-the-treasury-chest-hustling-up-and-tumbling-down-of-governments-insurrectionary-betokenment-and-row-raising-at-large-by-“carpet-baggers”-and-“freedmen”*—this for the *matter*, and the hand of the United States administration, again, for the instrument to regulate the matter.

That hand has been extended at the summons of the Kellogg usurpation—a usurpation which was assisted by United States guns and upheld by decision of a United States Court. The Warmouth government, against which the usurpation was reared, was a legal one—that is, if legality be reckoned by the standard of the “Reconstruction Acts.” These Acts, too, were legitimate outgrowths of the last three amendments of the Constitution; which amendments, in their turn, were of genuine make, if the fraction of a Congress which drew them up, and the President who gave them his signature—a President elected by the votes of *not* all the States—both were constitutional.

This question of *lineal descent*, however, I do not propose to discuss.

The *line* has been broken by the Kellogg movement. The breakage has been sanctioned by two branches of the United States Government. The third branch—the present or the next Congress—no doubt will make wider, soon, the rupture, by providing for another *usurpation*. “All things work together for good to those who serve”—*their State*. “When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues.” “Water runs clear.” “Molasses works itself pure.” The marvellously guided sunbeam pierces among the atoms of foul offal and of rank poisons, and gathers out materials for the beautiful, fragrant flower and the luscious fruit. Whether politicians of the Morton type are pressed onward by a desire to deal justly, or by sheer personal ambition; and whether Grant goes blind—a puppet of circumstance—or with eye open, intent, and with horse-head up-reaching (the mane flying) toward *Cæsarism* (see *Frank Leslie* and *Harper's Weekly* for illustration)—all the same *shall* the State of the *Quarter-moon City* arise from her tangle-and-wrangle—a phoenix from its ashes—again glorious.

GEORGE E. SHETHINGTON.

[with every regard for our contributor, we must express dissent from one or two points of his views.

Any State, even after ratifying the Constitution, had a perfect right to organise herself as a monarchy, provided she first rescinded her ratification and withdrew from the Union. It might have been an act of folly or madness, but it was one which the State had an entire political right to do.

We are one with Mr. Sage in maintaining that there was no change of character in the individual States after delegating certain powers or functions to the Federative Body. The States could not exercise these delegated functions without resuming them; but they could resume them whenever they pleased. Hence their sovereignty remained intact.

The government of the United States, as an organised body, can not, by any stress of the word, be called a “State.” It lacks the very *differentia* of a State—sovereignty. Its powers were, as the Constitution says, “delegated,” and were strictly defined and limited: the powers of the States were original and unlimited, except by their own act. The States made the Federal Government, not it the States: the States can unmake it, not it the States. The strongest Centralist will admit that all the States acting together could entirely abrogate the Federal Government; but he would not venture to say that the Federal Government has a right to declare any State not a State.

The words of the Constitution (Art. IV, §4): “The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government,” cannot possibly be construed to mean, as our contributor thinks, “shall be empowered (in a possible emergency) to *force it upon them*.” It can only mean that the whole power of all the States shall be used, if necessary, to prevent any State from being deprived *against its will*, of a republican form of government, by either of the causes mentioned in the same section: foreign “invasion” or

"domestic violence." To interpret it as our contributor does is to saddle the framers of the Constitution with an absurdity. For a republican government is one in which the *supreme power* resides in the people and is exercised by themselves or their chosen representatives. But with a people who have any form of government forced upon them against their will, the supreme power, manifestly, dwells not in them but in the coercer. He may give the imposed government what organisation and call it by what name he pleases; it can not from the very nature of things be a republic so long as it is imposed upon them against their will: so long as the supreme power, including the power to modify, does not reside in the people who are governed, but in some extraneous person or set of persons.—ED.]

TOM.

TOM was at one time my ideal. His sister had given him to me for a sweetheart when we were at boarding-school together—given him to me in preference to a dozen other girls, who, smitten by the charms of his ambrotype, had one and all begged hard for him, protesting that he was a more desirable beau than even Mr. Hassell, the handsomest of the St. Katherine's music-teachers. He was undoubtedly a handsome man, and it could be seen even in his ambrotype that he knew it. Carrie, his sister, said that she had designed us for one another ever since her first introduction to me in the teacher's parlor at St. Katherine's; but "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

It was about two years after I had read my graduating composition to an attentive and appreciative audience, that I was one day surprised (for our regular correspondence had died a natural death at least a year previously) at receiving a letter from my "devoted, but inconsolable friend, Carrie Clayton." That young lady was in the lowest depths of woe; for her father, having had his sugar-crop cut short two years in succession by unseasonable freezes, had become disgusted with the Bayou Têche country, and had concluded to move west as far as the Colorado and turn his attention to cotton. Judge Clayton had all his life long been a rolling stone, and his enemies said of him that if he were settled in heaven he would soon talk about pulling up stakes and moving onward to a more desirable location. But in his rollings he had, contrary to the adage, gathered a quantity of moss, sufficient indeed to enable him to live in comparative luxury in what was then

the garden-spot of Louisiana ; and the inconsolable Carrie, who had spent several years of her life in this centre of refinement and civilisation, was really very much to be pitied on account of the proposed exodus. I therefore immediately answered her letter, gave her my sympathy, and even tried to offer comfort, although Western Texas seemed to me a kind of *Ultima Thule*, quite beyond the bounds of civilisation and inhabited only by wolves and Camanches. I had heard of Texas Rangers, and I thought privately that they might be a consolation if they could be got at ; but then I had no idea in what part of the State they flourished, and I did not care to expose my ignorance. About a month after this I received another letter, this time from my "attached but heart-broken friend, Carrie Clayton." Her father had settled in Texas, had protested that he was now done with moving, and was going to spend the remainder of his days in his prairie home. It was very evident that the Rangers had not made their appearance, for Carrie was in a prodigious state of disgust. "Just to think," wrote she, "of living in a box-house, without a sign of paint or whitewash about it ; of sleeping on the floor, and eating off of an old door laid across two barrels ! The only consolation is that there is no one here to witness our degradation, as we have no neighbors, except a few *crackers*, who don't count. We are just like a family of Robinson Crusoes, except that we have no parrots or raisins, or anything else to cheer us. Tom doesn't mind it so much as I do ; he goes hunting and fishing, and to protracted, or, as the natives call them, 'religion-gittin' meetings.' He doesn't get religion at them, though ; he only goes to see the girls, and he keeps me in a constant ferment by falling in love with first one and then another of them. His present innamorata *dips*, and says 'whar' and 'thar' ; but according to Tom 'she is as pretty as a red wagon, and can beat a circus-girl sticking to the back of a mustang.' Oh, Helen, how I wish you were here with us ! then I should have a companion, or I may say *two* companions, for if *you* were here Tom would stay at home and behave himself."

I had finished reading this *jérémiade*, and was returning it to its envelope, when my Uncle George entered the room.

"Marion, why that pensive brow ?" said I, for the gentleman was looking gloomy in the extreme.

"I am going to starve to death," replied he. "If this drought continues a few days longer, my place won't make a bale to six acres."

"Why, it has been two weeks," said I, "since you were complaining of the rain, and prophesying that your crop would be eaten up by caterpillars !"

"I know it," said Uncle George. "Enough of a thing is enough, and that is my objection to this confounded country. We have too much of everything here — too much cold in winter, too much heat in summer, too much rain in spring, and too much drought afterwards. I won't stand it any longer !"

"What will you do ?"

"Go to Texas."

"Whereabout in Texas — the Colorado country ?"

"Yes. If I don't change my mind I shall go out there this fall, and if I like the look of things I shall buy land and locate myself; I am tired of scratching these poor hills for a livelihood."

"That's the very idea! I am going with you."

"What! To live?"

"No; I have not become a raving maniac *yet*. I wish to make a visit to a friend of mine who lives somewhere out in that country — near Toyah's Landing, I believe."

"Well, if you will be a good girl you may go with me next fall; that is, if your old pap has no objection."

By dint of unflagging importunity I prevailed on Uncle George to keep his promise, and when the melancholy days were come, the saddest of the year, I found myself on the bank of the Colorado. I had given Carrie no intimation of my coming, and her surprise at seeing me was equalled only by her apparent delight. She was in a much better frame of mind than when she had first emigrated from her beloved St. Martin's, and I soon discovered the reason of it. A Ranger had made his appearance, had called Carrie the Prairie Flower, had quoted Byron to and played on the guitar for her, and, in short, had made himself so agreeable that Miss Clayton informed me gravely that she now found a pleasure in the pathless woods (by which she meant open prairie), and that she had ceased to care for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Judge Clayton had not yet had time to grow tired of his new home, and as long as his wife could get books she made herself satisfied anywhere, so I came to the conclusion on the first day of my arrival that they were a very happy family; but when I made some remarks to that effect, Carrie shook her head.

"We would be," said she, "if it were not for Tom. Oh, Helen, why didn't you come sooner, then he might have been saved!"

"What has he been doing?" asked I.

"Making love to Miss Dupont."

"And who is Miss Dupont?"

"She is a girl whose father was an officer in the army (having risen from the ranks), and as the daughter does not dip nor ride mustangs bareback, she gives herself airs and sets up for an aristocrat."

"How do you like her?"

"I like her well enough for all the use *I've* got for her, but I don't see what there is about her to cause Tom to make himself so ridiculous. He says he never knew what love was before."

"He is actually in love with her then."

"In love with her! I should say he was. He dins her name into my ears until I am perfectly sick of it. I believe he actually intends to marry her."

"She reciprocates then, does she?"

"Of course she does — that is, I suppose so. It has never been Tom's misfortune hitherto to love and not be loved again. Oh, Helen, I wish you had come sooner."

I glanced at the looking-glass (we were sitting in Carrie's room). "Perhaps," thought I, "I am not yet too late to make Tom stay at home and behave himself." I might not have the advantage of Miss Dupont in the matter of looks, but then I was "a new one," and I

knew that with persons of Tom's temperament that was equivalent to holding both bowers and the ace. I had never yet seen Dr. Clayton, except in his ambrotype, for though I had once made a long visit to Carrie in her home on the Têche, her brother was at that time in New Orleans attending medical lectures.

Uncle George remained only a few hours at Judge Clayton's, and then, borrowing a horse, proceeded westward, accompanied by the Judge, who was going to show him some wonderful land that had been overlooked by former settlers.

"We shall have a decidedly feminine household, unless Tom should condescend to come home to-night," observed Carrie that evening, as she and I seated ourselves on the steps of the front piazza, after a long stroll across the prairie. The house had been painted, and thanks to Carrie's energy, the piazza was thickly curtained with the luxuriant foliage of the yellow jasmine. The stumps in the yard had been concealed from view by the quickly-growing Madeira vine, roses had been set out in every direction, and the yard was green with Bermuda grass. A few immense live-oaks, which had been left standing around the house, furnished sufficient shade for family use, and as I looked about me I began to think it very natural that Carrie should have become attached to her new home, even leaving the Ranger out of the question.

We had not been sitting long on the steps before a solitary horseman was seen approaching.

"Is that Captain Henderson?" asked I.

That was the name of the Ranger, and Carrie and I had just been talking about him.

"Oh dear no!" replied Carrie. "That's only Tom."

A year ago her brother had been number one with Carrie; now he was "only Tom." Truly there is a love that "like Aaron's rod, swallows up the rest."

It was fast growing dark, and I could not distinguish the features of the horseman as he rode up and dismounted at the front steps, leaving the horse to find his own way to the stable.

"Good evening, Tom," said Carrie. "Guess who has come."

"Who?" asked Tom, carelessly glancing at me as he stooped down to kiss his sister.

"Don't you know her?"

"Not in the dark."

"It is Helen Hunter."

"The mischief it is! Miss Hunter, I never was so glad to see any one before in all my life;" and the speaker grasped my hand warmly.

"Thank you," said I, returning the grasp with equal warmth; "but unless you have better eyes than I have, you have not seen me yet."

"Then suppose we go into the sitting-room and look at one another by lamp-light," suggested Tom.

"Excuse me; until tea-time I should rather remain here and see your visage in your mind."

"All right." And Tom seated himself beside me on the step and began to talk. He asked several questions about my journey, and

then we began to discuss our mutual acquaintance in the Têche country, and were in the midst of something like a quarrel respecting the merits of a certain Creole youth, when the tea-bell summoned us into the lamp-light, where we gradually satisfied our curiosity by a succession of covert glances at one another. Tom was as handsome as his ambrotype in the face, and in figure was as tall and straight as the Last of the Mohicans. I was not in the least disappointed in him; that is, in the matter of looks. Whether he was as well satisfied with the comparison of my charms with those of my ambrotype, is one thing that will never be known to me in this unsatisfactory world; but satisfied or not, he certainly paid me a great deal of attention that first evening.

The house had been made as comfortable as circumstances would permit in that wild country, and the sitting-room in which we took our tea looked really cheerful in the soft light of the astral lamp; for the rough walls had been covered with landscape paper, and the silk damask window-curtains and Brussels carpet carried one's thoughts back to civilised life. Glancing around the room, and observing the comforts and elegancies that had already been collected in this wilderness home, I asked Mrs. Clayton if she had become reconciled to the move.

"Yes," replied she; "I can always reconcile myself to the place where my husband and children are."

I was very much impressed by this fine sentiment, but the spell was immediately broken by Tom's gravely observing, "All places are alike to mother *now*."

I looked at him inquiringly, and he went on: "Not long after we came here, all mother's fine china was unpacked and placed upon a shelf which had been insecurely put up: and what a fall was there, my countrymen! Every plate, cup and saucer was broken into about forty-five thousand pieces, and the tea-pot—well, there was nothing left of *that* whatever. Since then, mother has been in a state of apathy; and if a move to Van Dieman's land were to be proposed to-morrow, I believe she would go to packing up without a word."

"Oh, Tom, what a slander!" exclaimed Carrie. "Mother wasn't half so much distressed about the china as I was. In fact, she bore up wonderfully under what was really a dreadful misfortune. You know your sweetheart *'laved* it was an awful pity so much nice chany should git smashed."

"Which one of my sweethearts was that?" asked Tom, laughing.

"Don't you remember? Jennie Jackson."

"Lord bless my soul! I had forgotten all about that girl; and she was right pretty too, only she looked forty ways for Sunday."

"She did have a bad squint, that is a fact," observed Carrie.

"You speak of her as a thing of the past," said I. "What has become of her?"

"Goodness knows!" replied Tom. "I haven't seen or heard of her in a coon's age; though now I think of it, somebody *did* tell me not long ago that old Jackson had pulled up stakes and moved out to the Nueces."

"I judge from your manner that you are no longer *épris* of the young lady?"

"No ; that excitement played out six months ago."

"That is just the way with Tom," said Carrie. "He is always *épris* of somebody, but it never ends in anything."

"‘They love least who let men know their love,’" quoted I, oracularly.

"‘They love least who never show their love,’" quoted Tom in reply, giving me a look that, coming from those brilliant, beautiful eyes of his, might, during my early teens, have gone direct to my heart and done considerable damage to that portion of my anatomy ; but I had now been out as a young lady for several years, and had come safely through one or more *affaires du cœur* ; in other words, to use an expression which has now become fashionable, "I had travelled."

After tea, the evening being mild, we returned to the piazza, and had not long been seated there when a visitor made his appearance.

"Halloo, Captain ! is that you ?" said Tom, in a tone that indicated more surprise than pleasure, as a great broad-shouldered, black-bearded, black-eyed man came stamping up the steps. "I thought you had made yourself scarce in these diggins. Miss Hunter, allow me to introduce Captain Henderson."

I eyed Captain Henderson with some curiosity as he stood before me in the moonlight, and I was rather pleased with his *tout ensemble* ; but Tom did not share my good opinion of the gentleman, for when Captain Henderson had taken Carrie to the sitting-room for the ostensible purpose of having some music (though that music was very long in beginning), my companion burst out with, "I never see that fellow without thinking what an unmitigated simpleton Carrie is. I suppose you know she is going to marry him next spring ?"

"What is your objection to him ?" asked I.

"Oh, nothing at all—only he is one of the high and mighty sort that, like Artemus Ward's noble savage, 'aint calculated to make home happy.' The first time I met this chap I thought he would never get through with his stare, for he commenced at my hat and looked me down to my boots, and then he looked me up again. I stood it that time, but, thinks I to myself, 'the next time you give me such a look as that, old fellow, I shall take the liberty of knocking you down forthwith.'"

"I shouldn't suppose that *you* would mind being looked at," said I. artlessly.

"That depends entirely upon who does the looking," returned Tom. "Ladies are welcome to look at me just as long as they please."

"Oh, I am *so* glad to hear you say so !" exclaimed I.

Tom answered me according to my folly, and the evening passed away (as did many another evening) in extremely idle conversation. Dr. Clayton informed his sister privately that I was a stunner (of course Carrie always repeated his compliments to me), that my eyes could talk as plainly as any other girl's tongue could ; that I was a number one at the piano ; that my complexion was enough to run a fellow distracted. He said all this and a great deal more, but "he never said he loved ;" and I was soon obliged to admit that I had come too late to make Tom stay at home and behave himself. He

took long rides with me across the prairie, and long walks with me under the live oaks on the river-side. He used to make me play and sing for him, and he and Carrie and I used to play euchre together (and sometimes whiskey-poker); he used to read Tennyson for me; although he said he could not understand a word of it; but nevertheless, he continued his almost daily visits to the other dear charmer, and I had not been very long at his father's before he began talking about a building site for a house, and had hired hands to get logs and shingles, he said for a gin-house for his father, who was still absent, having gone with Uncle George to Corpus Christi; but he looked so mysterious that Carrie and I could not help having our suspicions, and Carrie, in spite of her state of beatitude, became quite low-spirited.

"I know," exclaimed she tearfully on one occasion, "that Almira Dupont is a good, harmless sort of girl, and in this benighted country she is quite a shining light; but it would be dreadful, nevertheless, to have a sister-in-law who reads *Childe Harold* on Sunday, thinking from its being called a *pilgrimage* that it is a religious work."

"Don't distress yourself," said I, soothingly, "maybe it won't be a be after all."

"It's bound to be a be!" exclaimed Carrie. "That is, unless Tom jilts the girl, and that would distress me just as much as if he were to make her his wife."

"Perhaps she may jilt him." But Carrie received this suggestion with lofty scorn, and remained inconsolable.

Matters had been progressing in this style for a short time, when one morning Tom, after telling his mother not to look for him till she should see him again, took his departure for Nip-and-Tuck, an embryo town about twenty miles distant from Judge Clayton's.

"I am afraid he has gone for his wedding clothes," said Carrie, in a voice of dolorous pitch.

"I imagine not," returned I. "Surely he did not have a wedding look on his face this morning."

The next day brought a proof that I had spoken advisedly. Tom did not return, but Capt. Henderson called during the afternoon, and as Carrie was laid up with the headache, I had to entertain him by myself, which I did not object to in the least, as by this time he and I had become the best friends in the world, for in spite of a considerable quantity of *hauteur* he was every inch a gentleman (there were a good many inches of him too); and besides, like the rest of woman-kind, *que j'aime les militaires!*

"I heard the finest joke of the season in Nip-and-Tuck yesterday," observed the Captain, after we had been chatting awhile; "and the best of it was, Tom Clayton told it on himself."

"What was it?" asked I, with considerable interest.

"Why, it seems that Tom, having concluded to marry a certain young lady, had hired hands and commenced building a house to take his bride to, without deeming it necessary to say a word on the subject to the young lady herself. You know Tom has always been a terrible fellow among the girls, so his want of precaution in this case is more excusable than it would have been with some of the rest

of us. Great was his surprise therefore, when having calculated about what time his house would be finished, he went to his inamorata to get her to name the wedding-day, and for the first time in his life found himself flatly rejected. He says it broke his heart, but from the way he is frolicking in Nip-and-Tuck at present I imagine he will recover."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed I fervently, "that news will cure Carrie's headache, and I hope Dr. Clayton will be a sadder and a wiser man from this time henceforth and forevermore."

Whether my hope has been so far realised I know not, for Uncle George and I commenced our journey homeward before Tom returned from Nip-and-Tuck, and Carrie's letters since then have been entirely taken up with what "Capt. Henderson and I" think and say and do, with never a word about anybody else, although it seems to me it *might* occur to her that there are other men in the world quite as interesting to *me* as Capt. Henderson.

CAROLINE MARSDALE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ALL the world has heard how —

"Seven Grecian cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,"

and to whatever extent we may be shocked at the ingratitude of his countrymen to the great Greek while living, there is nothing singular or surprising in the fact that his origin and birthplace are unknown. On the contrary, there is something that strikes us as natural and fitting in the idea that this king of poets should arrive and depart enveloped in shadow and mystery. No man knows, no man ever will know, when and where he first appeared upon, or when and where he took his final leave of the earth which he so enriched and adorned, and which is so much brighter and more glorious for his coming. But while this is as it should be in regard to the "gray father of the human mind," it is not a little singular that there should exist the slightest doubt or question as to the birthplace of a poet living in our own time and country, who was but a few years ago still among us. Yet such is the case in regard to the subject of our sketch. No Homer certainly, but a true poet for all that, endowed with no inconsiderable portion of the genuine vatic inspiration.

It is matter of uncertainty, then, and we think of no great moment, whether Poe was born in Baltimore in 1811, as is usually believed, or in the capital of Virginia in the same year, as has been confidently asserted, or whether his origin belongs to an earlier date and a different spot. His parents were wanderers by profession, and the actual locality of his birth was of course determined by accidental circumstances. The facts that it really at all imports us to know we are in full possession of. He belonged to a Maryland family, and he was raised and educated, with the exception of the period spent at school in England, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, in Virginia. He was descended from a Norman family settled in Ireland, and his great-grandfather, John Poe, who had married the daughter of Admiral McBride of the British navy, immigrated to this country somewhat more than a century ago. His grandfather, David Poe, was Quartermaster-General in the Maryland Line during the Revolution, and an intimate and highly-valued friend of Lafayette. David Poe, Jr., the fourth son of this officer, while a law-student in the office of Mr. Gwynne of Baltimore, paid a visit to Norfolk on professional business, fell violently in love with the pretty face and vivacious manners of an English actress, Elizabeth Arnold by name, and without apparently giving himself much time to consider the prudence or propriety of the step, proceeded to make her his wife. His parents, as might have been anticipated, refused to receive their new daughter, and the young student abandoned the law and became a very indifferent actor. After the birth of his first child, his parents, we are told, consented to a reconciliation; but this relenting, so far as we can discover, seems not to have been followed by any practical good effect, for after leading a precarious stage-life for several years, the unfortunate couple died of consumption within a few weeks of each other, in the capital of Virginia. It is worthy of remark that though David Poe was hardly more than a boy at the date of his marriage, and his wife several years older, we hear nothing, in spite of all the hardships and trials which followed this imprudent step, of connubial quarrels or domestic infelicity. Edgar Poe was left then, by the untimely fate of both parents, a helpless, destitute orphan, dependent entirely, with a brother and sister in the same condition, upon a charity the coldness of which has passed into a proverb. In his case, indeed, the world's charity took at first a shape sufficiently warm, and he became the adopted son and heir-presumptive of a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Mr. John Allan. Whether this connection was on the whole of real benefit to him may be considered doubtful, but at the time he was thought singularly fortunate, and his future seemed secure. The beautiful, wayward, precocious little orphan became a member of Mr. Allan's family, and was no doubt spoilt and flattered "to the top of his bent." Using the word in its more comprehensive sense, the education of a sensitive, highly-gifted, imaginative child begins at an incredibly early age, and it is difficult to overrate the effect of judicious training, at once firm and affectionate, upon natures like these. The cases in which this system is pursued are so exceptionally rare that it is no severe reflection upon Mr. Allan to say that there are no indications of Poe's having had the benefit of it.

In 1816 the family set out upon a foreign tour, and after having travelled through England, Scotland and Ireland, the future poet was placed at school in Stoke Newington, near London. Here he remained for five years, and of his school-life and its surroundings he has given us a very vivid and interesting description in one of his shorter stories, "William Wilson."

"My earliest recollections of a school-life," he says, "are connected with a large, rambling Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town." Then follows a passage which has for us a singular touch of pathos: "It gives me, perhaps, as much of pleasure as I can now in any manner experience, to dwell upon minute recollections of the school and its concerns." The old, old story, the sad experience of generation after generation of mankind: the boy straining at the leash, chafing for the hour when he shall enter the arena as man; the man looking back with vain and unutterable longing to the days of his boyhood, gathering to his weary heart its humblest associations, lingering with mournful fondness over its pettiest details.

Of his residence at Stoke Newington, in spite of its monotony and confinement, he seems, if we may judge by what he tells us in the narrative above referred to, to have retained a pleasant recollection; but the brightness of these early days we may well suppose to have been enhanced to memory by the gloom that overshadowed his later life. In 1822 he returned to Richmond with the Allans, and pursued his studies at an academy there for two or three years. The epithet "wayward" is one which we have heard applied to him by a surviving schoolfellow, and which we have no difficulty in accepting. He is said at this period to have been distinguished for his faculty of improvising interesting narratives, and, notwithstanding his delicate appearance, for his physical strength and activity. It was at this time that he performed his famous feat of swimming from Richmond to Warwick, though not, as has been stated, for a wager, nor "against a current of two or three miles an hour." One cannot but surmise that the boy-poet's imagination was fired and his ambitious exertions prompted by recollections of Lord Byron's exploit of swimming the Hellespont from Abydos to Sestos. If this was the motive, his aspiring effort had nearly cost him his life, through fatigue and exposure to the sun.

At this period, though he has been described as wild and wayward by one of his comrades, yet we are told that his heart was tender and sensitive, easily touched, and as it would seem, lastingly impressed by kindness. He formed a deep and ardent attachment for the mother of one of his schoolmates, which even outlasted her life. He was in the habit of confiding to her all his difficulties and troubles, and her influence over him was always powerful even in his gloomiest moods. After her death he continued for a long time to make pilgrimages at night to the cemetery where she was buried. His affection for her is said to have inspired his lines "To Helen," written while he was still a mere boy, the first stanza of which we quote:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore."

It is pleasant to cross tracts like this in the mournful life, the records of which we are reviewing—links that serve to bind this strange, gifted, wayward poet more closely to his kind.

In the session of 1825-6, at a very early age, he commenced his career as a student at the University of Virginia, where, in spite of such irregularities of conduct as finally led to his dismissal, he established a high reputation for scholarship and talents. The premature close of his college career was followed by a rupture with Mr. Allan ; and the poet, not yet arrived at manhood, with his foot but on the threshold of life, found himself without family, friends or resources, cut off from all the ordinary ties and supports of existence. A forlorn future enough for one whose prospects and expectations had been so different ! His next step was to follow in Lord Byron's track again, and set out to join the Greek patriots ; but he was not destined to —

"get knocked on the head for his labors,"

for he turns up at St. Petersburg instead of in Greece. Here he found himself in extreme poverty, and very soon got into trouble. He was extricated, however, and sent back to America by the United States minister, Mr. Middleton, of South Carolina.

On his return to this country, occurred the very singular episode of his residence as a cadet at West Point. It would be difficult to conceive anything more utterly unsuited to a nature like Poe's, and in no long time the absurd experiment ended in his dismissal. He now returned to Mr. Allan's house ; but the first wife, to whom he is said to have been much attached, was dead, and her place filled by another. A second and final breach followed between them, into the causes and merits of which, as we have no real means of determining them, we feel no disposition to enter. Henceforth the struggle which the poet was to sustain with the world in which he seemed so misplaced, was to be a hard and bitter one. He had his genius on his side ; but genius like his was not a very marketable commodity where his lot was cast. There were magnificent prizes for talent, for second and third-rate capacity ; but for the fine frenzy of the poet, starvation and posthumous fame. Henceforth his career strongly resembles some of those recorded in one of the most melancholy of all books, Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Here we find the same want, wretchedness and destitution, the same almost hopeless struggles, the same giving way to despondency and then rousing up to resume the dreary contest once more. In his case as in theirs, disappointment produces excess, and excess leads to renewed disappointment, and so the weary circle is paced again and again. There is one notable difference, however. There are in this life, whatever else there may be, no episodes of luxurious dependence, no degrading exchanges of flattery for gold, no basking in the favor and living on the contemptuous bounty of a patron. And so far, at least, he was more fortunate than some of his distinguished predecessors.

Thrown, as he now was, entirely upon his own resources, his tastes and talents seem to have pointed alike in the direction of literature. He had already published in Baltimore some of his boyish productions, which, though as might have been expected from the age at which they had been written, extravagant in conception and faulty in execution, were not without passages of high promise. We are told that they were favorably received; but whatever increase of reputation they may have brought the poet, they seem to have done very little for his fortune. We soon find him reduced to the greatest straits, and there is even an idle tale that he was compelled by his necessities to enlist in the army as a private soldier. According to this account he was recognised by officers who had known him at West Point, and efforts were set on foot to obtain him a commission, but before their result could be known he was discovered to have deserted. Had this been true, not even Comberbach *alias* Coleridge of the Light Dragoons could have been more completely out of place. The fact is, however, that there is no reason for attaching the slightest credit to it, and the whole story should be rejected at once as a silly and awkward imitation of the passage in Coleridge's life above alluded to. When Poe next reappears on the scene, it is in the more natural and probable character of competitor for two prizes offered by the proprietors of *The Saturday Visitor*, published in Baltimore—one for the best tale, the other for the best poem submitted to the committee appointed to award them. He sent in a poem and several prose sketches. The story is that one of the committee was attracted by the neat handwriting of Poe's MS., and pleased with the few pages, which he found so much easier than usual to decipher, called the attention of his companions to "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." None of the other MSS., we are told, were even opened, and both the prizes were without further hesitation awarded to Poe. This story, if not strictly *vero*, is certainly *ben trovato*, as illustrative of the value of such awards. However the decision of the committee may have been arrived at, it was afterwards modified, so that the destitute young author received only the prize for the prose story, the "MS. found in a Bottle," an extravagant but striking and highly imaginative production. His success upon this occasion was the means of his being introduced to Mr. Kennedy, of Baltimore, and later of his obtaining employment from the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, then recently established in Richmond, Va., which resulted finally in his removal to that city. Here was a gleam of something like brighter prospects; but life was not to pass otherwise than roughly with the ill-starred poet. His temperament was originally sensitive and melancholy, and many causes concurred to deepen the gloom which would, perhaps, have been inevitable under the most favorable circumstances. Conscious of high gifts, he pined for recognition and reward, and was chafed and irritated almost beyond endurance by the offensive assumptions, the arrogant airs of patronage which he had constantly to bear from confident mediocrity sincerely convinced of its own mental elevation above the head of the penniless young writer. He felt, besides, that he was wearing out his life in uncongenial labors; and ever and anon we may imagine the thought,

so maddening to a nature like his to have intruded, that he might die after all with the genius within him not only unrecognised, but unexpressed. The truth is, there was no field open to his peculiar powers. Such a public as was wanting to him to appeal to, would have been the outgrowth of an entirely different social system from that in which he passed his life. Had he been a second-rate lawyer, plausible, fluent and shallow, fortune and reputation would have been within his grasp, with the seat of representative, senator, president perhaps, in the future. But he was only a true poet, endowed with rare and peculiar gifts; and there was no hearing for him. And thus he went on week after week, month after month, grinding out "copy" for a miserable pittance that hardly sufficed for the most ordinary wants of existence. The very productions by which he lived were no doubt a source of constant dissatisfaction and disgust to the fastidious taste of the artist himself. We use the word artist advisedly, for Poe was pre-eminently an artist in words, sensitively alive to the slightest artistic imperfection. To this in fairness should be attributed much of that critical severity which distinguished his writings, and drew upon him in such large measure the hostility of his brother authors.

We pause here for a moment before going farther in this tragic story, to contemplate what has been considered an exceptionally hopeful period of his life. The spectacle seems to us sufficiently dreary, with those golden dreams of the future so dear to the heart in youth already rudely dispelled, without the ties of home or family, or that near friendship which sometimes supplies the place, mortified in his ambition, disappointed in his hopes, dissatisfied with others, still more dissatisfied with himself, the constitutional gloom which had hung like a pall over his boyhood deepened and darkened as he advanced in life. He sought refuge from this in artificial stimulants, to the influence of which his nervous temperament seems to have rendered him peculiarly susceptible, for we are told that "with a single glass of wine his whole nature was reversed." Thus his difficulties impelled him towards dissipation, and his dissipation in its turn increased his difficulties, until the result at length was that he lost his situation on the staff of the *Messenger*, and with it the income, such as it was, derived therefrom. The probability is, indeed, that at all events a much inferior man would have filled more acceptably the position which Poe occupied. His "caviare" would not bring in the market the price of wares coarser and more common, but supposed to be more highly esteemed by "the general." Whatever the cause, or causes, of this withdrawal of his meagre means of support, it left him in a forlorn and dreary position, the difficulties and discouragements of which it would be hard to exaggerate. With characteristic imprudence, or rather utter recklessness of future consequences, he had during his residence in Richmond, and engagement with the proprietor of the *Messenger*, married his first cousin, Virginia Clemm, a gentle, retiring, undefined figure, attractive, so far as we can judge by the few glimpses we catch of her, as she constantly shrinks into the background. This would have been a step to wonder at, perhaps to censure, in another, but in Poe the practical element seems to have been so entirely left out that we accept it with a half-

smile as the fulfilment of our anticipations, just what might have been expected. What has he, this being, who can hardly be said to have lived in the real world at all, who passes through life with his head in the clouds and his soul in dreamland, surrounded by shapes and shadows invisible to all save himself—what has he, we say, to do with the suggestions of worldly wisdom, the dictates of ordinary prudence? It seems absurd to attempt to fetter him with the rules that govern, the motives that sway the mass of common humanity; yet the disregard of these rules and considerations works out in his case, as in that of the veriest clodhopper, its legitimate result.

But, after all, he was not without compensations. Let us turn aside for a moment from the torrent of righteous indignation, the shower of virtuous stones cast upon the unprotected head of the luckless poet, to glance at this new phase of his life. More fortunate than so many great writers, he found in his home at least a haven and a shelter. If he was stabbed, it was not with the dagger of domestic treason. From this quarter comes no voice of reproach. Even enemies and detractors, discouraged at finding no ally within the sacred citadel, are silent here; and from this silence, as well as the positive evidence which we have on the point, we may fairly infer that there was no pretext found for attack upon him in his relations with the two women (his wife and his wife's mother) who fill henceforward so large a space in his life. We somewhat violate the sequence of time in order to introduce here two extracts descriptive of Poe as he appeared in his own home. The first is from the certainly by no means partial or friendly pen of Dr. Griswold: ' . . . When once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home. It was in a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the centre of the town; and though slightly and cheaply furnished, everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed, that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius.' The other is taken from a sketch written by Mrs. Osgood in vindication of Poe's memory, a short time before her death: "It was in his own simple yet poetical home that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child—for his young, gentle and idolised wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. . . . I recollect one morning, towards the close of his residence in this city, when he seemed unusually gay and light-hearted, Virginia, his sweet wife, had written me a pressing invitation to come to them; and I, who never could resist her affectionate summons, and who enjoyed his society far more in his own home than elsewhere, hastened to Amity street. I found him just completing his series of papers entitled 'The Literati of New York.' 'See,' said he, displaying in laughing triumph several little rolls of narrow paper (he always wrote thus for the press), 'I am going to show you by the difference of length in these the different degrees of estimation in which I hold all you literary people.

In each of these one of you is rolled up and fully discussed. Come, Virginia, help me!' And one by one they unfolded them. At last they came to one which seemed interminable; Virginia laughingly ran to one corner of the room with one end and her husband to the opposite with the other."

We leave traits like these to speak for themselves, and hasten to the tragic close of this tragic career. When Poe's connection with the *Messenger* was broken off, he left Richmond for Baltimore, where, however, he remained only a short time, removing first to Philadelphia and afterwards to New York. Late in the year 1838 he returned to Philadelphia and took up his residence. Here he became first a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and subsequently its principal editor, at a salary wretchedly inadequate to his merits. In the fall of 1839 he published a collection of prose fictions under the title of *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*; but the public were already too familiar with the compositions it contained in their original form of magazine articles, for it to meet with the success that might otherwise have attended it. In the course of the next few years he was engaged in turn upon various periodicals in Philadelphia, and made besides an abortive attempt to realise his darling ambition and establish a magazine of his own. After the failure of this effort he returned to New York, where he was employed by Mr. Willis and General Morris as critic and sub-editor of the *Mirror*.

Meanwhile, low as were his fortunes, at this epoch his reputation was rapidly rising. His *Murders in the Rue Morgue* had been translated in two French papers without acknowledgment, and had given rise to a lawsuit between them. The legal proceedings that followed brought to light the fact that the story in dispute belonged to neither of the rival claimants, but had been appropriated without ceremony from "an American writer called Poe." This brought the American writer prominently before the reading public of France. He obtained the honor of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a number of his other stories were translated into French.

It was during the period of his connection with the *Mirror* that Mr. Willis gives the following sketch of him: "With the highest admiration of his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful and intellectual face as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy; and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented—far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he at last voluntarily gave up his employment with us, and through all this considerable period we had seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good-feeling by his unvarying deport-

ment and ability. Residing as he did in the country, we never met Mr. Poe in hours of leisure ; but he frequently called on us afterwards at our place of business, and we met him often in the street—invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman, such as we had always known him.”

If we have quoted these kind words at too great length, our excuse must be that kind words in reference either to the poet when living, or to his memory since his death, are but too rare and scanty. It is refreshing to meet with them sometimes. From the *Mirror* he passed to the *Broadway Journal*, but this new venture was not destined to be permanently successful. It lived about a year, and soon after its death Poe commenced the publication of his “Literati of New York City” in the *Lady's Book*. They attracted so much attention and excited so lively an interest that three editions of some of the numbers of the periodical in which they appeared, were called for.

Meanwhile, though his reputation had greatly increased, his fortune had by no means kept pace with it. His wife's health, which had long been delicate, grew constantly worse and worse. The struggle for existence even became harder and harder. His wife's mother, we are told, might at this period have been seen forlornly wandering from office to office with some literary production of his, by the sale of which she hoped to keep the wolf from the door, “and never, amidst all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions.” The public was appealed to through the press, and help came at length, but in what a shape ! Who can measure the depths of anguish through which this sensitive spirit passed ! The picture is too painful to dwell upon. A few weeks more and the suffering was over for one of the pair. His wife died, and henceforth the shadows deepen around the career so soon to close.

During the next twelve months but little is heard of him. When directed towards literary objects at all, his mind seems to have been intensely occupied with the subject of a lecture which he afterwards delivered in New York on the “Cosmogony of the Universe.” This was subsequently published under the title of *Eureka, a Prose Poem*, and appears to have been an especial favorite with the author. A particular winter night is recorded upon which he spent hours pacing up and down in the open air, endeavoring to explain to his mother-in-law the theory which he afterwards developed in his lecture. He was in a state of intense excitement on the subject, and expected the most magnificent results, both in fame and fortune, from the publication. These brilliant anticipations were of course disappointed, and henceforth, during the short remainder of his life, he published but little more.

The end was now near at hand, the curtain was soon to fall upon the melancholy drama. In the summer of 1849 he set out from New York to return to Virginia. After his arrival there he met with a lady whom he had known in his youth, became engaged to marry her, and determined to spend the remainder of his days in the home of his childhood and youth. But these prospects were not destined to

be realised. It was necessary for him to visit the North in order to make some final arrangements before the celebration of his marriage. From this visit, as is well known, he never returned. Why dwell upon the details of these last days, already so often described? The wild life was to end wildly, the sad life sadly. At the very last he was the victim of the most brutal ill-treatment, which probably caused his death. It was the day before an exciting city election, and he is said to have been confined all night in a cellar, and then drugged the next day, and carried around to be voted at eleven different wards. The day afterwards he was taken to a hospital in a state of insensibility, and there, on the 7th of October, 1849, breathed his last. "Where am I?" he is said to have asked when he recovered consciousness. The physician in attendance replied, "You are cared for by your best friends." "The best friend," answered the dying poet, "is he who will blow out my brains." A few moments afterwards he had ceased to live. He was laid to rest amidst kindred dust, in the old Westminster burying-ground, and his neglected grave is yet unmarked by monument or epitaph. Nevertheless he had one mourner, the depth and sincerity of whose attachment and whose grief it would be hard for the most skeptical to doubt. "I have this morning," writes his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, after receiving the intelligence of his fate, "heard of the death of my darling Eddie. . . Can you give me any circumstances or particulars? . . . I need not ask you to notice his death and to speak well of him. I know you will. But say what an affectionate son he was to me, his poor, desolate mother." Surely it was something to have won and kept a devotion like this. Comment is useless. Let us rather leave him with all his imperfections on his head, but guarded by the deep and tender love of one who, faithful to the end, has, by her own request, been laid to rest beside him.

We have not left ourselves space for a detailed examination of Poe's various productions. As a critic, his fastidious severity had a direct tendency to make the whole race of dunces, and some besides who cannot be fairly included under that head, bitterly hostile to him. He has accordingly been unsparingly dealt with, living and dead; for what can exceed the bitterness of an enraged dunce, the venom of a small *littérateur* whose vanity has been wounded? As for Dr. Griswold's extraordinary memoir, all further comment seems superfluous after the pregnant sentence in which Poe's distinguished French translator and critic, Baudelaire, has gibbeted — "*ce pédagogue-vampire*," in the introductory sketch prefixed to his *Histoires Extraordinaires*. "*Il n'existe donc pas in Amérique*," says he, "*d'ordonnance qui interdisse aux chiens l'entrée des cimitières*?" We do not propose to discuss at present the merits of these critical writings which gave so much offence in their day, for it is not upon these that his reputation will ultimately depend. We can do little more now than glance at some of the prominent peculiarities of his genius, as displayed in his purely imaginative productions. And here, on the very threshold, we are met by a remarkable element, constantly noticeable alike in the life and the works of Poe. There is something essentially, not inhuman, for we do not wish to convey any idea of censure, and there

is abundant evidence that this charge at least cannot be brought against him, but, if we may be allowed the use of the word, *unhuman*, about him. There is nothing else that will express the idea. He was, not hostile to, but apart from other men. He seems emphatically alone; alone in his life, alone in his thoughts. He is touched, as it were, on the outer integument, the circumference of his nature, by other natures; but the centre is never reached. He is somehow out of relation with his race. He is a man, yet not as other men. The essential difference is instinctively felt; there is a want of full sympathy, of *rapprochement* between him and them. He cannot view things from the ordinary human standpoint, and hence the great difficulty of judging him by ordinary rules. His utter indifference to matters the most exciting to his fellow-men is strikingly illustrated by the fact that, living in the age and country in which he did, he had never in his life cast a single vote, until the involuntary ones given, as we have already mentioned, on the last day of his existence. Beyond all question, a nature like his was peculiarly out of place in the country and time in which his lot was cast, as Baudelaire has not failed to observe in the remarkable essay from which we have quoted above. Théophile Gautier, also, in his sketch of Baudelaire, has enforced the same view in the strongest terms. "Edgar Poe," says the latter, "shared none of the American notions about progress, perfectibility, democratic institutions, and other themes for declamation dear to the *philistines* of both hemispheres. He paid no exclusive worship to the almighty dollar. He loved poetry for its own sake, and preferred the beautiful to the useful—a monstrous heresy!" It is worth while pausing here to observe that, when foreigners speak of "American," their meaning is strictly confined to the territory north of Mason and Dixon's line; that boundary is never crossed even in idea.

To return, whatever may be the correctness of these remarks, so far as they extend, it is necessary to go much deeper in order to arrive at the root of the matter. Poe was, so to speak, at odds with his countrymen more particularly, but also with the race at large. It is a noteworthy circumstance in the same connection, that though susceptible to the attractions and influence of women, he seems never to have had an intimate friend of his own sex. In this peculiarity, this abnormal isolation, we may find an explanation of the fact that he is scarcely ever really either pathetic or humorous. The human element is wanting. His power lies in a domain which has little to do with the tears or the laughter of mankind; but in this domain it is real and striking. Now and then, it is true, we may meet with a passage which touches a chord common alike to the writer and his readers, which has a certain irresistible pathos of its own, heightened by the very distance from which it reaches us; but instances of this kind are rare. His real power lies in the region of the weird, the sombre, the horrible, passing sometimes into the monstrous and abnormal. It is over the realm of shadows that he reigns supreme. But the very shadows are brought before us with such force and clearness, they stand out in such bold and striking relief, that we are fain to accept them as present realities. This is partly due to the minute and conscientious fidelity with which he paints in detail. Nothing is too

small for the microscopic keenness of his vision ; not the most trivial circumstance, not the pettiest accessory can escape him. Through the medium of his vivid and picturesque style every object, as in the peculiar atmosphere of Paris, comes out with an almost startling distinctness. Thus it is that he contrives to make his wildest fancies assume the hue of sober truth. Beneath the touch of his wand the mysterious becomes clear, the impossible real. As an instance of vivid and powerful word-painting, what could be finer than the description of the solitary traveller's approach to the doomed mansion in "The Fall of the House of Usher"? The dull, dark, soundless day in autumn, the clouds that hang so oppressively low in the heavens, the bleak walls, the vacant and eye-like windows of the house, the gray sedges, the decayed tree-stems, the unruffled surface of the black and lurid tarn, are all brought before us with ghastly distinctness. We seem to see — nay, almost to feel the "pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued," that hangs about the old mansion and domain. It is in pictures such as this that his sombre imagination appears to revel as in its most congenial element. In the famous "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," he has carried his pitiless minuteness of horrible detail to the highest point. Indeed, it almost passes in its painful power the limits assigned by the laws of art. The most prominent feature, on the other hand, in the "Gold-Bug," the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and other similar tales, is the wonderfully sustained power of patient and minute analysis. It is upon these fictions, of a class which Poe may be said to have originated himself, and upon a few short poems, singularly original in design and perfect in execution (we do not intend here to speak of *Eureka*, which has not long since been reviewed in the pages of this Magazine, and which stands entirely apart from the author's other productions, representing the scientific side of his intellect), that his place with posterity will ultimately depend.

To the literary world of France our author has had the good fortune to be introduced by no less distinguished a *chaperon* than Baudelaire. This writer's translations from Poe belong to that small and remarkable class of which Coleridge's *Wallenstein* is probably the most distinguished example, that of themselves avail to place their authors in a high rank. Of the effect they produced in France, and the reputation they conferred alike upon the original author and his translator, the following extracts from Gautier's sketch, already referred to, will give our readers some idea: "But what above all brought him [Baudelaire] into distinguished notice, was his translation of Edgar Poe ; for in France one reads scarcely anything of poets but their prose, and it is the *feuilletons* that make poems known. Baudelaire has naturalised among us that singular genius of an individuality so rare, so sharply defined [*tranchée*], so exceptional, which at first rather scandalised than charmed America ; not that his work in any way offends morality — on the contrary it is of a virginal and seraphic purity — but because it deranged all received ideas, all the practical commonplaces, and there was no standard by which to judge it." Again: "These works have been translated by Baudelaire with so perfect an identification of style and thought, a

freedom at once so faithful and so pliant, that the translations produce the effect of original works in all their genial perfection. The *Histoires Extraordinaires*, preceded by pieces of high criticism in which the translator analyses as a poet this talent so eccentric and so novel of Edgar Poe, of which France, with her perfect unconsciousness of foreign originalities, had been profoundly ignorant until it was revealed by Baudelaire. . . . Curiosity was excited to the highest point by these mysterious tales so mathematically fantastic, which draw their deductions by algebraic formulæ, and whose expositions resemble judicial investigations conducted by the most subtle and penetrating of magistrates. . . . Tender souls were especially touched by those figures of women so vaporish, so transparent, so romantically pale, and of an almost spectral beauty, which the poet names Morella, Ligeia, Lady Rowena, Eleonora, but which are merely the incarnation under various forms of an only love surviving the death of the beloved object, and continuing itself in *avatars* always discovered."

Foreigners are often our best critics. They stand in some degree in the place and anticipate the judgment of posterity. We make no apology then for quoting at such length from the celebrated Frenchman, the besetting sin of whose countrymen is certainly not to welcome with imprudent haste strange literary gods into the national Pantheon. Baudelaire himself had carefully studied and been profoundly influenced by the peculiar and original genius of the Virginian poet. "He brings," says Gautier, "to this task [that of criticising Poe], so necessary to explain a nature so removed from common ideas, a metaphysical sagacity which is unusual, and a rare keenness and delicacy of perception." Yet it is by no means easy to find passages in his elaborate and careful criticism sufficiently complete in themselves, and still not too long for quotation. Perhaps after all, the best course would be to send the reader curious on the subject to the introductory essay upon Poe's life and works, to which we have already alluded more than once. However, though the selection is difficult, we will lay before our readers a few passages which may serve to convey some idea of the estimation in which our countryman's genius is held abroad.

"To one who has a feeling for English poetry," says the French poet, speaking of one of our author's earliest publications, "there is already here the extra-terrestrial accent, the melancholy calm, the delicious solemnity, the precocious experience—I had almost said *the inborn experience*—which characterise great poets." And again: "Poe has written but few poems: he has sometimes expressed his regret at not being able to give himself not merely more frequently but exclusively to this kind of work, which he considered the noblest of all. But his poetry has always extraordinary power [*est d'un puissant effet*.] It is not the glowing effusion of Byron, it is not the soft, harmonious, refined melancholy of Tennyson—for whom, by the way, he had an almost fraternal admiration. It is something deep and reflecting [*miroitant*] like a dream; mysterious and perfect like a crystal." We will close these extracts by one which contains some striking reflections upon the poet's death, and the manner in which it

was received in America: "Alas! he who had scaled the loftiest heights of æsthetics, and plunged into the most secret abysses of the human intellect, he who in a life which resembled a storm with no interval of calm, had found new means, unknown modes of astounding the imagination, of ravishing souls athirst for the beautiful, has died in a hospital—what a destiny! So much greatness, so much misfortune, to raise a whirlwind of *bourgeoise* phrases, to become the repast and the theme of virtuous journalists! *Ut declamatio fias.*"

While such was the admiration excited by Poe's genius and the effect produced by his writings in France, in England the preponderating influence of the narrow and vindictive Boston clique, especially over one great organ of British critical opinion, seems to have availed for some time unduly to depress his reputation. Within a comparatively recent period, however, a decided change has taken place in this respect. The voice of intelligent and appreciative criticism has begun to make itself heard, and the fame of the author of "The Raven" is sensibly rising with the progress of time. From abroad come the notes of admiration and praise, which remind us that his fame and genius, in which all English-speaking people have a common interest, are in a peculiar manner the heritage of his countrymen of the South.

W. BAIRD.

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

IN a lecture delivered some time ago at Brighton, England, Mr. W. Spottiswoode called the attention of his audience to the bright spot on the screen, where a beam of polarised light from his lantern fell. He told them that *they saw* polarised light. The fact was that while the illuminating beam was polarised, what they saw was unpolarised light. The writer of this paragraph discovered fifteen years ago that polarised light incident upon dead white surfaces, such as cotton cloth, whitewash and the like, is completely unpolarised by the diffuse reflexion experienced in such cases. He has been accustomed to use this phenomenon as a proof of the correctness of the proposition that a beam of common light is equivalent to a beam of rays polarised in all possible planes. Dove had shown that if a beam of common light be transmitted through a Nicol's prism rotating about an axis coincident with that of the beam, the resulting beam of polarised light, with its plane of polarisation rapidly revolving so as to give it all possible azimuths, is undistinguish-

able from a beam of ordinary unpolarised light. It was conceived that the fact of depolarisation by diffuse reflexion is an equally convincing and far more convenient proof of the same doctrine. A plaster or whitewash surface is thought to differ from a mirror only by its roughness and want of polish. The minute inequalities which cover it are only so many little broken mirrors, disposed with the utmost irregularity. The different rays of a beam of plane polarised light falling upon such a surface, encounter the summits and slopes of these asperities and the intervening valleys in every variety of position. They are consequently scattered in every direction, and by a familiar law have their planes of polarisation turned by different amounts from their original position. These scattered pencils of light therefore consist of rays, presenting every possible azimuth in their planes of polarisation, and should seem to be unpolarised, as in fact they do.

M. Lallemand has recently investigated the phenomena presented when opaque bodies are illuminated with polarised light. He finds, as we did, that opaque *white* bodies reduce, by diffuse reflexion, polarised light to neutral or common light. But he goes much further. Very different are the results when the opaque body is colored or black. In the case of a colored opaque substance, like cinnabar, iodide of mercury, indigo, &c., the diffused light retains traces of polarisation. These traces become very strong in those colors which the substance *feebly* reflects. Thus, when cinnabar is illuminated with a complete spectrum of polarised light, the red and orange colors are vividly reflected and show scarcely any signs of polarisation. The green and blue colors are very faintly reflected, but are strongly polarised. M. Lallemand's explanation of these facts is novel and ingenious. He does not regard the scattering of light by an opaque white body to be a case of reflexion at all. It is, in his language, "a phenomenon of isochromatic fluorescence." In plain terms, the surface particles of the white body are not passive, but are excited by the impinging rays, so as to become self-luminous and present a species of phosphorescence or fluorescence, limited by the condition that it is always of the same color as the exciting ray and proportional to it in intensity. This fluorescent light, like all original light, is unpolarised.

The case of colored bodies is more complex. A part of the light diffused by them is due to fluorescence. This fluorescent light is indeed "isochromatic," or of the same tint with the exciting incident light, but its intensity is not proportional to that of the latter. Hence the color of the body. The remaining portion of the diffused light is due to veritable "molecular" reflexion. In this portion, the polarisation of the incident beam, according to M. Lallemand, is preserved and each color is reflected in the same proportion, so that if the illuminating light be white, this portion of the emitted light is white also.


Black surfaces, like those of smoked glass, platinum black, &c., behave, in a general way, like colored bodies. In the former, however, the fluorescence is not only isochromatic, but *equal* for all the rays of the spectrum. It is, moreover, *feeble*. The light, veritably reflected, becomes now relatively intense. This fact, coupled with

the absence of color in the light diffused by black substances illuminated by white polarised rays, renders them invaluable in researches respecting this kind of reflexion. Our author finds the results, as to intensity and plane of polarisation of the diffused light, to agree with the conclusions derived from his theory. He found that if the incident beam was so close to the smoked surface as almost to graze it, and if its plane of polarisation was almost parallel to the surface, the light diffused perpendicularly to the latter had in it no traces of polarisation. On the other hand, when the illuminating pencil was common unpolarised light, it was in the diffused rays perpendicular to it that he always found the maximum amount of polarisation. M. Lallemand's results and speculations certainly encourage and demand further researches into a most perplexing phenomenon—one which has been a problem of the ages, to-wit: "the colors of natural bodies."

— Captain J. Herschel, R. E., son of the late Sir John F. W. Herschel, has published the following Universal Calendar, which will attract attention by its great compactness and simplicity:—

GENERAL CALENDAR TABLE.

DATE.					Jan Oct	Apr July Jan	Sep Dec	J'ne	Feb Mar Nov	Aug Feb	May	
1	8	15	22	29	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	Monday
2	9	16	23	30	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	Tuesday
3	10	17	24	31	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	Wednesday
4	11	18	25		E	F	G	A	B	C	D	Thursday
5	12	19	26		D	E	F	G	A	B	C	Friday
6	13	20	27		C	D	E	F	G	A	B	Saturday
7	14	21	28		B	C	D	E	F	G	A	Sunday

RULE.	1798	1799	1800	1801	1802	1803	NOTE.
	1804	1805	1806	1807	1808	1809	
	1810	1811	1812	1813	1814	1815	
Enter with month and	1816	1817	1818	1819	1820	Use the <i>Italic</i>
date, or with year and	1821	1822	1823	1824	1825	1826	months in
week-day, for letter.	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831	leap-year
This letter, in the same	1832	1833	1834	1835	1836	1837	only. No at-
or another place, indi-	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	tention need
cates the corresponding	1844	1845	1846	1847	1848	be paid to
combination of year and	1849	1850	1851	1852	1853	1854	leap-years,
week-day, or month and	1855	1856	1857	1858	1859	unless the
date; one of which	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	date falls in
being known, indicates	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	Jan. or Feb.
the other.	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	
	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	
 Do not take month	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	
and week-day, or year	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	
and date together.	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	
	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	

Examples of the use of the Calendar.

1. What day of the week will be Dec. 8th, 1874? Dec. 8 indicates C. Taking the year column containing 1874, we find C opposite to Tuesday.

2. What dates in August, 1874, will be Sundays? 1874 and Sunday indicate E. August and E indicate 2d, 9th, 16th, 23d, 30th.

3. First Monday in Dec., 1848? 1848 and Monday indicate G. Dec. and G indicate the 4th.

4. Feb. 1, 1800. What day? 1800 is no leap year, it not being divisible by 400. Feb. 1 indicates E. 1800 and E indicate Saturday.

5. Jan. 31, 1876. What day? 1876 is a leap year. Jan. 31 indicates G. 1876 and G indicate Monday.

6. What years in this century begin on Friday? Jan. 1 indicates A (or B if leap year). Friday and A indicate (*omitting leap years*) 1802, 13, 19, 30, &c. Friday and B indicate (*omitting common years*) 1808, 36, 64, 92. Hence the years in this century beginning on Friday are 1802, 08, 13, 19, 30, 36, 41, 47, 58, 64, 69, 75, 86, 92, 97.

—Coggia's comet, now so conspicuous in our northern skies, has for some time been the object of attack, we may be sure, to an immense battery of telescopes and tele-spectroscopes in different parts of the northern hemisphere. The revelations of the spectroscope are awaited with anxious interest, this being the first great comet which has visited our skies since telescopic spectroscopy was invented. The orbit of the comet has been computed by a number of astronomers. We append two determinations of its elements as indicating the precision with which modern astronomy traces a vast orbit when only an exceedingly minute section of it has been observed:

	<i>J. R. Hind.</i>	<i>A. C. Dunér.</i>
Perihelion Passage (Greenwich mean time),	d. July 8, 211.	d. July 19, 274.
Longitude Perihelion,	270° 47' 13"	150° 3' 16"
" Ascending Node,	118 24 33	123 1 55
Inclination of Orbit to Ecliptic,	65 51 31	72 52 53
Perihelion distance (Earth's mean dist.=1),	0.67437	0.7395

REVIEWS.

The Women of the Arabs. By Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D.
New York: Dodd & Mead.

WHILE there may be very serious doubts about some forms of missionary labors, whether they are not after all a humane mistake, and a waste of benevolence, zeal, and energy that might be better employed at home, we think no such cavil can be raised against

the work here interestingly described and ably advocated by Dr. Jessup — the education of the women of Syria.

It is one of the many ignorances of the day to say that the faith of Mohammed degraded women, and that the Koran declares that they have no souls. The teachings of Mohammed tended to raise the women of the East, from the almost subter-brutish condition in which they had been held by the Pagan Arabs; and not only did his teachings promise divine protection and the reward of Paradise to devout women as well as men, but his affectionate and exemplary life with his wife Khadijah held out an excellent pattern for his disciples to follow. But the evil was only mitigated, it was not cured: the old leaven of the times when women were despised, when the birth of a female child was considered an affliction and a disgrace, and when female infanticide was almost universal, has not been removed to this day; the teachings of the Koran inculcating the subjection of woman, though scarcely going further than would have had the approval of Milton, are warped in the direction of cruelty; and especially in Syria, among the Moslems and Druses, the position of woman is worse than that of a slave. It is held scarcely respectable to speak of one in good society, and if circumstance makes it necessary, the remark must be prefaced with an apologetic "*ajellak Allah!*"—"may God elevate you," that is, above the contamination of so vile a subject. A man going to consult a physician about his wife's health, must first beg pardon for alluding to a topic so loathsome. "I remember once," says Dr. Jessup, "meeting the Mohammedan Mufti of Beirût in Dr. Van Dyck's study. The Mufti's wife was ill, and he wished medical advice, but could not insult the Doctor by alluding to a woman in his presence. So he commenced, after innumerable salutations, 'Your excellency must be aware that I have a sick man at my house.' 'Inshallah, it is only a slight attack.' 'He has pain in his back, headache, and will not eat.' 'Has he fever?' 'A little.' 'I will come and see *her* this afternoon.' 'May God increase your good!'"

With such views, no wonder that intense opposition was made to the opening of classes for girls, some averring that to teach a woman to read and write was to give her the power to work unimaginable wickedness, while others said that to attempt to educate a woman was like trying to educate a cat. However, through many difficulties, hardships and perils, this devoted band of teachers, both male and female, have struggled on since 1825, and they now have flourishing schools for girls at all important points, and are zealously training native teachers to extend the work.

Beside the very interesting narrative of the missionary work, there is a great deal of curious information in this book, about manners and customs, sports, legends, superstitions, and so forth. The following amusing story is told by the Nusariyeh (a fanatical sect) about one of their own holy places:—

Once upon a time there was a great Sheykh Ali, a holy man, who kept a holy tomb of an ancient prophet. The tomb was on a hill under a great oak tree, and the white dome could be seen for miles around. Lamps were kept burning day and night in the tomb, and if any one extinguished them they were miraculously lighted

again. Nobody knew the name of the prophet, but the tomb was called "Kobr en Nebi," or "tomb of the prophet." A green cloth was spread over the tomb under the dome, and incense was sold by the sheikh to those who wished to heal their sick, or drive out evil spirits from their houses. Pilgrims came from afar to visit this holy place, and its fame extended over all the land. Sheykh Ali was becoming a rich man, and all the pilgrims kissed his hand and begged his blessing. Now Sheykh Ali had a faithful servant named Mohammed, who had served him long and well. But Mohammed was weary of living in one place, and asked permission to go and seek his fortune in distant parts. So Sheykh Ali gave him his blessing and presented him with a donkey, which he had had for many years, that he might ride when tired of walking. Then Mohammed set out on his journey; he went through cities and towns and villages, and at last came out on the mountains east of the Jordan in a desert place. Tired, hungry, and discouraged, poor Mohammed lay down by his donkey on a great pile of stones and fell asleep. In the morning he awoke, and alas! his donkey was dead. He was in despair; but he would not leave the poor brute to be devoured by jackals and vultures, so he piled up a mound of stones over its body and sat down to weep.

While he was weeping, a wealthy Hajji or pilgrim came along on his return from Mecca. He was surprised to see a man alone in this wilderness, and asked him why he was weeping? Mohammed replied, "O Hajji, I have found the tomb of a holy prophet, and I have vowed to be its keeper, but I am in great need." The Hajji thanked him for the news, dismounted to visit the holy place, and gave Mohammed a rich present. After he had gone, Mohammed hastened to the nearest village and bought provisions, and then returned to his holy prophet's tomb. The Hajji spread the news, and pilgrims thronged to the spot with rich presents and offerings. As money came in, Mohammed brought masons and built a costly tomb with a tall white dome that could be seen across the Jordan. He lived in a little room by the tomb, and soon the miraculous lights began to appear in the tomb at night. Mohammed increased in fame and wealth, and the prophet's tomb became one of the great shrines of the land.

At length Sheykh Ali heard of the fame of the new holy place in the desert, and as his own visitors began to fall off, decided to go himself and gain the merit of a visit to the tomb of that famous prophet. When he arrived there with his rich presents of green cloth, incense, and money, he bowed in silence to pray toward Mecca, when suddenly he recognised in the holy keeper of the tomb, his old servant Mohammed. "Salam aleykum," said Sheykh Ali. "Aleikum es salam," replied Mohammed. When he asked him how he came here, and how he found this tomb, Mohammed replied, "this tomb is a great mystery, and I am forbidden to utter the secret." "But you *must* tell me," said Sheykh Ali, "for I am a father to you." Mohammed refused, and Ali insisted, until at length Mohammed said, "Venerable Sheykh, you remember having given me a donkey. It was a faithful donkey, and when it died I buried it. This is the tomb of that donkey." "Mashallah! Mashallah!" said Sheykh Ali. "The will of Allah be done!" Then they ate and drank together, and renewed the memory of their former life, and then Sheykh Mohammed said to Sheykh Ali, "My master, as I have told you the secret of my prophet's tomb, I wish to know the secret of yours." "Impossible," said Ali, "for that is one of the ancient mysteries, too sacred to be mentioned by mortal lips." "But you *must* tell me, even as I have told you." At length the old Sheykh Ali stroked his snowy beard, adjusted his white turban, and whispered to Mohammed, "And my holy place is the tomb of that donkey's father!"

The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. ALGER, well-known by various writings strongly tinged with mysticism, seems to have found his mind peculiarly drawn to the genius of the Orient, where, if anywhere, the mystic may find himself at home, and where Emerson, Angelus Silesius, and Jellal-ed-Deen might embrace as brothers, and each understand the other's speech. So to us, who can not visit that clime, he comes with samples of its products—the wild imaginations of the Hindu, the fiery passion of the Arab, the

delicate sensuousness of the Persian, the dreamy ecstasy of the Soofee, and the pithy aphorism or pointed parable that are common to all.

Many of the devotional pieces embody thoughts of fervent piety, expressed with a force and tenderness that even Herbert could not surpass. For example, here is one entitled—

THE CONTENTS OF PIETY.

"Allah!" was all night long the cry of one oppressed with care,
Till softened was his heart, and sweet became his lips with prayer.
Then near the subtle tempter stole, and spake: "Fond babbler, cease!
For not one 'Here am I' has God e'er sent to give thee peace."
With sorrow sank the suppliant's soul, and all his senses fled.
But lo! at midnight, the good angel, Chiser, came, and said:
"What ails thee now, my child, and why art thou afraid to pray?
And why thy former love dost thou repent? declare and say."
"Ah!" cries he, "never once spake God to me, 'Here am I, son,'
Cast off methinks I am, and warned far from his gracious throne."
To whom the angel answered: "Hear the word from God I bear.
'Go tell,' he said, 'yon mourner, sunk in sorrow and despair,
Each 'Lord, appear!' thy lips pronounce, contains my 'Here am I';
A special messenger I send beneath thine every sigh;
Thy love is but a girdle of the love I bear to thee,
And sleeping in thy 'Come, O Lord!' there lies 'Here, son!' from me."

Other pieces, of more epigrammatic form, are—

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Sheik Schubli, taken sick, was borne one day
Unto the hospital. A host the way
Behind him thronged. "Who are you?" Schubli cried.
"We are your friends," the multitude replied.
Sheik Schubli threw a stone at them: they fled.
"Come back, ye false pretenders!" then he said;
"A friend is one who, ranked among his foes
By him he loves, and stoned, and beat with blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only add the more."

THE CAUSE AND THE AGENT.

The wall said to the nail, "What have I done,
That through me thy sharp tooth thou thus dost run?"
The nail replied, "Poor fool! what do I know?
Ask him who beats my head with many a blow!"

PROUD HUMILITY.

In proud humility a pious man went through the field;
The ears of corn were bowing in the wind, as if they kneeled:
He struck them on the head, and modestly began to say,
"Unto the Lord, not unto me, such honors should you pay."

The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. By Lord Campbell.
Vol. III. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

To commend this volume to the attention of the public, it is enough to say that it contains the biographies of Sir John Holt and of William Murray Lord Mansfield, written by the author of the *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. Whatever defects there may be in Lord Campbell's style, it is certainly not wanting in pith and vigor. The more

important legal questions which the subjects of his memoirs were called upon to decide are stated with accuracy, and the anecdotes of their private life told with freshness and vivacity. Indeed, his sense of humor instinctively finds something to interest us even in the lives of the dullest Chief Justices. We cite as an instance the following passage from the life of Sir John Pratt:

The widow of a foreigner being left destitute on the death of her husband, who had no parochial settlement in England, was removed from a parish in London to the parish in the county in which she was born; but this parish appealed to the Quarter Sessions against the order of removal, on the ground that a maiden settlement is forever lost by marriage. The Justices at Sessions being much puzzled, referred the case to the Court of King's Bench, and the decision there is thus recorded by Sir James Burrow in his Reports:

A woman having a settlement
Married a man with none;
The question was—he being dead,
If what she had was gone?

Quoth Sir John Pratt, "The settlement
Suspended did remain
Living the husband; but him dead
It doth revive again."

(*Chorus of Puisné Judges.*)

"Living the husband; but him dead
It doth revive again."

This decision seems to have created a great sensation in Westminster Hall; but the glory which it conferred on Chief Justice Pratt soon passed away, for as far as the *suspension* was concerned "living the husband," it was reversed by his successor, Chief Justice Ryder, who determined, with *his* puisnés, that the maiden settlement continues after marriage until a new settlement is gained; and that although the wife cannot be separated from the husband by an order of removal if he, having no settlement, has deserted her, she may be sent to her parish for relief even in his lifetime:—

A woman having a settlement
Married a man with none:
He flies and leaves her destitute,—
What then is to be done?

Quoth Ryder the Chief Justice,
"In spite of Sir John Pratt,
You'll send her to the parish
In which she was a brat.

"*Suspension of a settlement*
Is not to be maintained:
That which she had by birth subsists
Until another's gained."

(*Chorus of Puisné Judges.*)

"That which she had by birth subsists
Until another's gained."

Of a very different character is the following anecdote of Chief Justice Holt. He had committed John Atkins, one of a band of fanatics called "the Prophets," to take his trial for seditious language, and Lacy, one of the brotherhood, called at the Chief Justice's house in Bedford Row and desired to see him:—

Servant: "My Lord is unwell to-day, and cannot see company."

Lacy (in a very solemn tone): "Acquaint your master that I must see him, for I bring a message to him from the Lord God."

The Chief Justice having ordered Lacy in and demanded his business, was thus addressed:

"I come to you a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, His servant, whom thou hast sent to prison."

Holt, C. J.: "Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave. If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for He knows that it belongeth not to the Chief Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*; but I, as Chief Justice, can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company."

This was immediately done, and both prophets were convicted and punished.

The volume is well printed on tinted paper, and illustrated with portraits of Holt, Raymond, Willes and Mansfield.

J. B. A.

Ça Ira. A Novel. By Wm. Dugas Trammell. New York: U. S. Publishing Co.

So far as we can judge, after some consideration, Mr. Trammell has written this book, which he calls a novel, to let the world know what he admires and what he despises. From it we learn that he highly approves the proceedings of the insurrection in Paris, which called itself a "Commune," as Mr. Trammell's book calls itself a novel. He is also an advocate of female suffrage, of compulsory education, of the "emancipation of labor," (whatever that may mean), and an admirer of General Grant. He views the Christian religion and its ministers with much contempt. He has free views regarding the sexual relations, and is troubled with no fastidiousness in his references to them.

Now it is possible that among those whom this book is meant to reach, there may be a few who coincide in one or more points with its author, but we cannot conscientiously recommend them to read *Ça Ira*. If they wish to see the woman-question discussed, they can find it treated logically in the pages of Mill. If assaults on Christianity are to their taste, they would perhaps do better to consult the witty Voltaire, the learned Gibbon, or the analytic Strauss, than Mr. Trammell, who does his best, no doubt, but has not the advantages of those writers. If they relish indelicacy, there are the works of Feydeau, Belot, and others, in which they can read such things in pure French rather than impure English, and not run the risk of corrupting their grammar as well as their morals. Because a man thinks lightly of the marriage-bond, it is no reason that he should repudiate the concord of the verb with its nominative.

Since, however, Mr. Trammell seems to think it of moment that his position on these points should be generally known, we cheerfully give it what publicity we can; though it was scarcely necessary for him to write three hundred and fifty-eight pages to inform the world that he admires the Commune, has a contempt for Christianity, a distaste for things generally held respectable, low views of marriage, a somewhat effervescent brain, and a not over-cleanly imagination.

W. II. B.

The Trust and The Remittance: Two Love Stories in Metred Prose.

By Mary Cowden Clarke. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE, author of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, compiler of the *Concordance to Shakspeare*, and friend of Charles Lamb, is a lady of whom, especially in her present advanced age, no reviewer should speak but with respect. We will not say that she has made a mistake in writing these little stories (though one is hardly new), but that she made a mistake in measuring off the syllables by tens, and commencing each tenth syllable with a capital letter, which seems to be what she means by "metred prose." For instance, why such a passage as this:—

"A prisoner upstairs, nursed carefully and tenderly by good, kind, motherly old Mistress Wilson, who from earliest had taken Grace to her affection, loved her like a daughter, calling her 'my dear' when speaking to herself, though she always spoke of her to Bernard as 'Miss Grace,' and to all others as 'Miss Middleton'"—should be printed in any other form than that we have given it, we can not see. As short stories they are not unpleasing, and as "dedicated to the lover-husband of eighty-five by the lover-wife of sixty-three," they are a curiosity of literature.

Rome as It Is. By Mrs. H. R. Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

To a reader who has seen Rome, this volume may call up agreeable memories; to one who has not seen it, nor read any better description, it may impart some information. More than this we can not say of a book which is merely a record of the ordinary sight-seer's round, and written by one who in this respect at least, seems no more than an ordinary sight-seer, whose information goes no deeper than the details of the hand-books, or the story of the cicerone, and whose likes and dislikes seem equally superficial. To sneer at a legendary miracle; to be disgusted with fat, lazy friars; to wonder "how long such superstition will be tolerated," and to contrast the position and power of Pius IX with those of Gregory VII, may be the proper thing for a traveller to do; but we can all do that for ourselves, without a book.

The Antiquary. (Thistle Edition of the Waverley Novels.) New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

WE are delighted to meet our old favorite in the handy form and beautifully clear type of this edition, which is at once elegant enough for the library, and handy enough for the car. Novelists have tried many paths of fiction since this book first saw the light, but they have produced no character more naturally humorous than Monkbarns, whether objugating his "woman-kind," descanting on the Kaim of Kinprunes, or lamenting the misadventure of Dr. Heavysterne, who "sat down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient caltrops, or *craw-taes*."

Dickens and Thackeray are each great in his way, but their brilliancy sometimes wearies the reader; the simple healthful naturalness of Scott is always fresh and always delightful.

THE GREEN TABLE.

TO the mind of the journalist, it has been said, everything, great or small, from the hatching of a three-legged chicken to the threatened tumbling of the earth into the sun, presents itself in the light of an actual or possible "item." And certainly, in this broad sense, there is no lack of items just now; but one hesitates what to select as the most congenial topics for these days when "the dog-star rages," that is, rises with the sun, and Coggia's comet is flaring in the northern sky.

Hydrophobia, now, would seem to be a most appropriate theme, and it has been seized upon by the papers with their annual avidity, and discussed, first by journalists, then by the press, until men's nerves fairly tingle, until some poor creatures have been frightened into hysteric convulsions, and until the public has discovered that the medical faculty are all at odds as to what hydrophobia is, or whether there is any such specific disease at all. Another notable result has been the recognition of a peculiar form of nervous disease—*lyssophobia*—arising from excessive apprehensions of going mad, and, like other hysterical disorders, reproducing in the patient the symptoms he has learned to expect or dread. Just so has it been, in the cases of supposed demoniacal possession, as in that remarkable epidemic outbreak eight or ten years ago in Morzine, Haute-Savoie, the patients raved, howled, bit, foamed, had convulsions, spoke as the mouth-pieces of demons, &c., not in deception, but because they had heard that persons possessed with devils did so, and in the hysterical state these actions were involuntarily reproduced. So people have died from a belief that a vampire was sucking their blood; so people are dying now from the belief that they are bewitched; so poor creatures have voluntarily denounced themselves as wizards, witches, were-wolves, sworn to every horrible detail, and gone shuddering to the gallows or the stake. Of a truth the mysteries of the brain and nerves are sometimes as strange and ghastly as the wildest beliefs of superstition; but it will be a vast gain to timid humanity if it can be proved that there is no specific virus in so-called hydrophobia, but that the true cause of the disease is the impression on the brain or nerves produced by the horrible dread of madness. For if this be so, then hydrophobia, like *lycanthropy*, the vampire, the *vouist*, demoniacal possession, and other ghastly bug-bears of the Ages of Terror, will vanish so soon as it has lost its hold upon popular belief.

But if this be too canicular a topic, there is Central Asia and Turkistan. We might touch the Eastern question a little; show Russia's slow, steady, irresistible descent, her power spreading like a drop of ink on blotting-paper, silently, stealthily, incessantly widening its margin. Post after post

quietly taken; one petty chief after another reduced to submission; a stronghold built to protect a road; a road made for a fortress to protect—in this way the Russian power moves silently and softly on, bringing ever nearer the inevitable day when the reflex Slavonian wave shall meet the reflex Teutonic; when the Bear and the Lion shall grapple in unimaginable fury, like Kilkenny cats, strident and strepitant on the "Roof of the World." Ah, here would be a chance for some fine writing, if this feeble pen were only equal to it!

As for the scandals with which the daily and weekly press is teeming, we absolutely refuse to touch them. Our neighbors in some quarters have in hand the most disgusting washing of dirty linen that we have heard of for many a day, and we wish them joy of the job.

Suppose, by way of a change, we turn our eye on the past, and see what our ancestors were doing just a hundred years ago. And as that storehouse of curious information, Scharf's *Chronicles of Baltimore*, is lying on our table, we will look into it.

In 1774, the people of Boston, terrified at the blow to their trade struck by the Port Bill, appealed to the other colonies to strike a blow for them by stopping all importations from Great Britain. "They could not," Mr. Samuel Adams wrote to Mr. Lux of Baltimore, "entertain a thought so dishonorable to their brethren, as that this town will be left to struggle alone." A meeting was held, and with the deliberateness, love of order, and aversion to rash measures which in those days characterised the action of Marylanders (as witness the tea-burning at Annapolis in this same year), they rejected the plan of abruptly stopping importations, and recommended a *Congress of delegates from each colony* to consider the state of affairs and determine on what was the best mode of remedy. This recommendation was made on May 31, the same day on which the Virginia resolutions were made public; so that as the historian says, the honor of first suggesting a General Congress belongs as much to Maryland as to Virginia. And this action was followed up by munificent gifts of provisions from Maryland and Virginia to the appealing city. Eighty-seven years afterwards she paid the debt with interest, when Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler threatened by public proclamation to send an emissary provided with strychnine into every Baltimore family.

But these old-fashioned ways of doing things were in the old time, when, as our chronicler tells us, in Baltimore "Lawyers' and physicians' services were little required, as all were peaceable and healthy. Old maids were not to be met with, neither jealousy of husbands. Entertainments were devoid of glare and show, but always abundant and good. Bashfulness and modesty in the young were then regarded as virtues. It was the custom in early days for the young part of the family, especially the female part, to dress up neatly toward the close of the day and sit in the street porch; and it was customary to go from porch to porch in the neighborhood and sit and converse; and it was peculiarly pleasant to every travelling stranger to be so easily gratified with a sight of the whole city population." In those days all respectable citizens "had a universal speaking acquaintance with each other. If a citizen failed in business, it was a cause of general and deep regret; but it was a rare occurrence, because honesty and temperance in trade were then universal, and none embarked in it without means adapted to their business."

All peaceable, all healthy, all hospitable according to their means, all social and friendly, bankruptcies rare, tradesmen all honest and prudent—put up the book, and hand us down Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

How very far does the best presentation of Falstaff upon the stage fall below the immortal conception of Shakspeare. We see him there represented, not only as fat and old but gross, gluttonous, animal; whereas in

Shakspeare's Falstaff the animal nature is a mere foil to the intellectual. Falstaff is, in reality, one of Shakspeare's heroes of intellect, and so may be ranked with Hamlet and Iago.

The chief positive trait of his mind is imagination, or rather what he calls "pregnancy"—the faculty which promptly seizes all the relations, real or verbal, of any subject. Of this, one side, that which seizes the ludicrous relations, is really hypertrophied; no man is able to invent more matter for laughter than he does; and it seizes with an irresistible infection all those around him. Even the solemn Chief Justice, in his grave rebuke of the knight's levity, forgets his place and his own gravity and lapses into a pun—a very poor one. That cold-blooded boy, Prince John of Lancaster, the true son of his father, whose cool and cruel perfidy to the insurgent leaders is peculiarly detestable in such a youth, even he, when condescending to reprimand Falstaff, glides into a feeble attempt at a quibble; while the sententious and formal Shallow catches the contagion from afar, and begins crowing and bragging of the madcap doings of his youth, at the very rumor of Falstaff's coming; and even poor Master Silence falls to quavering about its being "merry in hall when beards wag all," mingled with vague reminiscences of his obsolete old "leman" of fifty years before, until the sherris sack proves too strong for his doited brain and he has to be carried to bed. Ay, even the young king, in his new-fledged royalty, bent upon showing the world his gravity, grandeur and complete disseverance from the follies of his youth by publicly bullying and snubbing his old friend, cannot refrain from a joke about the grave gaping wider for him than for other men, and then shabbily avoids all repartee by falling back upon his kingship—"reply not to me with a *fool-born* jest." his majesty's own joke being, of course, of a very different lineage.

He takes a perennial delight in this gift of his, though it, far more than his other frailties, has brought him to his present position. We never see him drunk, nor even drinking to excess, eloquent as he is in praise of his favorite liquor. We have no note how long those "two gallons of sack" lasted him; and we must remember that he kept the bibulous Bardolph supplied with drink. His only intoxication is with his own wit; he loves to hear it; he lavishes it on uncomprehending ears because he enjoys it himself. Like Sancho he might say, *basta que me entiendo á mí mismo*. When in trouble, he runs on in his thoughts until he reaches the drollery of the situation, when he is immediately cheered up. The Chief Justice can domineer over him, Ford can cudgel him, the conspirators pinch and burn him, the Prince make a butt of him, but in the encounter of wits they all go down.

And he can show a proper spirit upon some occasions. His remonstrance with the Chief Justice has both dignity and politeness; and his discourse with Shallow, though easy, is neither vulgar nor too familiar.

The fact is, we have been accustomed to take his faults too much at the word of his detractors. Take his gluttony, for instance: where is the proof of it? We are shown him twice at table, and how does he behave himself there? At the Boar's Head Tavern (after that wonderful exhibition of the Prince's mighty joke—his own original joke—upon the drawer), he sits down to table, but does not seem to eat, and the only dish mentioned, the apples of the dessert, is taken away again. Justice Shallow makes an entertainment for him, and, as he says, is anxious to please him. Shallow must have known his tastes well; and the feast he provides for this man of "intolerable entrails," this Vitellius in buff-leather, is "some pigeons, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws," followed by "a last year's pippin served in an arbor," with "a dish of carraways, and so forth"—altogether a neat, modest and simple *menu*. Then there is the bill found in his pocket by Poins, where if anywhere, we might look for the record of his private gormandisings, and what do we read?—"a capon, sauce, anchovies and bread."

But the crucial instance is found in that gibe of Poins: "Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul that thou soldest him"—and so forth. For mark: Poins, whose wit is indeed "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard," thinks it a fine thing to be tilting at Sir John before the Prince, and usually breaks his staff across in the clumsiest way. Now here he wishes to mock the knight as an epicure, and the bribe for which he imagines him selling his soul, is what? a wild boar roasted whole? a mighty baron of beef? a barge-load of Colchester oysters? Nothing of the kind: "A cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg." A dainty, gentlemanly repast; a luncheon that Sir Piercie Shafton would not have pronounced gross; as choice as Lady Mary's "champagne and a chicken."

His cowardice does not appear to have been so extreme. He is in the thick of the fight at Shrewsbury, and if he performs no exploits, he does not run away. It is true he avoids the terrible Douglas, by a ruse, but he fought him first. He had not set himself up as the champion of the House of Lancaster, that he should single-handed cope with one of its mightiest foes. He shows no fear in his encounter with Coleville. And as for his natural and frankly-owned objection to being killed, it speaks much for his candor, but nothing for his cowardice.

But he proved himself an arrant coward at Gadshill, they say. Well, there are some things to be said about that Gadshill business. It seems to have been the first and only exploit of the kind that he was engaged in. The Chief Justice, in reprimanding him for his follies, tells him that he "lives in great infamy," which he presently explains by saying that his "means are slender and his waste great;" as for his "night's exploit at Gadshill," his "day's service at Shrewsbury" has condoned for that; from which it is plain that the Chief Justice knew of no other high-way performances. Falstaff's boasting talk about "we that take purses," &c., seems merely a bit of antecedent bragging over the adventure he was going into. Small use would the rest have had for Falstaff on such an enterprise, especially when his corpulent figure, "known as well as Paul's," was sure to betray them, as it did in this very instance. His enlistment in it is of Poins' contrivance, to have a laugh on him; but with his lively imagination he begins to plume himself on his footpadship before it is begun, and talks of "we that are squires of the night's body." So the Prince catches the trick from him, and speaks of "us that are the moon's men," when it is quite evident that the mock-robbery is the Prince's first exploit in that line.

There is much levity and frailty in the fat knight, but there is no baseness in him, and no gall. He envies the dull Shallow who has land and beeves, but it is a mere passing cloud—hardly a thought; and he is immediately consoled by the matter for laughter that he will devise out of him to please the Prince. Before that mirth was made, the Prince had "killed his heart"—the only man upon earth that could do it. For Falstaff had an ideal, and it was the Prince. In him he saw the youth, beauty, fiery spirit, grace, strength, self-command, which he himself lacked, and he imagined in him the generosity and magnanimity which no descendant of John of Gaunt ever had. He loved to be with him, and for this he is compelled to avail himself of the one quality to which he owes this fellowship, the quality in which he surpasses even the Prince—the power of producing mirth and laughter. In this the rest are all "gilt sixpences" to him. And so he is willing to play the part of henchman and parasite—though he never grovels and never begs—to be the butt of the shallow Poins, the mock of the Prince himself, not for the sake of having his tavern-bills paid, but to be near the god of his idolatry. It was but a poor idol, and dealt with its worshipper in true Lancastrian fashion. Perhaps he deserved it; but not at the hands of Henry the Fifth.

withdrawn to it and artillery placed in position. But his efforts and losses on the 12th seemed to have exhausted the enemy, and all was quiet till the 18th May, when a strong force advanced past the McCoull house toward our new line. When well within range Gen. Long opened upon them with thirty pieces of artillery, which with the fire of our skirmishers broke and drove them back with severe loss. We afterwards learned that they were two fresh divisions nearly ten thousand strong, just come up from the rear.

On the 19th May Gen. Lee directed me to demonstrate against the enemy in my front, at he believed they were moving to his right, and wished to ascertain. As they were strongly entrenched in front, I obtained leave to move around their right. After a detour of several miles through roads impassable for my artillery, I came on the enemy prepared to receive me. My force was about six thousand ; his, much larger. His position being developed and my object attained, I was about to retire, when he attacked me. Part of my line was shaken, but Pegram's brigade of Early's division (Col. Hoffman commanding), and Ramseur's of Rodes', held their ground so firmly that I maintained my position till nightfall, then withdrew unmolested. My loss was about nine hundred, killed, wounded and missing. Next day Gen. Early returned to his division, and Gen. Gordon was put in command of one composed of his own brigade and the remnants of Johnson's division. Hoke's brigade (Col. Lewis commanding) returned to Early's division, and the 21st Ga. reg't to Doles' brigade. We moved to Hanover Junction, where my corps took the right of the line. After some days' skirmishing we marched towards the Totopotomoy. When we removed I reported to the General Commanding that in consequence of a severe attack of diarrhœa I would leave Gen. Early in command while the troops were on the march, and on Friday I rode in an ambulance to Mechanicsville, remaining in my tent Saturday and Sunday, the 28th and 29th May. On Sunday I reported that I would be on duty in two days more, and sent a certificate of Staff-surgeon McGuire to the same effect. The Commanding General relieved me on Sunday, placing Gen. Early in temporary command of my corps. I reported for duty on Tuesday, four days after my attack, and remained over a week with the army, wishing to place the question of health beyond a doubt ; but the change of commanders was made permanent, and on the 14th June I was placed in command of the defences of Richmond. The losses of my corps from the 4th to the 27th May were, it will be seen, very heavy, and including prisoners amounted to over one-half. Of the fourteen generals who began the campaign under me, Generals J. M. Jones, L. A. Stafford, and Junius Daniel were killed; Generals John Pegram, Harry T. Hays, James A. Walker, and Robert D. Johnston wounded; Generals Ed. Johnson and G. H. Steuart taken prisoners, and General Early most of the time detached. General Jones had been twice wounded — at Gettysburg and Mine Run. I considered his loss an irreparable one to his brigade. General Ed. Johnson once said of General Stafford that "he was the bravest man he ever saw." Such a compliment from one himself brave almost to a fault and habitually sparing of praise, needs no remark. General Daniel's services at

Gettysburg, as well as on the bloody field where he fell, were of the most distinguished character. General Walker was wounded in the attempt to stem the attack on his division early on the 12th of May. My staff during this campaign consisted of Lieut.-Col. A. S. Pendleton and Major Campbell Brown, A. A. Generals; Colonel A. Smead (colonel of artillery), Act'g Ins. Gen.; Major B. H. Greene, Engineer; Lieutenant Thomas T. Turner, A. D. C.; Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Allan, Chief of Ordnance; Surgeon Hunter McGuire, Medical Director; Majors John Rogers and A. S. Garber, Quartermasters (Major Harman having been transferred just before the campaign opened); Major W. J. Hawks and Captain J. J. Locke, Commissaries of Subsistence. All except Majors Brown, Greene and Rogers, and Lieut. T. T. Turner, had been of the staff of Lieut.-General Jackson. That officer should be held hardly more remarkable for his brilliant campaigns than for the judgment he almost invariably showed in his selections of men. It would be difficult without personal knowledge to appreciate Colonel Pendleton's great gallantry, his coolness and clearness of judgment under every trial, his soldier-like and cheerful performance of every duty. On one occasion I expressed a wish to recommend him to a vacant brigade, but he declined, thinking his services more valuable on the staff. Major Hawks deserves the highest praise I can give him for his ability and zeal in the performance of his duties, so impressing me that I have often wished he could have a command in the line if it were possible to fill his place on the staff. It is but simple justice to say that the quiet and efficient manner in which Surgeon McGuire performed the duties of his important department left nothing to be desired, while Colonel Allan's abilities were recognised at headquarters by both compliments and promotion. Major Brown had been with me from the first battle of Manassas, and on nearly every field had been intrusted with important duties. On no occasion did I have reason to regret my confidence in his coolness, judgment and discretion. I also wished to recommend him for promotion to a Tennessee brigade, but he declined. Probably no officer had more distinguished himself by repeated acts of personal bravery and dash than Lieutenant T. T. Turner, or with so slight personal advancement. Up to the time when he was wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. he had constantly been foremost wherever opportunities presented themselves. Lieut. Harper Carroll and Lieut. Jno. Taliaferro, Acting A. D. C's, had horses shot under them on the 12th of May, and displayed much personal gallantry. My total loss at the Wilderness was 1250 killed and wounded. The burial parties from two divisions reported interring over 1100 of the enemy; the third and largest made no report. When we moved, probably one-third or more were still unburied of those who were in reach of our lines. At Spottsylvania, though the enemy held the ground for a week, we found on regaining it many of their dead still unburied, while the numerous graves showed their loss to have been immense; it must have exceeded ours in the proportion of at least six to one, taking all the engagements together.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. S. F WELL, *Lieutenant-General.*

HEAD-QRS. ARMY N. VA., 7 P. M., 7th May, 1864.

Lieutenant-General EWELL, *Commanding Corps* :

General :—General Lee directs me to say, that he has instructed General Anderson to put Longstreet's Corps in motion for Spottsylvania C. H. as soon as he can withdraw it from its present position. He will proceed either by Todd's Tavern or Shady Grove Church as circumstances may determine. The General desires you to be prepared to follow with your command should it be discovered that the enemy is moving in that direction, or should any change in his position render it advisable

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

General Lee will be at Parker's Store to-night.

[The above letter was sent by General Ewell to the division commanders for their information, with the endorsement in pencil: "Rodes is closing in to Hill."—C. B.]

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. L. LONG,
ARTILLERY SECOND CORPS.

From 4th to 31st May, 1864.

STANTON, Nov. 25, 1864.

Major :—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the artillery of the Second Corps from the 4th of May to the 31st of May, 1864.

I received orders on the 4th of May from Lieutenant-General Ewell to move my artillery to the front. I immediately broke up my grazing camps in the neighborhood of Gordonsville, and directed Colonel Brown to move his division of artillery in the direction of Locust Grove. Cutshaw's battalion was ordered to report to Colonel Carter, who had been ordered some days before to the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, with Page's battalion of his division—Nelson's battalion had been some time on the front, operating with Early's division of infantry. On the 5th all my artillery was concentrated at Locust Grove, on the old turnpike from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg, in the immediate vicinity of the infantry of the Second Corps. On reporting to General Ewell I learned that the enemy was in his front. Major-General Ed. Johnson's division of infantry was advanced, accompanied by Nelson's battalion of artillery. After moving a short distance the division was deployed across the pike, and one battery (Milledge's) was put in position to the right of the road in front of Jones' Brigade. The enemy attacking while the position of this brigade

was being changed, it became necessary to withdraw Milledge's battery. After a very spirited attack the enemy was repulsed with considerable loss. General Ewell then took up his position without further opposition. His line extended on each side of the turnpike, the road passing through the centre of his division; the right wing was nearly at right angles to the pike, and the left wing was bent back to cover the road leading to the Germanna plank-road.

The country was of such a character (being a dense wilderness) that but few opportunities offered for the effective use of artillery; nevertheless a portion of Nelson's guns were posted on a commanding ridge, with a small field in front, immediately on the road one mile from the Lacey house. Two others of Nelson's guns were placed on the road leading to Germanna ford, to operate with the troops of the left wing of the corps. The artillery during the day was several times used with effect in repulsing partial attacks of the enemy. For the better service of the artillery, our line being quite extended, I directed Colonel Brown to take charge of that portion posted on the right of the turnpike, and Colonel Carter that on the left. Early on the morning of the 6th, Colonel Carter was directed to concentrate as many guns as could be spared, on the left of our position, which was a good deal exposed, and the enemy was feeling in that direction as if intending to attempt our flank. These guns, with a small infantry support, sufficiently protected this point. During the day the enemy made an attack on Gordon's brigade, which was on our extreme left. Some of these guns were used with considerable effect in assisting to repel this attack. Early in the day Colonel Brown, while selecting a position for a battery, was shot by a sharpshooter and instantly killed. His loss was deeply felt throughout the whole army. He not only exhibited the highest social qualities, but was endowed with the first order of military talents. On every field where he was called to act, he was distinguished for gallantry and skill. The artillery will ever remember him as one of its brightest ornaments. Nelson's battalion was relieved during the day by guns from Lt.-Col. Hardaway's and Major Cutshaw's battalions, Cutshaw occupying the position on the right of the pike, and Hardaway that on the Germanna road. Lt.-Col. Braxton's battalion was put in position on our extreme right, filling the interval between Rodes' right and Hill's left. A few guns were distributed along Rodes' front.

The opposing forces were, during the 7th, only occupied in light skirmishing. I was directed by General Ewell to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Germanna ford. Taking one brigade of infantry and two battalions of artillery, I advanced to the Germanna plank-road, striking it about a mile from the ford. Two or three regiments of cavalry were occupying the road at this point. These were soon driven away by a few well-directed shots, a small number retreating towards the ford, and the rest in the direction of the main body of Grant's army. It was discovered that the enemy had almost entirely abandoned the ford and road; it was evident that they were leaving our front. Late in the afternoon I was ordered by General Ewell to hold myself in readiness to move. Nelson, Hardaway and

Cutshaw were directed to encamp at Verdierville. Braxton and Page were ordered to remain with the infantry and move with it. The enemy was found on the morning of the 8th to be shifting his position towards Spottsylvania Court-House. Our whole army also moved in that direction, and arrived at that place on the same evening. A few guns were put in position near the Court-House. The infantry of General Ewell's corps bivouacked on the position it was to occupy in line of battle. On the 9th General Ewell's line was accurately established and fortified. Braxton's and Page's battalions were put in position along the line of infantry. This position, like the one at the Wilderness, was not well adapted to the effective use of artillery, the view being obstructed by forest and old field-pine. General Hill's position to the right of General Ewell afforded a better field. The artillery was, however, carefully posted, with the view of rendering the most effective support to the infantry. On the morning of the 10th, Braxton and Page were relieved by Nelson and Hardaway, the former occupying the positions on Johnson's front, and the latter those on Rodes' front. In the afternoon, the enemy having massed heavily in front of Rodes (Doles' brigade) under cover of a dense pine-thicket, made a sudden attack upon this brigade, broke it and entered our works, overrunning and capturing Smith's battery of Hardaway's battalion. Our infantry was soon rallied, and, being reinforced, repulsed the enemy and recaptured the battery. The Captain and some of his men were made prisoners and carried off. Hardaway's guns were principally engaged in this attack and were served with gallantry and effect. Smith's guns being without cannoners, were manned by Captain Garber and his men, of Cutshaw's battalion. In this attack the gallant Major Watson, of Hardaway's battalion, was mortally wounded. Lt.-Col. Hardaway was also wounded, but did not leave the field. On the 11th, Cutshaw's and Page's battalions were brought up and put in position, and a portion of Hardaway's battalion was relieved. The enemy made no decided attack upon any part of our line during the day.

Late in the afternoon I received orders to have all the artillery, which was difficult of access, removed from the lines before dark, and was informed that it was desirable that everything should be in readiness to move during the night; that the enemy was believed to be moving from our front. I immediately ordered all the artillery on Johnson's front (except two batteries of Cutshaw's battalion) to be withdrawn, as it had to pass through a wood by a narrow and difficult road, and the night bid fair to be very dark. The withdrawal of the artillery proved to be very unfortunate, as the enemy, instead of retreating, massed heavily on Johnson's front during the night for the purpose of attacking. At half-past three o'clock A. M. on the 12th I received a note from General Johnson, endorsed by General Ewell, directing me to replace immediately the artillery that had been withdrawn the evening before; that the enemy was preparing to attack. I immediately ordered Page's battalion to proceed with all haste to the assistance of General Johnson. He moved his battalion with great rapidity, but just as he reached the point to be occupied, the enemy broke Johnson's line and enveloped and captured all of Page's

guns except two, which were brought off by Captain Montgomery. At the same time two batteries of Cutshaw's battalion were captured. The enemy thus captured twenty guns, twelve from Page and eight from Cutshaw. Had the artillery been in position the result might have been different, or had the weather been favorable this disaster might have been avoided; but the morning was so dark and foggy that it was with difficulty that we could distinguish friend from foe. Every effort was made to drive the enemy from our lines, but stimulated by a successful assault, and by the desire to hold the large number of guns he had taken, he most stubbornly opposed every effort to dislodge him. He was, however, so hotly pressed that he was forced to abandon most of our works, and was prevented from carrying off, during the day, the guns he had captured. The enemy threw his whole force in this attack and kept it up till late in the afternoon. Every gun that we could bring to bear was put in position, and officers and men displayed great coolness and skill in the service of them. Major Cutshaw and Capt. Garber, with the men who escaped on the capture of the batteries, succeeded in reaching some of the guns which the enemy could not remove, and turning them upon the enemy, used them with great effect. Captain Montgomery was put in position with one gun in a ravine to the right of the Harris house, where he remained all day actively engaged at short range. He exhausted the ammunition from three caissons, which was used with effect. The conspicuous gallantry of these officers called forth general admiration.

About 12 M., on account of the heavy pressure the enemy was making on our lines, and the loss we had sustained in artillery in the early part of the action, I found it necessary to ask for reinforcements of artillery. Colonel Cabell and Lieutenant-Colonel McIntosh with parts of their battalions were sent to me. I am much obliged to these officers for the valuable service they rendered on this occasion. Colonel Cabell was put in position on the left of Hardaway's battalion (this battalion was now commanded by Captain Dance, Hardaway having been wounded in the early part of the day); McIntosh was held in position at the Harris house, with the exception of two guns, which were posted on the hill above the McCool house. Colonel Carter commanded in the morning the artillery posted on the hill above the Court-House, but later in the day he joined me in front of the main attack. He rendered valuable assistance; his coolness and judgment everywhere had their effect. I was also ably assisted by Lieutenant S. V. Southall, A. A. Gen., and by Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton, whose battalion was engaged throughout the day. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson occupied a position on the Court-House hill, and handsomely assisted in repelling an attack on that portion of the line. At night a new line was established, and all the artillery was withdrawn from the positions occupied during the day and put upon it. The next day was occupied in reorganising. Major Cutshaw was assigned to the command of Hardaway's battalion; Major Stribling was also assigned to this command. Major Page was put in command of the remnants of his own and Cutshaw's battalions.

Everything remained quiet along the lines till the morning of the 18th. The enemy about 9 A. M. advanced a heavy force against our new line. He was allowed to come within good canister range

of our breastworks. Carter's division of artillery then opened a most murderous fire of canister and spherical case-shot, which at once arrested his advance, threw his columns into confusion, and forced him to a disorderly retreat. His loss was very heavy; ours was nothing. This attack fairly illustrates the immense power of artillery well handled. A select force of ten or twelve thousand infantry was broken and driven from the field in less than thirty minutes by twenty-nine pieces of artillery alone.

In the afternoon,* General Ewell having determined to make a flank movement, Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton was directed to accompany him with six guns of select calibre. After proceeding two or three miles the roads were found to be impracticable for artillery, and Braxton was ordered to return to his former position. The Second Corps on the 21st moved to the right to Mud Tavern, there taking the Telegraph Road to Hanover Junction; arrived at that place on the 22d. The enemy soon confronted us; but not making any attempt on our lines, the artillery remained quietly in position till the morning of the 27th, when the whole army moved in the direction of Richmond, and on the 28th went into position on the Totopotomoy, General Ewell's corps being near Pole Green Church. About this time Gen. Early assumed command of the Second Corps.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to call the attention of the Commanding General to the uniform good conduct of all the officers and men under my command. In battle they were brave and determined, and in camp they were obedient and attentive. I have ever found them what soldiers should be. I would especially call attention and express my thanks to Colonel Carter, who commanded a division of artillery, and also rendered valuable assistance in selecting positions and in the general supervision of the lines; and to Lieutenant-Colonels Nelson, Hardaway and Braxton, Majors Cutshaw and Page, commanding battalions, and to Majors Stribling and Moorman. These officers were always particularly distinguished for gallantry in the field, and for their careful attention to discipline in camp and on the march. I would also call special attention to the members of my staff. Lieutenant S. V. Southall, A. A. Gen., was with me in all our operations and rendered me the most valuable aid; he was always conspicuous for coolness and judgment. Major F. P. Turner, Chief A. G.; Captain W. J. Armstrong, C. S.; Captain Gregory, Ordnance Officer; and Dr. J. A. Strath, Chief Surgeon, were all distinguished for the able administration of their departments; also my Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant R. O. Arrington.

Being absent from my command, I am unable to append a list of casualties. The chief loss was upon the capture of Cutshaw's and Page's battalions on the 12th of May.

This report would have been submitted at a much earlier period had it not been for the difficulties incident to an active campaign in getting sub-reports, and my own illness.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. L. LONG, *Brig.-Gen. Chief of Artillery*

The Adjt.-Gen., Lieut.-Gen. Ewell's command, Richmond, Va.

*An error, as this attack was made next day, the 19th.—C. BROWN.

Endorsement on the above report.

By General Ewell's direction, I wrote to General Long immediately upon receipt of this, asking him to specify *from whom* came the orders for withdrawal of his guns from General Ed. Johnson's lines. No answer ever received. Wrote a second time with same result. *I heard General R. E. Lee* give the order to General Long in person in General Ewell's presence.

[Signed]

CAMPBELL BROWN.

This endorsement is not dated, but from the handwriting and the ink used I take it to have been made about 1865, before the evacuation of Richmond. The fact is as clear in my memory to-day as ever. The order was given at the Harris house shortly before sunset of the 11th. The above is a true copy.

CAMPBELL BROWN.

May 6th, 1874.

REPORT OF GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.

From 2d to 6th April, 1865.

RICHMOND, VA., April 25, 1865.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. TAYLOR, A. A. G.:

Colonel:—In obedience to instructions, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command, from the time of its leaving the lines at Chaffin's Farm on Sunday night, April 2, 1865, to its capture on the afternoon of the following Thursday, April 6, 1865.

The order to withdraw from the entrenchments was received by me at Major-General Kershaw's quarters, about 10 o'clock P. M. of the second of April, and was issued to the two brigades (Barton's and Crutchfield's) under my command at Chaffin's Farm, about 11 o'clock P. M. of that night. The wagons, which had been loaded up in obedience to the preparatory order received at Chaffin's on the afternoon of Sunday, April 2d, were at once sent off to cross James river at Richmond, and proceed to Amelia C. H. *via* Buckingham road and Meadville, as ordered. Not being able to cross the Appomattox river near Meadville, the wagon-train moved up to Clementtown, there made the passage of the river, and proceeded with safety until within about four miles of Amelia C. H., when it was destroyed by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry on the morning of Wednesday, April 5th, with the baggage of my division and twenty thousand (20,000) good rations, as I have recently learned from the Division Commissary, who escaped. The troops (Barton and Crutchfield's brigades) crossed the James river on the Wilton bridge about one o'clock A. M. of Monday, April 3d. The picket line was withdrawn at three

o'clock of that morning, and passed safely over the same bridge about daylight. My command then moved to Branch Church, and thence by Gregory's to the Genito road, as directed, camping that night about one-half mile beyond Tomahawk Church. In the absence of Lt.-Gen. Ewell in a Northern prison, it may be proper for me to mention here that the detachments of troops in Richmond and Kershaw's divisions, followed by Gary's cavalry, or a portion of it, crossed the James river at Richmond and followed my division to Tomahawk Church. On the following morning, Tuesday, April 4th, it being positively ascertained that the Appomattox river could not be crossed at Genito bridge, arrangements were made to prepare the railroad bridge at Mattoax Station for the passage of the wagons, artillery and troops, which was accomplished that night, and all went into camp on the hills beyond the river. Early on Wednesday, April 5th, the bridge having been destroyed, the column moved on to Amelia C. H., at which place the Naval Battalion, commanded by Commodore Tucker, and the command of Major Frank Smith, from Howlett's, were added to my division. From Amelia C. H. General Ewell's column, following that of General Anderson, and followed by that of General Gordon, much impeded by the wagon-trains, moved towards Jetersville and Amelia Springs, marching slowly all night. During this night-march, firing having commenced between our flankers and some of the enemy's scouts, as is supposed, Major Frank Smith was mortally wounded, Captain Nash, A. A. G. Barton's brigade, lost a leg, and several others whose names I have not been able to ascertain, were wounded. We passed Amelia Springs on the morning of Thursday, April 6th, and moved towards Rice's Station. About mid-day, immediately after crossing a little stream within about two miles of Sailor's Creek, the enemy's cavalry made an attack upon a portion of General Anderson's column about a mile in advance of us, at the point where the wagon-train turned off to the right, causing some delay and confusion in the train. The cavalry was soon driven off, and my division, followed by General Kershaw's, closed upon General Anderson. About this time the enemy attacked our train at the stream we had shortly before crossed, and appeared in heavy force to the left of our line of march between this stream and Sailor's Creek, which, measured on the road we travelled, are about two miles apart. Word was also received from General Gordon that the enemy was pressing him heavily. To cover the wagon-train and prevent General Gordon from being cut off, line of battle was formed along the road, and a strong line of skirmishers was thrown out, which drove back the enemy's skirmishers and held him in check until General Gordon came up in the rear of the wagons, which must have been from one to two hours after the skirmishing commenced. So soon as General Gordon closed up, my division following General Anderson's rear and followed by General Kershaw, moved on across Sailor's Creek towards the point where General Pickett was understood to be engaged with the enemy's cavalry, which had cut the line of march in the interval between him and General Mahone. General Gordon having filed off to the right after the wagon-trains, the enemy's cavalry followed closely upon General Kershaw's rear, driving it across Sailor's

Creek, and soon after the enemy's infantry (said to be the 6th corps) massed rapidly in our rear. To meet this movement General Kershaw's division formed on the right and mine on the left of the road upon which we were moving, our line of battle being across the road facing Sailor's Creek, which we had not long passed. Before my troops got into position, the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery upon our lines, which was continued up to the time of our capture. After shelling our lines and skirmishing for some time, an hour or more, the enemy's infantry advanced and were repulsed, and that portion which attacked the artillery brigade was charged by it and driven back across Sailor's Creek. This brigade was then brought back to its original position in line of battle under a heavy fire of artillery. Finding that Kershaw's division, which was on my right, had been obliged to retire in consequence of the enemy having turned his right flank, and that my command was entirely surrounded, to prevent useless sacrifice of life the firing was stopped by some of my officers aided by some of the enemy's, and the officers and men taken as prisoners of war. I cannot too highly praise the conduct of my command, and hope to have an opportunity of doing it full justice when reports are received from the brigade commanders. Among a number of brave men killed or wounded I regret to have to announce the name of Colonel Crutchfield, who commanded the artillery brigade. He was killed after gallantly leading a successful charge against the enemy. I have also to mourn the loss of Lieutenant Robert Goldsborough, my aide-de-camp, who was mortally wounded by a fragment of a shell while efficiently discharging his duty. In the absence of Generals Ewell and Kershaw in a Northern prison, I have endeavored to give the principal facts of the march and capture of the former's command so far as I am acquainted with them, and although for the want of reports, memoranda or maps I may be mistaken in some minor matters, I believe in the main features this report will be found to be correct so far as it goes.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

G. W. C. LEE, *Major-General.*

P.S.—I was told after my capture that the enemy had two corps of infantry and three divisions of cavalry opposed to us at Sailor's Creek; and was informed by General Ewell that he had sent me an order to surrender, being convinced of the hopelessness of further resistance.* The order was not received by me.

G. W. C. L.

Memorandum.

On the morning of Thursday, April 6th, when the enemy attacked our wagon-train between Sandy and Sailor's Creeks, General Anderson, in conjunction with General Ewell, formed line of battle along the road between these two streams (as I have already stated in my report) to protect the train and prevent General Gordon, who was

* General G. W. C. Lee speaks of General Ewell's having sent him an *order* to surrender—a slight error. The note, which I wrote by General Ewell's dictation, was nearly this: "General Anderson's attack has failed. General Ewell and all his staff are prisoners. You are surrounded. Being a prisoner, General Ewell gives you no orders, but advises a surrender, as further effusion of blood is useless." The above is about the substance of it, and not far from the very words.

bringing up the rear of the wagon-train, from being cut off. General Anderson seemed anxious to push on, and said to me that he must move on to support General Pickett, who was engaged with the enemy further on towards Rice's Station (and, as I suppose, beyond Sailor's Creek). As soon as General Gordon closed up on General Ewell's rear (Kershaw), General Anderson moved forward towards Sailor's Creek. My division followed, and while its head was halted on the hill beyond Sailor's Creek to allow the rear to close up, General Ewell told me that the enemy had cut the road in advance of us, and that General Anderson wished us to unite with him to drive the enemy out of the way. To this end my division moved forward a few hundred yards, when the enemy's driving General Kershaw's rear across Sailor's Creek, and his appearance in heavy force of infantry, cavalry and artillery in our rear, stopped the further movement. General Anderson told General Ewell that the latter would have as much as he could do to take care of the rear, and that he (General Anderson) would endeavor to drive the enemy out of the way in front. General Anderson did make the attack, but failed, losing Brigadier-Generals Hunton and Corse, and a number of his other officers and men as prisoners. No other general officers were captured at that time of General Anderson's command as far as I know. General Ewell, with all his general officers, were taken prisoners.

But little of the above came under my personal observation ; most of the statement was gathered from conversations with General Ewell and other officers after the capture.

Respectfully submitted,

G. W. C. LEE, *Major-General.*

GENERAL STUART IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE GREAT CAVALRY EXPEDITION OF 1862.

This expedition was planned by General Lee. An opinion, however, and one not without some foundation in fact, has long prevailed attributing the paternity of it to General Stuart himself ; but the official correspondence on the subject, which I have seen and read, settles the question beyond any doubt whatever.

It has been considered, and very justly too, one of the boldest and most successful events of the war, planned and executed at a time when the Confederate cavalry was in the zenith of its fame and power, and before the enemy had made any attempt of importance to vie with the Southerner in thus handling the great right arm of the military service. Yet the more absorbing events which were happening about the time of the publication of the brief official memoranda (for it was then that we were passing through some of the gloomiest shadows of

the sorrowful era which climaxed in Vicksburg and Gettysburg), I say these events were of such great and absorbing interest that but little attention was paid at the time to the brilliant exploit of the brave Stuart; and hence to-day the country knows but little of the history and incidents of his great expedition. The following account was written immediately after the return of the expedition, and was intended at the time more as a chronicle of personal incidents and memories connected with its history, than as a faithful military report. I speak specially of course only of such particular facts as came under my own observation during the expedition; yet from my position at the time I am enabled to speak accurately and correctly of some general facts also in connection therewith. Nearly all its greatest heroes have passed away forever from among us — Stuart and Gordon and Pelham, all gone. If to those who remain here it is seen that I have omitted much in connection with this history, the omission can well be understood and explained, and especially by those who have attended the rapid movements of a cavalry expedition. No just or full account of this great event has ever been published so far as I can learn. The survivors of it owe a duty to truth and justice to see that our history is yet correctly written. The memory of our deeds and our struggles, our perils and our anxieties, is precious, if it is gloomy and gory. And if in the narration of this one simple yet great event I have failed to do justice to any one, or have erred in any impression here noted, no one will be more thankful than I for a further fact given or correction of statements.

On Wednesday, 9th of October, 1862, orders were received at our headquarters (1st North Carolina cavalry, First Brigade, Stuart's division, Army of Northern Virginia, then in camp at Martinsburg, Virginia) for a detail of 175 men from the regiment to report next day, under the command of their lieutenant-colonel, Jas. B. Gordon, to General Hampton; and instructions were that each haversack should be supplied with at least five days' cooked rations. Much speculation was indulged in in camp relative to the object of such an order, and the rumor spread rapidly that the Confederate cavalry was going into Pennsylvania to impress horses for our army. Subsequent events proved for once that army prophets could be honored in their own ranks.

Thursday night, 10th, found a detail from the entire brigade bivouacking but a short distance from the Potomac river, and near the little town of Hedgesville in Berkeley county. Before daylight the next morning we were all in motion again. During the night a sufficient force had been dismounted and posted on the hills on the Virginia side and commanding the ford where we were expected to cross. A few sharpshooters had also waded the river and concealed themselves in position to capture the pickets of the enemy stationed at the ford. Their videttes, however, at daylight made good their escape by abandoning their horses, only one man being captured in the flight, and he disabled by a shot from the carbine of Alfred Tyra*

* It is remarkable that this man Tyra, who fired the first effective shot during the expedition, should have been the only man eventually lost in it. He was missing the second or third day, and up to this writing (1874) has never been heard of by any of his friends at home. Can any

of the 1st North Carolina regiment. The detail from the brigade now crossed over rapidly, and moved forward with drawn sabres, a fight being expected, as it was known that a cavalry regiment of the enemy was stationed but a short distance off. But as that troop showed no disposition to dispute ground with us, our sabres were soon returned bloodless to their sheaths.

In Hancock County, Maryland, where our route crossed the Cumberland turnpike, several blue-coated individuals were added to our expedition, the force captured being a signal corps from a mountain hard by. Four fine telescopic glasses and a "star-spangled banner" were also added to our trophy; the encampment destroyed also in the meantime. Among other early spoils were some stragglers from an Ohio brigade which had passed up the road that morning. These fellows were more ragged and barefoot than our own soldiery, and reported much disaffection as existing in their army at that time.

General Stuart here advanced to our front for the first time during the expedition, and all hearts cheered and burned with a greater anxiety to know the object and destination of the command, while a deeper faith in its success animated us all. It is very remarkable what an inspiring influence this man had in our army. Wherever he led his soldiers were not only willing, but anxious to follow, and those soldiers had in him a confidence which no other general officer could infuse into their hearts. His very presence seemed to be a herald of triumph, a guaranty of glory; and I have heard the remark, "Well, Stuart is along, and I have no fear now."

It was now made known that details from his entire command were with us, part of Hampton's and Fitzhugh Lee's and the late Ashby's, 1800 men in all, including four pieces of artillery, I think two from Hart's South Carolina Battery and two from the old "Horse Artillery"—Pelham's. A circular was also brought along with the column, announcing the object of the expedition, and giving instructions to commanders relative to regulations and duties. I should like to include this circular herein, but it would extend this paper beyond the length allotted. It has been already published, and is now part of the history of the war. When contrasting it and the spirit in which it was written, and the spirit in which it was conceived and executed, with the orders and conduct of the Northern generals in the South during the war, they who came into our midst with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, we Southrons can point with an intense satisfaction to a record which is no disgrace to Christian warfare, which has not blackened the history of civilisation. We leave it for the Shermans and the Sheridans of the war to go down to posterity with their fame built upon the incendiary's torch; and the day will surely dawn yet in American history when all her sons will blush to own that heroes such as these have been foisted upon the shields of honor.

In the circular mentioned it was announced that all properties taken were for the Confederate States Government alone, nor should any private property be molested unless absolutely necessary for the

Pennsylvanian tell his fate? Does any one know where is his grave? His family wish to know, and any information respecting him will be forwarded to proper hands if furnished to the editor of this Magazine, or the writer of this article.

public interest. Under no pretext whatsoever could either officer or private claim anything taken as his own. Regular details were to be made for the purpose of impressments and destruction, and no one else should be allowed to leave our columns for any purpose whatsoever; every man and officer was to be ready at a moment's warning for attack or defence, and orders were when attack was made it must be made vigorously, fearlessly, and with no other idea in the soldier's heart but victory or death — no consideration should arise superior to success. We were going into the enemy's country now; and if there was any man in the command unwilling to accept and maintain the sentiments of the circular *in toto*, and unwilling to accept the faith of the chief commander in regard thereto, then let that man move out of the ranks and he should have an honorable escort back to camp and to safety. A loud, long cheer welcomed the man with the waving plume and the watchwords of his faith: Our swords were a thousand — our bosoms were one!

A distance of about ten miles brought us into Pennsylvania, and right heartily all hands went to work — nothing touched in Maryland, according to orders. Horses began to come in rapidly, while the Pennsylvania Dutchmen were discomfited and sorely grieved. I have never seen such astonishment and terror depicted on the countenances of human beings either before or since. Old men were alarmed and stood aghast, and the women, with woe-begone faces, hugged their babies closer than ever to their bosoms; children stood in mute horror, with rough hands folded; boys thrust their fingers awkwardly in their pockets, and their broad, well-rimmed mouths hung desperately and despairingly open; even the dogs caught the contagion, and sat trembling and looking sheepish by the open doors of the farm-houses. Fat, plump, rosy and brown-cheeked girls gazed askance from the raised windows, and many tried to look uglier than Nature designed them to be. The young men were all gone; perhaps were in the war, or were hid in the hills. It was indeed a time of horror and dismay as far as we could see all along our line of march, and our fancies were fertile picturing the thoughts of our strange citizen enemies.

Just across the line I rode up to a large stone house, bespeaking comfort and plenty. A bright-eyed, fair-haired girl was spreading apple-butter on big slices of light pone-bread and distributing to the soldiers. Loyalty and love were the uppermost emotions of her heart, as her innocent soul pictured herself feeding the worn and weary soldiers of the Union. She knew nothing to the contrary; no one had told her who we were, and nearly all of the party had *blue* army overcoats on. Seeing there was a luxury going free, I asked for a piece of the bread with the butter attachment, and saying meantime, "We *Rebels* trouble you, do we not?" She looked wildly and staringly around for the moment, and just then became conscious of the fact that she was feeding the hated Rebels; and, acting out human nature, she handed me a very thin piece of the bread, while the "butter" thereon was spread sparingly indeed.

We reached Mercersburg in the evening. The inhabitants were terribly surprised. The First Brigade, General Hampton in com-

mand, was now in the front, and the "Hampton Legion" cavalry in the advance. No halt was made, only by the detail which was to relieve the place of all its serviceable horses. Among other objects captured was a Federal recruiting officer, who had just driven into town in an elegant buggy. He was decidedly the cheapest-looking individual I had seen. A recruiting officer, he had recruited a Rebel guard, or rather the guard had recruited him; and the prospective visions of Libby Prison which circumstances held out to him were certainly not very charming, if the man's countenance and demeanor were the true index to his feelings.

On the march from Mercersburg, at a small town not far distant, our advance was met by a body of home guards, which proposed some resistance. They fired into us, but without effect. The fire was returned, and one of the home guards was shot dead just as he was entering, in retreat at full speed, a barn which had held out some hope of safety to the valor of the guards.

Our march was continued in the direction of Chambersburg, which place it seems had been warned of our approach but a short time previous to our arrival in sight of the town. It was raining—a cold, chilling October rain; and night came upon us as we overlooked this ancient town. A flag of truce had been sent forward and a surrender of the place demanded. As there seemed to be some unnecessary delay in reply to the demand, our artillery was advanced, which had the effect of accelerating matters somewhat, and a swift capitulation ensued, when we entered and occupied the place.

The night we occupied Chambersburg was dark, dreary and dismal. The rain, rain, rain! it drizzled or it poured incessantly during the whole night, and it required no small quantity of Pennsylvania fence to keep fires for the troops bivouacked all around the city, for wind and rain were both cold. Our horses had all been bountifully supplied from the adjacent corn-fields. We had dispensed, however, with the services of quartermaster on the occasion, and the sergeants, therefore, left no Confederate States scrip in settlement of bills next morning.

At our entrance into the city the citizens thronged the gas-lit streets, not exactly in terror dumb, yet, nevertheless, whispering with white lips —

‘The foe—they come! they come!’

Byron's famous lines had never before suggested themselves so forcibly to my mind as on this memorable occasion. It was the first time in my life that the spectacle of a conquered city lay before me, and we all found it quite an event in our histories to talk with the citizen enemies so unexpectedly and completely stricken. Few only were reticent; many were disposed to question the soldiery during the halt in the streets. However, I give them all credit for the honesty and candor of their expressions of hostility and indignation.

The scenes in our bivouacs during the night were remarkable indeed. No great "country gathering," no old-field Baptist association or backwoods Methodist camp-meeting ever witnessed such anxious and troubled emotions among the groups of strange horses gathered

together. Here were mothers neighing and calling for colts they had lovingly watched for many summers; and colts more terribly distressed—colts that had not left their dams for five years. There were huge, fat Pennsylvania draught-horses that had never been pushed out of a walk in some big patent plough or heavy furnace wagon, but with sides now terribly jagged by the spurs of our soldiery, whose horses had been turned loose to follow in column. There these big horses stood, cold and shivering in the icy rain, their very dumbness appealing for sympathy. Until this memorable night they had always been comfortably stabled in the warm stone stalls underneath the huge plantation barns. There were better blooded and better groomed stallions, black, brown, bay and gray, white and sorrel, chafing in restless impatience and anger; snuffing, perhaps, some scent of the battle, like the proverbial war-steed, yet secure by stout halters to stouter saplings. One could scarcely sleep for the wild notes and the strange noises generally of these stranger groups of strange horses. Yet, considering the rain and the cold, which we were accustomed to, I slept quite comfortably under Yankee blankets and Yankee oil-cloths—a half-dozen rails underneath lengthwise affording my only protection from the mud and the rain.

Saturday morning, 12th, we were out of bivouac and on the move before it was yet day. We had taken possession of the government depots and stores and hospitals there, and had cut all the telegraph wires leading from the city. From the army stores captured, such of our troops as were in need were well supplied with improved sabres and pistols, with ammunition and accoutrements; and also hats, boots, and another article much needed, good overcoats. Many fine horses were likewise captured in the place, and several hundred wounded and sick prisoners, included in the terms of capitulation, were paroled in the local hospitals.

As it became necessary to destroy such public stores, &c., as could not be removed by us from Chambersburg, immense quantities were early in the morning consigned to the flames. The work of destruction included five locomotives and several long trains of cars, a machine shop, a depot, and quartermaster and commissary store, each containing large supplies; in all millions of dollars worth of properties. We supposed, from the abundance of cavalry stores and equipments found there, that the enemy was about to mount and equip from that point a cavalry regiment.

Among other stores destroyed there was an immense supply of ammunition. The explosions from this were terrific, and as the different boxes caught and exploded, one was reminded of a great battle in progress. The detonations shook the very foundations of the city itself. The citizens were intensely alarmed, and flocked together or fled in the wildest confusion to refuges of safety. Women shrieked and implored the salvation of their homes. One woman on her bended knees implored the stern and determined guards to spare her home. "We have not come here," said one of these guards, "to molest you or your private homes. We war upon *your government*. Yet if we were to serve you people as your soldiers have served our defenceless Southern women and children, I should pity, yet not pity,

this town and you people. We would burn everything before us ; but this is neither our duty nor our intention."

At a corner of the public square in the city I was talking with some paroled prisoners, when some one inquired what generals we had in the expedition. On being informed that General Stuart was along, an old blue-coat on crutches, with the air of a veteran, exclaimed, "What! is General Stuart along? I should like so much to see him!"

"There he comes now—that officer with a round jacket on and the large black plume flowing from his hat," I replied, as the General just appeared, walking with a careless rapidity across the square in our direction, whistling as usual.

"What! that man with a slouch hat and a jacket on—that General Stuart? You don't say so?" he queried, in the deepest astonishment.

"That is General Stuart, sir," I emphasised, assuringly.

The old soldier's chin dropped, and a hundred eyes were gazing with mingled expressions of wild surprise, and earnest admiration mingled with hatred, on the illustrious man, while I ventured the assertion that there was in store for him a wreath far more glorious and immortal than the golden braid that encircled the stars on his collar.

In conversation with me afterwards General Stuart spoke very kindly and highly of both soldiers and citizens with whom he had met during the stay in Chambersburg, especially remembering some of the surgeons and officers in the hospitals there. I would state that before leaving the place we visited the banks, but molested nothing therein. When General Lee first threatened Pennsylvania all the specie in these banks was removed to New York and had not been returned yet.

From Chambersburg our route was over the turnpike in the direction of Harrisburg. Many horses were captured along this road ; stables, pastures, ploughs, wagons, carriages, carts, buggies were alike seized and relieved of their "motive power." Passing over this turnpike, I saw several of those peculiarly shaped Pennsylvania wagons, huge and clumsy, standing and lying alongside the road, the harness and other equipage scattered around and indicating that "rebels" had invaded the jurisdiction of the drivers. In looking at those big wagons, I could not help thinking of the great Bull Run rout and the sad disaster that befell the enemy there by the blockade of the Centreville road with just such material.

One farmer whose house I visited in pursuance of official duty, finding out the business of the "rebels" in the country (he was sure I was a Union soldier), implored me to go ahead rapidly and see that the "rebels" did not molest and rob his wagon, just returning from Adams county. He said that four horses were all he had, and that they were in that wagon, and "for God's sake" would I see that they were spared, as he was a poor man and had started on only a hundred dollars, but had made what I saw around him—a handsome competence, I thought.

Many citizens could not be brought to the belief that we were "rebels" in truth. Some argued that General McClellan had driven

them all back to Richmond ; others stated that he was so guarding the river that it was impossible for the Southern troops to cross ; others contended that we were nothing but McClellan's own soldiery impressing horses from suspected characters, and for use in the Union army. One man begged very earnestly for us to spare his horses. "Now, gentlemen," says he, "don't take my horse ; I am just as good a Union man as any of you."*

Another man insisted that I was a Union soldier, because I had a blue overcoat on and had a United States clasp to my belt. I told him that all my arms—my sabre and two pistols, together with my saddle, bridle and blankets—all were "U. S." ; but had been furnished to us by a requisition on one of the "general" quartermasters of the C. S. A.—one General N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, doing duty under or *before* Stonewall Jackson. This was all both poor fun and poor argument ; the man still doubted ; I could not "scare" him ; he "knew a thing or two himself." I showed him a faded gray suit beneath the blue army overcoat ; that he said might all be a ruse ; I could not catch him in so flimsy a trap. The man was a tenant, and I knew him to be living on the farm of a friend of mine—a fine old Pennsylvania gentleman, who had often been South, and had enjoyed my father's hospitality at our home in Tennessee. So I called for a bit of paper and a pencil and wrote my name and address, with my kindest regards for my old friend, Mr. John W——, and handed the paper to my doubting Thomas. He looked at it and turned pale. He looked up at me, and the blood ran back into his face with a terrible confession. Emotions of embarrassment filled up his throat completely. He was dumb for a moment, but he was convinced the rebel army was there, sure enough. I quieted his apprehensions at once, and launched into some inquiries. He had heard his landlord often speak of me, and the distant address was quite familiar. But I was too late ; the old gentleman had certainly gone from home, and was neither "disloyal" nor on the "hide out ;" the "soldiers" had certainly taken some of his finest horses. As the bird had flown I changed my tactics. Knowing my old friend's predilection, I intimated that I would compromise any hostile intent by joining our host in a glass of good wine and something else for the inner man. But lo ! "the keys" were gone, and I reproached the inadvertence that had borne them away ; while the offered hospitalities consisted of cider and the provincial apple-butter and light bread. I soon departed, leaving my kindest regards for my old friend, with deepest regrets that somebody else had taken his horses.

One old lady whose house we passed, came running out in very excited manner, and wanted to know if we had any late news from the rebels ? and how far back McClellan had driven them ? and how many had been exterminated ? There were not wanting wags enough in the squad present to humor her anxieties. Her good-will gained, she wished to know if any of us would like a "little something good" to drink ; adding, meantime, that she had some good old brandy which she had been keeping on purpose to give the Union soldiers when

* From some reason the memory of this man's loyalty has always impressed me more than other incidents of the expedition. I am sure he was more loyal than the man who got his horse, and I trust his loyalty has long ago been proven in secret and rewarded openly and liberally.

they came by her house. Of course Mr. Gough himself would have joined in a glass under such patriotic circumstances, and "Oh yes, bring it out," fell from divers lips simultaneously. "Here's to you, boys, and death to the Rebels," was the toast of one of our unfeeling wits; while he added: "Have you any more? Then bring out a glass apiece—and then fill our canteens!" This was too heavy a joke on the devoted woman's loyalty, especially as the fellow opened his overcoat and showed her ladyship his worn and faded gray jacket, with the grave announcement that she was giving her "something good" to the very prince of Rebels; that we were all Jeff. Davis' guerillas on the look-out for horses and such! The good creature's spectacles dropped to the earth, her eyes distended wildly, her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, while the wicked boys rode triumphantly away—if not inspired by loyalty itself, certainly inspired by a loyal spirit!—and I wager that that woman's loyal heart has not stopped bleeding to this very day.

Meanwhile our column pushed rapidly on, and just before we reached Gettysburg, made a sudden detour to our right, and in the direction of Emmettsburg, Maryland. It was late in the evening when we stopped and fed for a few minutes by a large corn-field. Again in motion, we travelled briskly, passing through several small towns, among others Fairfield, Adams county, Pennsylvania, where I made a stop of nearly an hour, accompanied by a solitary escort. This town had been almost completely gutted of everything in the world which our troops could take—the rascally bummers here breaking orders and robbing some stores in violation of strict commands. As soon as I learned the state of affairs there, I felt that the chances were favorable to my being taken out to the nearest tree and violently lynched by the enraged and outraged citizens. But fortunately I met with one or two business men with whom I had some community of sentiment, and gave them evidences of a better spirit; and I was, consequently, approached and treated with kindness and courtesy. In the counting-house of one of the merchants I wrote some letters to friends and kindred living North, and committed them to my new-made acquaintances, who gave me assurance that they would see them properly stamped and put through the mails. I was also made the recipient of presents of several little valuable articles, unattainable down in "Dixie land," for which I cordially thanked the donors, assuring them it would put me under obligations to them, and that I should be happy to show them some consideration if it ever befell them to visit Libby prison under adverse circumstances.*

Convinced now that every other man of our column was before us, I bade adieu to Pennsylvania towns and gentlemen, and crossed over to Maryland—the last man of the expedition who left the State of Pennsylvania behind him; and it was several hours of extra-hard riding before I overtook the command as it was entering Emmetts-

* I learned directly after the surrender of the safe and welcomed arrival of my letters at their proper destinations. I trust the gentlemen here alluded to may have been spared in the chances of war. My memory often goes over the "bloody chasm" we have heard so much about, and takes up in its embraces the courteous attentions bestowed upon me on that occasion. I shall be glad to learn from either of the gentlemen if they retain a similar recollection of the events; and I trust they will send across "the chasm" to my address a line of remembrance. I fail to recall every name given me on the memorable occasion.

burg just at night, having regained Maryland soil as the sun was sinking behind its western hills.

We passed through Emmetsburg just at night. I have never in all my life witnessed such enthusiasm as greeted us at this place. It were a vain task to attempt a description of the outpourings of the Southern heart on that memorable night. The richest bounties of the town—things that delight the soldier's heart, or that could in anywise minister to our personal comforts—were lavishly bestowed upon us all, while our ears heard nought but blessing upon blessing for the South, for Jeff. Davis and our cause, from those bound-down people, who now beheld for the first time in their lives flags and officers and men representing the cause which lay nearest their hearts. "The despot's heel" was surely on that shore; but now, thank God, they would utter a defiance and rejoice in offering incense at the shrine of the South. Though our troops were all leaving their State, and we as it were turning our backs upon them forever, and at a time, too, sad in all our histories, we could but pray for their deliverance from bondage; and to-night I again cry with all my soul, "God help Maryland!"

Travelling rapidly all that night, not stopping even to feed our nearly exhausted horses, we passed through several towns the names of which I cannot now recall. Frederick City being left some twelve or fifteen miles south of our line of march, daylight found General Stuart with a portion of the command at Urbana, while General Hampton with the remainder was at Hyattstown. Some captures of stores and troops of the enemy *en route* for the headquarters of the Union army, were made near this latter place.

The village of Barnesville was passed through early in the morning, and a mile or so south of this place we turned to our right, and suddenly found ourselves upon a road recently cut through the forests, while the loud and rapid discharge of cannon announced that the enemy was in our front, and certainly contesting our passage across the Potomac, now not far distant. We felt that the most serious struggle had come—we had to fight our way across the river. But we were ready and willing for any emergency, and all felt "the sooner the better." One poor fellow, however, might be excepted from this general rule. To the infinite merriment of us all present on the dark hour, this man cries out when the big guns were heard to boom out the signal for a struggle: "Lieutenant! Oh, Lieutenant! *Lieutenant, I say! Can't you detail me for guard, or to hold horses—say, I say!*" Quoth Lieutenant, "Shut your mouth, *I say!*" This was poor comfort to Kirby, yet he and I laugh over it even to this day (1874).

General Hampton's brigade was in the rear, and the 1st North Carolina had the rearguard, Captain Cowles in charge. This brigade was in front as we entered the State, and was now in leaving placed in the rear, which fact shows the confidence that Stuart reposed in Hampton and the men of his command.

We had not travelled long before we entered the main road leading from Poolesville to Point of Rocks, at which place the enemy were expecting us to attempt a crossing. Their artillery was in position—

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SEPTEMBER, 1874.

THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK I.—THE PICTURE CARDS.

CHAPTER VII.

RADCLIFFE MERTON.

IF Dr. Maguire had not turned into the drive at Halidon, just after he parted from the young lady, he would have seen a dog-cart spinning down the road from Gloucester, driven by a gay youth in fashionable attire, while his groom sat with folded arms by his side. As the doctor did not approve of rapid driving, and abominated that arrangement of motive-power known as "tandem," which was employed in this instance, he would probably have included this gentleman bowling along the road in his catalogue of lunatics. And if he had seen him check his spirited horses suddenly at the lodge-gates, and overheard the colloquy between him and his servant, he would have been confirmed in this judgment.

"Did you notice that lady we just passed, Tim?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," replied the groom, "brown merino dress, plain straw hat and brown veil."

"No doubt; I did not observe her dress. Get down and follow her; find out everything and bring me word. Have you any money?"

"Yes, sir. Three bob."

"Here is half a sovereign. Don't show yourself to anybody."

"No, sir. What will you do with the hosses?"

"I will drive to Merton Park, and go to Rose Cottage to-morrow. Be cautious, Tim."

"All right, sir. This check-rein is too tight, sir; may I let it out a bit?"

"No; the mare is making a regular brute of herself, sticking her nose up in the air."

"Mouth bleeding a little, sir."

"All the better; she will get tired of tossing her head up, if it hurts. Go along with you! She may turn into some by-road while you are loitering here."

"I'm off, sir," answered Tim, touching his hat, and the dog-cart once more sped down the road.

"What lovely eyes!" said the driver. "I only got a glimpse of them as her veil blew aside. I would marry that girl to-morrow, if she would take me, without asking a question."

As he drove up the hill where the doctor had taken up the lady in question, he slackened his pace a little. And if the reader were in the little fringe of bushes on the roadside whence she emerged, he would be able to study the character of this youth, now in the first blush of manhood, in so far as this was manifested in his face.

He — that is, the courteous reader — would first notice a peculiarity in the growth of the yellow moustache that covered his mouth. It appeared to grow out from his upper lip as if each separate hair had been stuck in its place like pins in a cushion, bending over and concealing his mouth. Whether this was a natural or cultivated peculiarity, the effect was to give a truculent appearance to a countenance that was passably good-natured in appearance. The next point of attraction was his eyebrows. These started from his nose at a sharp angle, flaring away to the right and left, giving a feline expression to his eyes, which were of a dull lead color. So the reader would somehow feel that here was a face suggesting ferocity under excitement, treachery, possibly—variableness certainly, habitual petulance perhaps—yet all of these more or less masked by a certain thoroughbred expression of easy indifference. This was Mr. Radcliffe Merton.

It may be that a little care bestowed upon these externals would have modified their teachings. He might have combed his beard, which was a fair crop for one of his age, into normal shape, and thus have gotten rid of the animal look and the suggestion of bristles. He might have coaxed his eyebrows into the form of an arch, and thus made his eyes less cat-like. But Nature, curiously enough, always makes an ill-looking man satisfied with his own appearance, and in fact leads him to aggravate rather than amend such peculiarities as are described above. For example, Mr. Merton was rather vain of the unique hirsute growth that hid his thin lips; and while everybody else instinctively thought of bristles when they saw him, his mirror made no such suggestions to him.

Yet the reader should not be misled into thinking these unpleasant indications very prominent. While they would be instinctively impressed upon the consciousness at sight, it is likely that most of the impression would be dissipated by subsequent intercourse. Mr. Merton had a pleasant voice. He had spent the most of his life on

the continent, and in good society; had been well instructed in German schools; was a good musician, a ready talker, and quick at repartee; usually good-tempered, but a terrible fighter when roused, cold-blooded and remorseless. On the whole, he was rather a favorite with young people, and only those who were old enough to heed their instincts would retain the memory of the distrust born at the first encounter with him. Trumpley Wailes, who had spent half-a-dozen years with him in Germany, part of the time in a little, dull town where they were the only Englishmen, entertained a brother's affection for him. The two boys were as essentially different as possible, in character, habits of thought, aspirations and purposes, yet they endured each other's contradictions with wonderful forbearance, each feeling a sort of compassion for the other's weakness. It is worthy of note that this forbearance terminated here, as these young rascals were always prompt for a fray when any others incurred their displeasure. And also, that a wrong, real or fancied, done to "Trump," ensured "Rad's" vengeance, and *vice versa*.

As this young gentleman will figure more or less prominently in the story, the brief outline sketch here given may suffice for the present. It is quite likely that he will demonstrate himself far more accurately, in the anatomical sense of the word, than could be done by pen-and-ink dissection.

Below the crest of the hill Mr. Merton met Mr. Podd. It is necessary to explain here that the gardener, in coming from Gloucester, had gone over many miles more than were requisite. His own house was half-way between Halidon and Merton, and he had seen fit to get his own dinner at home, not thinking it politic to depend upon the hospitality of the banker's stately mansion. The young squire stopped his team again when he recognised the floriculturist.

"How are you, Podd?" he said. "What grounds are you about to adorn now?"

"Grippe's."

"Indeed? Some one told me that the old gentleman was fond of flowers. I have never been to Halidon. Has he many?"

"Thousands!" responded Podd.

"Is the collection a fine one, Podd?"

"Best in this country, or any other," replied Podd, warming up a little. "It's a burnin' shame for such an old hunk to have the best flowers in the land, all shut up to hisself! If this wasn't the despoticest gov'ment in the world, it couldn't be done. He's got flowers there that I never seed nowheres, not even in books, and I don't know the names on 'em, though I know everything from a daisy to a crown imperial. He's got a lot of Japanese lilies that bang the world! If I could get one of them bulbs I could sell it for two guineas before night."

"That sounds like covetousness, Podd," remarked Radcliffe, "but I will get you some — or stay, Mr. Wailes can do it better. Ask him to write —"

"Don't want 'em," said Podd, rudely.

"What the devil do you mean?" said the fiery young squire; "you said just now you could get two guineas a bulb."

"I've changed my mind," replied the gardener, doggedly; "I don't want no favors from Master Wailes."

"Ah!" said Radcliffe, his eyes getting more cat-like, "you don't admire Mr. Wailes, it seems."

"Can't abide him."

"What is the cause? Out with it, man! And take care how you speak of this gentleman! He is my friend."

"Well, he's not mine, 'cause I never spoke to him. But he colared me and druv me through the hedge at Rose Cottage, before I had time to wink."

"What had you done, Podd?"

"Nothin'; not one mortal thing. The missus came up to teach *me* how to plant a rose-bush, and I on'y said I knew my own business, and that the grounds was *your* grounds anyhow, when the boy lit on me."

"Served you right too, you old rascal," said Merton, laughing. "How came you to let a mere boy handle you so roughly?"

"He took me by surprise, like," answered Podd; "how could I know he was a goin' to light on me for nothin'? Then the Squire was there too, and he would have clapped me in the lock-up if I hadn't cleared out. He's a reg'lar 'ristocrat."

"Well, Podd," said Mr. Merton, as he moved away, "you got off cheaply. Mrs. Wailes is a Trumpley of Halidon. Where the deuce did you get enough impudence to address her rudely? Get up, Maggie."

"Trumpley of Halidon!" said Podd savagely, watching the retreating vehicle. "Ay, ay! that's the whole story. When will these blessed English people learn that 'ristocrats are all made up of sound and impudence? How does Grippe of Halidon go? How would Podd of Halidon go? If we was both rolled into one, and had ten times as much money as Grippe has, and these Trumpleys was a-layin' in rags under the hedge, they would cock up their noses at us as if we was pigs. Blast the Trumpleys of Halidon! I can't abide 'em."

Mr. Merton drove on at a brisk pace, leaving the democrat to his reflections. He passed the lodge-gates of Merton Park and pulled up in the lane at the entrance to Rose Cottage. Mrs. Wailes came out to the gate to welcome him.

"How are you, Radcliffe?" she said. "You are welcome to England. Come in. But what will you do with your horses?"

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Wailes? Glad to see you looking so blooming, ma'am. Where is Trump? Not here? I am going on to the Park. ma'am, thank you. Is Trump there?"

"No. He went to Gloucester this morning. I think he intended to drive back with you."

"Ah! I just missed him. I came away from Gloucester by a different road. Suppose I drive back for him?"

"Oh no; he may return by lanes and by-ways. He is walking, you know. We will see you this evening at the Park; your uncle has invited us to dine there in honor of your arrival."

"That's jolly! Well, then I will bid you good-morning, ma'am. All well at the Park, I suppose?"

"Yes. Stop; I have a letter for you. It came this morning. Wait, and I'll bring it out to you."

As he passed out of the lane into the highroad Mr. Merton opened his letter. It was quite laconic.

"PARIS, *Thursday.*

"Gone. Some old buffer, English, took her off yesterday. Got tickets for London. Haven't found out any names yet. Better luck next time. Yours,
LANNEY."

"Gone!" said Radcliffe, as he tore up the note and scattered the fragments in the road. "Gone! Well, if I can find out that lovely angel I passed to-day, it will be all the better. Tim generally succeeds. He will bring some news anyhow. And now for the Park people. Get along, Maggie!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE WATCH.

Mr. Trumpley Wailes was an early riser. On the morning succeeding the day of his swimming party he went to the village to procure certain delicacies which his mother thought would be acceptable to the lady who came "down the brook" with him. When he returned with his purchases he found Mrs. Wailes perplexed over the note she had hastily written before her abrupt departure. Breakfast, a trifle more elaborate than usual, was waiting, and mother and son discussed the event over tea and toast.

"What do you think of this matter, Mother?" said her son, after the fourth analysis of the note letter by letter.

"I cannot reach a satisfactory conclusion, Trump," she replied. "Sometimes I fancy she is demented."

"That is very unsatisfactory, certainly. I reject that theory promptly."

"Then, I fancy there is some urgent necessity for flight and concealment. She may have run away from her home, and dreading pursuit, hurried away. She may have gone to Gloucester, to take the train—"

"That is just it!" said Trumpley, starting up. "I have finished breakfast, Mother; will you excuse me if I leave you to finish yours?"

"Where are you going, Trump?"

"To Gloucester, of course. She must go there; the luggage will be there, you know. I can easily catch her before she reaches Gloucester."

"And then?"

"And then! Ah, I don't know, Mother. It will depend upon what she says, or upon what her eyes say. Oh those heavenly eyes! Did you ever see such eyes, Mother?"

"Very pretty eyes, Trump," was the quiet reply. "But you have other things to consider. I am not sure it is decorous to intrude upon this young lady, or to seek an explanation."

The impetuous boy drew back and resumed his seat. He took the

note from his pocket and read it again, and as he replaced it there came over his handsome face an expression of settled resolve.

"Mother," he said, with irresistible pathos, "if I had a secret from you it would burn itself out of my heart to yours. I am sure, dead sure, that I can never love any woman but this one, if she is not separated from me by some insurmountable barrier. I have saved her life. Heaven has sent her, I verily believe, to make my life complete. Can you not trust me to search for her, and learn why she was driven to write this unhappy note? Read it again: every word has a tear in it. If she is not a gentlewoman, and a fit associate for my gentle mother, do you not know that she could never attract your son? And if there should be any reason why you would not take her to your heart as a new-found daughter, do you not *know* that she could have no place in mine?"

"Poor boy!" said his mother, "you have been indulging in romantic dreams so long—"

"Pardon me, Mother, this is a sober reality. Do you think she is a lady?"

"Yes, certainly."

"When you left her last night did you say nothing?"

"She looked so languid and so grateful—" and Mrs. Wailes blushed—"that I think I kissed her."

"Kiss me, Mother!" shouted Trumpley, catching up his hat, "and tell me that I may go. Rad is coming to-day; I'll return with him."

"Go then, Trump. I will not tell you to be prudent and watchful. Trump, remember that you are not so free as you would be if you had not a claim upon her gratitude."

"I understand, Mother. What a darling you are! I will never love any woman as I love you. Off I go!"

"What a tiger the boy is!" said Mrs. Wailes, as she watched him clearing the hedge at a leap. "And what troubles is he seeking in this mad adventure! But he is discreet and wise, and the soul of honor; I will wait. Will he tell Radcliffe, I wonder? No I don't; he will *not* tell Radcliffe."

As Trumpley strode along the highway he first overhauled the gardener, who was plodding towards Gloucester with the intention of making very slow time.

"There is Podd," thought Wailes—"now what will the old rascal do? If he were not such a surly curmudgeon I would speak to him. I think I will anyhow. He was insolent once, but he knew no better, probably. Ah! he has seen me and has drawn off to the other side of the road. Well, he leaves me no choice. He ignores me; I must needs ignore him," and he sailed past Mr. Podd with his serene eyes contemplating the serene sky, while Podd, also true to his nature, investigated the nature of the soil he traversed.

Then Trumpley passed the crest of the hill. While he was surveying the clouds, in passing Podd, another pair of eyes were surveying him, and their owner slipped into the shadow of the bushes on the roadside. She had to wait until a turn in the road hid him, lest he should look backward. She did not know then that he did not indulge in retrospects.

At last he reached Gloucester. He was surprised that he had not overtaken the lady. "She must be a stunner to walk!" he thought.

The station of course. All quiet there; no train due for hours. But he could ask a few questions, and he soon found the station-master.

This was an important personage, and to-day he was specially important. Many persons were curious about the catastrophe of the previous day and asked distracting questions. The station-master had a red face; red whiskers, long and bushy, likewise. Trumpley saw how important he was, and he humored him.

Accident yesterday? Yes; might have been awful. Rain washed away the 'butments. Nobody drowned — leastways only one young woman. Second-class. She was not dead. Somebody fished her out. Don't know her name. Knowed she was second-class because her box was in the luggage-room. Came out of the second-class carriage. Besides, that was the only one that got its passengers into the water. Box marked? Yes, sir — M. G. Must be her box, because all the rest of the luggage was claimed and delivered. Do with it? Keep it till she comes for it, of course. Where from? Lunnon.

The road had been repaired well enough to allow the passage of trains; next train due at one fifteen — would stop at Brummagem.

She would come for her luggage. The best place to wait was near the luggage-room. Evidently she had not appeared yet. On the opposite platform was a paper-stand. He would go there and keep his eyes open. There was a truck near the stand. He sat down upon it, and recalled all the events of yesterday. She must come in at the west entrance coming from Merton. He would watch the west entrance.

He called to mind the thrill of joy when he first brought her beautiful face above the surface of the discolored flood, and the convulsive clutch she fastened upon his neck. Then the tokens of life when he got her out upon the bank. Then her yielding form when he took her in his arms and carried her to the cottage. Then the little strip of violet under her tremulous eyelids, and then the full blaze of her eyes as she threw up her arm and said, "Save me!" Then the closing of her eyes again and the outer darkness. Then his audacious theft of the little curl. And turning his back upon the world, his face to the wall, he drew forth the tress and kissed it.

What is that? A lady! But she comes down the platform from the east entrance, a thick brown veil over her face. It could not be *his* lady. Steady, majestic, composed, she passed him, two yards off, as he started up in doubt. While he looked, anxious and confused, his heart audibly thumping his ribs, she went out by the western door. Should he follow? Certainly not. Her servant was following her — a groom in a livery; his lady had no groom.

What is that? The rattle of the coming train. One fifteen! How the time had flown! Here it comes, gliding smoothly into the station. There she is again! — on the other platform. He would cross.

"Not across the rails, sir, please," said an official. "You must cross by the bridge."

Across the bridge in a minute, and down among the passengers. Two or three men were assisting an invalid. He could not run over them. Wait until they pass. There is the brown veil just beyond them, and the eyes behind it are looking at him. Heart thumping again. What fiend invented veils! She is speaking to a railway porter. He touches his hat and points at an old gentleman, who is coughing and spluttering at a great rate. It is old Mr. Grippe. There is her groom again. Why, no! It is Tim!

"Why, Tim," said Trumpley, catching his arm as he was passing, "where are you from? Who is that lady you are following so closely? Where is Mr. Merton?"

So many questions were confusing. Tim did not know how to answer. While he stammered and hunted for a satisfactory lie, Wailes got another glimpse of the brown veil as its wearer took Mr. Grippe's arm and disappeared in the crowd.

"Lady, sir, Mr. Trumpley? What lady, sir? I ain't followin' no lady. I'm looking for Master Radcliffe, sir."

"Is he in this train?"

"Dunno, sir. I thought he was in Glo'ster, but couldn't find him. Sent me on last night to get the hosses. I must go look for him, please, sir," and Tim dived into the crowd again.

In six or eight minutes the train moved away, and the station was deserted. Suppose he looked into the luggage-room?

"Box? M. G.? Yessir. Mr. Grippe's servant got it. Mr. Grippe was here. Dunno, sir. Must be his daughter. Didn't know he had a daughter, sir; but my brother is a porter in his bank, and he says the old gent has a daughter. Has been in Paris, I b'lieve, sir—getting heddicated, I s'pose. Thankee, sir."

Miss Grippe!

This was not the culmination he expected. He would review the case as he walked homeward. What in the world could he tell Mrs. Wailes, *née* Trumpley of Halidon?

Half-a-mile from Gloucester he overtook Tim.

"Did you find Mr. Radcliffe, Tim?" he said.

"No, sir. He got the hosses and druv to Merton Park."

"Ah! and you are going to walk down?"

"Yessir. Can't keep up with you though, Master Trumpley. I've seed you walk before now. Quare start, that. I mean that young lady you thought I was follerin'. Did you happen to see which way she went, sir?"

"Now I am sure he was following her," thought Wailes. "What does the impudent rascal mean by such a question?" This thought passed through his mind while Tim was speaking. He answered promptly, "Young lady! There were a dozen on the platform, Tim. Which one do you mean?"

"Brown merino dress, straw hat and brown veil, sir," said Tim eagerly.

"I did not notice the color of any lady's dress, Tim. I think I did see one with a brown veil. She went out of the east door, I believe. What was queer about her?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh nothin', sir; only she seemed to go out o' sight so suddent.

I seed her when you caught my arm, and the next minnit she was gone. She warn't in any cab; I looked in 'em all. I was only curious about her, sir, because you ax'd me why I was a-follerin' her. That's all, sir. Good morning, sir."

"I am afraid Tim is lying," said Trumpley to himself.

CHAPTER IX.

FENCING.

When Trumpley reached Rose Cottage it was three o'clock. He found a frugal luncheon awaiting, and an invitation to dine at Merton Park with his mother. He told her all his adventures step by step, and the identity of Miss Grippe was settled in two minutes. Brown merino dress, brown veil and straw hat—Mrs. Wailes identified the habiliments instant. And while Trumpley accused himself of arrant stupidity in allowing her to pass him unquestioned, he was still rejoiced to remember how promptly his heart recognised her and acknowledged her proximity by trying to jump through his ribs. He did not mention that little circumstance to his mother.

"What do you think about Mr. Grippe's daughter, Mother?" he asked timidly.

"Grippe's daughter indeed! Grippe's fiddlesticks!" replied Mrs. Wailes.

"I don't think he has any fiddlesticks, Mother," answered Trump doubtfully; "he don't look like a musical gentleman."

"Do try to talk sensibly, Trump," said Mrs. Wailes. "How could so sweet a girl be Mr. Grippe's daughter? I'm ashamed of you!"

This was in Trump's line. The rascal continued his aggravating suggestions.

"The account I received was very straight, Mother; and it cost me a shilling. The luggage-porter said his brother was in Mr. Grippe's bank—"

"Trumpley Wailes," said his mother, with crisp intonations, "you may rely upon my judgment in this case. This young lady is the daughter of a gentleman. Mr. Grippe is probably a very worthy man—"

"Mr. Grippe of Halidon, Mother," said Trump slyly.

"Yes. There were some other owners of Halidon once, before Mr. Grippe's money bought it, and I belong to their race; and consequently I have inherited the instinct by which I recognise one of my own class. I did not exchange a dozen sentences with that girl, whoever she may be, but each sentence she uttered contained a dozen proofs that she was *not* Miss Grippe."

"Suppose she should claim such paternity, Mother?"

"I should say she was deluded—had been stolen in infancy, adopted perhaps—anything rather than credit so monstrous a theory. Do you think you could fancy yourself in love with a Miss Grippe?" This was *argumentum ad hominem*.

"Ah, Mother," answered Trumpley, "I am afraid I should not stop to inquire. I cannot account for my prompt surrender, but I am

sure as I can be that I have given all the love I can ever feel to this young lady. I cannot think that she is Mr. Grippe's daughter, and I intend to know all that is to be learned before the week is out. I wish you would explain my infatuation. I am ashamed of it, while I cling to it as if it were the very spring of my life."

Mrs. Wailes was somewhat given to philosophise.

"Well, Trump," she said, "you naturally feel a strong interest in a person whose life you have saved —"

"That won't do, Mother. I saved another girl's life once, but I never fell in love with her."

"What other girl, Trump?"

"There!" said Trumpley, blushing, "I have gone and let it out. Please don't ask me just yet, Mother. I will try to get her permission to tell you. Don't look so astonished. It was a small affair; but she was in far greater peril than Miss—shall I say Miss Grippe?"

"No, sir," replied his mother, with asperity. "Oblige me by calling her some other name."

"Aphrodite?" answered Wailes promptly.

"Her initials will not correspond," said Mrs. Wailes—"M. G."

"My Goddess, Mother; will that do?"

"No. I don't like goddesses."

"Let me see," said Trumpley. "It was on Tuesday that I found her. I shall call her Mardi Gras. So you have both initials, Mother. Besides that, Tuesday is the most blessed day I have ever known. Mardi Gras!"

"Which reminds me of our dinner to-day. We will walk over at six. What shall we tell the Mertons about Mardi Gras?"

"Nothing, Mother. Let us keep our own counsel for the present. Don't say one word about my encounter to-day; it is likely that I shall be questioned. *Nous verrons.*"

They were a jovial party at Merton Park, and Radcliffe was the lion. He had not been in England for many months, and he was consequently plied with innumerable questions on all sides. The Squire did not get up the double rubber as he proposed. Mrs. Wailes took Miss Lucy's place in the game, and Mr. Thorne and Dr. Maguire completed the Squire's party. The young people straggled about the spacious rooms, Trump playing the agreeable to Miss Merton, while Radcliffe paired off with Sybil. They had music by fits and starts, but everybody wished to talk, excepting quiet Sybil.

This young lady has been in the background hitherto. It is very difficult to describe her, as she was undemonstrative, and perhaps unattractive. Pretty, certainly; good beyond a doubt; able to talk when she pleased, but not a talker; perfectly polished, always proper in speech and behavior, yet rarely making any lasting impression upon her interlocutors. She did not debate or propound questions. She was utterly without the power to discover coincidences and resemblances, as her sister had monopolised this faculty; and Miss Lucy was more frequently at a loss to find a counterpart for Sybil than she was to match any other mortal she encountered in the world. The Squire thought her the most faultless of beings, and it is probable that these two understood each other very accurately. The Squire

would have sooner headed a rebellion against the government than thwart Baby Sybil in the least of her whims and fancies. She was the reigning authority at Merton Park, but nobody knew it, as her sway was so gentle and quiet. Will the kind reader be content with this much introduction, and allow Miss Sybil to develop herself?

In the course of the evening Radcliffe wandered to the whist-table, Miss Merton disappeared to attend to some household cares, and Sybil and Trumpley were left seated out of sight in the deep bay-window opening upon the lawn.

"Miss Sybil," said Trumpley, "if you will allow me to tell Mother, in strict confidence, that little adventure of yours and mine, you will confer a great favor upon me."

"Undoubtedly," she answered. "I was not aware that you were pledged to secrecy — certainly not from Mrs. Wailes."

"I should not have mentioned it, however, without your permission; but I have always told Mother everything, and it hurts me to have any concealment from her."

"There is nothing to conceal from anybody," she said quietly. "I did not tell Papa because I thought it would distress him, and perhaps for fear he might jump at some rash conclusion."

"What do you mean?" said Trump, promptly and imperatively.

"I mean he might have suspected an innocent person of evil intent —"

"Do *you* suspect any innocent person?"

"I don't know. There is no proof. I would have no suspicion but for you."

"I have no suspicion," said Trump. "Let us keep quiet about the affair. I will tell Mother, and no one else. Some day it may happen that another will speak of it, and then you will be freed from suspicion also."

"I should like to tell your part of the adventure," said Sybil, softly.

"Pshaw! Excuse me. Here comes Rad; I must relinquish my seat to him. Here, Rad, come look at the moon."

"Are you making poetry, Trump? By-the-bye, I want a full account of your adventure yesterday. Out with it!"

"There is nothing more than Mother told you at dinner," replied Wailes. "A young lady fell into the water, and I pulled her out."

"Yes, but what was she like?"

"Ah! that is a difficult question. She was quite wet; her eyes were closed, and she looked pale and languid. I left her in Mother's charge, and when I got home this morning she was gone."

"Leaving a note?"

"Yes. There were a few lines on a sheet of paper, saying she was obliged to leave without ceremony."

The few lines were wrapped about a little brown curl and reposing upon Trumpley's breast at that moment, but he forgot to mention that fact.

Radcliffe was not satisfied. He longed to ask a lot of questions, but hardly knew where to begin. Trump seemed to be fencing with him, and as he had fenced with him before, he was cautious.

"What were you doing at Gloucester to-day, Trump?" he began. This was a preliminary flourish of his foil in the way of a salute.

"I thought I might meet you, and ride back with you. But you must have driven over the east road." This was the return salute.

"Precisely," replied Radcliffe. "You saw Tim in Gloucester though? At least he says he walked with you on the return journey until your long limbs left him."

"Yes; he said he could not keep step. Anyhow, I came across the fields, through private grounds, and stopped once."

"Sybil," said Radcliffe, "don't trust this fellow's pretty speeches, if he has been making any. He was watching a young damsel at Gloucester to-day. Tim says he was greatly interested in her." This was thrust number one, *en carte*. Trump did not take the trouble to parry it.

"Mr. Wailes never makes pretty speeches," replied Sybil.

"How do you know that?" said Radcliffe. "Trump, did you make any pretty speeches in Gloucester?"

"Not to a damsel, certainly," answered Wailes. "I thought Tim was very intently watching a lady, and I asked him who she was. Did he tell you?" This was a straight thrust, *en tierce*, and was a palpable hit.

"No — yes — that is, he said he was attracted by the walk of a lady, and while he was looking at her, you caught his arm and asked her name. I thought you probably followed her up afterwards, as you are such a persevering fellow."

"Not I," said Trumpley with charming indifference; "I left the station a few minutes after Tim. You were not on the train, so I walked soberly home." Then he twisted Radcliffe's weapon completely out of his grasp with the next sentence. "Once for all, I dissipate your insinuations. I make no pretty speeches to any damsel until I am owner of something equivalent to Halidon. I am not going to marry any woman who is richer than I am, and I am not going to ask any woman to share poverty with me. To-morrow I am going to make my first effort towards —"

"What?" said Sybil and Radcliffe in a breath.

"Victory, or death!" said Trump, rising. "Miss Sybil, Mother is about to break up the whist party. Ten o'clock! Mrs. Wailes heard the hall-clock, certainly. We shall have a lovely walk in the moonlight. Envy us!"

"We will do both," answered Sybil. "Radcliffe, let us walk as far as the stile. Lucy will take Mrs. Wailes' seat, no doubt, as Papa will not quit whist before eleven."

CHAPTER X.

SYBIL.

When Mrs. Wailes and her son had made their adieux, Radcliffe and Sybil followed them out into the moonlight. Sybil slipped her arm through the older lady's, and directing the gentlemen to precede them, these two were soon interested.

"I have not asked you any questions, Mrs. Wailes," said Sybil; "but there are some things I have been curious to know about the lady your son rescued. May I ask you while we walk?"

"Certainly, my dear. You may ask any questions you please."

"Well, ma'am, I have wondered what were the circumstances of this lady — she was a lady?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You did not learn her name?"

"No. The doctor ordered quiet, and I expected to have my curiosity gratified this morning. I cannot be certain as to her circumstances. She had a few pounds in her purse. Her dress was plain, but of good material. Her departure is a mystery that I cannot fathom. She left a guinea for the doctor. Had she been very poor she would not have done that — unless —"

"Unless what?"

"Unless she is so thoroughbred that an obligation is more intolerable than privation. Trumpley has such a weakness."

"I have walked with you to-night to tell you something about him. He asked my permission to tell you, but I will forestall him."

Mrs. Wailes started. She admired Sybil greatly, and had indulged in sundry sly dreams in which Sybil and her son figured. They were only dreams. Trump had nothing, save a very thorough education, and hitherto this had not been remunerative. His father's estate, settled during Trumpley's minority, had dwindled away until it now afforded him something under two hundred pounds a year. This would not justify matrimony. Her annuity of five hundred pounds would cease with her life. But she had sometimes allowed her imagination to picture a rural home in Australia, where a little money would purchase many acres, and where Sybil and Trump would build a happy home and reclaim the prosperity of the old Trumpleys. There were two obstacles marring this pleasant picture; first, the tacit agreement that Radcliffe should marry Sybil, of which Mrs. Wailes had had many hints from Miss Merton; and second, the vision that Trump had found in the rushing waters of Merton's Brook on the previous day. She knew perfectly well that nothing would efface that vision from his mind and memory.

"You need not start," said Sybil, laughing; "there is nothing very dreadful to tell you. It was only a few weeks ago, on the fourth of July. There was an American gentleman at the Park that day, visiting Papa, and something he said fixed the date in my mind. I believe the Fourth of July in America is like Christmas in England. You know Christmas comes in summer in Australia."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wailes, "but not in America."

"Well, I always get the two countries mixed up somehow. They speak English, you know; at least Mr. Clinton speaks very good English. He is the American gentleman I mentioned — such a lovely beard!"

"Indeed! But what is the story you have to tell?"

"Oh! Well, ma'am, I walked over to the mill. Mr. Thorne had told us about Mrs. Jennings' illness, and I took her some custards. Mr. Wailes was there."

"I remember," said Mrs. Wailes; "I sent him over. He did not tell me he had met you."

"The miller had a horrid dog, a great brute chained to his kennel.

I noticed him when I went in, as he growled at me. When I came out I crossed the stile to walk home across the meadow, and found your son fishing in the brook. Just before I got to him I heard the rattling of a chain, and looking back, I saw the great yellow dog come tearing across the stile. I believe I screamed; anyhow, Mr. Wailes dropped his rod and ran past me to meet the mastiff.

"I can hardly tell you how it occurred, but when the dog reared up your son darted upon him and caught the brass collar, and in a minute they were rolling over the grass together. Mr. Wailes stuck to him, roaring out to me to go back to the mill and send some man down to help. I looked at them as I ran, and saw him with both hands in the collar holding the brute down on the ground. The chain was wrapped round the dog's body, and your son was kneeling on the end of it. This helped no doubt to keep him down, though he was struggling violently. When I got to the mill I found old Podd the gardener there. I told him to come quickly to help Mr. Wailes, and he refused. There was no one else there; Mr. Jennings was in the village. Podd was sitting on a bench outside the mill, eating bread and cheese. He was cutting his bread with a great pruning-knife, as coolly as if nothing were the matter; and when he laid the knife down on the bench beside him, I snatched it up and ran back. Mr. Wailes was waiting patiently.

"Is anybody coming?' he said.

"No; there is no one there but Podd, and he says he is afraid."

"The old rascal!" said your son. "I don't know how long I can hold this mad brute. If I quit his throat he will fly at mine."

"I have brought you Podd's knife," I said; "is it of any use to you?"

"The very thing! Just wait until I get my foot on the chain. Now! Is the knife open?"

"Yes," I answered. "What are you going to do?"

"Cut his throat, of course. Throw the knife over here."

"But I cannot look at you," I said, shuddering.

"You may close your eyes then. Hillo! here's Podd."

Podd came slowly down the bank, just as Mr. Wailes seized the knife. The dog was writhing like a great yellow snake, held down by the chain and by your son's grip of his collar. As soon as Podd saw the situation of affairs he quickened his pace, and caught Mr. Wailes' arm.

"Don't stick the dog," he said; "I'll take him off. Give me hold of his collar. Quiet, Tiger! Be quiet, sir!"

"Now, Mr. Podd," said your son, "let us understand matters. Take the brute off if you like; but if he should get away from you —"

"Well?" said Podd.

"Well," continued Mr. Wailes gently, "I'll kill him as soon as he is loose, and I'll cut off your ears before he breathes his last, as sure as my name is Trumpley Wailes. Now take him or be gone, whichever you like."

Podd took the chain in his hand, and your son arose. The dog shook himself clear of the links of the chain, and suffered Podd to lead him away. He was either completely subdued by his fright, or

else he was entirely under the gardener's control. Mr. Wailes regained his rod, and throwing Podd's knife after him, he joined me in the meadow and walked nearly to Merton Park. Then he went back to the mill for his basket. He said he had four fine trout in it, and you expected some.

"Are you not afraid of that mad beast?' I asked, as he bade me good-bye.

"Which?' he answered; 'Podd or the dog?'

"The dog, of course.'

"Not in the least. Podd will chain him up, no doubt. I am afraid the scoundrel let him loose.'

"Oh, Mr. Wailes!' said I, shocked.

"Well, let us keep quiet about the adventure, and see what is said about it. If Podd is innocent I shall find it out.' And so we parted. Here is the stile. Good night."

"Good-night, my dear. Radcliffe, take good care of Sybil. Trump, give me your arm."

When Sybil and her escort were hidden under the trees, Mrs. Wailes asked her son if he had received any injuries in the "dog-fight"?

"Not a scratch, Mother. Sybil has told you about it, I see. He was a tolerably good handful, but I caught his collar at the first jump; the chain that he was dragging after him caught in a bush and held him an instant, and I had him down the next. The other brute is little less than a murderer! The staple that held the chain, fastening it to the kennel, was still hanging to it; it came out when I knelt upon it. He saw me fishing below the mill, and, no doubt, forced the staple out and so let the dog loose. Sybil came out of the mill on the other side, and when the dog saw her, he naturally ran after her. I heard the chain rasping over the stile, and got between them in time. The villain evidently intended the dog to throttle me."

"Of whom are you speaking, Trump?"

"Podd."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead sure, Mother. Though I could not swear to it, I saw him creeping away from the mill—that is, I thought I recognised him before I saw the dog. Then I saw Sybil, and I had no time to watch Podd. The case was urgent. But he was certainly at the mill when Sybil went back, and I can hardly imagine that he could get there so soon. But he had such a hang-dog expression of countenance that he confirmed my suspicion."

"What motive, Trump—"

"Hate! The poor old wretch hates me mortally. I know no reason, except that I turned him out of the grounds at Rose Cottage that day when he was insolent to you."

"What do you intend to do about the matter?"

"Nothing. I thought if Miss Merton and I both kept silent, we might hear from some one else how the dog got loose; but I have not heard a word."

"Don't be too positive, Trump. You may be mistaken, and it is better to incur the risk of sparing the guilty than that of condemning the guiltless."

"That is true, Mother. I will not charge him with this trick until I have proof; and I will tell Miss Sybil that I recall my 'suspicions,' as she terms them."

"That is the correct term, Mr. Trump. Sybil is a sensible woman."

"True again, Mother. I admire her greatly."

"Will Radcliffe get her, Trump?"

"By Jupiter! that is a sudden proposition. Let me consider a little."

They walked on in the moonlight, each looking with great enjoyment upon the beautiful sylvan scenery. Merton's Brook was in sight as they approached the lane leading to Rose Cottage, and it seemed so innocent and placid that no one would suspect it of such misconduct as that recorded in the opening chapter of this history. As Trumpley held the gate open for his mother to pass in, he answered her last question.

"I don't think Rad can get Sybil, Mother. I have been all over the case since you suggested it. Rad is not the man for her, and she is not the sort of woman for Rad. Such a marriage would appear to me to be monstrous."

"I have sometimes thought she was the sort of woman for you, Trump," said Mrs. Wailes.

"Ah, Mother! that is still more monstrous. Mardi Gras or celibacy!"

CHAPTER XI.

TRADE.

The late Mr. Wailes was an aristocrat of the first water. Mr. Podd would have declared relentless war against him if he had known him. His inheritance was sorely encumbered when he received it, and, like a wise man, he sold his landed property, got rid of all debts, kept his wife's annuity intact, and making provision in his will for the thorough education of his son, departed this life. He was the more exclusive when he gave up his landed estate than before, an additional supply of pride coming with acknowledged poverty. This is very frequently the case, and the reader will probably find plenty of examples among his own acquaintances.

Mrs. Wailes took her son to Germany, and during most of his non-age he was under the tutelage of German and French instructors. The last three years of his Continental life were spent at the University of Göttingen. Master Trumpley had Radcliffe with him there, and these two Britishers had each three duels, of course—one with sabres and two with small-swords. They learned early in their first year that these little amusements were nearly inevitable, and they both prepared sedulously for the coming ordeal by taking daily lessons from the most expert masters, and spending all spare hours in sword-play in their own apartment. In the sabre-fights Trump sliced a lobe from the right ear of his antagonist, and Radcliffe improved the shape of his opponent's nose. In both his rapier-duels Wailes made a neat little hole in the sword arm of his enemy. Rad imitated his forbearance in his first encounter, with a French student;

but in the second he was angry, and he inflicted a more serious wound upon a harmless youth from America, who had been driven into the duel by his German friends. He was abed six weeks after the encounter. The first blood drawn always ended the combat, by inflexible law.

These boys — for they were only boys — did not tell the story of their fights at home. Mrs. Merton would probably have bewailed her hard fate in being worried with a boy and his tricks; Mrs. Wailes would have been horror-stricken, very properly. But in reality the contests were rarely serious, as the combatants were padded three or four inches thick, and their hurts were usually only cracked crowns or scratched faces. The English boys were expert boxers, and they pummelled each other amicably with the gloves at all opportunities. The German students could not be induced to join in these exercises.

Mrs. Wailes and Mrs. Merton seldom met; they did not assimilate. The Captain's widow was rich, frivolous and fond of display, and in all of these particulars Mrs. Wailes afforded a fine contrast. Besides, the latter perpetually remembered her long ancestral line, which Mrs. Merton, having no such encumbrances, did not appreciate. The Merton blood was good enough, but whatever benefit there was in that, Radcliffe monopolised. Two generations back the Radcliffes had been prosperous mill-owners, without any ancestry to speak of.

Mr. Wailes, senior, had kept his views on record touching many points. He had anticipated his death many years before it occurred, and his will was a small part of the manuscripts he left behind him. There was a tolerably bulky volume, which he had entitled "Meditations," containing odd bits of philosophy, fragments of personal history, and some short arguments upon various questions of morals and manners. This book both Mrs. Wailes and her son regarded with profound veneration, and each secretly resolved to get it into type "some day" when money should be more plenty.

When they reached Rose Cottage, after their moonlight walk, Trumpley produced the volume of *Meditations*, and asked his mother's permission to read a passage to her. It was a short essay upon "Trade."

"I will only give you a short extract, Mother," said he; "you can read the whole essay any time."

"I have never been able to see any wisdom in the popular judgment regarding Trade. The theory that a gentleman loses caste by engaging in commercial pursuits is born of ignorance, and is essentially upstart and underbred. I have never done anything by which money was earned, lacking ability or opportunity, or both. But in so far, I have contradicted and opposed the beneficent law which connects wage with labor, and so has every gentleman in England who fears to stain his name with trade and his hands with work."

"That is very sensible, Trump," said his mother, seeing he paused for her comment, "but the gentlemen of England work in a thousand ways — in political life, in the Church —"

"Yes, ma'am, that is what he proceeds to say; but he adds: 'Trade proper; buying and selling commodities and getting gain

therefrom ; regulating exchange, and by wise foresight earning profit in the complicated systems of banking, corresponding with commercial capitals all over the civilised world — surely these employments demand the exercise of faculties of higher grade than we usually find in subordinate political office. A polished *attaché*, who accomplishes his apprenticeship at St. Petersburg or Madrid, blossoms into the full-blown Minister at last ; but he would be hopelessly wrecked if required to write a sensible letter treating of finance or trade. It is a grand mistake to relegate these occupations to meaner hands. Finance and trade, even in their manipulations and minor details, should be managed by English gentlemen.’”

“This is a new proposition, Trump,” said Mrs. Wailes thoughtfully. “I am inclined to think your father was right, but the doctrine is rather startling. I must meditate a little before I can give a sound opinion.”

“There is a word or two more, Mother,” said Trumpley. “‘If my son should see an opportunity to improve his fortunes, if he should have any desire to recover the status which his ancestors on both sides inherited — and lost, I know of no methods more certain or more honorable than those that offer in the various avenues of commerce. Labor is ennobling, not degrading ; subordination under the tutelage of experienced masters of trade or finance is no more humiliating than subordination to college professors : and, as the culminating argument, I may add, all the advantages that are gained by liberal education, or are inherited from gentle ancestors, are helps, not hindrances, to the attainment suggested.’”

When Trumpley closed the volume and replaced it on its accustomed shelf, they sat in silence for some time, each busy with secret meditations. Mrs. Wailes was recalling a hundred tokens of wisdom in her husband’s philosophy, and the extract just read brought to her mind many kindred propositions which had become part of her creed. Trumpley was thinking of the violets hidden by long lashes, and of the most direct way to get a sight of them again. He lighted her candle for her as they were parting for the night, and as he placed it in her hand, he said simply :

“Mother, I want Halidon. I have an income of one hundred and ninety-two pounds a year ; I want to multiply that by fifty. Mr. Grippe got Halidon by business pursuits. If you approve, I will offer my services to Mr. Grippe to-morrow. If he won Halidon, why may not I ? Answer me to-morrow, Mother dear.”

“Trump,” said his mother, slyly, “is it Halidon you want, or Mardi Gras ?”

“Both, Mother. I don’t want Halidon without her ; and I am not certain that I want her without Halidon or its equivalent — that is, I desire such revenue as will enable me to give her what any English lady would covet.”

“And what do you think of the comments of Radcliffe and the Squire, and all the magnates you know, about your entrance into trade ?”

“That !” answered Mr. Trumpley Wailes, snapping his fingers so vigorously that they made a report like a pistol-shot.

His mother laughed at his energetic response, patted him on the back, and kissed him.

"My son," she said, looking at him with kindling eyes, "I do not need any deliberation. You shall do as you please in this matter. Nothing but vice, or crime, or sin can degrade Trumpley Wailes. I have saved a little money—not much, but enough probably to put you into Mr. Grippe's bank in some position. Poor boy, you have a secret suspicion that Mardi Gras is Miss Grippe, after all."

"Not I, Mother," answered Trump, stoutly; "but I have a strong suspicion that she went to Halidon with him; and I have another strong suspicion that I shall follow her there, sooner or later. Good-night, Mother. I will put you in your old room over the south terrace—or—"

"Or what, Trump?"

"I'll strangle old Grippe!"

While Trumpley was divesting himself of his habiliments, he soliloquised:

"I am not going to take a penny of Mother's money," he thought; "I don't need any money. I shall offer my body and brains to Mr. Grippe for whatever remuneration he pleases; or, if he must have money, I shall sell my Consols. Suppose the old gentleman won't take me at any price? What then?"

"Why, I will take my capital and open a bank next door to him. And I can get depositors perhaps.

"But how could I pay them interest? I don't know how Mr. Grippe makes interest. I shall have to go through an apprenticeship somewhere.

"If the terrible jackass who controls that stunning periodical, *The London Demonstrator*, monthly, had not returned my manuscript 'with thanks,' I might have done something in literary work.

"I must get some sleep. Another tramp to Gloucester to-morrow. Oh heavenly eyes! when shall I see you again?"

And the youth fell asleep. And then he saw the twin violets a hundred times; once, flashing out of rushing waters—earnest, pleading, full of agony and terror; then, languidly gazing at him, in semi-consciousness, upon the verdant bank of the brook; then shyly glancing at him from under drooping lids; and the last vision he got before his dreams faded away, was a look that seemed to suit the eyes exactly—trusting and loving.

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CHAPTER XII.

BROWLER BROTHERS.

It was after ten o'clock when Mr. Wailes entered the bank of Browler Brothers. He and his mother were both clients of this institution, and he was received politely. He asked for Mr. Grippe, and after some little delay he was ushered into the private office.

Mr. Grippe had cast his wig, and he looked much more respectable in consequence. He was seated at his desk, which was full of letters received by the morning mail. The balances at the credit of

Trumpley and his mother were not very large, but they never over-drew, and they never asked any favors, so they were popular customers. Besides, it was an aristocratic name, and Mr. Grippe had due respect for station. He shook hands with Trumpley, drew a chair nearer the desk, and requested him to be seated. And while Wailes was meditating his plan of attack, Mr. Grippe was wondering what the deuce the youth wanted.

"Mr. Grippe," said Trumpley at last, "you are aware that my income is not very large?"

"Wants a loan," said Grippe to himself, as he bowed in the equivocal manner peculiar to bankers when you ask them for money upon doubtful security.

"Well, sir," continued Trump, "I have determined to add to it by some sort of useful occupation. And I have come to you first, hoping I could find the opportunity here and in your service."

This was decidedly a plunge *in medias res*.

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Mr. Grippe, pushing his chair back from the desk and looking through his spectacles at the embryo banker.

"It is very plain, sir," replied Trumpley. "I wish to engage in some employment that will add to my revenue. I do not know what I can do, but you can measure my capabilities, no doubt. I know two or three languages—"

"French and German?" said Grippe.

"Both, sir, quite as well as English. Also the ancient tongues. But I am totally ignorant of the details of business, and feel very doubtful—"

"If you can read and write French and German," said Mr. Grippe, "you can be of some slight use to me at once. My corresponding clerk is ill; probably will never be better. I have a note from him this morning offering his resignation. Poor fellow, he has a wife and child."

"Will you allow me," said Trump eagerly, "to act as his substitute—not for pay, but to keep his place until he gets better? Let his salary go on, and I will work like a Trojan to master the duties of the position. Only a little patience, a little allowance for the blunders of ignorance, and I shall satisfy you within a week."

"Humph!" said Mr. Grippe; "if I understand you, I don't see how your revenue will be increased by such an arrangement."

"My revenue? My dear sir, I have abundance for my present need, and I have no wife nor child. Besides, I shall be learning all the time, and so accumulating capital. I do hope you will allow me to try."

"Please to write your name and address in full. Here, sit at my desk; there is a pen. So 'H. Trumpley Wailes, Rose Cottage, Merton, Gloucester.' That is not in full. What does H. stand for?"

"Harold."

"And you are named after Harold Trumpley?"

"Yes, sir—my uncle."

Mr. Grippe fell to sneezing and coughing. He trotted around the office, lighted a cigarette and poisoned the air. When he coughed

and spluttered, Trump felt like pounding him on the back, but he thought he had better not.

"You did not happen to know the original Harold Trumpley of Halidon?" said Mr. Grippe, between the paroxysms.

"No, sir; he died a few years before I was born."

"Ah, yes; certainly," another fit of choking and spluttering. "Well, you write a very fair hand; but you have not considered all the obstacles. Ignorance? Yes. But that may be surmounted in time. There are worse obstacles. Did you ever hear of a young gentleman, with a name like yours, with access to the best society in the county, going into trade?"

"I believe not, Mr. Grippe," replied Wailes, "but I am eager to set the example. I have not the slightest idea what duties I can perform in an establishment like this, but I am sure there is nothing that will damage my honor. As for the opinions of my friends, or enemies if I have any, I am utterly indifferent about them. The best society in the county would cease to be attractive to me if access to it could be lost by my engaging in any honest work. There is only one person in the world whose opinion would sway mine, and I have already consulted her."

"Her?" said Mr. Grippe, his eyes twinkling.

"Yes, sir — my mother."

"Ah! Then you have met no other woman whose opinion you would consult?"

"No, sir — that is — I don't know, sir," and Trumpley blushed beautifully, while Mr. Grippe watched him with rat-like eyes. "There is another woman in the world, with whom I have scarcely spoken, who might exert some influence over me and my actions if I knew her. I don't even know her name, sir. I have seen her but once or twice, and she has suddenly disappeared."

"Have you no idea where she is?" said the banker, still watching.

"Yes, sir; I think she is near Gloucester. I hope to ask your aid when I search for her —"

"Ah, well," said Mr. Grippe suddenly, "time enough for that. What salary will you expect?"

"Whatever you please, sir."

"Pooh! That is a poor beginning. Always make your contracts accurately at the beginning, and then stick to your engagements. How much do you want?"

"Really, Mr. Grippe, it is not possible for me to answer you. Suppose you take me for a time on trial, or let me take your ailing clerk's place, while you continue his salary."

"Tom Brand, you mean. I give him two hundred a year. Do not distress yourself about him; his salary will be continued while he lives, and when he dies his wife will be provided for. I gave him an additional fifty two years ago upon condition that he invested it in life insurance. The policy is in my safe. When do you wish to begin?"

"This morning, if you please."

"Very well. One preliminary word. There is a law in trade founded in good morals: all the secrets of a house are sacred, and

all the transactions of a house are secrets. That is to say, that it is immoral to speak of the affairs of your house beyond its walls. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. And allow me one preliminary word. I shall speak to you always with entire frankness. If you do not desire me to speak upon any topic that I may think you ought to hear of, you will only have to say so."

"Agreed," said Mr. Grippe promptly. "I will give you two hundred pounds a year at present, payable quarterly. Is it enough?"

"Munificent, sir."

"I wish you to take charge of my foreign correspondence. Take those letters and give me a synopsis of their contents as soon as you can." He touched a bell. "Mr. Choppy, show Mr. Wailes to Brand's desk; he takes his place for the present."

Mr. Choppy was head man, cashier—the autocrat of Browler Brothers—and had been for thirty years. The clerks thought him a far greater man than Mr. Grippe, and dreaded him far more. He was a large man, with a bass voice and a bald head, his face closely shaven, a shirt collar white and sharp, always threatening to cut off his ears. A little strip of whisker would have been an enormous relief to the head, which was always polished and shining. He had mild, sleepy-looking blue eyes, which nothing escaped; and the first thing he saw in Trumpley was the soft brown moustache that adorned his visage. Mr. Choppy did not approve of beards.

"This way, sir, if you please," said Mr. Choppy, his voice pitched on the lower leger line of the bass clef. He led the way into a comfortable little anteroom furnished with one desk only. "Shall you be here long, Mr. Wailes?" asked the cashier, inviting the newcomer to be seated at the desk.

"Ah, Mr. Choppy," replied Wailes, with a frank smile, "that is precisely the question I was just asking myself. If I succeed in pleasing you and Mr. Grippe, I may finish my career here."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Choppy, speaking an octave higher. The smile and the adroit coupling of his name with that of the banker, his own in the lead, fairly vanquished him. "Well, Mr. Wailes," he continued, "you have charge of very important duties. This desk is a very important desk—very! Any hints you may need I shall be happy to give you, I'm sure. By-the-bye you are the only gentleman in the house who wears a beard."

"Are beards objectionable?" answered Trumpley, startled. "If so, off it goes."

"Nay," said Mr. Choppy, "do not be rash. You see you will not come in contact with customers. If Mr. Grippe did not object, I'm sure I shall not."

This was a tremendous victory for Trumpley; but the remorseless rascal hit the cashier once more, just between the eyes.

"I see among these letters, sir, one from Corfu. The writing is bad, but I can make it out. What a horrid hand the fellow writes! Perhaps you can explain—"

"Not now, my dear sir. In fact I should be at a great loss to decipher that abominable writing. The figgers are plain enough—

drachmas, you know. Brand always had a time over those letters. Kiantokos and Company—I know them of old; a good house, though. You will not be under the usual rules, sir. Four o'clock was Mr. Brand's hour; but he always had his letters finished. Must go now. If you need anything, touch that bell and a messenger will come; Chunk will be yours. *Good morning, sir!*" and Mr. Choppy disappeared.

Chunk was a fat boy about twelve. He knew everything and was communicative. The only confusion about him was in the use of the aspirate. In half-an-hour Trumpley had learned from him all the routine of Browler Brothers' bank. In two hours he had mastered the letters, made a synopsis of their contents in English, and had sent them by Chunk's fat hands to the inner office, where Mr. Grippe sat in solitary state.

A JUDICIAL DRAMA.

AMONG the many criminal trials which for two centuries appear in the voluminous reports of the French courts, there is perhaps no one more remarkable than that of the assassins of Fualdès. The crime itself was at once brutal and dramatic, the circumstances under which the principal witness was present at its perpetration were romantic, while the trial itself, conducted on the French system, where judge, jury, witnesses and prisoners mutually interrogated each other and harangued the public, was replete with exciting scenes. The details of the affair, which took place fifty years ago, are to this day familiar as a household tale in the south of France, and when it occurred, the proceedings were watched with interest throughout Europe. Never has crime been accomplished in circumstances more extraordinary, surrounded with incidents more mysterious, episodes more dramatic.

M. Fualdès, the unfortunate victim, had been formerly *procureur* (district-attorney) at Rhodéz. He had been destined from early youth for the profession of the law, and like most members of the French bar, he became an ardent supporter of the Revolution, without however sharing in or supporting its excesses. When the Napoleonic era began, he transferred to the new ruler his old attachment to the republic, and was rewarded by the imperial government with his position of *procureur*. This he retained till the restoration of the Bourbons, when, unwilling to take the new oath of allegiance, he resigned his position and retired to private life, which he was able

to do without exciting much comment, for the "White Terror" did not visit this part of France. At this time he was some fifty years of age. He joined to profound knowledge a ready wit, and possessed many friends, among whom figured one Jansion, a dealer in exchange, a cousin by marriage of Fualdès, and a brother-in-law of Jansion, Bastide by name, a gentleman engaged in extensive speculations. Both these gentlemen moved in the best society in the department.

There was a coldness between the friends on account of politics, for both Jansion and Bastide were royalists; but friendly relations continued, for they had many ties by reason of the speculations in which all three were engaged.

One evening in February, 1817, Fualdès attended a small entertainment at a friend's house. Jansion was in the parlor when he entered, and exclaimed, "There is a Bonapartist who must be taught reason!" Fualdès overheard the remark, and stepping up to him, said in a tone of voice which, though low, was distinctly audible by those near by, "You should be more reserved with a man who can send you to the guillotine." These words referred to an incident which took place when Fualdès was procureur. Jansion had been engaged in an intrigue with a married woman, and to save himself and his unfortunate companion from discovery he had destroyed their child. The proofs of the crime had been in the hands of Fualdès, but his friendship got the better of his justice, and the matter dropped, although it seems probable from his speech that the proofs still remained in his possession. His imprudent threat certainly gave Jansion that impression, and no doubt caused his death. Fualdès also at this time withdrew a power-of-attorney from Jansion, and brought his financial operations with the brother-in-law to a close.

Such was the condition of affairs when a horrible crime spread consternation among the inhabitants of Rhodéz. On March 20th, 1817, a corpse was found in the Aveyron, which was soon identified as that of Fualdès. A large gash, seemingly made with a knife or razor, had severed the larynx and carotid artery. It was also discovered that several articles of furniture at his lodgings had been broken open and considerable sums in the shape of notes, &c., abstracted. Several grave incidents, such as the discovery of traces of blood, and others which we need not linger over, led to the supposition that the murder had been committed in a certain house of bad repute in the Rue des Hebdomadiers at Rhodéz, inhabited by a family named Bancal. Jansion, Bastide, the Bancals, and four men of doubtful antecedents named Colard, Bach, Missonnier and Bouquier, were arrested.

On August 19th they were all brought before the assizes except Bancal, who had committed suicide. The case against some of them was strong, resting mainly upon circumstantial evidence; against the prime movers, however, Jansion and Bastide, it was not so. The prosecution was therefore delighted to hear that Providence had provided a witness who could furnish conclusive evidence.

This individual, in whom centres the chief interest of the trial, and whose extraordinary tergiversations under the influence of shame and terror drove court, counsel and jury to the verge of distraction, was

a woman. Her name was Clarisse Enjalrand Manzón. She was divorced from her husband, but it seems for no fault of her own, and still moved in the best society. Although known to be fond of admiration and much given to flirtation, no one seems to have suspected her of having exceeded the bounds which French society allows to the married woman, especially when separated from her husband. Her father, M. Enjalrand, was one of the principal magistrates of the department of Aveyron, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. Mme. Manzón herself, although not beautiful, possessed the bright piquant face which is characteristic of the Provençale, and was a most fascinating woman. A print of the period representing her entrance into Alby on the occasion of the second trial, gives her an exquisite figure, while her great taste in dress enabled her to make the most of her charms. At about the time of the murder a certain Lieutenant Clémándot made his appearance at Rhodéz as aide-de-camp to the general commanding the department. Fascinated by the attractions of the fair *divorcée*, he soon became most devoted in his attentions to her. She received his homage with pleasure, and unfortunately for her reputation and peace of mind, rewarded it with disclosures which, poured into such a leaky vessel as Clémándot, were soon public property, and quickly led to the loss of the agreeable position in society she had held so long.

Certain half-confessions extorted on preliminary examination of the prisoners disclosed the fact that there was present at the murder a woman of a better rank in society than the inmates of the house, disguised in male attire. Public rumor was busy with the names of several ladies to whom it attributed this doubtful honor, though no one seems to have suspected Mme. Manzón of being the party in question. One day at a café a statement was made to the effect that a certain young lady of Rhodéz was the impromptu witness, when Clémándot positively denied it and insisted that he knew perfectly well who it was. Information of this being given to the préfet, Clémándot was arrested. He then stated that Clarisse Manzón had informed him that about 9 o'clock on the evening of the murder she was present at the house in the Rue des Hebdomadiers, whither she had been called by some gallant rendezvous. Finding the door shut contrary to custom, she gave three knocks, when it was opened by the woman Bancal, who recognised her despite her male disguise. Bancal in some confusion told her to go away, as strangers were expected. Just then footsteps were heard without, and knocks were given at the door. Bancal pushed Clarisse into a closet, telling her to keep quiet, and then opened the door. A crowd rushed in, carrying with them a man blindfolded. They laid him on the table and prepared to kill him, when Mme. Manzón fainted away. She soon recovered consciousness, and trying to escape by a window which opened from the closet, attracted the attention of the assassins, who dragged her from her place of concealment and were about to kill her, but changed their minds, and having sworn her to secrecy, conducted her from the house.

As soon as he heard this romantic story the préfet sent for Mme. Manzón and interrogated her on the matter. She acknowledged that

she had told Clémendot the story referred to, but it was only, she said, "a little pleasantry" on her part. This explanation seemed hardly satisfactory, and a few days later the prefet again examined her. She was accompanied on this occasion by her father, who implored her to tell the whole truth. She became much excited, spoke of her name being the town-talk, and after a while, having procured a promise that her little son should not be taken from her, and that she should have a certain yearly allowance, she said she would tell the whole truth. The Sunday after the murder a man had dogged her through the streets, and at last seizing a favorable opportunity, put a letter into her hands. It said: "There was a woman at Bancal's house. She gave your name. If you are asked about this, say yes; if you deny it, prepare to die." She therefore, when Clémendot spoke about the matter, acknowledged that she was there. Subsequently she had received a second letter, saying: "Your namesake was there, but remember *you* have seen nothing, *you* know nothing." She insisted that this was the whole truth, and that she had never been in the Bancal house, and signed a declaration to that effect.

The prefet was a shrewd hand. He placed no faith in this story, and resolved to try one of those *coups-de-theatre* which play so great a part in French criminal trials. Folding up the declaration and putting it in his pocket, he quietly said, "Let us now visit the scene of this crime; as you were never there, you may have some curiosity to see it." They repaired to the house, but no sooner had they entered the lower room, where the crime was supposed to have been committed, than Clarisse fainted away. On recovering, she covered her eyes with her hands, and shrieked out, "Let us go out! Take me away, if you don't want me to die under your eyes!"

A few days later she wrote a letter to the prefet, giving a long and entirely different account of her adventures. She was in the Rue des Hebdomadiers, when a man came out, and seizing her arm, dragged her off several squares, and then asked her if she knew him. She said she did not. He replied, "It is well," and made her swear she would not mention anything she had seen that night. The day after sending this letter she retracted everything contained in it. Her tergiversations, which gave her so singular a rôle in the case, and ended by sending her from the witness-box to the prisoners' bench, led the prefet to suppose she had been intimidated. Pressed on this point, she acknowledged that Bastide's sister, Mme. Pons, had written her several threatening letters, and handed in another declaration, which bore marks of having been written by some one else.

All these various declarations having been put in evidence, Mme. Manzon was placed on the witness-stand amidst suppressed excitement. The president of the assizes addressed her as an "angel whom Providence had sent to punish the guilty," but all efforts to extract anything from her were vain. She seemed under the influence of a profound terror, stammered out a few words, looked at the accused, and as if their sight froze her with terror, fainted away. When she was brought to, she said she was not at the Bancal house, but was sure the others were; though as to why she felt sure of this fact

she offered no explanation, and said her first story told to Clémandot was false. "If this is so," said the judge, "how can you declare the prisoners were present?" "By conjecture." Then turning towards Jansion, she added in a significant voice, "When one has killed his child, he may well be the murderer of his friend." Being again sharply interrogated, she still stuck to the last story, and in the course of it exclaimed, "Ah, if you knew how I have been menaced!" She seemed about to faint again, but suddenly starting up, cried out, "Ask Jansion if he did not save a woman's life in Bancal's house!" Jansion calmly denied the assertion. "I tell you," she shrieked in a state of high nervous excitement, "there was a woman at Bancal's! Bastide wanted to kill her, but Jansion saved her life." This announcement created such intense excitement that the court was at once adjourned. The whole truth was expected the next day, but the public was doomed to disappointment. She seemed quite calm, said, "There was a woman there, but not I; though she seems to have taken my name." Her former declarations, she said, not having been made under oath, she had not troubled herself to be accurate, but now she was telling the truth.

Tired of her contradictory stories, the court turned to the other evidence. Bastide tried to prove an alibi, but without success. There was strong evidence to show that he had taken a part in the disposal of the remains, and Jansion was proved to have broken open Fualdès' escritoire; strong circumstantial evidence fixed the crime on the other prisoners. In summing up, counsel for Bastide, addressing Mme. Manzon, who was still in court, said: "It would have been better for the accused if the truth, however terrible, had come from your lips. Who prevented your speaking? Is it one of the accused? What have you to fear from them? They are in irons—" "Ah, my God! all the guilty are not in irons!" exclaimed Clarisse. Again were the proceedings interrupted, and she was brought to the stand, but with the same result as before. She stammered, contradicted herself, and finally burst into tears and sank to the ground in strong convulsions.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against the widow Bancal, Bastide, Jansion, Bach and Colard. Some irregularities in the proceedings, however, gave ground for a motion for a new trial, which was granted, and the second trial took place at Alby, March 25, 1818. On this occasion Mme. Manzon appeared among the prisoners, having been committed for having "aided or assisted at the murder of Fualdès." The evidence was much the same as before, and the interest languished till the examination of Mme. Manzon, who it was said was now about to tell the truth. Three days before she had sent to the president of the assizes a letter which had been conveyed to her in the prison, and which furnishes an example of those menaces whose constant repetition had driven her to the verge of idiocy. "Listen for the last time. The day when you testify will be the last of your son's life. Denial or death! Remember your oath. Your son—his fate is in your hands. The steel is ready."

At last some part of the truth was extracted from her. Her story was similar to the one she had told Clémandot, except that she said

nothing about the attempt to kill her, nor her oath ; nor could she tell who had conducted her from the house. Jansion, who had manifested great anxiety during her examination, called on her to say if he was in the house, if she saw him. She pressed her hands to her forehead, while tears rolled down her cheeks. "I have nothing to say to that cruel question."

In vain was she urged to tell more. The judge, the jury, the widow Bancal, Jansion's counsel, Jansion himself, implored her to tell all she knew. At last Bastide, who had defended himself with calmness throughout the whole trial, thought he would profit by her hesitation. He rose and solemnly said, "I adjure you to tell the truth — no more lies. Speak — I conjure you, speak!" No longer terrified and trembling, but angry and menacing, Mme. Manzoni sprang from her seat. Pale, agitated, convulsively shaking, while her eyes flashed with rage, she hissed out the single word "*Malheureux !*" in a tone which electrified the whole audience. Bastide, with a sarcastic smile, said, "That is enough comedy. We hear too many monosyllables ; keep them for your memoirs. Tell us the truth at last." Upon this she burst through the gendarmes who surrounded her, and rushed across the court-room to where Bastide was standing. Hastily gathering up her long hair on the top of her head, and pressing it down with her hand so that it assumed the appearance of a boy's cap, she thrust her face close to Bastide's, and said, "Do you recognise me now?" "No," said Bastide ; but he was evidently trembling, and his voice had lost its assurance. "You don't recognise me, assassin, and you wanted to kill me!" Bastide was terribly agitated, Jansion fell fainting to the floor, an example which Clarisse, after her usual custom in moments of excitement, quickly followed, and the court adjourned in a scene of great confusion.

The next day her examination was continued in true French style — all parties, judge, jury, counsel, and accused, participating. She now said that Bastide was present and wanted to kill her, but some one saved her life and took her away. She did not know who he was, nor would she say what took her to the Rue des Hebdomadiers in male attire. It was perfectly evident that horror at the scenes she had witnessed, terror at the constant threats to which she had been subjected, gratitude towards him who had saved her life, and shame at the discovery of the assignation she had evidently intended to keep on the night of the murder, had driven her almost crazy. Many questions she refused to answer at all. Towards the close of the day Bastide, who had recovered from the excitement of the day before, indulged in one of those harangues which enliven the proceedings in a French court of justice.

"Here is a witness who speaks or keeps quiet as she pleases. I demand that she does not study her rôle one day to declaim it here the next."

The Judge.—"She has spoken ; she has named you positively."

Bastide.—"She has spoken as they do in Corneille — as they do at the theatre. My faith ! it seems like fairyland here."

"In that case," exclaimed Clarisse, "you are the wicked fairy !"

At last the truth was elicited. Bach and the widow Bancal were so

entangled in the meshes of circumstantial evidence that their case was hopeless. Both turned state's-evidence, and gave details of the murder which filled the listeners with horror.

Fualdès was dragged blindfolded into the house, having been seized in a neighboring street. He cried out, "What have I done!" and was told to say his prayers, and quickly too. He was then forced by Bastide and Jansion to sign some papers. That over, Bastide coolly informed him that he must die. "What!" he cried, "my cousin and my friend would kill me! That cannot be!" He was seized and stretched on a table. By his side were some loaves of bread, which his wife had that very day sent as a charity to the Bancals, who were in very needy circumstances. A bucket was placed under the head of the table to catch the blood. Fualdès asked for time to reconcile himself with God. "Go and reconcile yourself with the devil," said Bastide. Jansion struck the first blow and missed. Fualdès made a desperate effort; the table upset, and a furious struggle ensued. Fualdès broke from his assassins and reached the door, but Bach guarded it, and he was at last recaptured and laid again on the table, when Bastide coolly cut his throat. At this moment a noise was heard in the closet, and tearing open the door, Bastide disclosed Mme. Manzon in man's clothes. He raised the dripping knife to stab her, when she shrieked out, "I am a woman! My God! spare my life!" Bastide still wished to kill her, but Jansion interposed. One corpse, he said, was enough to get rid of; let them swear her to secrecy and let her go. His counsels prevailed. Mme. Manzon was placed on her knees by the side of the corpse, and while one hand was raised to heaven, the other was thrust into the gaping wound in Fualdès' throat, and a terrible oath exacted from her. Bach said that when she rose to her feet her hand was dripping with blood. Jansion then led her from the house. The body of Fualdès was packed up in a neat bundle and carried to the Aveyron by four of the party, while Bastide and Jansion, each with a loaded fowling-piece, formed the advanced and rear-guards of the procession.

The accused were all found guilty, except Mme. Manzon, and duly executed. Bastide and Jansion protested their innocence to the last, and there are still those who believe that they were not guilty. All legal writers, however, who have given the matter their attention, concur in the belief that they suffered justly.

Mme. Manzon having lost her position in society at Rhodéz, repaired to Paris. There an enterprising speculator engaged her to attend the *comptoir* of his café in the Palais Royal. She published several memoirs of the case, which at first had a ready sale, but she soon sank into obscurity and when and how she died is unknown.

THE LAST DAYS OF HEINRICH HEINE.

PERHAPS there is not a grave in all Montmartre that was reached by so long and so cruel a martyrdom as that which closed over the great German poet in 1856. The last eight years of Heine's life showed the gradual crumbling of a frame that had always been delicate. But it was the frame of a delicate Hercules ; and frail as it was, the disintegration which took place was resisted by a will and a power that seem marvellous when we look into the records of his death. It might be called an immortal dying, a life in death, Prometheus fixed like a star to the precipice, a death that sparkled with the wit and the nonsense of life. It was impossible for Heine to die without being Heine to the last — brilliant, funny, pathetic, full of divine grimace, full of tragic persiflage. His friends trooped to see him during his lingering decay, and eagerly enjoyed that passing-bell of wit which he jingled incessantly to invite the world to his own funeral. Propped up on pillows, or floundering in mattresses, with one eye entirely gone and the lid of the other paralysed, the famous author of the "Pictures of Travel" entertained George Sand and Gautier, Béranger and Gérard de Nerval, Taillandier and Mignet, with all the stores of his rich intellect. The torment which Heine had to endure from ambulant correspondents who flocked to his dwelling to see or hear something of the German Voltaire, is pathetically alluded to by Herr Strodtmann in his charming biography. It became as fashionable to visit Heine as to visit the tigers of the zoölogical garden ; and Heine's dying afforded a living to the contributors of the *Gartenlaube*. A crumb of correspondence grew into a loaf that fed thousands ; a *bon mot* from Heine's lips became gold in the pockets of interviewers ; a needle-prick of humor tickled the midriff of half Germany in the columns of some Vienna *chronique scandaleuse*. It was never a principle with Heine to exercise the slightest restraint, to curb with the tiniest golden bit the antics of a remorseless tongue. Whoever had ever offended, whoever had ever been a little malicious towards Heine himself, trembled before the stinging cobra of the Rue d'Amsterdam. The higher the rank of the persons against whom his anger or his sarcasm was pointed, the surer were they of being reached. The wit might be Jove's eagle, but it always carried in its talons the grace of Ganymede. Sometimes it was a handful of peppered rose-leaves or a poisoned violet, or a beautiful and glowing sea-nettle, that he flung at his antagonists ; again it was a naked blade bitten with wondrous designs of Damascus ; oftener still it was the unshorn curls of Medusa that he wrathfully shook in their faces and mingled with the scornful tinkling of his cap and bells. He seldom grew imaginative over his enemies ; he struck them with the sting of naked retort. Little verselets, tense and terse as a coiled rattlesnake, opened their tiny mouths and ejected thimblefuls of scarlet venom ; little epigrams, hardly able to contain their enormous

bitterness, dropped from his pen and withered a Platen or a Börne ; little sentences, abrupt as precipices, opened before the feet of his enemies and disclosed to them the whole depth of his yawning indignation. His mind was an Indian jungle in which lurked tigers and tarantulas, gorgeous flowers whose perfumes were anaesthetic or whose leaves were livid with the passionate ichor of the East ; strange architecture of vines and parasites, filling the forest with the green of chameleons or the gloom of adders ; and over all arched the blue dome of Brahma, strewn with stars as with tiger-lilies. It was a noble and a sad sight — Heine aroused. All the occult glories and horrors of the jungle would creep forth warmed into coiling and writhing life — flowers, perfumes, strange cries, suffocating luxuriance, glittering reptiles — surrounding, smothering the offender. He could be fiendish ; and yet there was more tenderness in him perhaps than in all his antagonists put together. His most sustained malice could not get beyond the memorial of Börne or the scourging of August Wilhelm Schlegel. And even in these outbursts, drops of gentleness, winds that had stolen over scented gardens, reveal how far real anger was from the purposes of the satirist. Heine's whip was a subtle silken cord of infinite delicacy, and yet capable of contracting into wrathful serpent-like fold over the heads of malefactors. It cannot be said that it was always artistically flourished. The memorable imitations of Count Platen which he permitted his friend Immermann to append to one of the volumes of the "Pictures of Travel," called forth a controversy in which Heine for once proceeded too far. The silken cord that cut the air like silver was transformed into the avenging scourge of the Eumenides. It was a sort of vulture-scourge that tore the vitals of Platen. The aesthetic sense of Germany was outraged, for Heine exceeded the bounds of art in his personalities. It was perhaps more the artistic transgression than the moral obliquity that infused his afterthought with a tincture of regret for what he had done. Art was a great word with Heine, as it was all in all with Goethe. Goethe, the great ice-artist, the constructor of exquisite ice-kremlins, battlemented frost, turreted icicles, cathedrals in hoar-rime, Roman elegies in snow, — Heine, the warm human breath that melts the pageant from the window-pane, — how natural to name these two together, how distinct the phases which they represent and of which each was the living symbol. They might be called the mystic cherubim of Art and Nature whose outspread wings overshadow the altar of the tabernacle. There was much of disrespect and flippancy in Heine's allusions to the great chief of German literature, as there was singular shortsightedness in Goethe's depreciation of Heine. "Heine has no heart," quoth the Herr Hofrath Wolfgang von Goethe to one of his interviewers. That was precisely and pre-eminently what Heine had, if one characteristic more than another presents itself in his writings. Heart was the solvent that held all his peculiarities of style and contents together. But the facts concerning Heine's last years are more interesting than any attempt to throw him into juxtaposition with any of his contemporaries.

Heine may be said not to have lived before the Revolution of July. He had thought, dreamed, idled, trifled, written exquisitely. The

Reisebilder were on every shelf, the ballads were in everybody's memory, the love-songs hung in the air like a tender mist and bewitched the fingers of Löwe and Hoven to find music sweet enough for them ; but lived Heine had not till the mighty tocsin of July rang and summoned him to Paris. There was an eternal struggle in his soul between the poet and the politician. He could not be both, and the result was that he was neither fully. A poet of fragments, a singer of ballads as perfect as were ever written, there is the inexorable fact that his literary life lacked unity. He resembled a sculptor whose chisel was wondrously fertile in *bas-reliefs*, medallion portraits, fairylike Corinthian capitals, half bubble, half blossom, and all perfection. But the Parthenon is not built of *bas-reliefs*. Nor did he become a politician with all his morbid longing for it. He lacked voice, physique, personal impressiveness, fortitude, spontaneous eloquence — the politician, in a word. There was not a single quality by virtue of which he was able if he had tried to become a leader of the people, a stirring forensic orator, an ardent champion of the rights of mankind on the hustings. With the consciousness of this discord, this absence of symmetry, this eloquence of word and inability to act, the poet weakened while the politician came to naught. The best that remains of Heine is what he gave before the political idea had fully developed by long residence in France. It is curious what affinity existed between Heine and the French. More than any of the great German writers he possessed that *esprit*, that mobile organisation, that nimbleness and fire of fancy which distinguish the French and make of them the most charming of talkers. The grapes of his native Rhineland were sprinkled with the golden fruitage of Champagne — the great lazy slumbering Rhine blended in him with the sparkling and vivacious Seine. He was a child of the line — a product of the old German feudalism as it met and wrestled with the Code Napoléon. He was Janus-natured — German dreaminess with mystic reminiscences of the ancient Teutoburger Wald, won and wedded to Gallic alertness, versatility, bustle : equally eloquent from either side. As he said of himself, he was "a German nightingale that had built its nest in M. de Voltaire's periwig."

The record of Heine's last illness is infinitely sad. It is again the old story of the dying Prometheus. In exile, in continual financial distress, in continual dissensions with his rich relations, the poet's cup ran over when in 1845 a slow and stealthy paralysis began to creep over his limbs and senses, putting them out one by one like the wax-tapers after a great ball. One after the other they went — the eye, the lips, the tongue partially, the organs of speech, and the fingers and leg of the right side. "I kiss," says he pathetically, "but have no sense of feeling, so senseless have my lips become. Whole evenings I sit at the fireside beside my wife. 'Quelle conversation allemande !' she cries, and then she sighs." He could not write except in large scrawling characters, so different from his once beautiful and regular handwriting. His thoughts would not flow for an amanuensis. The sudden death of his uncle, the millionaire Solomon Heine of Hamburg, without specially providing for him in his will, and the refusal of his most intimate friend and blood-relation, Karl Heine,

son of Solomon, to carry out even the meagre dispositions which were made in his favor, threw him into such mental excitement as to bring on his terrible malady. "God pardon my family the sin they have committed against me!" he exclaims in a letter to his publisher. His uncle had been his benefactor all through life, and his death plunged him into great grief and embarrassment. In the evening of his life Heine had married Mathilde Marat—a faithful, loving, childlike Frenchwoman whose devotion to him was measureless. The thin, nervous poet, whose whole life had been a battle from the beginning, from the days of the brilliant letters from Berlin up to 1835, had found the pearl of great price and had grown fat by the side of his Mathilde—"whom," as he says in his will, "I spoiled unspeakably because I loved unspeakably." The bright Parisienne knew nothing of his celebrity as a poet, and it was his pride to boast of her disinterestedness, her affection, her cheerfulness, her innocent little ways, and her ignorance. In 1842 Laube had parted from him in Paris, "a plump, roguish man of the world with merry eyes." In 1847, five years afterward, "I embraced almost with tears an emaciated mannikin in whose face there was no longer any trace of an eye to be seen." "The former healthy color," says Schücking, after his visit, "had departed from his countenance and given way to a delicate waxen pallor; all the features had become delicate; they were glorified, spiritualised; it was a head of infinite beauty, a true Christ's head, that turned to me. Struck and frightened at this prodigious change, I said to myself that he could not live six weeks in that condition; and yet he lived fully eight years." When the revolution of February, 1848, broke out, Heine was in Paris. "I ought either to have been dead or well!" he exclaimed, as he describes to the readers of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* the uproar and enthusiasm that prevailed and even involved the poor invalid in their angry surges. He lived in the region of the barricades, and recounted with delight how a little boy of the house had brought home to his sick grandmother a pot of preserves captured in the sacking of the Tuileries, and how enchanted they all were to find Louis Philippe's *confitures* so good. "Paris is for Napoleon, that is, for the Napoleon d'or," said he to Meissner as he watched the stealthy step of the President toward the throne, and criticised the luxurious and money-loving society that for the moment was lotos-dreaming about a republic. His interest in the political condition of the French narrowed to a contemptuous smile at their endless frivolity, their wordiness and their inability to conceive the meaning of a mighty catastrophe. It is the smile that curls the divine lips of the Pythian Apollo.

In the month of May, 1848, he left his room for the last time, and supported on the arm of a friend, took refuge from the din and turbulence of the streets in the calm and noble sculpture-gallery of the Louvre. "Through the streets of Paris," relates Meissner, "surged the crowds of the people, driven around by their tribunes as by storms. The poet, half-blind, half-paralysed, dragging himself along on his stick, sought to escape the deafening tumult of the boulevards, and fled into the adjacent Louvre. He entered the apartments of the palace, almost empty at this critical time, and found himself on a

level with the ground in the hall where the antique gods and goddesses stand. Suddenly he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, enchanting goddess, the wonder-work of an unknown master, the Venus of Milo, who in the course of centuries had lost her arms, but not her witchery. Surprised, touched, cut to the heart, almost appalled at the vision, the sick man recoiled and fell into a chair, and the bitter, passionate tears streamed down his cheeks." From that moment he never left his sick-room. He had himself carried out to sweet rural Passy in the spring of the same year, where his feverish and irritable nerves might be far from the noise of the town. "So much is certain," he writes to his brother Maximilian, "I have suffered more torments in the last three months than ever the Spanish Inquisition was able to invent. Even if I do not die, life is lost to me forever, and I love life with such fervent passion!" After his return to town he entered the well-known dwelling No. 50 Rue d'Amsterdam, not far from the cemetery of Montmartre. Poor Heine! in this isolated house, far from the boulevards with their gay throngs which he had loved so much, far from every green tree or music of birds or beautiful sunlight, far from all the rich color which the deep-dyed Orientalism of his nature demanded as it did the light; with the dim twilight of a perpetual sick-room diffused about him, instead of the sunny shimmer of Parnassus; with the dark, close-drawn curtains drawn about his suffering eyes and paralysed body; with the opium on his table, and the dagger near it with which he had resolved to end his life should his sufferings become insupportable—there is no more mournful picture of a poet's decay. His dreams assumed the gorgeously perplexing type of opium-dreams; he became haunted by strange fears; the gradual softening of the spine caused intolerable pain; Mathilde and her parrot were his only companions; he lost the hired attendant whose business it had been to read to him or to write down at his dictation the exquisite bits of poetry that visited him in the night like swallows, "and dipped their wings in tears and skimmed away." Out of all this opium, decay, restlessness, exuded many a pearl, pale with the anguish of its birth or illumined with the whiter transfigured light of approaching dissolution. These poems have, so to speak, a lily-paleness as of death, and yet a bloom that seems caught from more than mortal experience. The little cycle called "Lazarus" contains many of these glorified reminiscences of life, these organ-notes from the cathedrals beyond the grave, these ascetic poems spiritualised, eaten to transparence by a divine hunger, by inner martyrdom, these bleeding *stigmata* branded as by fire. There is seldom the old joyous musical sense, the old tripping accompaniment of glad-footed refrains, the old gaiety of heart, about this cycle of poems. They as it were supplement the story of Lazarus in the Bible, and continue it down to our time.

The helplessness, the blindness, the torment increased from month to month. The moxa had to be applied to resuscitate the dying nervous system, and the poet, as he described to a friend in 1849, began to look upon himself as a ghost, an already departed soul looking sympathetically down on its poor broken agonised body. "I will freely confess," said he, in a statement published about this time con-

cerning his health, "a great change has taken place with me. I am no longer a godlike biped, as Professor Hegel assured me we were twenty-five years ago in Berlin. I am no longer the 'freest German after Goethe,' as Ruge found me in healthier days; I am no longer the great Heathen No. 2, whom they compared to the vine-crowned Dionysos, while they called my colleague No. 1 by the title of Jupiter of the Grand Duchy of Weimar; I am no longer a life-loving, rather corpulent Greek smiling cheerfully down on long-faced Nazarenes: I am now only a poor dying Jew, an emaciated picture of misery, an unhappy man!" Heine ridiculed the French physicians, and would not bestow any confidence on them or take their medicines. For the last six or seven years of his life he was under the care of a distinguished Hungarian physician, Dr. Gruby, who from finding him twisted into a knot and lying painfully drawn together on the floor, salivated and incapable of all nourishment, recovered him to a sitting posture, gave him back his sight and the motion of his arms, and in many ways alleviated the wretchedness of his condition. As a humorous revenge on himself, Heine diligently plied a course of medical reading to instruct himself in the pathology of his disease. "My studies won't help me much. I shall at most be able to read lectures in heaven to show my audience how ill the doctors on earth understand softening of the spine." As we learn from Strodtmann, Heine's day generally passed very simply: a bath when his condition permitted; the mulatto nurse lifted him out of his "mattress grave" and carried him like a child in her arms; then breakfast of beef, fruits, and Bordeaux wine; whatever he fancied was set before him, even the rarest fruits; the cook was the most important personage in the house after the physician; between twelve and six he received his visitors, dictated to his secretary, or listened to reading aloud. Most of his visitors were ladies, with whom he remained a favorite to the last,—ladies of the elegant fashionable world, ladies of literature, ladies of Bohemia, pen in hand to take down the sibylline wit that fell from his lips, or ladies of the neighborhood. To all he described his sufferings in the most comical light, and made endless fun of his poor, tortured, perishing body. George Sand, the sparkling Delphine Gay, Madame d'Agoult dropped in to ask after the sick poet or to enliven his sombre solitude with the pleasures of their captivating health and conversation. Heine had the most brilliant French at command. It cost him no effort to throw his thoughts into the curt epigrammatic form so peculiar to the French and so characteristic of the Parisian. There are records of his wonderful conversations with the Abbé La Mennais, and with the amiable and accomplished Théophile Gautier, in which he stood no whit behind these masters of rich and varied diction. Twenty-five years' familiarity with the boudoirs and boulevards, the social life and political revolutions of the metropolis, had washed away the last vestiges of accent. As his German displayed no trace of the nasal slang that is one of the idiosyncrasies of the German Jew, so his French was filtered of all trans-Rhenine heaviness and clumsiness. His own French translations of his prose works exhibit every felicity of diction, every trick or point of wit, every hidden and almost unattainable grace of expression that give to the original such undying

charm. His friends Gérard de Nerval and St. René Taillandier, were constantly consulted by the poet in the preparation of his works for the French press. To one of the French reviews he contributed the immortal papers on German philosophy, religion, and romance which are the most delightful reading their author has left us after the *Reisebilder*. He did not attempt to translate his poems into the corresponding French poetical forms: there was too much soul in them to be translated into the language of reason. There remain, however, delicious renderings of individual pieces by Taillandier, Schuré, Marelle, and de Nerval, especially of the famous "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam" and "Leise klingt durch mein Gemüth." His Napoleon-worship in early youth, and the troops of French who settled in the Rhine provinces in the first decade of this century, had produced a profound love of the nation in Heine, and toward the close of his life brought upon him frequent reproaches of lack of patriotism. How nobly he vindicated himself was shown by the long and sorrowful years of exile which he endured precisely for this ungrateful country and for the reform and regeneration of its stagnant political wretchedness.

A little while before he died, when he asked permission of the Prussian government to go to Berlin and consult Dieffenbach about his terrible condition, the great and good Humboldt conveyed to him as gently as possible the refusal of the king to grant his dying request. There were orders at every frontier station to seize and imprison him should he make his appearance. It might be said there were orders to imprison his corpse. The *dilettante* Friedrich Wilhelm loved Heine's works as he loved little else, but he did not feel safe from his intolerable tongue. Amongst the many caprices that took possession of the sick fancy of the invalid was a curious one to gamble in stocks, delighted as a child when he won and furious as a tiger when he lost. He heaped his friend Friedland, who undertook these little financial speculations for him, with the bitterest reproaches when a new speculation did not succeed, and finally broke off all connection with him. Since the days when Tacitus described the Germans as preparing the "potui humor ex hordeo aut frumento," as loving "lac concretum" and being passionately addicted to dice, the character of the nation has not changed; and perhaps Baden-Baden and Spa were lineal descendants of the ancient haunts of burly, open-air loving, fair-haired Teutons. The numerous fugitives from justice and the Fatherland who lingered at Paris during Heine's illness were a source of incessant vexation and excitement; and the calls for aid, and even the menaces by which they were often accompanied, increased the nervous irritability to which he now became morbidly subject. "Alas!" he sighed, "it will soon become the fashion for all the German writers to make pilgrimages to me, as the Mahommedans do to Mecca. And yet they say I have no religion! That is curiously enough the last of me, that I should come at last to be looked upon as a relic!" He laughed to scorn many of the hypocritical expressions of sympathy that came to him from his native land. "You are right," said he to a person who had just been delivering a budget from Germany. "Recently the big chimpanzee of the Jardin des Plantes became

unwell and all Paris was interested in the sick ape, and when he died at last there were nurses that visited the garden every day and hung their heads pathetically and sighed and said to their gallants, 'Hélas ! there's no such ape to be found anywhere !' " Among the many other tribulations of his long and incurable malady was the correspondence that was forced upon him, chiefly from ladies, who recommended all manner of quackeries or begged for letters of introduction to French notabilities, or even requested the bedridden martyr to look up a *femme de chambre* for them !

Gleams of light fell now and then athwart this immortal sick-room; dear friends from distant lands, from Germany, from Hamburg, from home, his only sister and his two brothers, old schoolfellows, a number of devoted and faithful followers, gathered as with folded wings about the deathbed of Heinrich Heine. Bursts of the old eloquent conversation would surprise and enchant the stray visitors. He would have the little children of his neighbors brought over, and would eat cake with them and entertain them with all sorts of droll stories : how beautiful and bright it was in heaven, how they ate cake there from morning till night, and how the good God had angels for scullions, who when they had had a nice dinner would wipe their mouths with their white wings. "Ce qui du reste est bien sale de leur part !" exclaimed his little god-daughter indignantly, provoked at this celestial impropriety. And Madame Mathilde would laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks. He speaks of his situation in the preface to the *Romancero* as a "grave without rest, death without the privileges of the dead, who need not spend money or write letters or make books." During his illness he drew up two wills which for pathos exceed anything he ever wrote. They breathe the tenderest affection for his kindred, the firmest faith in God, the most anxious avoidance of all that could offend or hurt any living being. An eloquent solemnity pervades these documents, a gentle reverence for the feelings of others is their keynote. The beautiful allusion to his "noble and high-hearted mother, who had done so much for him," is full of the thrilling tenderness which always existed between them. This remarkable woman, a deist of the school of Rousseau, exerted a powerful influence over him, and it was her fate to survive her son nearly twenty years. His whole conduct toward her, and his eager efforts to keep from her all knowledge of his frightful state, show the noblest and most filial feeling. She lived in Hamburg in the humblest circumstances, and to the last remained in ignorance of his true condition. He thought himself justified in deceiving her by all sorts of little artifices or by the always pleasant and merry tone of his monthly letters. His greatest solace was of course his wife Mathilde, whose exhaustless cheerfulness and patience brightened many a dark hour, and threw about his sick-room an atmosphere of hope. Mathilde and Cocotte the parrot afforded him a never-ending theme for jokes. Although for many years no legal tie existed between Mathilde and himself, she clung to him with touching fidelity, with rare affection and appreciation. Her little plans and whims, her little bursts of temper or sunshine, her going-out and coming-in, her health and comfort, were watched from under the one poor paralysed lid with an

intensity of interest that rose to religion and became a worship. His wife and his mother were the two idols of his heart. In the sleepless watches of the night, when his pains transcended the power of the strongest narcotics, he would remember them in exquisite couplets of verse, in little rhymes full of the beating of a broken heart, in little stanzas built up of heart's-blood, tears and melody, exhaling only in the night like the night-jasmine. They were sighs breathed into the wondering, mourning night, burnt there like the fiery writing of Belshazzar, or more frequently like the shedding of gentle dewdrops full of the ineffable light of the stars; or again he would try to forget the physical misery by versifying witty fables of animals. "Only two consolations remain to me," wrote he to Campe, "my French wife and my German nurse." "Raging with pain," he says elsewhere, "my poor head tosses hither and thither in the horrible nights, and the bells of the old cap then tinkle with pitiless gaiety." The strange tenacity with which he clung to life was aided by a disposition of unflinching hope. With him death was a conjecture, not a certainty. "Opium is a religion," he says somewhere. Lifted into its vivid and visionary experiences he forgot the ravages and devastations of disease in his wasting body, and was able to look forward to an indefinite prolongation of life. He had become familiar with death, intimate with the grave, on confidential terms with the undertaker; and owing to this perfect familiarity with all the possibilities, a gentle oblivion of the end seemed to fall over him. In spring he would revive, as if a mysterious infusion of the kindly forces of nature had reached his darkened chamber too and kindled his spent blood with new flames of vitality. The first and supreme singer of the sea among the Germans, the fragrance of the spring-time would inspire him again and again with those delicate phantom-poems, where the wide sea, moon-painted by the Luna of the North, would stretch out its gilded gulfs before the dreamer's eye, and attune him to some delicious commemoration of early love. The imagery, grasped from the night and from opium, became at times painfully intense—the lights are lurid, the shadows are full of demons, the grave reeks with phosphorescent forms, the twilight becomes monstrous, the dawn a sphinx leaning her eternal breasts against the burning sands of the East, unsolved and insoluble. There is the whirl, the incoherency of delirium in many of these last utterances. Moral doubts, a red-hot core of misgiving that wormed at the soul of the poet and made him peer out cynically over the brink of the grave, send up here and there their sulphurous exhalations. Then again, sweet as Italian air on Vesuvius, a little word of hope goes up, a brave resignation to fate, a courageous determination to wait and see what will be the end of all this, if there be an end. Nothing is more remarkable or more beautiful than the religious change that took place in Heine's view of divine things towards the end. We are told that his hatred of all positive religions had been complete and ungovernable from the days when he studied under Schlegel at Bonn to the moment when he wrote the preface to Weill's "Pictures of Manners from Life in Alsatia," about the year 1847. He tells us in this preface that posterity is promised a happier future when the nightmare of the

Christian religion shall be taken from the breast of humanity. "Our descendants will fancy they are listening to a nursery-tale when they are told what we have believed and suffered; and they will pity us." Heine had been a student and an adorer of Hegel at the University of Berlin. Like many another, he had listened to the mystical dialectics of the philosopher with profound but somewhat puzzled respect, and went away impressed with a vague feeling of mighty words that veiled still mightier thoughts; but the words were long and the thoughts were dim, and the auditor was a poet; and when he set his brilliant imagination to work to clothe the cloud-like Hegelian philosophy with some of its own transcendent clearness, he found that the philosophy was not so wonderful after all. It was not as a whole or, if we are to accept his statements in the "Confessions," not at all that he understood this recondite system; it was only here and there that a thought flashed upon him from the whirling nebulae and took deep root in his sympathies. The system was in general, so far as he was concerned, like the mead and moonshine of Valhalla. He ended by throwing his translation of Hegel and his Hegelianism into a French grate. With the burning up of this laboriously prepared manuscript, which he had undertaken to introduce Hegel to a Parisian audience, perished the last cinder of sympathy with the followers of Hegel.

The next step in the "great God-question" was toward the pantheism of the St. Simonists: "But this poor, dreaming creature—the God of the pantheists—is, as it were, immured in the world, and gapes at you without power and without will. To have a will there must be a Person, and to manifest himself he must have his elbows free. I have therefore, as I have already confessed, returned to the old superstition, to a personal God. I have renounced nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom indeed I have turned away, but I part in love and friendship." The "heavenly homesickness" had seized the perishing skeptic, and after "keeping swine among the Hegelians" and indulging the powerless day-dream of St. Simonism; when he noticed that the rude Plebs began to discuss religious questions in their besmirched *symposia*, and Atheism began to smell powerfully of cheese, brandy and tobacco, his eyes were suddenly opened, and "what he had not understood through his reason, he now understood through his nose." The fact is, that it was the reading of the Bible that had produced this wondrous change. "I was like a poverty-stricken man who has lost all and has starvation staring him in the face, when unexpectedly in a forgotten, unnoticed drawer of his safe he discovers a million. So in my heart I found a quiet spot where the treasure of religion had hitherto remained unnoticed." Heine was still, however (and remained so to the last), emphatic in his repugnance to the noisy dogmas of ecclesiasticism as they cawed about his bedside and thrust themselves on his notice through the overtures of Protestant or Catholic. The rival sects were eager to claim this wonderful convert as their own. Heine was by baptism a member of the Lutheran Evangelical Church; but he never cared for this or for any Church, further than to ridicule "the cruel joke of the Author of the Universe, the heavenly Aristo-

phanes." From the hopeless entanglement and paradox of his utterances in these last years, as throughout his life, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get a clear silken skein of consistent creed. The state of his religious views resembled a cocoon whose infinite tangle of recurrent threads awaits some skilful hand to spin them into a harmonious fabric. Meanwhile, the hum of the cocoon could be heard day and night. Heine left precise directions in both wills that none of the clergy, not even "the high clergy of Atheism," should officiate at his grave. He recounts in thrilling words his profound belief in the immortality of the soul, "though all his knowledge, his whole intellect, told him it was madness. . . . I am perfectly convinced by reason of our ceasing to exist, but grasp it with my feelings I cannot." Every lover of Heine will remember the memorable speculations on the same subject that come, as it were, to irrepressible utterance in the pages of the *Reisebilder*. Belief in immortality bubbles from the lips of the poet there like a divine wine, between his set teeth it presses victoriously. "I am compelled," said he, alluding to his disbelief in Christ, while at the same time a painful expression passed over his face, "to die without the help of our Lord Jesus Christ." Still it would be easy to quote a dozen passages where he speaks of the Son of Man in terms of reverent and admiring devotion. Heine was, after all, more of a free-talker than a free-thinker. All the ages uttered their wrongs through him; he was perhaps the frankest man of his century, and this candor, largely colored as it was by impulse, led him into those endless apparent contradictions that make it so arduous a task to get at his real opinions. Börne said that Heine could not help telling the truth, even on himself. He was the mouthpiece of multitudinous things that had to be said in an age loath to hear them, and he was rewarded with exile, excommunication, and persecution.

Some of the last years of his life were devoted to the preparation of a complete edition of his works and to the republication of his prose works in French. Though his situation became more deplorable from month to month, and his frail life began to hang more and more on the mystic thread of opium, there were peaceful, painless moments when the old poetic powers returned in all their splendor. Never in the deepest abysses of pain did the clearness of his intellect, the consistency of his thought, the sovereign vigor of his imagination, desert him for a moment. The tower might rock, but the silver bell at its pinnacle rang out clear and sweet to the last. It was in 1851 that the *Romancero* appeared; a volume in which, as his biographer remarks, is mirrored every phase of Heine's mind, all his marvellous technical skill and mastery over rhyme and rhythm, all his powers of grimace and caricature, all the perfection of the mechanic, all the genius of the artist. As if the dying fire lifted itself for one glorious effort more, the genius of Heine sent forth this cry, this varied panorama of ballad, elegy, and satire, before it fell asleep in Montmartre. It is the author's Pantheon. All his gods are there. They are not all clad in their imperial purple, but they are every inch gods. More than any of his preceding works has this last volume the pathological coloring that hangs about it like the suffering figure of the crucifix

about the heart of one who has received the last unction. Never did a warmer human hand clutch more shadowy horrors or deal with more horrible shadows than loom here and there through this collection. The effect of the vivid intermingling of the most intensely living forms with the pallid visions of the Infinite that haunt the sick-room, is peculiar. One segment of existence rigid, corpse-like, already familiar with the awfulness of the great change, already descended to the tomb, already fixed in the frozen cynicism of death; the other palpitating, vitalised, reaching passionately into life, panting for the purple indolence and beauty of Epicurus, a voice full of yearning and sweetness. This weird dualism reigns throughout the *Romanero*. Almost every line bears the trace of pain, every verse is stamped with its cloven hoof. There are lovely bugle-bursts of the old ballad-music like that of "The Boy's Wonderhorn"; satires that sting like scorpions — Scorpio idealised to a glorious constellation; poems of the night, that have imbibed all its gloom and glory; poems of death and retrospect, charged with the utmost pathos that language can bear; burlesques brimming with Gargantua become sentimental. It is the shivered mirror imaging the old, sweet, cynical face in its fragments. "Like a dead man," says Gautier, "the poet was nailed up in his coffin alive, but when the ear hearkened, Poetry was heard singing beneath the black bier-cloth."

But Heine's chief attention was directed to the composition of his memoirs, three volumes of which were completed up to his death, and which was to be his chief work. These invaluable memoirs were taken possession of by his family at his death, and sold to the Imperial Library at Vienna, together with all the poet's remains in manuscript. It is hardly to be hoped that they will ever see the light. The Heine family seem to have behaved abominably in the whole business; refusing all coöperation in the issuing and editing of the complete works, withholding his correspondence from his biographer, exhibiting indecent hostility toward all thorough investigation of his relations with the family, and in many ways thwarting the effort to give the world a rounded picture of one of its most interesting and celebrated characters.

In 1854 Heine was taken from the gloomy chambers in the Rue d'Amsterdam to lodgings in one of the broad, benignant avenues leading to the Champs Elysées. The lodgings lay a hundred and five steps from the basement, at the top of the house, with a sunny outlook over the animated boulevards, where the delicious spectacle of green trees and sunshine greeted him for the first time in years. It is touching to read of the childlike interest the poet took in that grand spectacular drama, the Champs Elysées, crowded with all the luxurious life of the French capital, with its long lines of carriages, its foot-passengers going to the Bois or returning to the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, its dashing horsemen and armorial blazonries. He had always loved the boulevards, those miniature worlds of France on its feet, and in his last illness the old love returned. When the summer days were sunny and still he would have himself carried out on the balcony, and lying on his pallet he loved to gaze at the lively throngs far beneath through his wife's opera-glass.

"You cannot imagine," said he to a visitor, "how I felt when I saw the world again for the first time in so many years with my one half eye, and yet so little of it. I made them hand me Mathilde's opera-glass, and followed with incredible pleasure a pastry-seller offering his cakes to two ladies in crinolines, and a little dog standing on three legs by a tree. I closed the glass. I did not want to see anything more, for I envied the dog." From this little balcony Heine gathered his last impressions, his last souvenirs of the world. He had reached, too, a spiritual exaltation that betokened the near approach of death. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" inquired his physician one day, after a violent attack of catarrh. "Hélas non! pas même les pièces de M. Scribe!" replied the poet. The tender aureole that plays about the heads of so many dying poets was with him changed to an aureole of humor, sprinkled, it is true, with tears, as it always is. He quizzed and joked and satirised to the last. The fun never left him. It was a constant watcher by his bedside. In his prosperous days it had been his never-failing companion; in the solemn and stealthy approach of dissolution it sparkled and crackled more tremulously than ever. Even when his lips were paralysed, and all that he took tasted to him like earth, he managed to articulate some witticism, some droll allusion to his weakness. He would scrawl huge notes with a lead-pencil on huge folio-sheets, and fill them with the light of his brave heart. He was a Prometheus whose cries were transformed into the wit of Aristophanes. And his wit was so spontaneous that it was electrical in its effect. It was the natural language of the man. There was no farewell for his friends at the grave, but there was a *bon mot*. It was his way of saying farewell. Heine rarely played the pathetic in conversation. He had so often jested with death that at last death itself became a jest. They conversed together familiarly from over the river like soldiers of two rival camps. They exchanged courtesies, *cartes de visite*, photographs; and the muse always got the better of the monarch. A few months before the end a singular piece of luck fell to the lot of the sufferer. He won the friendship of a most gifted and accomplished German lady, as to whose connections and origin neither he nor his friend Meissner, with whom she was also on intimate terms, could learn much that was definite. She was a waif, a spray of pure white flowers, that fell athwart his threshold and filled his sick-room with fragrance, a premonition of the last flowers that tender hands were soon to strew around the sleep that he sometimes fancied was to be eternal. Her bright face and winning manners soon became indispensable, and the poet would write supplicating notes when she failed to come as usual and enliven the tedious hours. "As the prisoner," says Meissner, "loves the little bird that is wont to sit on his window-sill, and feeds it tenderly to allure it soon back again, that it may forget its gay green woods from time to time: so Heine overwhelmed his faithful companion and friend with little gifts, designed to express his pleasure in a hundred shapes, and forced his hand that could scarcely write any more to throw off little notes that unceasingly, supplicatingly demanded new visits. We hear in them the tenderest words of yearning of the olden time, and the sweetest pet-names, the

well-known ridicule from mere teasing up to blasphemous fury, the cries of longing after youth, enjoyment, life." "It was to her," says Strodtmann, "that the magnificent vision was addressed in which the poet, in a waste place of ruins among the sunken statues of the gods, beholds himself in a marble sarcophagus as a corpse, above which bends the Beloved as a passion-flower." Wonderful little *billets* did he write her in those last days. "I am almost mad with vexation, pain and impatience," he says in one of them. Again, "Nebuchadnezzar II., formerly Prussian atheist, now lotos-flower adorer," is signed to a New Year's congratulation.

The long, lonesome sickness was soon to end. The hour came when it was not looked for. Meissner records as follows: "For three days an attack of vomiting that could not be stopped held on, and nobody about him doubted that Heine would succumb this time. The monstrous doses of morphine which he had gradually become accustomed to take had, it is true, brought on similar attacks before, but never such persistent and violent ones. Still he was defiant and hopeful that he should escape alive from this battle. He began a new will, without getting beyond the first paragraph, and remained conscious the whole time. Even his wit did not abandon him. A few hours before his death, an acquaintance rushed into the room to see him once more. Immediately on entering, he asked Heine how he stood with God. Heine smiled and said, 'Be quiet. Dieu me pardonnera : c'est son métier !' So the last night came on — the night of the 16th to the 17th of February. The physician entered, and Heine inquired whether he should die. Dr. Gruby thought he ought to disclose the entire truth. The announcement was received with perfect tranquillity. About 4 o'clock Sunday morning he breathed out his spirit. Mathilde had retired to rest about one. She never saw her husband again till his eye was closed forever. In death he was more beautiful than any one who knew him had ever seen him in life ; even the physician declared he had never seen so much glory diffused even over youthful faces."

Gray and gloomy dawned the day of his funeral. Heine had always expressed passionate abhorrence of the noisy cemetery of Père La Chaise, and repeatedly expressed the desire to lie in the quiet burial ground of Montmartre. Here on the Mount of Martyrdom, where St. Denis and his followers perished, and where so many outcasts and exiles rest, lies the martyr, the exile, and the outcast, in foreign soil. Martyr, exile, outcast, poet,—glorious names to bequeathe to a country, infinitely pathetic when applied to Heine. Like his own Gods in Exile, the famous writer has become the property of other lands and other scenes than those which he loved to celebrate. The simplest of marble tablets marks the grave. A few of his intimate friends gathered about it,—a wreath of living immortelles,—and without religious services, and with the simple benediction of their tears, he was lowered into it. The French, English, Hungarians, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Russians, even the Malays and the Japanese, do honor to the immortal singer in their varied tongues. The foremost of German ballad-writers, the last of the Gothic school of Romantic and legendary poets, the man by whom most of all the exhaustless

treasures of German literature were opened to the French, the eloquent evangelist of international culture,—the dreamer, philosopher, wit, poet, martyr,—perhaps few names have a juster claim to be imperishable than the name of the Jew Heine. With all his paradox, with all his passionateness, there were the noblest ambitions at the bottom of Heine's motives, even among the most grotesque inconsistencies. Had he remained a mere passionless observer like Goethe, a gatherer of fossils and plants and physical theories when the whole world was full of the woe of revolution, he might perhaps have attained to a more rounded, a more perfect development as an artist,—to a sculptured circle, not to glowing manhood; but he had outgrown the exotic “objective” art-forms of his great contemporary; they were not enough for him, and his luxuriant genius overflowed them on all sides. He was greater than Goethe through his heart. It was this heart, full of tremulous sensibility, that would not let him watch by the fire till his beautiful antique vase was finished; it called him away continually to the endless cries of humanity, and allowed him to return, often to find his precious handiwork in ruins. But his cunning genius wreathed the vase with lovely forms and fancies that hid the defects, and the wine of the Greek Isles mingled in it with the most living and sparkling of Rhenish.

J. A. H.

IN EGYPT.

I.

“**T**ELL me, O Charmian, if ever I
Loved Cæsar so?”

As well assert there be
Of Spring-time blossoms such as royally
Lift conscious heads with summer's bloom to vie,
And, crowning noon, are so content to die!
The dawning fragrance of that love's degree
To this I bear the peerless Antony,
Was but a breath, full day doth magnify;
Or as the pallid sheen of yon pure pearl
To this rare diamond's iridescent gleam;
Or play of light the glow-worm may unfurl
To that which breaks the heavens with liquid stream.
I tell thee, Charmian, the chrysalid girl
Loved, but as callow moths of plumage dream!

II.

Not seeing Antony, I might have died
As I had lived, mate to one kingly soul;
Believing of life's best, the utmost whole
Was my full portion as brave Cæsar's bride;
Might well have deemed my passion satisfied,
Who shared with him imperial control
Of earthly grandeur—ignorant of a goal
Yet unconceived by our exultant pride!
But, seeing Antony, and touched by fire
Of his free spirit quickening fire to flame,
All else was ashes, while the soul's desire
Escaping in white heat that puts to shame
Ambition's grosser elements, mounts higher
Than love ere this has ever made its aim.

III.

O Charmian, I never knew the day
Of tender longing as the Cæsar's bride—
Of weary yearning parted from *his* side!
Enough to cheer me then, and doubt gainsay,
Was the blithe singing of some roundelay,
Or the inflowing of a perfumed tide
Of luxury my kingdom could provide—
Or any magic fancy would essay!
But now, I court a Lethe-folding sleep;
For song and mocking pageantry have lost
Their charm to charm me, since far Rome can keep
The lover I would hold at any cost;
Whom to bring back the sacrifice were cheap
That a world's men and means should all exhaust.

IV.

Then, Charmian, beware how thou dost laud
The feeble master in thy mistress' face!
He is most brave who longest holds the grace
Of Egypt's queen, and looms for her a god,
Where only mortal feet have erstwhile trod;
Who gives, yet nothing gains from princely place,
When from a throne the slavish populace
Is hither swayed or thither by his nod.
So no more vaunting of my vernal pledge!
I hate the intrusion of a thought that bates,
Though but by dull comparison, the edge
Of full enjoyment in this time that waits
About me bathed in light. 'Tis sacrilege
To turn for shadows while the noontide sates!

A VISIT TO COSTA RICA.

ON the 15th of July, 1872, the "new and commodious steamer *Rising Star*" of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. left her dock near the foot of Canal street, New York, bearing away numerous human souls desirous of reaching certain various points of the earth; and among the number might have been found your humble contributor, bound to the little Central American State of Costa Rica, to fulfil an engagement upon the railroad known there as the *Ferro Carril de Costa Rica*.

The voyage promised to be interesting, for we were to stop at Kingston, Jamaica, and proceed thence by way of Aspinwall across the Isthmus to Panamá. We were to proceed up the Pacific Ocean to Punta Arenas, the Pacific port of Costa Rica, and thence into the interior by means of that rather primitive source of locomotion, the back of a mule. Thus we were afforded opportunities of seeing a good many places and sights almost wholly unknown not only to us, but to a great majority of the inhabitants of our enlightened land, whose ignorance we now desire in some extent to dispel.

For the first six days of the journey nothing of any interest occurred. On the morning of the eighth we caught a glimpse of Watling's Island in the distance — our first sight of land. This was speedily followed by views of others of the Bahamas and West Indies. We passed very close to Cuba, and on the morning of the ninth day we found ourselves approaching the city of Kingston. It can readily be imagined with what interest we regarded the extreme change of scene presenting itself to us here. We had left far behind us the hardy growth of our northern latitude, and now as we passed the pretty British naval station of Port Royal our eyes were greeted with the luxuriant and beautiful vegetation of the tropics. Coconut trees with their long slender stems surmounted by graceful crowns of leaves, the many varieties of cactus, and the dense undergrowth everywhere, plainly told us that we were in a tropical land, an entirely strange country. Our eyes and mind never ceased enjoying the sight, as gradually approaching the dock of Kingston, there shifted before us the new and varying scene. To us curious indeed was everything, but things more curious than we had ever anticipated were awaiting us. As the steamer neared the dock she was beset and surrounded by Jamaica negroes, some in boats laden with the fruits of the tropics, anxious to sell in any amount however small, and for any currency likely to pass, while others would come swimming alongside, apparently as much at home in the water as on land, begging for any pieces of coin the passengers saw fit to give. One in particular attracted our attention, saluting us in stentorian tones with "Good morning, marster; I am the Black Eagle, marster," and then not receiving any satisfactory reply, away he glided, appearing far more like a huge shark than anything human. These negroes constitute fully two-thirds of the population of the

island. Probably any one who has lived in the Southern States imagines that he has seen some pretty characteristic specimens of the African race, but upon visiting Jamaica he speedily finds out that those he has seen stand high in the negro scale: the Jamaica specimen is several degrees lower in the order of humanity. He is generally very tall, with tremendously long legs, a body slim and straight, and a mouth full of white teeth, which affords when he laughs a decided contrast to his black, shiny and polished cuticle. Although free for many years, he invariably addresses his white brother as "marster," and in his eagerness to obtain either by fair means or foul a few pence from the innocent stranger, he is far more humble and obsequious than ever was his North American compatriot in the palmiest days of slavery. His accent is peculiar and very similar to that of the negroes found upon the Atlantic coast of some of the Cotton States, but much exaggerated, so as frequently to make his speech hard to be understood. Besides what he calls English he speaks a jargon of his own which no one of us could at all understand, and which was doubtless a mixture of French, English, Spanish and African, jumbled together in inextricable confusion.

We were to spend eight hours at Kingston, so after breakfasting on the steamer we started out to see the sights and the city. The first building which attracted our attention was the market-house, a new, beautifully constructed and well ventilated iron building. Upon entering we were accosted by negroes of all ages and conditions, begging us to purchase their wares, and assuring us that they could furnish everything that heart could desire; and indeed it seemed so, for meat, fruits and vegetables of all kinds were exhibited in profuse abundance. Plantains, bananas, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, limes, grapes, mangoes, and many others, surrounded us and offered great temptation to indulgence, but being unacclimated, we were sparing in our purchases. We were particularly struck with the scrupulous neatness pervading every portion of the building. Strict rules of cleanliness are posted everywhere, and these are rigidly enforced by the black policemen on duty, who are assisted in this direction by scores of turkey-buzzards, here protected by law, and as tame and domestic as chickens, always ready to carry off and devour every particle of offal they can find.

Our attention was next drawn to the coaling of the ship. This is done entirely by women, who carry the coal upon their heads in large baskets. They are paid so much per basket, and great is the din as in single file they march to and fro, calling out the number of their baskets as they severally discharge their loads and return for a fresh supply. Thus they go in a steady stream for hours, and as they march dressed in tropical style, displaying quite freely their dark, stalwart proportions, with clothing and bodies covered with perspiration and coal-dust, they look very little like human beings, and we must confess that, looking at them, we were filled with a much more respectful feeling towards Mr. Darwin than we had ever previously entertained.

Our curiosity here being sufficiently gratified, we next decided upon making a tour of the city, and therefore speedily concluded a bargain

with one of the numerous applicants for our patronage to drive us around in a one-horse vehicle, drawn by as hard a looking specimen of horse-flesh as our eyes ever rested upon. Our driver rejoiced in the name of Edward, and he assured us that his animal, notwithstanding his appearance, would safely convey us wherever we desired to go and bring us back in time. We accepted these assurances, and started off. Edward was very prompt in pointing out to us all objects of interest, principally consisting of the churches, lunatic-asylum, penitentiary and barracks. In these last are quartered negro soldiers, who formed a pleasing contrast to the rest of the inhabitants, being neatly dressed in a light uniform, and required by law to keep themselves in trim. We were informed that they had baths nicely arranged for them, which by regulation they are required to patronise.

The city itself is built on a low sandy plain, very little above the level of the sea. The houses are generally of wood, and are two or three stories high. The streets are regularly laid out, and are of course very sandy. Many handsome residences are found, surrounded by cocoanut and other trees, grounds very prettily and tastefully arranged, all enclosed by impenetrable fences of prickly cactus. These residences are lightly and pleasantly constructed, suitably to the requirements of the climate, and are almost invariably encircled by piazzas, in which are hung hammocks, affording inviting repose, free from the glare of a tropical sun. On account of the thick and peculiar nature of the fences around these residences they are denominated "pens." "That's Mr. —'s pen," was the constant reply to our inquiries regarding the owners' names. The heat of the city was by no means so intense as we had imagined it would be, for though the rays of the sun are poured down almost vertically, there is ever present a cool breeze to counteract their effect. Sun-stroke is scarcely known, and the suffering from heat was not to be compared to that we had felt only a few days before in New York. Our Jehu next proposed a drive beyond the limits of the city. We naturally assented, but had hardly started when all our worst anticipations regarding the endurance of our animal were realised. He came to a dead halt, and would not, or could not, move a step further, so we would fain return, our curiosity partially satisfied. However, we were told that in the interior of the island (which is quite mountainous) there are to be found many pleasant and hospitable residences, chiefly of Englishmen who have settled there.

Upon returning to the ship we found her beset still with an increased swarm of negroes, engaged in selling fruit, parrots, necklaces made of tiny seed resembling coral, and various other articles, while many were swimming around anxiously awaiting opportunities to dive after and bring up any pieces of money thrown to them. Their skill in this is wonderful; they watch with eagerness the hands and faces of those on board, and the smallest coin thrown barely sinks from sight when down they go after it like an arrow, and rarely do they fail to reappear above the surface with the money between their teeth. We searched in vain for a small piece of silver, but only succeeded in finding a one-cent nickel piece United States currency. This we

threw in the water, and away went the divers after the much-desired treasure. In a very short time they again appeared, one with the penny in his hands, and holding it up, he exclaimed, in tones of deep disgust, "No good! no good!" We felt sorry for having perpetrated so mean a swindle; but it could not be remedied, so we amused ourselves looking on at the liberality of others. It is said that sharks are common in these waters; but they never harm these intrepid swimmers, possibly because they are accustomed to more delicate food.

At length the signal-whistle blew, anchor was weighed, the ship moved off once more, and very soon Kingston and the Island of Jamaica were left far behind. Now in a little while we found ourselves rolling, pitching and tossing on the rude waters of the Caribbean Sea, nearly always rough, now unusually so. Many of the passengers had to go below; but those whose stronger systems enabled them to remain on deck were frequently presented views of large flocks of flying fish emerging from the sea, scudding away for a distance of two or three hundred feet, and then coming again into their native element with a sudden and awkward plunge. It is no uncommon matter for some luckless one, trusting too much to his powers of endurance, to attempt to fly over the deck of a vessel, and sink exhausted before accomplishing the feat, and thus remain a helpless captive, overcome by his vaulting ambition.

A sail of two days brought us to Aspinwall, or as the British, to rebuke what they consider a piece of Yankee presumption, persist in calling it, Colon; the last name, of course, being derived from that of Christoval Colon, or Columbus, while the first is that of the well-known capitalist, one of the most active promoters of the Panamá Railroad. 'Tis needless to reiterate the reputation borne by this city. Hot, sandy, disagreeable, regarded as a pest-hole and little better than the dwelling-place of death, it seemed to our excited imagination — with its yelling, noisy crowd of negroes and Chinese, with its intense heat, its long row of uninviting houses, its swarms of turkey-buzzards — as if it was indeed a Pandemonium stripped of all the romance with which poetry has invested that domain of the arch-fiend. Its terrors had been greatly exaggerated, but we were right glad to know that our stay would be limited to two hours; so, as soon as possible, we hurried off to the railroad train, to await in patience its starting for Panamá. Before we got under way, however, the cars were besieged by a motley crowd, offering for sale cigars, wine, fruit and liquors, insisting upon everything being purchased, and hurling remarks of no very complimentary nature upon the devoted heads of those who dared refuse. This is a tremendous nuisance, and ought to be abated, but the civil authority and railroad company alike seem powerless to protect the helpless traveller.

The Panamá Railroad is only forty-seven miles long, yet the price of a ticket across it is twenty-five dollars in American gold — more than fifty cents a mile in gold coin — and no other money, not even silver, will be received. This appears startling; but there may be some excuse for it when the great saving of travel and the tremendous undertaking of the construction of the road are considered. Not-

withstanding its shortness, it was built at such a sacrifice of life that it is said to be built upon human bones ; and no wonder, for during nearly the entire distance it traverses a huge marsh, and runs alongside the river Chagres, from whose waters and stagnant pools is emitted the malaria which produces the much-dreaded and fatal Chagres fever.

Along the line of the road the vegetation is dense, rank and impenetrable, but occasionally open pieces of land are exposed to view ; while the never-ending range of mountains known as the Andes in South America, the Cordilleras here, and the Rocky Mountains in the United States, shoot up to a great distance, necessitating sharp curvatures and heavy grades to enable the iron road to traverse them profitably. The stations are not far apart, and as we stopped at each we were struck with the neat and tasteful houses erected by the company, as surrounded by their pretty flower-gardens and enclosures they present a pleasing contrast to the usual wild and uncultivated aspect of the land. The peculiarity of the telegraph-posts also attracted us, being in many cases regularly constructed clay columns. The reason of this is that timber is very speedily consumed here by insects, and thus some other means of supporting the wires than that usually employed must be adopted. For this reason, too, the cross-ties for the railroad are to a considerable extent made of *lignum-vitæ*. Here, too, on the Isthmus, we saw for the first time the sensitive plant—a little weed which spreads itself along the ground, which it covers with its small, widely-expanded leaves, but which at the slightest touch folds itself up in a moment, as if too weak to stand any contact with rude material substances. At one or two of the stations the train was surrounded by the tawny-colored natives offering us fruit to buy, and in a much more respectful manner than did their fellow-venders of Aspinwall. We invested in some of the Isthmus bananas—a very small specimen of the fruit, being no longer than a man's finger, but by far the sweetest and most delicate of its kind we had ever seen.

These natives lead a life of luxurious indolence for the most part, doing nothing of consequence, and living in ranches built of reed and thatched with plantain-leaves. The natural productions of the soil readily supply their necessities for food ; and having no ambition and nothing to inspire it, they yield to the enervating influence of the climate and spend a profitless, negative existence. Thus noticing the various aspects of a life and country new to us, we jogged along at no very rapid rate, until finally, in about three hours after leaving Aspinwall, we had passed the last of the pretty station-houses and came in sight of the ancient city of Panamá with its many moss and ivy-covered ruins.

The present city of Panamá is situated about six miles southwest from the former of that name, so celebrated in the history of the early settlement and conquests of the southern portion of the American continent. It was burnt by buccaneers in 1670, and is known as "Old Panamá." The term "old" is applied, however, solely to distinguish it from the present city, which is decidedly old enough for all practical purposes, and presents the appearance of having

been long since "finished." Its streets are narrow, tortuous and dirty, and with few exceptions its houses are small and squalid. The principal interest attached to the place arises from its antiquated appearance, which is so strongly shown in its churches. Of these there are several, and one cathedral, all in an advanced state of decay; so much so as to render it not uncommon for them to be unused. Mass is frequently said in small buildings attached to the churches, and in them are invariably to be found tawdrily dressed images of the Virgin and Child, and some of the saints, all which images are highly venerated by the mass of the people. The cathedral presents a very good appearance in front and outside, having two immense towers attached in which are the bells, and in one a large clock. The building is decorated with images, cut from stone, of the Saviour and His Apostles, but all its beauty is seen from without. Within it is greatly dilapidated; its walls are covered with vegetation, and it is so far destroyed as to be rendered useless.

Sunday is the day of days in Panamá. Bells are clanging out during the entire day. The people in the early morning all go to mass, and gaily-dressed priests may be seen passing to and fro from one place to another. This continues until about 10 or 11 A. M., after which the day is given up to amusement of all sorts, the chief of which is billiard-playing, gambling (which is openly licensed and indulged in), drinking and cock-fighting. This last is the most popular, and largely patronised by the entire community.

The people which one generally sees here are by no means of inviting aspect; the great majority are negroes and a mixed race, having Spanish, African and Indian blood in their veins. They are very indolent and of filthy habits, with apparently no ambition higher than to be enabled to lie all day around their dirty houses, sell cigars, cigarettes and rum, while their children are permitted to run at large nearly or entirely naked and with bodies begrimed with dirt. A very strange thing especially noticed was that nearly every house on these back-streets seemed to sell liquor; rows of bottles were on hand in each, and the supply must have largely exceeded the demand, however great.

This is the dark side of the picture, for there are some pleasant homes and people in Panamá. Setting aside the foreign population, which is numerous, there are many who boast of pure old Castilian blood. The ladies of this class are seldom seen. Their hours of exercise are after night has thrown her garment over the city, and at all times they are jealously guarded and watched. It would be the height of Spanish impropriety for a fair "señorita" to go out alone and unattended; but notwithstanding all this carefulness the curiosity of the stranger is sometimes gratified, as he catches a glimpse of such loveliness beaming forth from languishing black eyes as to strike with admiration the heart of the most insensible beholder. This gratification is chiefly enjoyed on Sunday afternoons on "the battery," a walk which passes over a portion of the old walls of the city, and commands a fine view of the broad Pacific and the numerous mountainous islands dotting its surface. Here at this time the beauty and fashion of the place most do congregate, and here, enjoying the cool refreshing

breezes blowing in from the ocean, the afternoon can be enjoyed quite pleasantly. It was here in Panamá that first we were introduced to the Spanish-American mode of conducting political elections—not as in the United States, by means of a calm and quiet walk to the polls, depositing the vote and awaiting the result, but by nothing more nor less than a revolution. Whenever the party out of power becomes sufficiently strong, its forces are organised, opposition formed, and war declared, which lasts until one or the other party conquers, and either the old president remains or a new one is installed. Then peace resumes her sway until opportunity again offers for another outbreak. On passing through one of the streets which had been the theatre of one of these conflicts, we saw houses, walls and fences riddled with bullets, while now and then a larger aperture disclosed the fact that missiles such as cannon-balls had also been called upon to bear their part in the fray. But notwithstanding the formidable appearance thus presented, we learned that in the fight of three days only two or three lives were lost, and these revolutions were generally more attended by damage to property and noise than by human sacrifice, though most naturally protection of life and property was by them decidedly lessened. Two days sufficed to see and learn all of interest to see and learn, and on the morning of the third from our arrival we took passage on the steamship *Guatemala* for the country of our destination.

The voyage up the Pacific from Panamá is for a distance of about six hundred miles along the coasts of Colombia and Costa Rica. It took us about sixty hours to complete it. Nothing of any special interest occurred to break the usual monotony, and we found ourselves, early on the morning of August 1st, 1872, in the harbor of Punta Arenas, the Pacific port of Costa Rica, and the place where the customs which compose the greater part of the revenue of the country are collected. Owing to a lack of sufficient water to float the steamer, we had to disembark in a small boat, in which we were carried to the wharf. Up to this moment we had always imagined that we were about to enter a land so far behind the requirements of our modern ideas as to be but little better than half civilised. Conceive then our astonishment at seeing before us a beautiful iron structure, built upon the most improved plan, with its light pillars and arches arranged most tastefully; in fact, a building that would do ample credit to any city in the world. This was the wharf at Punta Arenas, alongside which we were soon brought, and after mounting a flight of iron steps leading to the water, we found ourselves at length, after a voyage of just two weeks, upon the long-expected soil of Costa Rica, Central America.

No one who has never tried the experiment can begin to realise the sensations which are forced upon the foreigner who sets foot for the first time upon a land so far removed from home in every respect—in distance, language, people and customs, and everything to which he has been familiar. Here we were surrounded by scores of the same tawny, orange-colored people a specimen of whom we had seen in Panamá, all talking together in Spanish, of which we did not understand a word. Fortunately we had secured the friendship of Captain

Douglas of the *Guatemala*, a rough specimen of a Yankee outside, but to whom we were indebted for many acts of kindness. He directed us to the house of Don Carlos H. Berers, the agent of the Costa Rica railroad, to whom we had brought letters of introduction. This gentleman received us very kindly, invited us to breakfast at 10 A. M., and in the meantime placed at our disposal a hammock, in which we were to keep cool if possible. We found this hard to do, for we were in the very heart of the tropics, and upon the sea-coast besides, and keeping cool was no easy matter, even though we had arrived in what was called the winter of this latitude, but which is distinguished from summer alone by the fact that in winter it rains every day and in summer not at all; and the only advantage to be gained at that season is that the hot tropical sun is for a great portion of the day veiled behind clouds, which never obscure his visage at other times. The range of the thermometer is the same at all portions of the year, and an Englishman, a fellow-traveller, aptly expressed it: the only difference between the seasons is that "between a stew and a bake." It is very rarely that rain ever falls in the mornings. They are generally clear and seem to promise beautiful weather; but about 12 o'clock the clouds begin to gather, and ere nightfall it would be strange not to witness a copious fall of water which sometimes pours down literally in torrents.

The city is built upon a low, level, sandy plain, which stretches out some distance into the Pacific, forming a peninsula of considerable size, terminating in a long, narrow strip of land. It is from this that the city derives its name of Punta' Arenas—in English "Sandy Point." It is regularly laid out in fine broad streets, with houses quite frequently two stories high; and many of these being new, it presents a much more agreeable appearance than most towns in Spanish America, while the quantity of freight on the wharf and in the custom-house bespeaks a flourishing activity of business. Here we found in abundance the long, tall cocos palm, with its large bunches of fruit hanging down below its crown of leaves. The natives seem to care very little for it, but when in a half-ripe condition it is very grateful to the appetite, being then filled nearly full of refreshing water, and with the meat so soft as to be easily scooped out with a spoon. Here, too, we found in abundance the inevitable turkey-buzzard, of which there are several varieties, one the same that we have in the United States, and also a smaller and more common species known as the "sapolotti," and still another called the king-buzzard, a really pretty bird, white on the head, breast and tips of the wings, with orange-colored legs and black body. These birds are of great use in this climate, where the intense heat speedily causes decay of all dead animal matter, as they form a corps of vigilant, ubiquitous and unwearying scavengers. Here, too, is the lizard's paradise. They are found in multitudes and of every variety, from the small species no longer than a little finger, to those longer and larger than a man's arm. These latter are frightful-looking creatures, and some of them have a monstrous ruffle on their backs which adds greatly to their hideousness; but they are all harmless, and all very timid. The larger species is called the "Iguana," and is eaten by the natives. To

say that the climate here is hot is to convey but a feeble impression of the reality. With the rays of the sun pouring straight down upon the sandy soil, the heat is like that of a furnace. This, however, is only during the middle portion of the day; morning and evening are ushered in with pleasant ocean breezes, and at all hours a walk to the wharf furnishes a most grateful coolness of atmosphere.

Saturday night is the commencement of revelry in Punta Arenas, and it is kept up during the whole following day, for Sunday would not be recognised in any Spanish American country unless it were accompanied with dancing, drinking, and all kinds of amusement. The dances of the people are very peculiar; they go through with many grotesque and ludicrous figures, at times alternated with stately, solemn and slow movements. Singing is also a great source of enjoyment to them, and both in singing and dancing they are usually accompanied by their favorite instrument the guitar. Upon the whole, Punta Arenas is quite a pleasant little city, and its people of all classes are very cordial, polite and amiable in their manners. On account of the heat it is the custom to rise very early, take a cup of coffee, and attend to business until 9½ or 10 a. m. Then comes breakfast, and, as far as possible, a general keeping in-doors until the cool of the evening. A very considerable amount of business is here transacted, it being the only port of easy access to the interior. Of course we did not obtain all these particulars while reclining in the comfortable hammock provided by our host; they were learned upon subsequent visits to the city. On this occasion we kept quiet, partook at 10 o'clock of a very nice breakfast (for fish and oysters of superior quality here abound), and at 12 or thereabouts we mounted our mules, and, accompanied by a native guide, set out upon our journey across the high mountains of the interior, to the capital of the country, the city of San José.

For the first six or seven miles after leaving Punta Arenas the road follows the sea-beach, and passes through a flat, sandy, barren region. Then it branches off towards the mountains, and soon we found ourselves entering the thick, dense vegetation of the tropics. We formed on this occasion rather a mournful party, as riding behind the guide, not a word passed between us, for neither could have understood what was spoken by the other. Not a sound broke the monotonous silence, except when passing by some house, a melancholy greeting, a sad and mournful "*adios, Señor!*" spun out to a gloomy length, though intended for a pleasant salutation, would be exchanged between the guide and his native acquaintances. To us these greetings sounded far more like a death-chant than like cordial meetings between friends and acquaintances. After riding thus for about nine miles we heard before us a roaring as of rushing waters; but while it was evidently close upon us, nothing could be seen on account of the density of the foliage by which we were surrounded. In a few moments we were upon the banks of the Rio Barranca, which was rushing headlong at a furious rate, tearing over rocks and stones as if madly eager to throw itself into the grand bosom of the ocean. Its water was very clear, and appeared cool and refreshing, but upon touching it with the hand, it was found so warm as to be unfit to drink. On

a subsequent occasion we had to wade this stream, a feat we do not care to repeat, for it was with the utmost difficulty we succeeded in maintaining an upright position; and woe be to the man who is swept off his legs! nothing short of a miracle can prevent his being dashed against the rocks, or swept along until he furnishes food for the alligators which infest the deeper and more quiet portions of the river as it nears the sea. During the dry season it can be crossed by a bridge; but after the rains commence, then the turbulent waters soon destroy any structure of that nature, and then the only means of passing the stream is a rope-ferry. It was thus we passed, paying fifty cents for the privilege, and proceeded to the village of Esparga, the first station on the road. about six miles from the Barranca.

Before crossing the river, however, we had to pass through a little village, also called Barranca, which we only mention because at a later period it fixed itself in our memories as the most disagreeable place we had ever visited. It consists of two rows of reed ranches, thatched with leaves of the plantain, built on each side of the road. Here we encountered the first drinking establishment we had seen since leaving Punta Arenas, and it is the regular stopping-place for the cartmen plying to and from the port, who invariably rest here for a few moments their cattle, and never fail at the same time to refresh the inner man with copious draughts of "*aguardiente*," or the liquor of the country. It is this rum-shop which gives life and trade to the village, and on feast-days and Sundays the place is infested with natives from the neighborhood, who inflame themselves with drink and quarrel and fight all the day. It is by far the worst place in the State. On one Sunday we witnessed seven fights between these people thus maddened, and what with their whooping, yelling and cursing, it seemed a bedlam. These fights are sometimes attended with serious consequences, and under high pressure, it is not uncommon for them to assume an aspect of a general *melée*, men, women and children joining in the action; but usually they are harmless, and after struggling and striking until pretty well exhausted, the combatants are separated by the police, marched off to the jail, put in the stocks for a while, fined a small amount of money, and allowed to depart in peace. The police consists of citizens hastily levied on the occasion by the official of the town, and armed each with a musket and fixed bayonet, more as a badge of office than anything else, as it is seldom if ever used. But for the credit of the country it should be mentioned that this village of Barranca is of itself alone, and the only disreputable place in the land. It speaks well for the kindly disposition of the people that these occurrences are so rare, and that there is so little lawlessness and crime, for the laws punishing these offences are exceedingly lax. It requires two disinterested witnesses to convict, no matter what the crime; and even should one man murder another in cold blood in the presence of his family, the murderer would go unscathed, because the testimony of the family would be rejected as interested.

After leaving this village and the river of La Barranca the road begins to traverse a section of country very broken and mountainous,

though it is kept in good order all the way to Esparga. We reached this little place just before dark — about sunset. There is very little twilight in these latitudes, and the sun has scarcely sunk in the west ere darkness sets in. Quite pleasing was the contrast between Esparga and the village we have last described. It is filled with small whitewashed houses, built principally of *adobes*, a sun-dried brick, and surrounding a spacious-plaza covered with green grass, and containing within its centre the town-well, while at one end stands quite an imposing church; though, like most of the churches here, it is only half finished. The *padre* of the parish lives in a small house adjoining, and it is in a little chapel near his dwelling that mass is usually said, while the bells are hung in a temporary belfry in the churchyard.

After entering the town we rode through a large gateway into a yard beautifully laid out and decorated with walks and flowers, and having dismounted and turned our animals over to a servant, entered the hotel, a neat frame building, kept by a Frenchman. Everything was arranged in the neatest manner, and it was very pleasant to repose our tired, mule-shaken body in an ample rocking-chair offered by our host. Here we waited until dinner was announced, and after long waiting we were summoned to a repast of nicely-cooked and tender beefsteak, eggs, rice, and frijoles, as the black beans of the country are called. This dispatched, we were shown to our room, in which there was a nice bed, on which was spread a mat covered with clean white sheets and coverlet. These mats are very cool and much more pleasant than a mattress, and are in almost universal use. Here, after partaking of a cup of native coffee and smoking a cigar, we lay down to rest; and as the clouds which had long been gathering broke and discharged their watery torrents upon the roof which sheltered us, we were provided with a lullaby which soon soothed us into a deep sleep, and thus passed away our first night in Costa Rica.

So far all was pleasant, and we were filled with pleasing anticipations regarding the country; but speedily we found that our hopes were not to be realised, and that the comforts we now enjoyed were to be henceforth few and far between.

It was very little after daybreak the following morning when we were aroused to resume our journey. The object in making so early a start was twofold: to enable us to make as long a stage as possible before the sun grew hottest, and to reach the town of Atenas, where we were to make our second halt, before the rain commenced. We found the road exceedingly muddy and cut up by the wheels of the many carts which constantly pass over it; in fact the mud at this season is generally more than ankle-deep, while in the summer, or about the month of December, it dries to dust of equal depth. Birds of brilliant plumage frequently flew before us, and particularly did we notice the macaw, or, as called here, the "*lapa*." It was the first time we had ever seen this bird in its native wildness, and its brilliant and beautiful plumage showed to much greater advantage than when in captivity, though we can not report an equal improvement in its villainous scream. After riding along for some time our attention was suddenly attracted by a rather startling circumstance. We had noticed many little sheds erected along the road, and had seen within

them many persons reclining, evidently not yet awakened from their morning slumbers ; and upon approaching one of these sheds, at first there seemed nothing strange in seeing a man lying stretched full-length upon his back ; but as we came nearer we saw a light burning at his head and one at his feet, while three or four persons were seated near, evidently having been watching. Our guide informed us that the man was dead, a fact very palpable to the eye, and here he was laid out and had been lying all night just beside the main road, exposed to the gaze of every passer-by. He had to be buried in a little while, the laws requiring that a dead body shall not long remain long above the ground, and soon we met persons preparing for the funeral, which they attended with guitars and fiddles to escort the body melodiously to its final resting-place. The people here expose their dead a great deal, and there seems to be a total absence of the solemn feeling which with us is usually associated with death. It is no uncommon thing to bury without coffins, and funerals are generally occasions for music and festivity instead of mourning. Regular wakes are customary, and while "sitting up" with the dead, dancing, music and drinking are all freely indulged in. On the way to the grave the body is frequently entirely exposed, borne on a kind of bier, preceded by music of fiddles and guitars, and followed by a crowd on foot and on horseback, all more or less drunk. The procession is always accompanied by a personage whose duty it is to let off at regular intervals sky-rockets, which form a conspicuous feature in all Costa Rican ceremonies. We once saw in San José a party of four men carrying between them a corpse in a coffin which they swung carelessly backwards and forwards as if it were a case of merchandise. As they passed through the plaza a circus-company happened to be performing, and the group stopped, listened awhile to the music of the band, and then moved off with the utmost coolness. As for the corpse we saw by the road, we could not get it out of our minds until we reached the town of San Mateo, where we were to breakfast.

San Mateo differs very little from Esparga in appearance, having the same low whitewashed *adobe* houses and the ever-present church and market-place, or plaza. The church is exceptional, being finished. The hotel was a very good one, though not equal to that of Esparga. After the regular Costa Rican breakfast, and an hour's rest, we started again. We had barely passed beyond the limits of the town when we commenced to ascend what is known as the Aguacate mountain, and here we encountered the most toilsome portion of the entire journey. The road crosses the mountain at a height at least 3000 feet above the sea, winding round and round it until it reaches a pass at the summit. Heavily we proceeded, the journey becoming more and more irksome to the beasts as we wended our winding way higher and still higher. Frequently it would seem that the top must at last be near ; but upon reaching what was the supposed summit, the telegraph-poles seen far above our heads told us that the end was by no means yet. On, still onward, wound the path, until finally, after passing through clouds and rain, we were at length on the long-looked-for height, and here a scene of surpassing beauty

presented itself to our eyes. We were far above the clouds ; on either hand high mountains towered above us, while in the far distance in front there lay a beautiful and apparently level valley. We halted, gazed upon the wild grandeur of the scene for a few moments, and then began the descent to the village of Atenas.

Rich gold mines exist within the bowels of the Aguacate, and they are worked by a company organised in San José, though as yet but imperfectly, on account of a lack of proper machinery. We saw both coming and going, as we were ascending the mountain, and in fact along the entire road, numbers of cartmen, or "*carreteros*," guiding their patient, docile oxen along the rugged road. The training of these oxen is surprising: they are driven, or rather led (for the *carretero* generally walks ahead), by the voice, assisted by a stick armed at one end with a pointed piece of iron. They are so gentle that it is very usual to see them managed by boys not more than ten or twelve years of age, and so patient that they will stand for hours wherever left by their masters. These were all in fine condition, and the Costa Rican *carretero* would be ashamed to be seen driving such oxen as are often to be seen with us. We noticed at frequent intervals along the road rude crosses erected, which mark the spot where some one has died, generally by violence, formerly more frequent than now.

The descent of the Aguacate is not so abrupt towards Atenas as the ascent from San Mateo, and after passing down to the foot of the mountain, a short distance before us lay the village. It does not materially differ in appearance from the others, and, as usual, the main street is the main road. It contains two hotels, so called ; but they are neither of them so pleasant as those of Esparga or San Mateo. We dismounted at one called the "Hotel de Europa." We were shown into a long saloon, paved with brick, and in which, at either end, was suspended a not very clean hammock. The guide at once made himself at home, and proceeded to stretch his limbs in one of them. We did not feel inclined to follow his example, so seated ourselves in a chair near by, and in silence awaited dinner. This hotel is kept by a German landlady, and it is in no particular a choice establishment, though the best the town affords. An air of uncleanness and discomfort everywhere pervaded. The dinner was neither nice nor well cooked, and for the first time a sense of homesickness came over us and we felt that we were utterly alone.

At an early hour the following morning, about 5 A. M., we resumed our journey. Just outside the town we passed several beautiful and extensive groves of orange and mango trees. The former were laden with fruit, and it looked quite strangely to see oranges growing as common as apples with us. They are very cheap ; five cents will purchase more than a man can readily carry. A little further and the road commenced taking another downward course, again winding round and round the mountain we were descending as we approached the Rio Grande. Away down in a deep gorge, two hundred feet or more below, roared and rushed the stream, its noise growing louder and louder as we drew nearer. At last we reached the banks, and crossed it on a substantial stone bridge built across the chasm, at an

elevation of thirty or forty feet above the water. After crossing, commenced a slow and tedious ascent, which brought us to a large fortress-looking building erected right across the road. This was the ancient custom-house of the Government, and there was formerly a heavy fine for crossing the river at any other point than over this bridge, though it seemed to us that all efforts to do so must have proven fruitless, for the huge precipices which for miles line the river on both sides must ever make it virtually impassable. All vehicles were formerly required to drive through the sally-port of this castle, and here they were stopped until the customs were paid. Now the duties are paid in Punta Arenas, so we rode through unmolested. This place is called *La Garita*.

At a little distance onward now the road enters what is known as *Los Llanos* — the plains — a flat expanse of country stretching away on either side, as well as in front, for miles on an apparently dead level. We say apparently, for on running a level across it afterwards we found a rise of two or three feet per hundred, a sufficient irregularity to produce a considerable hill in most places; but here, owing to the extreme brokenness and unevenness of the soil generally, it is not discernible. We rode on these plains for more than two hours, and the sameness of the view, together with the low, stunted undergrowth with which they are covered, all tended to make the journey very monotonous. Large herds of cattle and horses roam at will upon them, and they seem to be a general place of pasturage for the use of the community at large. At length they were passed, and after a little more roughness of road, we, about 11 A. M., reached another of these same Costa Rican towns (similar to all the rest), called San Antonio. Here we stopped for breakfast. We entered a large brick-paved room in which was a bench, one or two chairs, and swung from the ceiling was the ever-present hammock. Breakfast was soon gotten ready, and with tender steak, fresh eggs, rice, frijoles and fried plantains, it would have been very palatable but for the strong taste of garlic apparent in the cooking. These people are exceedingly fond of garlic, and invariably ruin everything they cook by means of it, unless specially forewarned that it will be disagreeable. The table was served by a dried-up, ugly old yellow woman, who as she removed and brought on the dishes, puffed away with the utmost *sang froid* and without cessation at a most villainously-perfumed cigar, or "*puro*." It was here in San Antonio that we first were introduced to the national bread of the country: a round corn-cake about an eighth of an inch in thickness, and little less tough than leather. It is made by soaking the shelled corn in water until it becomes soft and swells. This then is pounded between two stones until it is beaten fine, and in this condition it is made into a dough and baked. It is a favorite article of food among the natives, though by us it was not relished. The cakes are called *tortillas*. Give a Costa Rican his rice, *frijoles* and *tortillas*, and he cares for nothing more.

Breakfast being finished, again we started. The ride from here to San José is not tiresome, for the road is nearly level, and the distance, about twelve miles, can easily be ridden in three hours. We were now entering the coffee section, and soon passed amid miles and

miles of *haciendas*, all filled with the tree upon which the favorite berry grows. The soil here is indescribably fertile, and the land is held at enormous valuation. Five hundred dollars per acre is the price of a good coffee hacienda; the trees, or rather bushes, are valued at one dollar each. As we passed along we noticed them filled with their berries resembling green cherries. A little later as they ripen they become red, still like cherries, and upon being bitten they have a sweet taste not unpleasant. It is the seed of these berries, of which there are two in each, which makes the coffee. It takes about five years from the first setting-out of the tree until it bears, and other trees must be planted with it to shade it as it grows. The plantain and banana, on account of their rapid growth and large leaves, are most commonly used for this purpose. When the trees once begin to bear, the chief trouble with them is over. A little care will keep the hacienda in order and cause it to yield a lucrative income to the owner. Sugar-cane also flourishes and ripens much earlier than in Cuba. Its culture is attended with very little trouble, for it never dies out or has to be replanted. Though such fine facilities exist for the manufacture of sugar, very little attention is paid to it. Nearly every farmer has a rude kind of sugar-mill which is worked by oxen, and in which the juice is squeezed out by pressing the cane between two cylindrical rollers. This juice is boiled to the consistency of syrup, and then poured off into moulds in which it is allowed to cool and form into cakes resembling maple-sugar. In this condition it serves both as a sweetener of coffee and chocolate, and as an article of food, being eaten with bread or home-made cheese. This is the nearest approach to sugar-manufacturing known as yet to the people, and this branch of industry alone presents a fine field for wealth to the enterprising settler of the future. As prepared by the natives, the sugar is designated *dulce*.

These coffee and sugar estates, with the accompanying banana and plantain trees, extend now all the way to San José and beyond that city for some considerable distance without intermission, save an occasional *potraro* or pasture-ground interspersed among them. The road from here to the capital is comparatively level, passing over only one stream of any consequence, and this is the Virilla, the largest tributary of the Rio Grande, and in fact apparently as large as is that river itself. This, like the other streams of the country, rushes headlong over rocks and occasional cascades, in the bottom of a deep gorge, while high cliffs keep constant guard on either side. Like all the others, the water is not very deep nor very wide, but the width of the gorge at the top is considerable. The railroad passes it at an elevation of 160 feet, with a bridge of about 130 feet span and 18 feet depth of girder; but the wagon-road by a succession of heavy grades gradually approaches the river, which it crosses by means of a substantial stone bridge about forty feet in length and not more than thirty in height above the water. It is a wild and strikingly beautiful sight to stand upon the edge of an overhanging precipice and see these Costa Rican streams as several hundred feet below they rush and roar in their madly impetuous course, wending their way along the feet of impassable precipices clothed in eternal verdure. The

scene is grand and very lovely, as is indeed nearly all the scenery which presents itself to the view of the traveller in these unknown but interesting States.

W. G. WALLER.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A MORNING DREAM.

IT deepens slowly, the summer dawning;
The stars, withdrawing by one and one,
Hiding their pallor 'neath cloudy awning,
Leave me to watch on the stile alone.

Soft through the forest the breeze is stirring,
And waketh the flutter of early birds;
Far o'er the hayfield the laverock whirring,
Deep in the hollow lowing the herds;

And yonder—across o'er the deep green hollow,
O'er the sunny fields of the tableland,
O'er the brown-stacked hayfield, my glances follow
To the farm-house gray where the great oaks stand.

Oh, bright and small in the early shining,
An unattainable silver star,
Through white waved clouds of the woodbine twining,
A window-pane glinteth aloft so far.

Is it hers? I would fain be the sunbeam yonder,
Out-leaping below from the flowery gloom,
Stealing, with glow ever warmer and fonder,
To the innermost of that shadowy room.

And noiseless and light to the couch a-creeping,
Where innocent-calmly the maiden lies,
Would steal right warm to her heart in sleeping,
With dreamings of love's own paradise.

Ah, I know how she lieth in slumber stilly,
The small hands crossed on the heaving breast,
Fair as some folded water-lily
On the moonlit waves of the burn at rest.

And I know how the braids o'er the pillow streaming
Outgleam the rays that caressing fall:
She smiles in her sleep—ah, should she be dreaming
Of me—. Ay, a passing fair pastoral

My fancy hath out of these sunbeams woven—
A foolish-fair idyll, as idylls go.
Ah well, the sun through the mist hath cloven,
And points my path to the Hall below.

FADETTE.

SILVER SPRING, FLORIDA.

A RUDE bridge of unhewed logs, overlaid by rough planks, spanning a rum-colored river; a sentry leisurely pacing its length back and forth with slowly measured strides; at its further end a group of jolly, rollicking soldiers "off duty," and variously engaged around a fire that flickers up a sickly flame indistinctly in the radiant sunshine; two soldiers gravely intent upon their occupation, as is the manner of disciples of the gentle craft, dangling their legs over the bridge's edge, while each sagely watches a bobbing cork dancing ceaselessly up and down on the water's swirl; and a sergeant, perched precariously upon the narrow rail, listlessly dividing his regards between the speckled, flapping fish, jerked frequently with deftly-handled rod from weedy, root-bound hiding-places, and a party of three persons busily engaged a little further up the bank preparing to embark in a frail, treacherous-looking canoe that floats like a feather on the water before them. In the background, and a little distant, in delightful contrast to the scorchingly hot, shadeless old fields usually occupied by troops, is a regimental camp, pitched under broad-leaved, wide-branching umbrageous trees. Embowered by ancient, gnarled and moss-covered magnolias, drooping their knotted, contorted limbs low down to the ground, are several parallel lines of tents, which from juxtaposition to the overhanging, intensely

green foliage, appear spotless and snowy white. Each "company ground" is tastefully divided down the middle by a row of umbrella-shaped palmettoes, spared by the ax for the two-fold purpose of ornamentation and usefulness, the rough cup-like spurs shooting out closely to each other around their stems, making of each tree a natural rustic cupboard, on which may be conveniently deposited such plunder as knives, canteens, fruit, &c. Many of them are now garnished as high as one can easily reach with plump golden oranges, gathered in the thick, tangled groves near by where they have grown wild, and here stored away to be eaten at leisure, or converted into refreshing orangeade. Buckets filled with that cooling beverage, and sheltered by enormous magnolia leaves or gigantic lily *bonnets* from the vagrant rays that steal their way through the clustering boughs, are placed invitingly at the entrance to almost every tent. Screaming paroquets, chattering squirrels, and choleric jay-birds make the woods far and near echo with their discordant clatter, to which at intervals, perhaps by way of variation, is added the deep bass sob of some bellowing alligator.

From this point the Surgeon, the Sergeant and myself set out on a delightful spring morning to explore the Ocklawaha, Silver Run, and, finally, that unique manifestation of Nature's loveliness—Silver Spring. With the Sergeant in the stern as *Palinurus*, we pushed off into the stream and paddled lazily along. The water of the Ocklawaha, probably from the immense quantity of decaying vegetation that is continually swept into it and the numberless roots projecting from the banks, is of the deepest, darkest ruby color, so intensely ruddy as nearly to hide the bottom of a quart tin-cup when filled with it. Suspicious as is this color, the water has no sediment at all, and is as free from impurities as a mountain spring. The low banks support to the very brink of the river huge trees, which, bending under heavy semi-tropical foliage, frequently stand elevated upon mighty stools, formed by the occasional freshets having dissolved and floated off the earth from between their roots, leaving these singular props, mostly white, exposed, bare and naked, and with a frightfully grotesque likeness to monstrous fangs buried vengefully in the rich black loam. Their far-reaching boughs are bound together inseparably by a matted network of twining parasites, conspicuous in which are a species of thorny ratan, smooth bamboo, the towering trumpet-vine, never resting till bursting through triumphantly at the top it reaches sunlight, deadly poison-oak with gaudy, flaring scarlet flowers, the yellow-jasmine and parti-colored honeysuckle loading the air with delicious odors; and flung around and about this mass of verdure like a sombre pall is the sad gray moss, drooping in hopeless melancholy over the perpetual decay that it vainly strives to conceal. Here and there along the way, perched solemnly on the smooth and rounded tops of queer-looking cypress *knees*, that with unfulfilled purpose protruded themselves above the shallow water, sat disconsolate, long-legged herons, which, as we neared them, winged their sluggish flight a little further on, gathering together their demure brethren as they lazily flapped themselves along barely above the crooked stream.

Now and then, on turning suddenly with the river, we came, with

mutual astonishment, upon an alligator, a veritable crocodile, clad in scale-armor, and distinguishable with difficulty from the rotting log on which he dozed like a true descendant of Egypt's slothful deity. Roused by our approach, he would lift himself with clumsy briskness upon his stumpy front legs, gaze for a second with perplexed curiosity at us, profane, prying intruders who had so unceremoniously violated his privacy, then topple over; and the plashing water was needful confirmation that what we had beheld was not a grim, ogreish apparition conjured from the black river's depths merely for our beguilement. Hideous sorcerer! one uncouth waggles of his rusty, humpish, noisome body evoked Elephantina, Karnak, Philae, and converted the sunless, unfrequented Ocklawaha into glowing, phantom-crowded Nile, rolling his yellow flood down from the mystic Mountains of the Moon to flaming Pharos.

The overhanging trees, frequently intermingling, formed leafy arches above, which were reflected below, where the actual water-line grew vague and undefinable as we silently threaded these green grottoes bewitched and tranquilly expectant of lovely Naiads or solitary Undines. Now and then the clamorous life that had with monotonous constancy resounded in the jungle died away into profound silence, leaving us at those moments doubly awed by the sombre, soundless swamp, furtively scanning the bush-fringed banks as trackless as the water on which we floated, and in hushed reverie wondering if the ripples from our canoe were not the first that ever ruffled the placid surface of this stealthy river and set the lilies waving. The deep, death-like silence, the ghostly banners of trailing moss, the solemn forest and the darkling river, intimating Spanish shades and Indian wraiths, oppressed the imagination with indescribable dismal fancies and evil forebodings, so that it was with feelings of great relief that we escaped from the grewsome shadows of this Floridian Styx and turned rejoicingly into brilliant Silver Run.

A few vigorous sweeps of the paddle transformed the scene completely. Now the sun shone dazzlingly, the river shimmered in its light, the little birds, twittering confidentially, preened their variegated plumage on the near-by twigs, while the tall grass nodded a graceful welcome to our dingy little dug-out. So dissimilar and uncongenial are the waters of these two streams that they refuse to mingle when first they meet, flowing on side by side in surly separation; and for some distance below the point of junction the Ocklawaha has the singular appearance of a double river, one-half being silver bright while the other is black and forbidding. Silver Run, into which we had turned, the outlet of Silver Spring, flows between the Spring and the Ocklawaha for nine miles, having on the one hand or the other, and occasionally both, a grass-covered savannah, more or less submerged according to the season of the year, and dotted over with trees, sometimes solitary, sometimes grouped together here and there. The volume of water that flows through it from Silver Spring is greatly augmented by numerous other springs that burst up from the bed of the Run at various intervals, and rimmed, as all of them are, by wide borders of white glittering limestone, they appear to one looking perpendicularly down upon them like fountains bubbling through

massive silver basins. But this is totally unlike ordinary water, in fact has no more to say to that commonplace liquid into which mortals are accustomed to dip the sleepy matutinal countenance than has champagne to Jersey cider, or sunshine to gaslight. It is an ether, a vapor, a new and celestial element, having more sustaining buoyancy apparently than vulgar fluids while freed from every earthly impurity. Floating over it entranced, seemingly touching nothing, resting upon nothing, one feels suspended deliciously over an enchanted, sublimated realm, and looks up reluctantly to the grosser atmosphere above from the cool, calm, silvery depths below. Clear as crystal, translucent, pellucid, the vision penetrates unobstructed to its lowest, most secret recesses, and perceives more distinctly than in the open air the minutest objects that lie on its shining bed a hundred feet beneath. A long, beautiful, pale-green grass, following a law of its nature, thrusts two or three inches of its stalk above the water however deep the stream may be, and upon being pulled, the separation of this fragile stem from the root, eighty, ninety or a hundred feet below, can be clearly seen. Fish in multitudes and great variety, though by no means unsophisticated because of their seclusion—for, tempt them ever so cunningly, they persist in turning a contemptuous lip to every hook—either swim about fearlessly in social shoals, dart playfully here and there around and through the swaying grass, or half-hidden down among the roots of gum or cypress-stumps, doze life lazily away. Tall saw-edged palmettoes, lifting their tufted tops far overhead, dip their feet into the clear, cold flood, side by side with enormous cabbage-palmettoes spreading rib-seamed leaves from four to five feet wide far out from the bank as pleasant sunshades to the frisky trout or stolid catfish; and where the water is not too deep for his long, ludicrous legs, the ridiculous, exigent snake-bird or water-turkey gyrates and grimaces urgent invitations to observe and admire his scanty charms.

There is nothing, it is true, of the conventional picturesque here to see; neither is it desired, as the soul, filled by quiet beauty, reposes indolently content with the tranquil combination of golden sunlight, placid river, soft, hazy atmosphere, and fleecy, idly-floating clouds, that woingly invites to an idlesse uncontaminated by fatiguing wonder. The silvery waters, softly lapping curling, moss-covered roots, coyly kiss the down-bending queen of flowers, stately, stainless magnolia, and run laughing, sparkling, perfumed away. Soft south breezes, gentle and caressing, lavish as they pass their odorous spoils, lovingly snatched from the fragrant snow-white chalices of the whispering bay. A song-mad mocking-bird, warbling an ever-changing melody, darts rapturously to and fro from a neighboring tree-top out into the clear sunshine above. Gentle peace has flung her mantle over flowers and stream, and no jarring strident sound of struggling human life disturbs this blissful, heavenly calm.

“And as I sit, the fretting cares and sorrows,
Weighing so heavy when the work is done,
The gloomy yesterdays and dim to-morrows,
They slip away and vanish one by one.”

We had previously arranged with Joe, “Sugar Joe,” factotum of a

neighboring sugar-plantation and a renowned gigger of fish, to meet us and practise his art for the better filling of our camp-kettle ; and we now descry him poling along on his side of the Run like an ambulatory pot-hook, for his right knee knoweth not what the left doeth by reason of the illimitable stretch of open country lying between. Joe is "colored" as is a long-used Irish dhudeen, that is black, black shading off the Tartarean hue with softening blue, so deeply, darkly, fearfully black and sheenily slick as to excite the belief that when this Florida sun shall succeed in liquefying him into his original element, a chunky bottle will serve him as a sepulchral urn, and "Superlative Ink" be his short but uncommonly veracious epitaph. In happy ignorance that suicide must logically be his doctrinal portion, he is now a riant member of the Epicurean band, or rather perhaps optimism would be the better exponent of his jolly convictions. Firmly believing that "'tis better to laugh than be sighing," he acts upon this pleasant faith to such an extent as to make of his ivory teeth a much more obvious and external feature than is the nose above them, that organ retiring bashfully into the surrounding cheek. Creative nature, departing in an absent or facetious mood from her usual method, has horizontalised Joe's legs apparently above instead of below the ankles, thereby giving him an unusually secure hold upon this revolving globe. His head-gear, a rimless turban, fabricated of a coon's skin, hairless in spots from frequent friction, and with the tail gracefully pèndant behind, recalls the popular representation of J. J. Rousseau. Thus comes Joe, teetering along on a foot-way formed by laying puncheons on the tops of convenient stumps ; and as he balances himself, brandishing in one hand his professional gig — a long pole, having a three-pronged steel firmly fixed in one of its ends — he suggests wave-compelling Neptune, with a corked face and too much nectar, dancing the tight-rope. Arriving and having politely "passed the time of day," Joe invites us into his bateau, where he is engaged in carefully tying around his body one end of a small rope that we see is fastened by the other end to a staple driven in the bottom of the boat.

"What is that for, Joe?"

"Well, sir," Joe replies smilingly, "I doesn't swim, and mought fall over in de Run 'fo I knowed et, an den I wants dis rope ter kotch hold ov."

"That wouldn't save you ; the bateau would go down instead of your coming up."

"Praps so, sir ; dar's no tellen ; 'pends pooty much 'pon whether de luck is fur you or agin you. But sposen I was ter git back in her? Anyways she'd show um whar I was, an dey wouldn't leff me down dar 'mong de sperrets."

"What! You don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"Yes, sir, dat I does ; fur I've seed um, seed um many er time make dar 'pearance while I'm giggin. You genlemens studies de books an' doesn't b'lieve nuthin ; but you jess projec' 'bout de Run like I does an' den spen' your 'pinion. Dar's all kinds uv sperrets. Sometimes dey cums warm gin your face, sometimes dey blows your har apart ; an' whar you see ar bubblin' out'n wet places, dar's whar

er sperret's drawed hisself backards inter de yearth. Dey's de ones as makes fox-fire by techin' de wood wid dere hot fingers ; dem's de wussest sort. Nuthin'll keep dem off'n you cep er string uv wahoo-bark platted in five plats an' tied roun' both eends wid hoss-har, an' den soaked in rattlesnake grease. Dat nuver has been known ter fail. Sperrets ! dar's no eend uv sperrets ; and de boss uv um all 'pears once in er while. Satan cum arter *me* one night, right dar on dat stump." Joe makes this terrific disclosure grinning from ear to ear, as if evening-calls from Diabolus were the funniest things in the world.

"It seems that he didn't carry you off with him."

"No, sir ; I gin him de slip. I was setten all by myself on dat stump 'parin' ter ketch some eels, and all at onct I hears er monstus groan close 'longside er me on de bank. 'Hi,' says I sorter ter myself, 'dat alligator's *too* owdashus, makin' hisself so company-like when dar's no 'casion.' I hadn't more'n said et 'fo I heerd anuther groan, an' den anuther ; an' er chain rattled an' I smelt brimstone strong, an' den et was I knowed 'twant no alligator, an' dat de devil was right dar spotly seeken whar he mought 'vour some nigger. I was dat 'sturbed in my mind, Marse Max, dat my har stood on eend — et actwelly stood on eend. Better b'lieve I didn't tarry ! I drapped my torch, an' sot out 'long dat footlog fur de quarter widout 'quiren 'tall what he cum arter ; 'twan't no time ter be axen sassy questions. Dem groans ! dey got wuss an' wuss every jump I tuck ; an' dat footlog kep' narrowen an' narrowen ontwell de road ter heaven wan't er sarcumstance. Dat didn't 'pear ter make no diffrence ter de devil though, 'count uv his huffs, I s'pose. Thinks I, 'Joe, 'pentance got ter be done mighty fass now ef et does you any good ; you got ter 'liver up dat final 'count uv your yearthly pilgrimage down here below dis time sartain sho.' Bombye my foot slips an' I cum down wid de small uv my back onto a cypress-knee, an' jess den de devil fotched er powerful groan, er reg'lar hark frum de tombs. Pra'r was what I wanted ter jine in den powerful, but I hadn't no time ter waste. I nuver stopped ter zamin ef my back was broke — jess leff my shoes sticken in de mud, an' my jacket an' breeches strung 'long on de stumps an' logs dat I run ginst, becace I knowed dey wouldn't stan' de heat down dar whar Divers is. Arter so long er time, praise de Lord, I got home, an' jess as dat misurble devil was feelin' roun' fixin' ter grab me, I slipped in de do' an' slammed et in his black face. I hollered ter M'ria dat de devil was commin right on behind, an' kivered up my head in de bed-clothes. De ole 'oman seed how pale I was, an' she sot de table gin de do' an' den quiled herself up on de bed close 'longside uv me. Dar we was like two lambs, spectin' every minute fur Satan ter bust open dat do' an' fly 'way wid us in his claws ; fur he wan't 'tall satisfied an' kep' projeckin roun' outside de house, pawin' an' belleren fur sum time. But he nuver got in — nuver got in no more'n ef he'd been er common pusson."

During this recital Joe had pushed off from the bank and paddled up the Run ; he now stops both his paddling and narrative, ostensibly to get a better view of a supposititious catfish, really for theatrical effect. After peering down into the water, he looks up and resumes.

"I seen dat devil agin." Here every tooth comes promptly to the front. "Arter dat night I loss my health an' kep' feelin' mighty porely; couldn't tend ter no work an' niver hankered arter no vittles 'tall, bekase I made sho dat devil would cum back, he war *too* sevigrous. Sho nuff one day I was foolen roun' de sugar-house stryven ter 'cuver my health, an' I heerd him beller. Bless de Lord! my knees shuck together so larmly you'd thought somebody was beaten out rice in er mortar. I couldn't stan' up. I peeped roun' de corner mighty careful ter see which way I muss run, an' ez God's my jedge! dar sot dat boy Buck scrapen uv er dumbbull. Yes, sir, 'fo de heavenly Father, dar he was havin' uv his own 'musement; an' den I seed how I'd been posed 'pon, and had et splained how 'twas 'count uv his foolishness I done broke my back at de footlog. My zentment couldn't bar et; I gathered er basket split dat was lyin' handy, an' jess krep up slow behind dat boy an' sorter eased him off'n de groun' cross my knee, an' de way I frailed inter him was er sight ter be sho. He farly sung, 'From Greenlamb's icy mountings'; he sot de tchune hissself an' he sung et loud too. I boun he scrape hissself 'fo he scrape nuther dumbbull. But somehow er 'ruther my jedgment got onsettled, 'kaze et 'peared dat I paternised Buck most too much, fur dey had ter send for de doctor; bleegeed ter do et. Arter he seed him he 'marked ter me, says he, 'Joe, ef you'd spanked Buck's funnymention er leetle mo' dar would er been er funeral here.' I niver said nuthen, but dat didn't purvent me thinkin' ter myself, ef Buck had er scraped his dumbbull a leetle louder, dar *would* er been er funeral *sho*, an' Joe wouldn't had no han' in et nuther 'cep ter sply de corpse."

Joe, as he watches for fish, meditates silently over this concluding lugubrious reminiscence, which seems to cast the shadow of a shade upon his shining brow.

"Joe, why do they call you 'Sugar Joe'?"

"Marse Max, ets all bekaze uv dem niggers; et allurs did 'pear ter me dat niggers is made puppus ter aggrervate er pusson an' stroy his cumfoot. Long time go, de year that fros 'tetched de tatur-vines, Mistiss fotch long wid her some sugar, kivered up in blue paper an tied roun' wid twine. 'Twas dat white dat et looked persizely like salt; ef et had been yaller dar wouldn't been nuthen uv et, fur we had plenty yaller sugar. Somehow one dem passils got misplaced unbeknownst ter anybody, an' when dey cum ter look fur et, lo an' behold! dey foun' et lyen in my chist. Curous, wan't et? I declar I niver could 'count fur sich conjurin' ways; muss be 'casioned by ole Satan's bust'n out'n Paradise, when he mought er staid dar an' not cum meddlin' wid other folks' 'fairs. I doesn't know ter diss blessed day how dat sugar got dar, fur I'm allurs mighty p'ticlar 'bout my things not ter 'low noboddy 'splorin mung um. Well, me an de overseer held er confrance bout dat sugar, an' et was all settled up k'rek, an' mought been drapped right dar an' nuthin mo' said consarnen uv et ef et hadn't been fur dese niggers. I tried ter sense um 'bout et, but, Lord bless your soul! et niver done no good, not de least bit what-somdever. Dey kep up sich er myration over et, an' er callin' uv me Sugar Joe, ontwell et got stuck ter me ez close ez de bark on er tree."

Suddenly we find that the Run has widened and we are floatin

upon a circular sheet of sunny water, which Joe informs us is Silver Spring. We sit silently absorbed in gazing upon its peaceful, untroubled loveliness. Above the water and near the bank appear small portions of a steamboat which has been sunk for preservation until the troublous war-times are over. Just beyond, among water-oaks and magnolias, are a number of log-cabins, which were before the war occupied through the summer by a gay, happy crowd seeking refuge from the heat. On every side are the fragrant, gay-colored flowers and thick, glossy-leaved trees of a Florida forest. The jay-birds, silenced by the sun, sit with partly-expanded wings on the lowest twigs of the underbrush, peering out inquisitively; while the black and orange joeree scratches industriously among the dead fallen leaves that thickly sprinkle over the gray sandy ground. We climb upon the sunken steamboat and watch the lazy fish inside as they leisurely puff out and close up their purple gills, quietly enjoying the cool, motionless water. At five or six places on the bottom, a hundred feet down, huge cauldrons are boiling furiously, and these are the outlets of the subterraneous river that flows mysteriously from no one knows where. Except those spots that are covered by the pale-green grass, the whole of the spring is paved with silver — grains, scales, lumps, mounds of it everywhere glittering through the transparent water; and the sparkling surface, a hundred yards broad, shimmering in the sunshine, seemingly borrowing brilliance from the treasures underneath, and clasped about by a green girdle of sheeny leaves, looks like a diamond set in emerald.

The sinking sun warned us homeward, and on our way we overtook a small African holding an excited duck tightly under his arm. This bird he was, by his "mammy," otherwise "Aunt Cindy," instructed to sell for one dollar, but, as he innocently added, "ef he couldn't git dat, ter take fifty cents." Of this keen trader we made a guide, and followed him to his "ole Miss," who, he said, had "lots" of butter-milk. Approaching a double log-cabin, cheerful enough with its sweet honeysuckle climbing over its porch, and a party of gossiping hens lying under the cape-jasmine bushes luxuriously dusting themselves in heaps of dry dirt as they listen to the harsh "pot-rack pot-rack" of the fussy guinea-chickens out among the pines, our steps were drawn to a small enclosure from which issued muffled exclamations that betokened tribulation on the part of the speaker. Opening a little swing-gate fixed in the wattled fence, we found ourselves in the presence of an elderly, silver-haired woman, wearing a tunnel-shaped sun-bonnet pushed well up, a stout negro woman, and a heavy, thick-set negro man. The two women stood over the man, who lay upon the ground apparently dead, the negro woman holding a bucket of water, which we were just in time to see her dash full in the face of the dead man. This she appeared to have often done before, for the ground about the body was quite wet. Paying no further attention to our entrance than to glance up incuriously, the white woman thus adjured the black one, in a high, drawling, nasal tone, which, however, as it quavered with trouble and anxiety, was not entirely destitute of feeling: "Roll him, Cindy! roll him!" Then peering into the negro's face, she exclaimed earnestly: "Billy Hall! Billy Hall!

Don't you know your name, Billy Hall? — Roll him, Cindy, roll him!" Thus exhorted, Cindy dropped on her knees and clawed the dead negro about over the wet ground as if she wished to make it certain that he was dead.

"Mrs. Hall," said the Surgeon, stepping forward, "I am a doctor, and perhaps may assist you."

"Oh do, for messy's sake! I'm afeared that Billy Hall is dead. Aint he dead, Cindy Hall? — aint your husband dead?"

"No he aint, Mistiss; he aint no mo' dead dan I is; he's jess soaked his nasty stinkin' self wid orange-brandy. I jess wish I had my way wid him fur er while; I'd fotch him to! I'd pour *bilin'* hot water onto him — I would."

Cindy's diagnosis proved the correct one; the bibulous William, or Billy Hall as his mistress called him, had rashly wrestled with a large dose of orange-brandy, which, besides being very nasty, is the most efficacious and instantaneous leg-tangler ever devised by the ingenious wit of man. It was clearly a case for which time was the only medicine and patience the doctor, as we told Mrs. Hall, without however much diminishing her anxiety. And as we trudged along to camp, with our canteens filled with milk, we could hear her mingling with the solemn sougning of the pines the plaintive query: "Billy Hall! Billy Hall! Don't you know your name, Billy Hall?"

MAX MARROWFAT.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTER.

A FEW weeks ago I accepted an invitation from my friends the R's to pay them a visit at their ranch in one of the most fertile districts of this State. Colonel R. is a fine specimen of a Western man, rugged yet kindly, overflowing with benevolence and hospitality, and his wife is one of the loveliest illustrations of Southern grace and refinement it has ever been my privilege to meet. I had not been long in San Francisco when I encountered the pair at one of the hotels, where they were staying on a brief visit of combined business and pleasure; and they, finding that I was a stranger here, and furthermore that I hailed from Mrs. R's native State, speedily tendered me the right hand of fellowship, and made me feel more at home in twenty-four hours' time than I had yet succeeded in doing after two months' intercourse with others of a less congenial stamp. It was a matter of regret to me to discover that the distance of their usual residence from the city would prevent any frequency of inter-

course between us ; but I feel this deprivation less since I have been made a welcome guest at their beautiful country home, and can look forward to the recurrence of a similar enjoyment as often as my duties here will permit me the relaxation of a holiday.

The day after my arrival at "Buena Vista Ranch," the Colonel invited me to accompany him on a ride in the environs, as he was anxious to show me all the points of interest about the place. We scrambled up rugged peaks, whence we could view the country for miles around and regale our eyes, while inhaling the pure breezes wafted to us from distant mountain-tops, with some of the fairest scenery to be found on the face of this beauteous western world. We penetrated into thickets gorgeous with tropical coloring, and wandered through valleys as smiling and peaceful as the pictured groves of Arcadia, radiant with sunshine and perennial bloom. It was drawing towards twilight as we turned aside into a little path which led to the rear entrance of the Colonel's grounds, in an opposite direction to that by which we had sallied forth a few hours before.

"I have brought you here," said my host, "in order to show you a melancholy but interesting relic of by-gone days, which I cannot help regarding with a species of veneration. Some people wonder that I allow it to remain so near my residence ; but it would seem to me like profanation to have it removed."

He reined up his horse as he spoke, and following his example, I looked in the direction that he indicated. At a little distance from the beaten track, beneath the spreading branches of a California laurel, I espied a sort of mound in which was partially imbedded a block of rough granite wearing the shape and semblance of a gravestone. It was nearly overgrown with ivy, but the clearance of the space around it and a cluster of fresh buds recently placed at its base were evidences that it was cared for and tended by friendly hands.

"That is my wife's work," said the Colonel, pointing to the flowers. "If you will take the trouble to dismount and go near the stone, you can read the name on it ; it is somewhat defaced by time, but still legible to young eyes like yours."

"It is a grave then," said I, as I alighted in compliance with his wish.

"Yes. There is a little history attached to it which perhaps might interest you. I am not much of a story-teller myself, but my wife rather excels in that line ; and I dare say she will relate it to you, if you care to hear it. This place looks sombre enough now with the evening shades gathering over it, but it is cheerful and pleasant when the sun shines on it, which it does during some hours of the day."

Whilst he was speaking I bent over the stone and succeeded, not without difficulty, in deciphering the following brief inscription, cut deeply, in somewhat rude and straggling letters, into the worn and stained surface :—

JOSEPHINE MILLER,

Aged 27 years.

March 10th, 1856.

"Nearly eighteen years !" said I. "It is a long time for it to have

remained in such a state of preservation, so far removed as it seems to be from all kindred graves."

"It was in anything but a state of preservation when we came here," was the reply. "The stone had toppled over, and the whole place was overgrown with brambles and weeds; but I cleared them away, as you see, and Mrs. R. makes it a religious duty to keep the spot in order. The poor soul who lies beneath has no kith or kin in this part of the world, that I know of, to take any interest in it. I heard her history from an old fellow who lives in these parts, and who knew her father, Oregon Bill as they called him, very well."

We rode home, and after a comfortable old-fashioned tea (the Colonel eschews late dinners), I did not fail to remind my host of the narrative he had promised I should hear.

"Come, Mary, bring out your manuscript," he said to his wife. "You keep it somewhere in this table-drawer, don't you? I promised our young friend you would let him hear it."

Mrs. R. smiled. "I might have known," she said to me, "that my husband would not allow you to leave us without inflicting that story on you, according to custom."

"It is you who inflict it, not I," he rejoined.

"Only as your deputy, however." Then drawing forth a folded paper from the drawer, she added, "The Colonel persuaded me to write down the account which had been given him of poor Josephine Miller and her sad fate; and as he was forever getting me to tell it to our friends, I was very willing to put it into a more entertaining form than I could always manage to do in words. If you would really like to hear it, I will read it aloud. I have given it the name of '*The Miner's Daughter*.'"

It was a cold, blustering January evening in the year '52. In the little sitting-room of a rude log-cabin, a fair-haired, delicate-looking young woman was engaged in preparing supper. A bright fire burned on the hearth, illuminating the smoky walls with a ruddy glow, and diffusing an air of cheerfulness through the bare, comfortless apartment. By the pine-table sat a man of about thirty years of age, dressed in a rough laboring-suit, which could not, however, disguise a certain air of careless good-breeding that seemed natural to him. His handsome sun-embrowned face wore a lowering and discontented expression, and he drummed impatiently on the table with his fingers while watching the movements of his companion.

"Josie," he exclaimed at last, "I came here to have a talk with you this evening. How long do you mean to keep me waiting in this way? Do you know that there are few men who would stand being trifled with as I have done?"

"I have not trifled with you, Edgar," was the reply, in a subdued tone. "You ought to know that it is impossible for me to act differently."

"Humbug! that is what you always say. I suppose then that this sort of thing is to go on forever.—Put down that trash, whatever it is," he added imperiously, "and come and sit by me. Are you too busy to spare me even a few moments of your valuable time?"

Josie obeyed, and coming to his side, put her hand gently within his arm, and raised her eyes filled with tears to his face. "Be kind to me, Edgar," she pleaded in a half-whisper. "You don't know all that I have to endure for your sake."

"For my sake!" he echoed in a tone of mingled anger and reproach, as he looked down upon her. "For my sake! Is it not your own fault that you suffer as you do—and make me suffer tenfold, in knowing what you voluntarily submit to? If you really loved me you would put an end at once to this useless sacrifice—give up these absurd, high-flown notions of duty which can never result in anything but sorrow to us both."

"We are told to do our duty whatever it costs us," she replied.

"The question is, what is really your duty in this case? Is it to trample upon the affection I offer you, and condemn me to endless unhappiness, all for a whim—the most incomprehensible folly!" he muttered savagely.

"Edgar, can it be folly to carry out my dead mother's last wish? Did I not promise her faithfully never to forsake father, but to take her place as well as I could in watching over and caring for him? She knew his weakness, and charged me to use all my influence in guarding against it."

"And much good your influence has done him. He has gone on from bad to worse, until at last his weakness, as you call it, has become a confirmed passion which nothing can break; he has sunk into a state of degradation from which I very much doubt if even your mother, were she alive, could reclaim him now. Deny it if you can."

Josie's head drooped. "I can't deny it," she murmured brokenly, amid her tears. "It is the heavy grief of my life; but at least I have done what I could; and it's not the less my duty to keep by him still. I dare not break my promise."

"And your promise to *me*," said Edgar in a softening voice, for he was moved by her sorrow in spite of himself—"does that count for nothing at all?"

"It counts for a great deal—and oh! Edgar, if you knew how my heart yearns to you! But you should not tempt me to forsake my duty—even for you I must never do that."

"Duty, duty—you make me hate the word! It stands like a barrier between me and all my hopes.—Josie, I love you—you can never guess how much—but I don't know how much longer I can stand this suspense; it is a constant torment to me."

He broke from her as he spoke, and commenced pacing the narrow room with impetuous strides. Josie sat motionless where he had left her, trying to stem the tide of emotion his reproaches had called forth, but it was some time before she could suppress her sobs or regain anything like a show of composure. Habitually calm and undemonstrative, she found it all the harder, when her fortitude gave way, to recover the self-command she had lost.

Presently Edgar ceased his restless walk and returned to her side. "Come, dear, don't cry any more—I hate to see your tears," he said more gently than he had before spoken. "I did not mean to distress you so much. But indeed, if you understood my feelings—"

"I do understand them — and oh, Edgar," she cried, clinging to him, "if ever the time comes when I can repay you as you wish, you will see how truly I will devote my whole life to making amends for the vexation I am forced to cause you now."

"I don't know what there is about you that holds me to you as it does," he said with a sort of reluctant tenderness in his tone. "I am angry with you whenever I see you, and yet I can't help forgiving you in the end."

At this instant the distant bark of a dog was heard. "There comes father now," said Josie, starting up with an apprehensive look. "Will you stay and see him?"

"Not I! An interview would not be productive of much pleasure or profit to either of us; I should be pretty strongly tempted to give him my opinion in a way that he might not relish. Good-night, Josie. Don't resign yourself to abject slavery, if you can help it. Think of what I have said to you, and try to become more reasonable before I see you again."

The next moment he had made his exit through the lowly door and was lost to sight in the darkness without; and Josie, having removed as well as she could the traces of her recent agitation, hastily resumed the occupation he had interrupted, of getting the table ready for her father's homely meal. Upon the coarse but clean cloth which covered it she laid a plate, knife and fork, then brought out of a little cupboard two blue china cups, and set them in readiness for the coffee which was heating in a saucepan on the coals. Her next care was to broil a slice of bacon which had all the time been standing in a covered earthen dish in a corner of the hearth; and she was engaged in this duty when the door again opened, and her father, accompanied by a rough-looking dog of the terrier breed, stumbled into the room. It needed but a glance to show her that he was in his normal state of intoxication; and for one instant an irrepressible feeling of sickening disgust filled her heart as the involuntary thought arose, "Is it for this that I have refused to listen to *his* pleading, and condemned myself to a life of suffering and shame?"

William Miller, familiarly known among his companions as "Oregon Bill," because he had hailed from that territory when he came among them, was a tall, athletic man, who had in former days possessed a fine physique, but was now sadly shattered by the excesses in which he was wont to indulge. His once bluff, rosy face was pallid and swollen, his eyes bloodshot, and his curly black hair straggled in unkempt masses above a brow from which every trace of intellectuality had disappeared. Yet in spite of his stupid, sullen look and shaky movements he was accounted a good workman still, and often succeeded, when not too much under the influence of whiskey, in obtaining employment in the mines, though of an uncertain and desultory sort, for no one would engage him permanently, knowing that he could not be relied upon for any length of time. He managed thus to eke out a livelihood for himself and his daughter; but his home was miserably devoid of comforts, for the greater portion of his gains was spent in gambling and drink, and poor Josie often suffered for the want of the bare necessities of life.

"Well," he said in a surly tone, as he flung himself into a wooden chair near the fire, "supper's not ready yet, I see. I should think it was late enough."

"It will be ready directly, Father. The coffee's hot now — will you have that first?"

"Coffee's tarnation poor stuff," he rejoined, "but I'm thirsty enough to drink 'most anything. It's better than water, anyhow. Pour me out some, and be quick about it."

"There's no sugar, Father," said Josie, as she brought him the desired beverage; "we used the last yesterday."

"Then why the —— didn't you go to the store and buy some?"

"Because I had no money. I've had none for a week. The flour's all gone too, and there's only a small bit of meat left."

"Hang it all! something's forever wanted. I tell you what, my girl, you must learn to be less wasteful; I haven't got a fortune to spend on meat and drink."

Josie was accustomed to similar speeches, and listened to this one in silence. She felt no self-reproach on the score of wastefulness, for did she not scrape and pinch and hoard from day to day to make the scanty pittance she received cover their wants? But she did not attempt to argue the point, knowing that argument in such matters was useless and would only serve to draw down her father's anger upon her. He appeared to be in a worse humor than usual this evening, and from sundry muttered hints interspersed with imprecations that dropped from his lips, his daughter inferred that he had been gaming and had lost more heavily than usual. Such was indeed the case; for upon leaving work he had repaired with his freshly-earned wages to "the store," which was tavern and gambling-saloon as well, and there succeeded not only in disbursing himself of his ready cash, but in contracting a debt which it would cost him some days' labor to pay off. Having finished his supper, he speedily betook himself to his straw bed in the adjoining room, and Josie was left to the solitary pursuit of her own reflections.

Long she sat in the waning light of the fire, while her thoughts travelled painfully over the ground they had so often traversed before. The interview with her lover had stirred up afresh the bitterness of her cup and dispelled in a measure the patient submission into which she had schooled herself; for it had brought forcibly to her mind the seeming hopelessness of the prospect that lay before her, and made the conflict between duty and inclination harder than ever to sustain. These interviews were always trying ones now, for Edgar was becoming less and less tolerant of the delay to their marriage; and his inability to appreciate the true nobleness of her motives made him all the harsher in his judgment of her, and led him often to heap reproaches upon her, the injustice of which went very keenly to her heart. It was a consolation, however, that in his most impatient moods he seldom left her without renewed assurances of his love; and to the belief that that love, like her own, was strong enough to sustain the trial of an indefinite period of waiting and suspense, poor Josie clung as her one anchor of hope and safety.

It was after midnight when she retired to rest. She rose, however,

as usual at daybreak, but only to find herself alone in the cabin ; for her father, contrary to custom, had already gone out without waiting for his breakfast. Josie felt apprehensive, she knew not why. A dim foreboding of evil hung over her, and she went about her household duties with a disturbed mind. All day long she was oppressed by this vague, inexplicable dread that hung like an incubus upon her usually hopeful spirit. Evening came, bringing with it no alleviation of her discomfort. Murky clouds hung low in the sky, and ever and anon faint melancholy gusts of wind swept around the corners of the little dwelling, seeming to mutter a presage of coming sorrow. As the hours wore on Josie flitted restlessly about; the solitude oppressed her, and moreover, she felt uneasy at her father's protracted absence. Nine o'clock — half-past nine — ten — still he did not come. Probably he was engaged in some drunken carouse at the tavern. Oh, how she loathed the very thought of that den of temptation with all its corrupting associations! Yet Miller's boon companions were not all bad men; many of them possessed noble and generous qualities, and there were few of their number who would not stretch forth their hands to help each other in case of need. But for all that a spirit of reckless dissipation and lawlessness reigned paramount among them, and woe to the weaker souls who yielded themselves unrestrainedly to its dangerous influence.

Suddenly there was a tramp of approaching feet, then the sound of several voices, mingling as it seemed in hurried consultation outside the door. Josie started up; a voice called to her to admit them, and with trembling hands she unfastened the wooden bar which for safety she had placed across the entrance. A group of men stood without, bearing on a litter a form over which a covering had been thrown. The glare of torchlight fell on their rugged faces, revealing on each an expression which betrayed the tidings their lips hesitated to utter.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped, "he is dead."

"Not just that," said one of the men in a compassionate tone; "but he's mighty bad off — I never thought he'd have reached here alive. Let us lay him on a bed or somethin' — maybe we can revive him a little."

There was a sort of rude settee in the front room, and on this, after a pillow and some blankets had been hastily thrown upon it, they deposited their unconscious burden. As they laid him down a faint tremulous groan escaped him, wrung from him as it seemed by extremity of pain. Whiskey, the only restorative within reach, was poured between his lips, and while they administered it, Josie chafed his icy-cold hands in the vain attempt to restore circulation.

"How did it happen?" she asked huskily.

"'Twas on a ledge of rock down below. He and Watson had had a quarrel — it started last night at the monte-table, over some money he lost — and they were on bad terms all day. Watson said somethin' that made him mad, and all of a sudden he made a lunge at him — with an open knife too — when he stumbled and fell. I reckon 'twas a distance of twenty feet. Some of the rock fell on him, and we couldn't get him clear of it for more'n three hours. That's what's kept us so long from bringin' him home."

Miller's eyes opened ; they rested with a glance of recognition on his daughter's white face as it bent over him. "Josie — my poor lass," he muttered feebly. "I've been a bad father to you.— Too late !— Kiss — once — for your mother's sake —"

Her quivering lips were pressed on his, and as there rushed over her the memory of a time when such caresses had been familiar to them, ere vice and degradation had sundered the holy ties of natural affection and esteem, deep sobs burst from her overcharged heart. There was not a dry eye that witnessed that parting scene, and more than one of the rude but sympathising group essayed in homely fashion to speak words of comfort, that fell almost without meaning on her bewildered senses. The awful suddenness of the calamity stunned and overwhelmed her ; the idea of her father being thus summoned into eternity without preparation, without warning — his last forcible impulse one of anger and revenge, mingled perhaps with the contemplation of a hideous crime — seemed too crushing to be borne. They led her away presently, and while the men performed the last offices for the comrade who had been so unexpectedly snatched from their midst, she sat shivering in the cold and darkness of the adjoining room, trying to blot out the fearful picture that rose up with all the vividness of reality before her eyes, and murmuring broken words of prayer, in the feeble effort to grasp at something like consolation and hope.

The rough miners were very kind. After they had buried poor Miller, they got up a generous subscription for Josie, and offered to "set her up" in any kind of business she fancied, unless she preferred to go away, in which case they volunteered to pay her travelling expenses, over and above the sum they had collected for her. But Josie had nowhere to go — if she had relatives elsewhere she knew nothing about them ; and she yielded to their suggestion of opening a small store, which they promised her should never fail of success for want of their patronage.

But where was Edgar ? Amid these new arrangements her thoughts turned towards him, expectantly at first, then with a vague wonderment and uneasiness at his non-appearance. Surely, if he knew what had befallen her, he would have sought her at once. But the days passed by, long weary days of mingled hope and fear, of longing and suspense, and still he never came ; and then she learned that he had gone away, no one knew whither, and had left no explanation, no promise of return.

She did not take in for a long time the full extent of this second loss. Edgar would return, she knew ; he had been summoned away unexpectedly, and had had no time to inform her of his intended departure. If he could not come soon he would write and tell her of his plans. By-and-bye these hopes began to waver ; then a sickening dread of his death took possession of her. What if he had perished in some lonely spot, with none near to bear witness of his fate !

Even such a certainty as this, appalling as it might have been, would have fallen upon her with less cruel force than the knowledge of the truth which came to her after a time — when she woke from her fevered dreams to find herself forsaken, her love betrayed, and

her single remaining hope, the fairest of her life, swept away from her forever. Too cowardly to own himself false in any direct communication to her, Edgar found a roundabout way of informing her of his marriage to the daughter of a wealthy mine-owner in a distant part of the State, where he intended in future to reside.

We are told how the sirocco, sweeping over burning plains, blights with its oppressive breath the mental energies of those upon whom its influence falls. Such a result was produced on Josie by the news of her lover's desertion, coming as it did at a time when she stood in sorest need of comfort and support. She yielded to no violent emotion, showed no sign of any severe conflict within, but a dull hopeless apathy settled down upon her, a sort of mental paralysis which could not be shaken off. She continued to attend to the business in which she was engaged, and which had by this time attained to a fair degree of prosperity, for every one for miles around knew and pitied her, and gave her their support; but she took no interest in the occupation, and pursued it only in a listless, mechanical way, more from force of habit than from any desire of gain. Her gentle and unresentful nature, too severely tried, bowed beneath the weight of the burden laid upon it, as a pliant reed bends before the pressure of the blast which lays it low, never again to rear its slender form towards the sky. She sought sympathy from none, and none ventured to offer it to her, for her grief seemed too sacred a thing to be touched upon, no matter with how light a hand. Some who noticed her languid step, her pallid face and wistful looks, and the half-sad, half-vacant smile with which she sometimes responded to a cordial greeting or an expression of good-will, would shake their heads and say that Josie Miller was losing her wits, and would soon be no better than a natural; and not unfrequently was she the subject of conversation at the "Jolly Boys' Saloon," where her father's old chums would discuss her melancholy condition, and her faithless lover's conduct, with profoundest pity on the one hand, and the most unmitigated scorn and disgust on the other.

"Tell you what," said one, "if ever that chap comes across my path I'd just like to settle up accounts with him in the way he deserves. The mean, sneaking cur! He never was fit to look at her; but if she was soft enough to fancy him, he might ha' thought himself only too lucky to get her."

"'Twas all along of his good looks and his education," chimed in another. "Just to see her now! Don't I remember what she was when old 'Oregon' first brought her to this place — a prettier, fresher lass I never set eyes upon. Such rosy cheeks as she had, and always a smile for everybody. She begun to change some, from her father's ways afore he died, but they'd never have brought her to the pass she's come to now."

"I've heard tell of broken hearts, but I never believed in 'em till now. My opinion is she's got that disease, and it won't be long afore it carries her out of this world — see if I aint correct."

But Josie did not die of a broken heart. She was one born to be passive and endure; and perhaps it was a merciful dispensation that shed that torpor over her mind, blunting its perception of pain, and

softening all turbulent emotion into a docile and unquestioning submission like that of a little child.

Josie sat one evening in the little room adjoining the store, engaged upon a piece of coarse needlework ; on the table beside her burned a tallow-candle, shedding but a feeble light on her employment ; at her feet lay Grip, the rough terrier, her one faithful companion and friend, his blunt nose resting on his fore-paws, and his intelligent eyes occasionally raised with an inquiring look to his mistress' face.

More than four years had gone by since she had held her last interview with Edgar Trescot — here, in this very room, so replete with sombre associations of the past. Did any thought of these trouble her now in her solitude ? It seemed not, for her pale face was calm and unmoved, and she pursued her task with a quiet steady diligence that betrayed no inward agitation or unrest.

Presently the dog lifted himself up, and uttered a short, shrill bark. Josie stooped and patted his head.

"Quiet, Grip," she said soothingly, "there's nothing coming."

Grip wagged his tail, in acknowledgment of the assurance ; but he did not relax his listening attitude, and the next moment he sprang to his feet and bounded to the door, barking more loudly than before. Directly there came a low but hurried knock, proving that his warning had not been incorrect. Josie went to answer the summons, thinking it was probably some customer come at a later hour than usual.

A man, enveloped in a large cloak with a slouched hat drawn low over his brows, stepped hastily across the threshold. Josie shrank back in instinctive alarm. In another instant he had thrown off his wrappings and stood bareheaded before her.

"Josie !" he cried, "don't you know me ?" The familiar voice awoke a long-slumbering echo in her heart.

"Edgar !" broke tremulously from her lips, "is it you ?"

"Yes, it is I. Oh, Josie, I have come to you to help me, to save me ! I know I can trust you, I know you will never betray me. The Vigilance Committee are in pursuit of me — for God's sake hide me somewhere, anywhere, for to-night."

"Hide you ?" she echoed in a bewildered tone. His rapid speech confused her ; she put her hand to her forehead and looked at him with vague, perplexed inquiry in her wide-opened eyes.

"Yes, yes, hide me ; and be quick, or they may come — the Vigilants, Josie ! You don't want them to murder me, do you ? They are not likely to look for me here. Even if they come you can send them off — don't you understand what I say ?"

"Yes, I understand," she answered slowly ; "you have done something wicked ; they are hunting for you. You want me to keep them from getting you."

"And you will — you'll help me to escape, won't you ? All I want is to stay here for awhile, until they go by ; and if they come here you must send them off again."

"I'll do it," said Josie, with a sudden look of determination. "You needn't fear to trust me. Oh, I'll help you, Edgar ! I would not let you be taken. You must go into the back-room. There's a closet there ; you can hide behind my clothes that are in it. They won't look there."

"Have you a key to the closet?" asked Edgar, as he snatched up the candle and rapidly led the way into the room she had pointed out.

"Yes, inside; you can lock it yourself."

"All right. You are a good girl, Josie. I'll never forget what you are doing for me to-night. But be sure and say there's nobody here, if they come; swear it, if it's necessary. What will you do with the dog? Won't he betray me?"

"No indeed," said Josie confidently; "Grip always minds what I tell him."

"Keep him with you then. There, go back now and look as if nothing had happened. There's no door this way, is there?"

She answered in the negative. He was trembling and hoarse with excitement and fear. Indeed a braver man than he might have trembled at the prospect of the possible doom hanging over him; for it was well known that the stern, resolute organisation who had taken the administration of the law into their own hands, seldom showed mercy to a culprit whose guilt was clearly established in their eyes; and the blood of his victim, though shed partially in self-defence, was crying aloud for vengeance on his track.

Josie returned to her seat by the table, and resumed her work with a beating heart. The blank, unmoved expression her face usually wore was gone now; an unwonted color flushed her cheeks, a kindling light was in her eyes. Her mind was bent upon one fixed purpose—to save Edgar from his pursuers at any cost. No remembrance of his baseness to herself interfered with her generous resolve; the wrong he had done her was forgotten, and she only thrilled with secret joy at the idea of being instrumental in securing his safety. She knew something of the Vigilants; more than one startling act of retribution had been wrought by them in her own neighborhood, and sufficiently discussed in her presence to make an impression even upon her unretentive mind, and she shuddered at the possibility of Edgar falling into their terrible hands. She did not trouble herself about his crime, whatever it might be; she only knew that he had sought shelter at her hands; and come what would, she would protect and defend him.

Two long, anxious hours passed, then Josie's lids began to droop. The unusual tension on her nerves was already beginning to make itself felt. A feeling of intense weariness overcame her, and leaning her head on the table, she fell asleep.

It was not long before a knocking at the door and a volley of angry barks from Grip startled her out of her slumber. For a moment she felt bewildered, then the consciousness of her situation flashed over her. She opened the door. A party of armed men stood without. Many of them were well known to her, and the foremost, a stalwart, elderly miner, more powerful-looking than any of his younger companions, stepped forward and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Josie, my lass," he said kindly, "don't you be frightened at our coming—we'll not do you any harm, you may be sure. I see you've not been abed yet." He threw a significant glance over his shoulder at the rest as he made this last remark.

"No," said Josie, "I was sewing until late, and I dropped asleep."

"It's nigh upon one o'clock ; you're seldom up as late as that, I think. Now I'll tell you what we've come for ; we want to search the house, and you mustn't hinder us."

"Search the house !" she repeated in well-feigned surprise. "What for?"

"'Cause we're hunting a runaway murderer," interposed another of the party roughly, "and it's our duty to leave no place unexplored. Come, Cap'en, go ahead, will you? Don't let's waste time in talking."

"You see, my girl," said the first speaker, quietly stepping into the room, "we don't suspect any one in particular, but we're bound to make a thorough search. We won't take long about it, though."

"I swear to you," said Josie boldly, "that you will find no one hidden in my house."

She uttered the assertion with a deliberate coolness that staggered them, and for a moment they hesitated visibly ; then the one who had before urged their leader to prompt action spoke again.

"I say, we're bound to look for ourselves, you know," he remarked. "'Tain't allowable to take other folks' say-so."

"That's true," said several voices. "Let's go ahead then." In an instant they had scattered themselves over the house, Josie standing helpless and baffled where they had left her, feeling herself powerless to oppose them farther. They pried in every nook and corner, in the cupboard, under the bed, even turning back the bed-covering and feeling the mattress to assure themselves that no one was concealed there, and were about giving up the search in vain, when one of them exclaimed—

"Here's a door! What does it lead to?"

"Oh, that's only the back-door ; it leads into the yard, I guess," said another, who was impatient to be off. "It's locked, anyhow. We can take a look at the premises as we go out. Come along ; I thought 'twarn't no good coming here from the first."

Josie's heart bounded at the word. The men, apparently satisfied that all was right, were turning away. In another moment she would be freed from their presence, when suddenly something inside the closet fell with a muffled noise, instantly arresting their attention.

"What's that?" was the universal cry. They flung themselves upon the fatal door. It was but the work of a few seconds to force the lock. There was a yell, a struggle, and with the fleetness of an arrow Edgar, wrenching himself from the grasp of his captors, darted past them into the next room. A pistol was levelled, a bullet whizzed after him. Josie had seen the deadly weapon raised, and with a cry flung herself directly in the way. Now she sank prone to the floor, a red stream gushing from her temple, and while the horror-stricken group, temporarily diverted from their purpose, gathered around her, the fugitive for whom she had yielded up her life fled away into the blackness and silence of the outer night.

Poor Josie! never in her girlish days had she appeared more tranquilly smiling and lovely than when she lay, robed in white, in her rude coffin, surrounded by the fresh and beautiful flowers which kindly hands had gathered to adorn her last sleep. Those who saw that look of angelic serenity, accepted it as a token of the everlasting

peace into which she had entered, and doubted not that the clouds which had so long darkened her soul had rolled away before the beams of a glorious light which should be dimmed no more forever.

They buried her with reverential hands, and raised above her grave the memorial stone which still marks the spot. In those days it was within sight of many of the little cabins inhabited by the miners who had been her friends ; but every trace of the settlement has long since disappeared, and for many years it was left to the solitude of the forest shades, with no sound but the carol of the birds or the passing footfall of an occasional wayfarer to break the stillness that brooded over it.

"And Edgar?" I asked. "Did he escape, or was poor Josie's sacrifice a vain one?"

"My informant could give no definite account of him," said Mrs. R. "The delay caused by the shock of the unhappy accident favored his flight, and though his pursuers continued their search, they never succeeded in finding him. It was supposed that he made his way back to the Atlantic States, from one of which he originally came."

"I never heard of the Vigilance Committee before. Was there actually such an organisation at that time?"

"Yes indeed, and a very powerful one it was. Crime and lawlessness so abounded in this section of the country that it was considered necessary to take prompt measures to check them, and some of the most prominent men here were leaders of the band. It was broken up, however, soon after the occurrence I have related ; and perhaps it was well that it should be so, for its members themselves were in many cases desperate characters, and not always discriminating in their method of administering justice. Their swift and terrible vengeance was rarely, if ever, tempered by the mercy which is an attribute of these more enlightened days."

F. M. P. DEAS.

THE ANGEL OF JOY.

I.

A BIRD'S clear, flute-like singing
 Wakes me in this my day ;
 A message, softly ringing,
 Full floats the wondrous lay ;
 The song a promise bringing —
 Joy is to pass this way !

II.

A little murmur of content !
A buzz and a clash of shining wings !
On a fluttering air it came and went,
The fairy flourish of trumpets sent
By a brave, blithe soul of a bee !
'Tis wonderful, thrilling news he brings —
Joy is to come to *me* !

III.

A rose on slender stem moves slightly ;
A sweet, full rose blown lightly, lightly,
By softest summer air,
Taps and taps at the door of my heart,
While its searching fragrance pours apart
A glad and tremulous prayer !

IV.

It taps on fast at the door,
In a passionate, trembling way ;
It softly beats ; it will not take nay.
And somewhere there floats an old-time voice
Singing a tender lay !
(Oh, heart, I have heard this song before !
The loving cadences ring "Rejoice,
Rejoice in this thy day !"
I have heard the ringing of fairy-horns,
I have kissed the rose and felt the thorns,
When I thought that I had my day !)

V.

The bird and bee and breath of the rose !
The fluttering tap once more ! —
O soft, to the swell of a strain that I knew,
The latches fell and the bolts withdrew ;
— An Angel stood in the door.

VI.

The Angel of Joy !
— A thrill and leap of the pulse of life !
A bliss as keen as the pang of death ! —
The smile of a gladness above all strife,
The glow of the lip, and the floating breath,
The curl, the cheek, and the rosy hue —
The blessed joy that I loved and knew !

VII.

For the face was like a face new-risen,
 Like a lovely joy that had long since fled,
 Like an old delight I had wept as dead,
 Restored from its earthy grave and prison!
 It was the soul of a dead desire
 Come back as an angel of heavenly joy,
 The light and the laugh on the lip of the boy,
 And his wings all shining and white like fire!
 O joy of my world! I cannot sing!
 Too broken and faint the echoes ring
 Of the perfect song that is sung apart—
 That song of content, where 'neath leaves that start
 And pulse, lies a bee in a rose's heart!

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

I.

The wind is blowing up strong this way,
 Chill and sad in the silent night;
 The clouds in the sky gleam cold and gray,
 And the stars are swept from my longing sight.

II.

Hark! the wind is knocking below,
 Heavy and stern like the sound of a blow,
 While softly a voice comes, sweet and low
 —Like an Æolian harp it calls—
 It draws me; I cannot choose but go!
 Unwilling, enchanted, my footstep falls,
 Thro' my closed heart-palace's bowers and halls,
 Past my birds, my flowers, my places of rest,
 Where joy has lingered, a well-loved guest;
 Past purple and splendor and gleam of gold;
 Where lie musical instruments manifold;
 Past the glittering webs of shining thought
 Which Hope with a flashing thread has wrought;
 Thro' all my places of joyance past—
 But the wind is knocking, long, loud, and fast,
 And I open my own heart's door at last.

III.

Outside the wide earth stretches broad and dim;
The Æolian harp-voice wanders low and light;
One strong as from the ranks of Seraphim
Glooms terrible and tall thro' the dark night.

While outlines dim of folded wings I trace
Veiled, waiting, motionless, the Angel stays;
And pale and awful shines above her face
A starry cross, with purely shining rays.

Angel, with god-like majesty arrayed!
Veiled Angel, keen I feel thy steadfast eyes
—The eyes I see not—looking where afraid
And prostrate all my piteous nature lies.

It knows the guest that waits, swift-flown from God!
All bloom, all gleam, all chambers of my heart
Are God's, and open if thou bear'st His rod.
Enter, O Angel, if of Him thou art!

Enter; I greet thee in the Awful Name!
I take thy hand and lead thee where there lie
Outspread my pleasant places; dumb and tame
I guide thee:—lo! my heart!—I nought deny.

Yet leave one flower!—Here are white lilies, let
Thy cold hand blight them; lay my bright buds low;
Cut down my roses! Tread the pansies, wet
With dewy rainbows; I can see them go.

Leave but this flower—one wee thing—'tis not much,
Yet at its fragrance memory soft will thrill,
Remembering old bliss; from Sorrow's touch
I keep this flower sacred, blightless still!

Oh, my one bloom!—This too is disallowed.
Take it, ah! Angel; see, I let it go!—
Tread all my violets!—Nay, my head is bowed,
Yet am I meek, though nature trembles so.

IV.

As on we walked together, birds lay drooping;
From shining web the fading colors crept;
Across sweet instruments of music, stooping,
To make them ever mute, her fingers swept.

I led through all my old-time joyous places
 And left them sad, and full of charm no more.
 No memory dwells there now of lovely faces,
 Of tender laughter rippling there of yore.

V.

Through the last palace splendor,
 The last great glowing hall
 The Angel walks: I render
 The royal state of all;
 'Mid golden gleam and purple pall
 To the throne my steps attend her.

VI.

And Sorrow sitting thronèd in my heart
 Lifts now at last and puts aside her veil;
 My pain and anger trembling stand apart,—
 Ah! wondrous face that looks forth sad and pale!
 Ah! Heavenly Angel, none might see that face,—
 My Sorrow's face—save I, who faintly crept
 To her, and as she leaned from her high place,
 Laid close my face on Sorrow's knees and wept!

ETTA HARDY.

THE SCALAWAG.

THE evils incident to civil war do not always terminate with the cessation of actual hostilities. Pandora's box is opened by the sword, and when that is sheathed, many bitter ordeals have then to be encountered. In ancient days, on the disbanding of armies for want of legitimate employment, the boldest and most unscrupulous of the soldiery would organise themselves into predatory bands, and at the sword's point levy contributions on friend and foe alike. We know that for years succeeding each of the earlier civil wars in England, the realm was filled, from the Tweed to the Channel, with these lawless bands of freebooters. Robin Hood and his "merry men" were but representatives of a class, and the scenes enacted in Sherwood Forest were of daily occurrence on every highroad in the

kingdom. But as civilisation took the place of barbarism, and well-defined rules of law were substituted for vague feudal regulations, when the profession of arms ceased to be the only honorable calling, and when the violent wresting of property from the possession of its lawful owner met with certain and severe punishment, these knights of the greenwood no longer dared to ply their nefarious avocations. Hence in the years immediately succeeding the long contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, no associations of outlaws disturbed the peace of the commonwealth. The iron discipline of the Lord Protector preserved the strictest order throughout the length and breadth of England. But the poison implanted in the bosom of society during the long years of civil strife and commotion was surely but imperceptibly doing its dreadful work. Its effect was made manifest under the lax rule of Charles II. The country swarmed with spies, informers, and social disorganisers of every description. In the place of Robin Hood we find Titus Oates, and social marauders oscillated between the Parliament House and the Court of King's Bench, sputtering their poisonous slanders in the ears of a credulous mob. In the unsettled and abnormal condition of the public mind, the honor, peace and wellbeing of the most ancient and loyal families of the English aristocracy were put in jeopardy and too often blighted by the bald assertions of discharged serving-men and debauched habitués of red-latticed ale-houses. The moral atmosphere reeked with the foul odors of politico-religious fanaticism, and every species of persecution, to gratify personal malignity, was perpetrated under the broad canopy of the "Popish Plot."

Our civil strife has bequeathed to the good people of the South a legacy in the shape of "Scalawags," whose prototypes can nowhere be traced in all the annals of time. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" the length and breadth, the height and depth of meanness that riots in the soul of a single Scalawag. In comparison, the bold outlaws of the feudal ages and the rascal coadjutors of Oates and Bedloe were ministers of grace. Not grand, nor necessarily gloomy, but decidedly peculiar they stand out in their perfect originality, endowed with all the unblushing prominence which an excess of unmitigated race-treason can give them. A certain French prince, an aspirant for the crown, in order to ingratiate himself with the canaille of Paris, added to his baptismal name the suffix of *Egalité* and merged all of his lofty titles into the modest and unassuming one of "Citoyen." Other princes of the blood wept tears of shame at his apostasy, but the stake for which he played was a brilliant one and worthy of many sacrifices. Besides, the *sans-culottes* of the French capital were, however humble, members of the same great family to which he himself belonged. They were Caucasians all, and descendants of those hardy Franks who under Clovis and Childeric swept away every vestige of Roman supremacy. So the only point of resemblance between the Duke of Orleans and the Scalawag is to be found in the motives actuating each—one struggling for a kingly crown, the other for the portfolio of a township assessor! But how much deeper the degradation in the case of the Scalawag. He goes beyond the *pale* in the

selection of his associates ; voluntarily places himself on a level with beings of a vastly inferior order ; would erase, if he could, all the natural distinctions which a wise Creator has established between the white man and the black, and would bury and conceal his own shame beneath the universal wreck of Southern society.

As a general thing, the Scalawag tribe is made up of that class which the negroes formerly designated in most sovereign contempt, "poor white trash." In the hope of gain, they formed a political alliance, offensive and defensive, with Carpet-baggers and negroes, freely venturing on a stormy sea the little they had to lose. In amazement be it said, however, that among these scurvy fellows are to be found a few men of liberal education, good moral training, and withal scions of respectable families. With ample private means or liberal official salaries (for all the high Federal officials in the South are appointed from this class), they are personally independent of pity and defiant of scorn. But in consequence of their political affiliations, their wives and children are under the social ban ; and this is the essential bitterness in the cup they are forced to drink. But how is it with the rank and file in the noble army of Scalawags—the shrunken wretches who have neither brains to defend their guilt nor gold to gloss their shame? Go to any Southern city and examine the crowds collected in the halls and corridors of the custom-houses and post-offices. Sambo may there be seen in all his pride as a citizen and his insolence as a ward of the "nation." He boldly enters the sanctum of some United States official and *demand*s a position as a matter of right, and in case of refusal threatens to "go back" on the great man. He is not lordly, however, in his ambition, and is easily satisfied with a short term of jury-service or the emoluments of a janitor, and is raised to the seventh heaven of human felicity by an appointment as letter-carrier. He generally emerges from the inner office solaced by a promise that he knows will not be broken, and "with something in hand the while," and goes on his way rejoicing.

How vividly does his satisfaction and self-complacency contrast with the sullen despair of the poor white renegade, the social outcast and political Lazarus who may there be found seeking a stray crumb from Uncle Sam's platter. With a "lean and hungry look" he hangs around the purlieus of public offices, shivering in winter's cold and sweltering in the heat of summer, living on the meagre diet of forlorn hope, and conscience-smitten with the recollections of better days. In view of the sacrifices he has made he thinks it "unco" hard that the claims of Sambo should be preferred to his own. He, honestly no doubt, thinks himself the peer of any Sambo of them all ; but, poor fellow, he has to learn the bitter lesson that he has *no standing in court*. After swallowing all the bitter pills of Reconstruction, he finds himself still an invalid beggar. The reward of treachery, which once seemed within his grasp, recedes further away as his usefulness as a partisan becomes impaired. He soon loses his influence with the negroes, for Cuffy is shrewd enough to discover that Scalawags work for *themselves alone*. They would monopolise all the offices and honors, leaving to their sable associates the barren right of suffrage. This attempted monopoly has been strenuously and successfully re-

sisted by the colored brother, and the inevitable squabbles in the camp render the coöperation of white "Radikills" of doubtful advantage to the Republican party in the South. Hence in the distribution of official patronage the claims of "Gizzard-foot" are rated at more than their real value ; while the Scalawag, poor white trash, still is almost entirely ignored.

In casting up in their own minds the account of loss and gain, who can tell what qualms of conscience do come to torment these self-immolated victims on the shrine of an unholy craving for official pabulum? Had each succeeded in obtaining what he sought, would he have been compensated for the loss of that status so dear to every honorable man? Can money, indispensable as it is in furnishing the means of comfortable living, consecrate any and every step taken to procure it? In the alienation of early friends, and in the absence of all familiar intercourse with the best and purest in our land, many a native Southerner in high Federal office to-day has learned to his infinite humiliation that "'tis not all of life to live." How abject, then, must be the misery of those who have bartered their social standing for the promise of pottage *in futuro* and find it ever *non est*. With prospective emoluments ever throwing their glittering glamour before their eyes, they deign not to labor for their subsistence, and in consequence our cities are filled with lounging hordes of political Lazzaroni, the veritable tatterdemalions of the body-politic.

The country Scalawag is not so unblushing in his infamy as his city *confrère*. It is not that he is any better by nature — if such a thing be possible, he is rather worse — but being more isolated, with fewer opportunities for meeting with those of his kind, and uninspired by that dogged resolution which animates, even in a bad cause, the members of a powerful organisation, he is rather more amenable to public sentiment. He politticates mainly at night ; and when the sons and daughters of Ham assemble in weekly prayer-meeting, as is their wont to do, your rustic Scalawag "makes one in their midst." This is particularly the case just before the annual election of township officers ; for as a rule the modest country mouse aspires not to higher honors than these. With sanctimonious visage and devout demeanor, the graceless fellow joins in their primitive worship ; and every week, before the sable and scented conclave breaks up, *nominates himself* for the office of township assessor, clerk, or collector — the latter preferred, of course. The nomination is feebly seconded by the more gullible of the assemblage — chiefly the sisters, possible but not actual suffragans ; and the poor office-hunter creeps home in the wee sma' hours, to dream of gold and glory. He finds out on the day of election, however, that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." The newly enfranchised, in doubt as to the sincerity or abilities of the white brother, bring out secretly a candidate of their own color, and as "blood will tell," the blackamoor wins the race. Our Scalawag's religious fervor suddenly cools, his attendance at prayer-meeting is discontinued, and the places that once knew him will know him no more for at least nine months, when the office-fever comes on again, and again he travels the same old road with the same result. Some are successful, and this stimulates the rest of the hungry crew

to greater exertions and more damning sacrifices. Year after year goes on this wearing struggle for a petty place, and this constant sinking beneath the deep sea of public reprobation, till the hapless wretch passes beyond the reach of enlightened human sympathy.

No amount of insult levelled at the South can drive the Scalawag from the ranks of our oppressors. He clings convulsively to the "flesh-pots of Egypt," hoping to find therein some forgotten morsel for his own tooth. As each bill of abominations issues from an embittered partisan Congress, there is a rush and struggle among the scaly cohorts as to who shall first partake of the nauseous dose or bare his back for the lash of the tyrant, hoping that if the day of reward ever dawns, the miller's golden rule will be adopted, "first come first served." He closes his eyes to all the horrors of negro domination, and gloats exultingly over the anticipated joys of that political millennium to be ushered in by the repudiation of public and private indebtedness, with the inconsiderable addendum of social equality—that golden age when we shall know no North, no South, no East, no West, no Black, no White. These people—for they are people in a modified form, notwithstanding their little eccentricities—were not always such an unmitigated evil as they are to-day. They have grown from bad to worse by successive gradations of political and social degradation. They shuddered at the tyranny of test-oaths, writhed at the 14th and 15th amendments, but bolder now in their unblushing hardihood, they go forth with cymbal and psaltery to welcome on half-way ground the Civil Rights Bill.

Where and what were these human vermin before and during the war? This question has been often asked of late years in our Southern country. The man who, before the war, worked one day and idled two, who rarely if ever met his notes at maturity, who was a Sabbath-breaker, a debauchee, and a monster of cruelty towards negro slaves, has, since the war, degenerated into a Scalawag. Many of them joined the Southern army, but were entirely worthless as soldiers. Being actuated by no principle of duty or patriotism, they soon grew tired of the wholesome restraints of the camp; and of questionable courage, when the storm grew darkest became skulkers and deserters. Some few, it is true, exhibited high courage and shed their blood in behalf of the South; and the chiefest wonder of all is how they can now act in concert with men whose hands are red with the blood of those they once loved, and whose aim is now to dishonor every memory of the ill-fated Confederacy, and to load down with shame and oppression every gallant heart in the South. These people have all along existed as reckless and abandoned individuals; but it was not till the institution of Loyal Leagues and the enfranchisement of the blacks that, fired with the prospect of holding office, they became known as a class—with less morality than the negro, but more intelligence, and thus the duty of organising the Republican party in the South devolved upon them. It is owing to their machinations and teachings that this organisation was effected on principles of hostility to the white race, and that color-lines have been sharply drawn in every Southern State. The negroes now, feeling that they no longer need the tutorship of their early instructors, barely

recognise them as a part of their organisation. To recover their lost influence, and to make themselves felt as a power in the party, they outstrip the negro in their efforts to drag down to their own level the purity, virtue and intelligence of our own fair land. One would naturally suppose that though their hands are raised menacingly against the peace and dignity of the sterling whites of their own section, these Ishmaelites would be cemented as a brotherhood by a community of interests and aims; that being spurned by the whites and despised by the blacks, they would at least move harmoniously in their own peculiar little orbit. But such is not the fact. Let one of the tribe become a candidate for a nomination, or somehow get recommended for an appointment, and at once his brethren, with the true wolfish instinct, begin to rend him. His antecedents are overhauled, and as their lives have not been immaculate, some damaging developments are made that put an effectual quietus on the poor fellow's aspirations.

Could the public and private history of each individual Scalawag be written up, what a curious volume it would be! What an insight it would afford to all the phases of vagabondism to which these political offenders have been subjected! It would not be so replete with the sickening details of high crimes and misdemeanors as the Newgate Calendar, but it would throw a flood of light upon the occult science of demonology. But let us hope, for the sake of our race, our hopes, our ancestry and traditions, that no one will attempt to put upon record the damning evidences of degeneracy which such a history would furnish.

There is joy in the thought that the tribe is diminishing. Madened by oft-repeated disappointments, they are coming back to the White-man's party, asking to be admitted, not as office-seekers, but as humble workers. They are sincere. They are taken in, their sins are forgiven, and after being deodorised, they are freely admitted to all the rights and privileges of that party. The day is fast approaching when there will not be a single Scalawag in all the land. He will have passed away —

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind."

HERBERT BARNES.

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

RECENT activity in deep-sea exploration has brought into prominence the defects of the existing instruments for determining submarine temperatures. One important fault of the ordinary maximum and minimum thermometers, when used for this purpose, was early noticed and remedied. The glass bulb of a thermometer must be thin in order to acquire promptly the temperature of the surrounding medium. But if thin, it will be sensibly compressed when sunk in the deep sea. The mercury will thus be squeezed up in the graduated tube and make the reading higher than it ought to be. No feasible way of discovering the actual amount of this error was known. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of London, invented in 1857 "the protected-bulb thermometer," and completely removed the source of the error. They undertook to make a casing for the bulb "which should transmit temperature but resist pressure." They accordingly sealed a tube of thick glass around the bulb, leaving an intervening space, which was nearly filled with mercury. "The small space not so filled was a vacuum, into which the mercury could be expanded or forced by heat or mechanical compression, without doing injury to or even compressing the inner and much more delicate bulb."

Mr. Casella, another skilful London instrument-maker, has lately furnished the Challenger expedition with protected-bulb thermometers, in which the protecting chamber is partly filled with alcohol instead of mercury. Thereupon a somewhat heated dispute has arisen between the two houses as to priority of invention. We are not concerned with this controversy (which seems to have the slightest possible foundation) except to note what appears to be a most fortunate result of it. It seems to have stimulated Messrs. Negretti and Zambra to vindicate most nobly their claim to the former invention, by devising for the same instrument another improvement, which sets the deep-sea thermometer far forward on the road to perfection. To understand this latter invention, it is important to observe that even the protected maximum or minimum thermometer merely gives the highest or lowest temperature to which it has been exposed since its index was last adjusted, without indicating either the time, or if it has been in motion, the place at which the critical temperature occurred. Thus, if such an instrument be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it will, upon being withdrawn, exhibit by the position of its index only the extreme temperature (highest or lowest) reached somewhere between top and bottom, but not necessarily at the bottom itself, or at any other assigned depth. Now that is precisely what we "want to know." It is no doubt interesting to know the minimum temperature (for it is obviously that which is chiefly in question in these researches) in any vertical column of ocean water, but the importance of such information is vastly enhanced if we are also assured of the exact depth at which this lowest temperature exists. The two items together are in-

valuable data in discussing submarine circulation. In the absence of actual knowledge, it seems to have been heretofore assumed that the temperature of the ocean diminishes as the depth increases, so that it is coldest at the bottom. Such an hypothesis looks perilous, when we recall to mind the profound calm of the deep sea and the slowness with which exchanges are made between contiguous tranquil masses of liquid whose physical condition is but slightly different. Even in so mobile and sensitive a fluid as our atmosphere, a warm stratum may, in the absence of agitation, underlie and support a cold one for a considerable time, the transition from the one temperature to the other being wellnigh abrupt. Such questionable assumptions as we have referred to are, however, no longer necessary—thanks to the ingenuity of Messrs. N. and Z. Their new deep-sea thermometer, recently presented to the Royal Society, is a protected-bulb instrument, with an uncommonly long stem. This stem is bent upon itself near its middle point, so that what would otherwise be its top is brought down and terminates near the bulb. The entire stem or tube has thus the shape of an inverted U. The graduated scale of the thermometer is applied to the outer or reversed portion of the stem. Just at the bend of the stem its bore is considerably enlarged, so as to facilitate the transfer of mercury from one leg to the other. Immediately above the bulb there is inserted a small glass plug, which separates the mercury in the bulb from that in the tube next to it. While the plug does not impede the expansion or contraction of the liquid, it serves, when the thermometer is turned upside down, to cut off the mercury in the bulb and allow none but that in the tube to fall into the enlarged space at the bend. If now the revolution of the instrument be continued in the proper direction until it again becomes upright, the liquid in the bend will pass into and remain in the outer or descending graduated branch of the stem, where its height may be read as in an ordinary thermometer. Thus, if after submerging the instrument we could capsize it when we pleased, it would obviously bring up with it a register of the temperature of the place where it was turned over. The inventors have contrived a simple means of effecting this revolution at any instant when the operator desires to do so. He has simply to begin drawing up the line and the thing is done. The contrivance for turning the thermometer is the following: To a short piece of wood or metal is attached a small rudder or vane. This vane is placed on a pivot in connection with a second, and on this second pivot is mounted the thermometer. The vane will necessarily lag behind, as vanes do, and so point upward in the descent—but reverse its position when it begins to ascend. This half-turn of the vane gives a whole turn to the thermometer on its own pivot in the proper direction. The new instrument has other recommendations. It has no solid index, such as the old ones had, to be displaced by jerks or collisions, or to slip or stick when it ought not to do so. It contains no liquid but mercury, and cannot be put out of order by transportation or careless handling. In short, if the inventors do not overstate its actually-tested advantages, they have made the most valuable contribution of recent times to the appliances for deep-sea research.

— Dr. Carpenter assumes that the temperature indicated by a minimum thermometer drawn up from the sea is the temperature of the greatest depth it has reached. So apparently does Capt. Nares of H. M. S. *Challenger*, in his recent report on the thermal stratification of the water of the Atlantic ocean. Granting the assumption for a moment, the report reaches some interesting conclusions. The temperatures cited were determined by taking soundings for every 100 fathoms down to a depth of 1500 fathoms, and below that for every 250 fathoms. Capt. N. has constructed, with such data and postulata, the isothermal beds of the Atlantic. It appears that the greater part of this ocean consists of polar water, for it was everywhere found that at a depth greater or less, but always moderate, a temperature was attained that was much lower than the mean winter temperature of the surface above. Observations in the Mediterranean had shown that in seas cut off from the Polar basins the submarine temperature never fell below the "isochimenal" limit. The temperature of the deep sea in the South Atlantic is lower than that in the North Atlantic, and the Polar water in the former rises nearer to the surface — circumstances easily referrible to the wide communication existing between the former and the antarctic zone and the restricted connection between the latter and the arctic basin. It was found, too, that near the equator the cold water is encountered much nearer the surface than it is in extra-tropical latitudes. The isotherm of 40° F. rises there to within 300 fathoms of the surface. Dr. Carpenter believes that the chilled surface water in the Polar basins sinks by its superior density, giving place to superficial inflow of waters nearer the equator, which in turn are cooled and descend. Thus a general drift from equator towards either pole is established, and of course a corresponding creep of the bottom cold water along the floor of the ocean from poles toward equator. These sluggish submarine floods meet near the equator and rise to the surface, causing the peculiar thickening of the cold bed before noticed. It is an exaggeration to term these vast and indolent exchanges currents or streams. They are wholly distinct from that superficial copy of atmospheric currents termed by Maury "the rivers of the ocean." Contrasted with them, the most colossal of these shrink into mere pygmies.

F. H. S.

REVIEWS.

Shelby's Expedition to Mexico. An Unwritten Leaf of the War. By John N. Edwards. Kansas City, Mo.

“WHAT follows may read like a romance,” says the author in his first line; and it does, in truth, read so like a romance, that did it not record the acts and sufferings of a body of men as desperately brave and as wildly adventurous as any whom the world has known, in such a country as Mexico, which it seems to have pleased Providence to place under the control of the fiends of the pit, we should say the writer was merely devising a story to dazzle the fancy and stir the blood with deeds of desperate valor, with hair-breadth escapes, with splendors of tropical scenery, and horrors of Mexican cruelty. As it is, we can not avoid the suspicion, that the author, after the manner of Victor Hugo, whose style he has taken for his model, has thrown some arabesques of a lively imagination around and among his historical figures.

After the surrender of Appomattox, there was held a meeting of the officers of the Trans-Mississippi Army at Marshall, Texas, in which it was resolved that the command should be transferred from Gen. Kirby Smith to Gen. Buckner, and that the forces should concentrate on the Brazos River. Gen. Smith consented to the change; but in a few days resumed command and surrendered the army. When Gen. J. O. Shelby, who commanded a division of Missouri cavalry, heard of this, he called for volunteers for Mexico, and was joined by a thousand men, whom he armed and equipped.

At the head of these he commenced his march through Texas. On their march they found the towns where commissary stores had been collected, and which were still under guard, beset by mobs of renegades and ruffians intent on plunder. Shelby resolved that these stores should be given to the families of soldiers; but it took some rough work. For instance, at Waxahatchie:—

Here Maurice Langhorne kept guard. Langhorne was a Methodist turned soldier. . . . He was always orthodox. His pistol-practice was superb. During his whole five years' service he never missed his man.

He was surrounded by a furious mob who clamored for admission into the building where the stores were. “Go away,” said Langhorne, mildly. His voice was soft enough for a preacher; his looks bad enough for a backslider.

They fired on him a close, hot volley. Wild work followed, for with such men how could it be otherwise? No matter who fell, nor the number of the dead and dying, Langhorne held the town that night, the day following, and the next night. There was no more mob: a deep peace came to the neighborhood.

At Austin there was a sub-treasury of the Confederate government, with \$300,000 in specie in its vaults, and this was attacked at night by a company of guerillas. But Shelby was near at hand, and fell upon them just as they had broken in the doors and were plundering the treasure. All the robbers were killed. Governor Murrah offered the

treasure to Shelby's command, as the last organised body of Confederates in Texas ; but Shelby refused, though he and his men were about marching, penniless, into a strange land.

On their march many other officers and soldiers joined them, and whole Federal regiments sent messages asking Shelby to await their disbandment, as they would take service under him to fight in Mexico. His original plan was to join the Juaristas ; and when they reached the Rio Grande he had an interview with Governor Biesca, commanding Coahuila, in which the latter offered him the military control of the States of Coahuila, Tamaulipas and New Leon, if he would support Juarez. This proposition he submitted to his subordinates ; but they unanimously declared their preference for Maximilian, and their leader yielded to their wishes and commenced his march for Monterey, through a land now swarming with enemies.

Fighting their way through an ambuscade at the ford of the Salinas, and after some desultory skirmishing on the road, at last they reached Monterey, where the French General Jeanningros was in command, with a garrison of five thousand. "Jeanningros was a soldier who spoke English, who had gray hair, who drank absinthe, who had been in the army thirty years, who had been wounded thirteen times, and who was only a general of brigade. His discipline was all iron. Those who transgressed, those who were found guilty at night, were shot in the morning. He never spared what the court-martial had condemned." This truculent warrior was ill-disposed toward Shelby's men, because they had sold some cannon and other arms to Governor Biesca ; however, he reflected, like the Nurembergers of old, that before you can hang a man, it is necessary to catch him, and these men were not caught yet.

When within a mile of the French outposts, Shelby sent Jeanningros, by flag of truce, the following communication :

GENERAL JEANNINGROS, Commander at Monterey. General :—I have the honor to report that I am within one mile of your fortifications with my command. Preferring exile to surrender, I have left my own country to seek service in that held by His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Maximilian. Shall it be peace or war between us ? If the former, and with your permission, I shall enter your lines at once, claiming at your hands the courtesy due from one soldier to another. If the latter, I propose to attack you immediately.

Very respectfully,

JO. O. SHELBY.

Gen. Jeanningros' answer was—"Tell your General to march in immediately. He is the only soldier that has yet come out of Yankeedom."

Jeanningros received the Americans courteously, but would not take the responsibility of receiving them into the Emperor's service, but sent them on to the interior. As they drew near Parras, they had a sharp attack by *guerrilleros* one rainy night, which is thus described :—

Dick Collins, James Kirtley, George Winship and James Meadow were on picquet duty at the mouth of a canyon on the north. They were peerless soldiers, and they knew how to keep their powder dry. The unseen moon had gone down, and the rain and the wind warred with each other. Some black objects rose up between the eyes of Winship on the outermost post, and the murky clouds, yet a little light, above the darker jaws of the canyon. Weather-proof Winship spoke to Collins :

"There is game afoot. No peaceful thing travels on such a devil's night as this."

The four men gathered closer together, watching. Of a sudden a tawny and straggling kind of flame leaped out from the canyon and showed the faces of the Americans, one to another. They were all resolute and determined. They told how the dauntless four meant to stand there, and fight there, and die there, if needs be, until the sleeping camp could get well upon its feet. Sheltered a little by the darkness, and more by the rocks before and around them, they held desperately on, four men fighting two hundred. The strange combat waxed hotter and closer. Under the murky night the guerillas crawled ever nearer and nearer. Standing closely together the Americans fired at the flashes of the Mexican muskets. As yet they had not resorted to their revolvers. Trained to perfection in the use of Sharp's carbines, their guns seemed always loaded. Collins spoke first in his quaint, characteristic way:

"Boys, it's hot despite the rain."

"It will be hotter," answered Winship.

Then the wild work commenced again. This time they could not load their carbines. The revolvers had taken part in the *mélée*. Kirtley was hit badly in the left arm, Collins was bleeding from an ugly wound in the right shoulder, Meadow and Winship each were struck slightly, and the guerillas were ready for the death grapple. Neither thought of giving one inch of ground. The wind blew furiously and the rain poured down. At the moment when the final rush had come, the piercing notes of Shelby's bugle were heard, and clearer and nearer and deadlier the great shout of an oncoming host, leaping swiftly forward to the rescue. Past the four men on guard, Shelby leading, the tide poured into the pass. What happened there the daylight revealed. It was sure enough and ghastly enough to satisfy all, and better for some if the sunlight had never uncovered to kindred eyes the rigid corpses lying stark and stiff where they had fallen.

All at once a furious fire of musketry was heard in the rear, and in amid the tethered horses. Again the bugle's notes were heard, and again Shelby's rallying voice rang out:

"Countermarch for your lives. Make haste! — make haste! — the very clouds are raining Mexicans to-night."

It was a quarter of a mile to the camp. The swiftest men got there first. Sure enough the attack had been a most formidable one. Slayback and Cundiff held the post in the rear and were fighting desperately. On foot, in the darkness, and attacked by four hundred guerillas well acquainted with the whole country, they had yet neither been surprised nor driven back. Woe unto the horses if they had, and horses were as precious gold. Attracted only by the firing, and waiting for no orders, there had rushed to the rearward post McDougall, Fell, Dorsey, Macey, Ras Wood, Charley Jones, Vines, Armistead and Elliott. Some aroused from their blankets, were hatless and bootless. Inglehardt snatched a lighted torch from a sheltered fire and attempted to light the way. The rain put it out. Henry Chiles, having his family to protect, knew, however, by instinct that the rear was in danger, and pressed forward with Jim Wood and the Berry brothers. Langhorne, from the left, bore down with John and Martin Kritzer, where he had been all night with the herd, keeping vigilant watch. In the impenetrable darkness the men mistook each other. Moreland fired upon George Hall and shot away the collar of his overcoat. Hall recognised his voice and made himself known to him. Jake Conner, with the full swell and compass of his magnificent voice, struck up, "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," until, guided by the music of the song, the detached parties came together in the gloom and pressed on rapidly to the rear.

It was time. Slayback and Cundiff, having only a detachment of twelve men, nine of whom were killed or wounded, were half surrounded. They, too, had refused to fall back. In the rain — in the darkness — having no authorised commander — fired on from three sides — ignorant of the number and the positions of their assailants, they yet charged furiously in a body and drove everything before them. When Shelby arrived with reinforcements the combat was over. It had been the most persistent and bloody of the Expedition. Calculating their chances well, the guerillas had attacked simultaneously from the front and rear, and fought with a tenacity unknown before in their history. The horses were the prize, and right furiously did they struggle for them. Close, reckless fighting alone saved the camp and scattered the desperate robbers in every direction among the mountains,

Col. Dupreuil, in command at Parras, had received orders from Marshal Bazaine to stop and turn back the Americans, or if they refused to return, to order them to report to him in Mexico. These instructions, offensively announced by Dupreuil, led to a quarrel between him and Shelby, which would have resulted in a duel, had not Gen. Jeanningros opportunely appeared and put Dupreuil under arrest.

Arriving near Matehuala, they heard the sound of heavy firing, and discovered that it was held by a small French garrison, and closely besieged by about two thousand guerillas. Two scouts managed to get into the French lines, after being chased by the Mexicans, and received with a volley by the French, who had no idea who they were. They soon came to an understanding with Capt. Pierron in command, and the next morning Shelby came down and took the attacking force in the rear, while hotly engaged with the garrison, never dreaming of these new adversaries.

At Linares happened a thing which we should like to extract at length, but must condense considerably. In Shelby's command was a desperado named Thraillkill who had fought through the war under a little black flag, embroidered in the crown of his hat. A quarrel arose between him and a comrade named West, and a duel was to be fought at sunset with revolvers. One of these was to be loaded, and one empty, and they were drawn from under a blanket. The drawing was done at once, and Thraillkill drew the loaded weapon. At noon a great cock-fight was given by the Alcalde in honor of Shelby. The two duellists were there, and their respective seconds, Berry and Gillette.

The bugle sounded and the weighing began. The sport was new to many of the spectators—to a few it was a sealed book. Twenty-five cocks were matched—all magnificent birds, not so large as those fought in America, but as pure in game and as rich in plumage. There, too, the fighting is more deadly, that is to say, it is more rapid and fatal. The heels used have been almost thrown aside here. In the north and west absolutely—in New Orleans very nearly so. These heels, wrought of the most perfect steel and curved like a scimeter, have an edge almost exquisite in its keenness. They cut asunder like a sword-blade. Failing in instant death, they inflict mortal wounds. Before there is mutilation there is murder.

To the savage reality of combat there was added the atoning insincerities of music. These diverted the drama of its premeditation, and gave to it an air of surprise that, in the light of an accommodating conscience, passed unchallenged for innocence. In Mexico the natives rarely ask questions—the strangers never.

Shelby seated himself by the side of the Alcalde, the first five or six notes of a charge were sounded and the battle began. Thereafter with varying fortunes it ebbed and flowed through all the long afternoon. Aroused into instant championship, the Americans espoused the side of this or that bird, and lost or won as the fates decreed. There was but scant gold among them, all counted, but twenty dollars or twenty thousand, it would have been the same. A nation of born gamblers, it needed not a cock-fight to bring all the old national traits uppermost. A dozen or more were on the eve of wagering their carbines and revolvers, when a sign from Shelby checked the unsoldierly impulse and brought them back instantly to a realisation of duty.

Thraillkill had lost heavily—that is to say every dollar he owned on earth. West had won without cessation—won in spite of his judgment, which was often adverse to the wagers he laid. In this, maybe, Fate was but flattering him. Of what use would all his winnings be after the sunset?

It was the eighteenth battle, and a magnificent cock was brought forth who had the crest of an eagle and the eye of a basilisk. More sonorous than the bugle, his voice had blended war and melody in it. The glossy ebony of his plumage needed only the sunlight to make it a mirror where courage might have arrayed

itself. In an instant he was everybody's favorite—in his favor all the odds were laid. Some few clustered about his antagonist—among them a sturdy old priest, who did what he could to stem the tide rising in favor of the bird of the beautiful plumage.

Infatuated like the rest, Thraikill would have staked a crown upon the combat; he did not have even so much as one *real*. The man was miserable. Once he walked to the door and looked out. If at that time he had gone forth, the life of West would have gone with him, but he did not go. As he returned he met Gillette, who spoke to him:

"You do not bet, and the battle is about to begin."

"I do not bet because I have not won. The pitcher that goes eternally to a well is certain to be broken at last."

"And yet you are fortunate."

Thraikill shrugged his shoulders and looked at his watch. It wanted an hour yet of the sunset. The tempter still tempted him.

"You have no money, then. Would you like to borrow?"

"No."

Gillette mused awhile. They were tying on the last blades, and the old priest had cried out:

"A doubloon to a doubloon against the black cock!"

Thraikill's eyes glistened. Gillette took him by the arm. He spoke rapidly, but so low and distinct that every word was a thrust:

"You do not want to kill West—the terms are murderous—you have been soldiers together—you can take the priest's bet—here is the money. But," and he looked him fair in the face, "if you win you pay me—if you lose I have absolute disposal of your fire."

"Ah!" and the guerilla straightened himself up all of a sudden, "what would you do with my fire?"

"Keep your hands clean from innocent blood, John Thraikill. Is not that enough?"

The money was accepted, the wager with the priest was laid, and the battle began. When it was over the beautiful black cock lay dead on the sands of the arena, slain by the sweep of one terrific blow, while over him, in pitiless defiance, his antagonist, dun in plumage and ragged in crest and feather, stood a victor, conscious of his triumph and his prowess.

The sun was setting, and two men stood face to face in the glow of the crimsoning sky. On either flank of them a second took his place, a look of sorrow on the bold bronze face of Berry, the light of anticipation in the watchful eyes of the calm Gillette. Well kept, indeed, had been the secret of the tragedy. The group who stood alone on the golden edge of the evening were all who knew the ways and the means of the work before them. West took his place as a man who had shaken hands with life and knew how to die. Thraikill had never been merciful, and this day of all days were the chances dead against a moment of pity or forgiveness.

The ground was a little patch of grass beside a stream, having trees in the rear of it, and trees over beyond the reach of the waters running musically to the sea. In the distance there were houses from which peaceful smoke ascended. Through the haze of the gathering twilight the sound of bells came from the homeward-plodding herds, and from the fields the happy voices of the reapers.

West stood full front to his adversary—certain of death. He expected nothing beyond a quick and a speedy bullet—one which would kill without inflicting needless pain.

The word was given. Thraikill threw his pistol out, covered his antagonist once fairly, looked once into his eyes, and saw that they did not quail, and then, with a motion as instantaneous as it was unexpected, lifted it up overhead and fired in the air.

Gillette had won his wager.

Arrived at the City of Mexico, Shelby, accompanied by Com. Maury and Gen. Magruder, had an interview with Maximilian and Bazaine, in which he proposed to take immediate service under him, and recruit an army of Americans to replace the French when they were withdrawn. He had (our author says) authority for saying that the government of the United States would not be averse to this, nor

to the Emperor's consolidating his Empire by such an army. If this be correctly reported, it is only another instance of Seward's unfathomable falsehood and treachery. However, Maximilian at that time believed in Mexico and Mexicans, and was unwilling to replace one foreign army by another, so Shelby's offer was rejected, and the object for which they had marched so far, and fought so hard, was refused them. The expedition was at an end. Bazaine, by whose orders they had come from Parras, gave the men fifty dollars apiece from his army chest, and the organisation was dissolved.

Many of the men now settled as colonists in the tract of land set apart for American immigrants, and named Carlota, after the Empress, others in the City of Mexico. Shelby became a freight-contractor, and established a line of wagons between Paso del Macho and the capital. But his fighting was not over yet. Having come in charge of a supply-train from Mexico to San Luis Potosí, where Gen. Douay was in command, he was sent forward with twenty men and ten wagons to Cesnola, an outlying post garrisoned by Col. Dupreuil, his old antagonist of Parras. But the guerillas were up, between the two points, some two thousand strong, and a body of them attacked him, compelling him to take refuge in an abandoned *hacienda*, fortifying himself as well as he could, and sent back three men after dark to report the state of affairs to Douay, some thirty miles off, and ask assistance. They reached Douay, and were on the way back with three squadrons of chasseurs and a section of flying artillery before the sun rose.

It was time. Shelby, of his whole force of twenty men, had only fifteen left. Two had been wounded, and three had been sent back to San Luis Potosi for succor. Of the wagons he had formed a corral. Between the wheels and in front and rear he had piled up sand-bags. Among the freight destined for Dupreuil's outpost were several hundred sacks of corn. These were emptied, filled again with sand and laid two deep all about the wagons. No musket-ball could penetrate them, and the guerillas had no artillery.

A summons came to him for surrender.

Shelby parleyed all he could. He dreaded a charge where, from sheer momentum, five hundred sheep might overrun, and, perhaps, crush fifteen men. A renegade priest named Ramon Guitierrez, having the name of a blood-thirsty priest and the fame of a cowardly one, too, commanded the besiegers. Before Shelby would talk of surrender he wanted to see some show of force. His honor did not permit a capitulation without his reason was convinced that to resist would be madness. In other words, he wanted on his side the logic and the reasonableness of war.

Guitierrez took a look at the sand-bags, and thought Shelby's propositions very fair. He took another and a closer look, having in his vision this time the gleaming of fifteen rifle-barrels and the rising and falling of rough, hairy faces above the parapets of the hastily constructed fort, and he concluded to accept it. To be very certain of passing in review all the men he had, he marched about in various directions and in the most conspicuous places for several hours—precious hours they were, too, and worth a week of ordinary time to those who never meant to surrender, but who expected to fight desperately, maybe unavailingly, before the friendly succor came.

When the parade was over Guitierrez sent word to ask if Shelby would surrender.

No, he would not. He had counted some five hundred ill-armed *rancheros*, and he meant to fight them to the death. Firing at long range commenced. The Americans did not reply to it. The sun was too hot for the kind of work that did not pay in corpses. Emboldened by this silence, the Mexicans crept closer and closer. Here and there a bullet found its way into the fort. Volley answered volley now, and then the noise died out into calm, cold, cautious skirmishing.

Shelby had mounted two dark-looking logs at either angle of the *corral*, and these, from a distance, looked like cannon. It might not be best to charge them, and so Guitierrez crept backwards and forwards until the day wore well on its way. Suddenly he gathered together his followers and made a little speech to them. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Both Ward and Jones, who had been wounded the day before, had insisted on holding an embrasure between them. They had strength enough to load and fire their breech-loaders, and they were not refused. Every bullet counted in the desperate *melée*.

With a shrill, short yell the Mexicans dashed forward to the attack. Had the wave held on its course it would have inundated the earthwork. It broke, however, before it reached half-way across the open space behind which it had gathered for the onset. Those in front began to fire too soon, and those in the rear, not seeing from the smoke what was really in front, fired, too, and without aim or object. With unloaded guns they dared not go on — the fire of the Americans was distressing beyond endurance — the wave broke itself into fragments — and the sun sunk lower and lower.

"Nearly out of the wilderness, boys," Shelby said, as his wary and experienced eyes took in the outline of the spent charge as it made itself clear against the range of hills in rear of it.

"We need water greatly," Ras Woods ejaculated, his mouth parched and his face black with powder-smoke.

"In an hour you shall drink your fill," replied Shelby, "for in an hour the French will be here."

"But if Kirtley has fallen."

"He will not fall. Luck goes with him everywhere. What's that?"

He pointed as he spoke to a sudden agitation and fluttering among the masses of the besiegers, who were now galloping furiously to and fro, utterly without a head and heedless of all threat or command.

"Ah!" and Shelby's face cleared up all at once, as he turned to Woods, "you can go out for water now, the fight is over."

Before he had finished, the full, ringing notes of the French bugles were heard, and in a moment more the squadrons emerged from the trees, galloping straight and in beautiful order toward the guerillas.

There was no combat after the French appeared. What killing was done was done solely upon those who were too slow in the race, and who could not reach the rocks in time that rose up on three sides as a series of walls that had once been laid with much symmetry and had fallen in rugged yet regular masses in some great convulsion or upheaval of nature. Nowhere in fair fight was a Mexican cut down, nor at no single time did even a squad rally among the rocks and fire back upon the pursuing cavalry. The panic at last degenerated into a stampede, while the impenetrable groves of cactus shrubs and the broken and uninhabitable country swallowed up the fugitives. The chase soon ended and the French returned.

These two rescuing squadrons were led by Captain Mésillon, whose orders were very full and explicit. He was first to cut Shelby out from the hostile forces which surrounded him, and next to report to Shelby and march whithersoever Shelby directed.

The French rarely put faith in foreign officers. Their vanity — a kind of national inheritance — recognised no merit like French merit — no superiority in war, politics, diplomacy, love or religion like French superiority. Hence, where Frenchmen are concerned, they invariably insist that Frenchmen shall alone be responsible. In this instance, however, Douay wrote this manner of a note to Shelby:

"To complete the conquest of Colonel Depreuil, of whose bearing towards you at Parras I have been duly informed by Gen. Jeanningros, I choose that he shall owe his life to you. Capt. Mésillon awaits your orders. I need not advise you to be circumspect, and to tell you to take your own time and way to reach Cesnola and bring my Frenchmen back to me, for whom, I imagine, there is no great love in the hearts of its inhabitants."

Mésillon reported, and Shelby put himself at the head of the Cuirassiers.

"Since Depreuil has to come out from Cesnola," Shelby remarked to the young French Captain, "and since Gen. Douay expects us to make haste and bring him out, there is no need to take our wagons further. Guitierrez has been too badly frightened to return here much under a month, and beyond his forces I can hear of no others in the mountains round about. We will let the wagons, therefore, remain where they are, forage and rest here until the night falls, and then — strength-

"Get out with your book!" exclaimed Button, slapping down the cover of the book and giving it a slide so angry and vicious that it flew quite over the edge of the table.

Jacox caught it neatly in the air, laid it right back where it was before, open just the same, and went straight on in exactly the same tone, barely making a semicolon at the interruption.

"—As I was saying; now for instance; your daughter hears somebody say the Bible's a humbug; she's a young innocent girl and don't know good and evil. Or your son, and he thinks it's smart to be an independent thinker. But when they come home and ask you or their mother about it, you just look up the points in this book and you set 'em all right, and save a fine young fellow that you've set your heart on, from going head first into infidelity, and all the wickedness that generally goes along with it."

"—You see," broke off Jacox, all of a sudden, "this is no fair shakes. I haven't studied up the book. I don't know anything about it at all. I can't sell a book that I don't understand. Neither could you: nor anybody. I can't preach at random."

"You've done very well, Mr. Jacox," said Button with a smile — "That's jest what I was a waitin' to hear ye say. I was a lookin' to see how long you could run your mill without any grist in't. You're the man I want, I guess. You ain't afraid, and you don't get upset, and you don't lose your temper. And if you'd a had the fax about that book well in your mind, how long would you have hung on to me?"

A fell look of bull-dog tenacity settled in the queer light-blue eyes of the little man as he answered with his teeth set together,

"Till I had your name down for one or more copies, unless I died first."

"Wal," said Mr. Button; "that's extremely satisfactory."

A striking sketch is that of the members of the *Solidarité de l'Avenir*:

They were terribly skinny, indeed, almost all of them, with hollow eyes, lank cheeks, and frames as spare as if the assembly was a congress of clothes-horses. Adrian fancied they had all been desiccated in some hot dry air, and he had a feeling as if it was still playing about them. Sensitive to impressions and atmospheres, he seemed almost to feel that his own lips and his eyes were beginning to parch a little; that he was beginning to dry up in the heat that seemed to quiver in the crowded room. In truth he had entered into a new world; the thin ghostly windy overheated oven-dried world of Talking Reform Enthusiasts, that he had so often heard of, but had never really touched and felt; that strange unreal buzz, of mere good intention with so little morality or religion mingling in't, so little positive constructive intellect, above all so infinitely less of real power — of common sense. A fantastic realm is theirs, situated, like the Nephelococcygia, the cloud-bird-land of Aristophanes, between the heavens and the earth. Here they flit, with no footing on the one and no reach into the other, yet with a feeling that like the Birds of the witty Greek dramatist they are managing both. But they have no hold. Like the ghosts that flocked about Ulysses at the entrance to Hades, their own unsubstantiality repels them when they try to grasp. A curious further detail or two of analogy might be traced between those melancholy Odyssean shades and our Talking Enthusiasts of to-day. They are querulous; there is something remote and thin in all their utterances; they gibber; and some of them at least — such as the extreme Red Republicans for instance, make their nearest approach to a substantial and efficient life by drinking warm blood.

Another trait in this assembly was very striking to Adrian. This was the exceptional forms of the heads. In a State legislature, in the representative deliberative assembly of a powerful religious sect, the large average size of the heads may be noticeable, or their average height — and sometimes their average baldness; but they are almost all heads that do not greatly vary from a usual form. But the *Solidarité* looked in this particular like the head-maker's lumber-room for bad jobs. Some of the people had over-large brains on thin weak necks; some of the heads were small and over-intense; some were oddly high and narrow; some bulged upward and forward; some were cut short off in a perpendicular line close behind the ears; some shot out in a shelving slope over the eyes; some poked up and back into a peak at the crown.

There are many other sketches quite as well worth quoting if we had the room.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism, and the Pathology and Treatment of Mediomania. Two Lectures by Frederic R. Marvin, M. D. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co.

THIS is a book which we should be glad to know had a wide circulation, for it is a clear, scientific, and vigorous attack on one of the most pernicious and degrading superstitions of the day. In the first lecture Dr. Marvin analyses the doctrines of modern Spiritism, shows how ridiculously absurd they are when stripped of the cloud of indefinite verbiage into which their expounders, cuttle-fish-like, always plunge when challenged to a statement. He shows that, so far from being a protest against materialism, which is a favorite assertion with its defenders, their conceptions of spirit are more degrading, and quite as materialistic, as those of the most extreme materialists. As for the so-called "evidence"—the table-tipping performances, and the like—he treats it with the contempt that it deserves, rightly saying that no gyrations, however eccentric, of pieces of furniture can afford any proof of the presence of disembodied or unembodied spirits. The only point to which we can object is that he seems disposed to admit that the will of certain persons can affect material substances, move tables and the like, without muscular action on the part of the mover. Dr. Marvin's physiological knowledge should have taught him better. It is true that his will can move the table at which he writes; but for effecting that result he is provided with a most complex apparatus for translating the will into physical force: first the brain, then the spinal cord, the afferent and efferent nerves with their ganglia and terminal fibrillae, the muscles which contract according to the nerve-impulse, the articulated skeleton with its ligaments, which is the mechanical instrument moved by the nerves. For Dr. Marvin, knowing as he does the wondrous complexity and perfection of this apparatus, to assert that certain persons can dispense with it all, and move bodies about by the will alone, is as absurd as it would be to say that though the wing is an admirable organ of flight, there might be birds who could do without it, and soar by their will only; or to admit (which he will not consent to do) that a "medium" can dispense with the eye, and read by the back of the hand. If he believes that the Almighty created man with his nervous apparatus, he virtually charges Him with folly in making a useless organ, whose work can be better done without it. If he holds to the doctrine that the human type arose by natural selection, how is it that the most perfect and efficient apparatus has not become the rule?—that the most favored individuals have not gradually determined the type? For it is clear that a tribe of savages who by their mere will could topple down rocks on their enemy's heads, or cause stones to leap up and smite them, would soon get the upper hand of less favored tribes.

And we have a right to make this reference to savage tribes, for as Mr. Tyler has shown, all this spiritual superstition is really a revival of savagery. Mediums, mysterious knockings, untying of knots, visions of spirits, clairvoyance, &c., are a part of the culture of savage races; and the modern medium is the exact counterpart of the Samoiede or Grebo conjuror, as his believers are the counterpart of the gaping savages that surround him.

for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. One of the witnesses was an Irishman, who swore the man was drunk. "Did you see him drinking?" "No, sir." "How then do you know he was drunk?" "Well, surr, there was a kind of a *mistellaneous* look about his eyes!"

The other incident happened in Mexico. A party of cavalry was fording a rather dangerous stream, when one of the horses losing his footing, was swept away by the current. Presently he brought up against a little island, on the bank of which he managed to get his front feet, but could not draw himself up on account of the weight of his rider, an Irishman, who with eyes starting from their sockets, clung to the mane, amid the horse's terrified efforts. The officer shouted at him: "Get off the horse, you fool! If he falls back into the stream you will both drown!" "And how *can* I get off?" yelled Pat. "Sure an' it's as much as I can do to kape on!"

DID any one ever think of Napoleon III. as a novelist? Yet, if the French journals tell the truth, there was found among his papers a sketch by his own hand of a novel, intended to exalt his administration. The hero was to be a M. Benoit, an honest grocer, who had been living in the United States ever since 1847, and returns to France in 1868. He had heard of the great changes that had taken place in his native country, but being bitterly prejudiced against the Empire, expects to find France in a far worse condition than he had left it under Louis Philippe. Arriving in the harbor of Brest, he sees several ugly black monsters floating in the water like antediluvian turtles, and asks what they are. "Those," answers the captain, "are the iron-clads, a kind of ship-of-war invented by the Emperor, and impenetrable to balls. This invention has to a great degree destroyed England's naval supremacy." So in succession he is shown, with ever-increasing astonishment, an election by the people, the great lines of railroad, the electric telegraph, the fortifications and the embellishments of Paris, etc., until in the end, as a matter of course, he becomes an enthusiastic Imperialist.

DRAMATISTS careless of the unities often hurry Time forward, but has any but Byron ever put Time backward? In the next to the last scene of his *Marino Faliero*, he shows us that doge brought out to the portico of the Ducal Palace to be decapitated. He makes a rather long and eloquent speech, and the scene closes as the executioner lifts his sword. In the next scene we are taken back a half hour or so; are shown a crowd of citizens in the Piazza of St. Mark watching to see the Doge come out, listening to the speech that he had just spoken, and witnessing the execution. It was a bold but not very adroit expedient to reconcile the proprieties of the drama with the facts of history; to keep the actual decapitation off the stage, and yet allow the culprit to appear and speak from the place where it really took place.

THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1874.

THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK I.—THE PICTURE CARDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

D. W. C. STRATTON.

THE author hopes the announcement of a new name at the head of this chapter will not appal the reader. Although now formally presented for the first time, Mr. De Witt Clinton Stratton has been mentioned once or twice already in the preceding pages. That he had to come prominently into view has been well known to the author from the beginning; and he has been kept in the background about as long as he would stay. The truth is that the author has been profoundly conscious of the unmanageableness of this new character, and desired to get the foundations of the story fairly laid before he allowed this restive gentleman to disport himself among the orderly people already introduced.

Mr. Stratton was an American, born in New York and reared in Virginia. He thus "hailed" from two Empire States, and was a queer mixture of New Yorker and Southerner. He had spent several years in Germany, the last three at the same University with Merton and Wailes, and, as has already been related, was rather seriously wounded in a small-sword duel with the former. When the English lads left the University, Stratton was still abed with his wound. Radcliffe did not concern himself about his late antagonist, but Wailes paid him a final visit at his lodgings on the eve of their departure, and offered his services to the pale-faced invalid with hearty good-will.

"Are you going to-morrow, Wailes?" asked Stratton.

"Yes."

"Is Merton going with you?"

"Yes; that is, as far as Paris. I am going to England."

"Well," drawled the American, "I'm glad you will be parted. That fellow Merton—"

"Is my friend, Stratton."

"Yes. I know you hang to him. I don't want to separate you, and I'll say nothing against him; only—"

"Only what?" said Wailes, as he paused.

"Only that he would steal a sick nigger's soup if the chance offered. There, there! I'll say no more. You will find him out in due time."

"You are soured now, Stratton, because he gave you that ugly poke in the side. But this foolish duel was forced upon you both by these Dutchmen. You will forget all about it when you get well, which I hope will be soon."

"Did the Dutchmen select those miserable frog-skewers instead of broadswords? Ah, no! Mr. Merton knew that I had no acquaintance with the weapon."

"I assure you, Stratton," said Trump, eagerly, "that Merton and I agreed six months ago that we would stick to the foils if we had any more fights. You know I took the small-sword in my last encounter."

"Yes. And you encountered that Austrian fellow, who was considered the best small-sword in the University; and you ended the fight by bleeding him in the arm instead of boring a hole in his lungs. Well, well! let it pass; I will wait awhile."

There was a grim expression on his pale face that was ominous. Trumpley left Germany on the following morning.

While Wailes was waiting for the return of the foreign letters, with instructions as to the answers, Chunk ushered a stranger into his room.

"Furrin gent, sir," said Chunk, and vanished.

A tall man walked up to the desk. His face was covered with beard, and he was fragrant with fumes of tobacco. He quietly took the seat Wailes offered, looked steadily at him a few minutes, and then put out his hand.

"I did not expect to light on you here, Wailes," said the "furrin gent," in very good English.

"Stratton!" answered Wailes, grasping his offered hand. "I should never have known you but for your voice; you are as unlike yourself as possible. Where in the world did you get all that beard?"

"It just grew, Wailes. But I have lost my identity otherwise since we parted. My name is Clinton. Will you oblige me by forgetting the Stratton?"

"What do you mean?" said Trump.

"Oh, it's all legal. There was a man in my country called De Witt Clinton. My uncle, my mother's brother, was named Clinton, and he was an admirer of the other, who has been dead a century or two, I believe. Anyhow, my uncle claimed kindred, and I got my name—I mean my *pronomina*—by his influence. He died a year ago and left me some money, requiring me to drop my patronymic.

I am now duly authorised by the Legislature of Virginia to call myself De Witt Clinton."

He produced some papers as he spoke, which he laid upon the desk.

"Look over these papers at your leisure, Wailes," he continued; "they will verify my statements. I have a special reason for adhering to my new name. It cost me, one way and another, a thousand dollars to get it."

"Mr. Clinton, I am happy to make your acquaintance," answered Wailes; "I don't require the papers. Your word is sufficient."

"Nay. Read the papers, please. I may need you as a reference. My present business is to open a credit with Browler Brothers, and the fellows in the front office told me to present my credentials to you. Here they are. Mr. D. W. Clinton, you see. From Kiantokos and Company, Corfu. I will come again to-morrow. Meantime, examine my credentials. When do you quit your desk?"

"At four o'clock, I believe. This is my first day."

"Well, I have rooms in Queen street. Number five. Will you look in after four?"

"Yes. For a few minutes. How the deuce did you ever get to Corfu?"

"My uncle was a merchant, and left some valuable interests unsettled in the East. He had a correspondent in Corfu, and I was obliged to go there for settlement. It is all finished now."

"Fifty thousand drachmas—and some odd," answered Wailes.

"How did you know that?" said Clinton, surprised.

"Oh, we have a way of finding things out, here," answered Wailes, laughing. "Leave your signature in the outer office, and draw for any money you need, up to two thousand pounds."

"You are a prince of bankers, Wailes. Would you mind burying the Stratton so completely as to avoid the mention of the name, and—except when we are alone—forgetting that Mr. Clinton ever had any other name?"

"If you wish it, Witt;—you remember we used to call you 'Witt,' in Germany?"

"Ah! I must ask you to forget that too."

"Very well. I understand that you desire the entire past buried—"

"Except between ourselves. In private, I would like to recall many things; but to all the rest of the world—"

"Skuse me, sir!" said Chunk, putting his head in at the door—"but Guv'ner says will you please step in 'is hoffis."

"Mr. Grippe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good-bye, then, Clinton. I will do as you desire," said Trumpley; "I will not speak of Mr. Stratton to anybody."

"Where is Merton?" said the American, carelessly, as he passed out.

"At Merton Park, just arrived. Have you seen him?"

"No. I shall meet him, perhaps. I am curious to see if he remembers me. You will not let him know—"

"Of course not. But your American accent—"

"*Nous verrons!*" said the American, with a sudden change of voice.

"I speak English wiz an accent, and nevere git my natif tong back, except ven we meet — alone. *Au revoir!*"

Mr. Grippe only wanted to give some verbal instructions touching the replies to the foreign letters. With copies of former letters upon the same general subjects before him, Wailes had no difficulty in writing the replies, which were in English. Messrs. Kiantokos and Co. had merely written to announce Mr. Clinton's credit, and to enclose his signature. The other letters were routine documents and soon disposed of, though Mr. Wailes had some little trouble in restraining his appetite for rhetorical adornments, which did not accord with the dry details of financial correspondence. This was a fault in his literary work, and the discipline was good for him.

At four o'clock Wailes locked his desk and sallied out. He called at No. 5 Queen street, and found Mr. Clinton established on the first floor. He had three rooms, besides a dressing-closet and bath-room. The back-room was not much encumbered with furniture. A library table was in the centre. The walls were adorned with three or four good pictures, and several varieties of arms, scimitars, dirks, broad-swords, and two or three pairs of foils and masks.

"You have a regular armory, Clinton," said Trump, as he glanced at the warlike array.

"Yes. I have gathered them up at odd times and places. Let us try a pass with the foils."

"I hardly have time," replied Wailes. "I must walk to Merton to dinner, and my mother will expect me to dress for that meal."

"Only a passage or two," said Clinton, taking down the foils as he spoke; "we will not bother with the masks. I am anxious to see if I am as clumsy as I used to be. *En garde!*"

There was the usual rasping of steel against steel at the preliminary parades, then a sharper click as the two men got interested. Wailes was out of practice, but he was an expert swordsman, and warming with the work, there was a very brilliant exhibition of sword-play, if there had been any onlookers to appreciate it. Trumpley was surprised to find that his sure thrusts failed. After a sharp interchange, they separated and lowered their points. Neither had been touched.

"I did not know I was so rusty," observed Wailes; "I have not had a foil in my hand for six or eight months. And you have improved vastly."

"I have had some practice in Naples. I found an old sworder there who taught me a few new tricks. To-morrow we will put on the masks. I did not do myself justice in this encounter, as I was afraid of hurting your face."

"Had you no fears for your own?" said Wailes.

"Oh, no! I think I am invulnerable." This was said with an air of sublime confidence that thoroughly nettled Wailes. He looked at his watch, and then took off his coat.

"I can spare fifteen minutes more," he said quietly: "let us try the masks."

Clinton promptly imitated his example, and taking down the masks, tucked his flowing beard in the wire-screen. He pushed the table to one side of the apartment, giving a space of fifteen feet square in the

middle of the room. The sun streamed in at the western windows as they confronted each other once more. After the salute, their blades crossed, and they stood a moment motionless, each gazing intently into the kindling eyes of the other.

"*Fendez-vous !*" said Wailes, at last.

"*A l'outrance !*" replied Clinton, laughing, as their foils rasped together.

The two athletes marched and retreated, crossing the room again and again, their weapons glancing around them like flashes of light. As the combat progressed, their muscles seemed to be transformed into steel. The fifteen minutes grew into thirty, and then they parted, panting.

"I have met my match," said Wailes, as he drew on his coat ; "I believe the victory is still undecided. Did you touch me?"

"No."

"Did I touch you?"

"Certainly not," answered Clinton, composedly.

"You tempt me to try again, with that air of abominable conceit. But I will wait until to-morrow. Good afternoon."

"Why, dear Wailes, you will have to wait until 'to-morrow come never,' as we say in America. Good-bye!"

BOOK II.—THE GAME AT BEECHWOOD.

CHAPTER XIV

HAUNTED.

"Mother," said Trumpley, as they sat on the open porch at Rose Cottage, watching the rising moon, "now that my income is doubled, I begin to feel stingy."

"Have you decided upon any plans of retrenchment, Trump?" replied Mrs. Wailes.

"No, ma'am, of course not. I only venture to offer suggestions. First: Rent! Now I know of a pretty house, within half-a-mile of Gloucester, that would be cheaper than Rose Cottage."

"Where is it, Trump?"

"On this side of Gloucester," said Trump, who was safely blushing in the shadow. But his mother detected the blush in his voice.

"Is it near Halidon?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes. In sight of the lodge-gates. Oh, Mother, maybe I might get a sight of her some time!"

"That would make the rent cheaper, Trump, no doubt," said his mother.

"But it *is* cheaper, Mother. There is a bill on the window. It is ten pounds a year less than you pay here. Besides, there would be

economy in shoe-leather, and I could run over to luncheon every day. That would save ten or twelve pounds more."

"It would be still better to dispense with luncheon altogether. And you might take off your boots and carry them on the road. Some economical people I have read of, do it. What will you do with all the money you accumulate?"

"Buy Halidon!" answered Trump, decidedly.

"I remember the sale of Halidon," said Mrs. Wailes. "It was twenty-five years ago—no, twenty-two. Mr. Grippe paid twenty thousand pounds for it, which Mr. Merton said was frightfully low. Now if you dispense with luncheon, carry your boots, and practise other methods of economy, so as to save three-fourths of your income, you can perhaps buy Halidon in sixty years."

"That would make me eighty-odd!" said Trumpley, discontentedly; "can you think of no process more rapid than that, Mother?"

"Oh, yes; you might marry Mr. Grippe's daughter."

"Jewhilliken!" said Trump, starting up. "Excuse me, ma'am, please—that is Mr. Clinton's expletive. By-the-bye, I encountered an American gentleman to-day at the bank, a Mr. Clinton. I intended to ask your permission to bring him here."

"Certainly, my son. Any friend of yours will always be welcomed at your mother's house."

"He speaks French and German, Mother. I should be very glad if you would investigate him a little. He is a queer compound, and he bothers me."

"Bring him to-morrow, then, Trump. I can give him a very passable dinner to-morrow. I am promised a turbot. It is a present from the Squire."

"I wish the Squire would quit giving us turbots and things," said Trump, discontentedly.

"Why, Trump?"

"Because we do nothing in requital. Why don't he send his extra turbots to Podd, or old Galt?"

"I fancy they could offer very little in requital, either. And it is doubtful whether they would appreciate turbots."

"Well, Mother," answered Trump, "it would be more charitable anyhow. We can buy our own turbots, if we want them—"

"There goes your new economy, Trump."

"Only we don't want them, and would not be likely to waste money in that way. Why can't he send turbots to Mr. Grippe?"

"Yes! He is an object of charity, no doubt," answered Mrs. Wailes. "Come in, Trump; I have been reading the 'Meditations' this afternoon, and marked a place for you."

The bulky manuscript was produced, the marked passage found, and Trumpley was requested to read it.

"English gentlemen and gentlewomen have an instinctive horror of incurring obligations," it ran; "and being instinctive, there must be a law accounting for the feeling, that should be discoverable. I imagine one part of this law of race corresponds with the intense individuality belonging to Anglo-Saxondom. Your Saxon is distinguished from men of other nationalities by his sturdy independence, which he

never wholly loses, even in positions of subordination. Ethnology is too young a science to speak positively, but it seems to reveal this much. Another element of this underlying law is the natural connexion between wage and labor. The announcement that the laborer is worthy of his hire, is not so much the announcement of a doctrine or principle of morals, as of a fact. A third element relates to the grand truth that there is one Giver, whose bounties do not humiliate the receiver; and probably this royalty is an incommunicable attribute. In giving to the children of poverty, the human giver is only a steward, disposing property that belongs to Another. And one steward has no right to give to or receive from another steward. Hence, I conclude that more rational enjoyment can be purchased with a shilling earned or inherited, than with a guinea given. If your friend offers a present of value, do not affront him by rejection, but take an opportunity to reciprocate, and so get from under the obligation. Both your friend and yourself will be the better for it."

"I have always had that sort of shrinking from gifts," observed Mrs. Wailes when Trumpley closed the book; "and to-day, when Mr. Merton promised the turbot, I sent that antique brooch with the Trumpley arms engraved upon it to Sybil, with my love. She admired it greatly, and its intrinsic value will pay for many turbots. Then I looked for the passage you have just read."

"You are a regular trump, Mother!" quoth Trumpley.

"By-the-bye," replied his mother, "I told the Squire this morning that you had decided to 'go into trade,' and he said you were 'An Odd Trump.'"

"Did he?"

"Yes; and he says the name will stick to you. He intends to spread the news throughout the neighborhood, and you may as well accept the title."

"It might be worse, Mother," said Trump. "I think I shall survive the infliction. Will you go look at the cottage?"

"What will become of my flowers, Trump?"

"Flowers! Why, flowers are the special attraction at t'other place; there is the greatest profusion of flowers. And there is a conservatory—"

"A conservatory!"

"Yes, ma'am. Indeed, the superiority of the place and the insignificant rental make me think there must be something wrong about it."

"Where is it, Trump?" said Mrs. Wailes, with sudden interest. "Where, exactly?"

"It is just at the bend of the road above the lodge-gates at Haldon. There must be six or eight acres in the grounds, and they are highly adorned. The house has two gables."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Wailes. "It is Beechwood."

"Yes, that is the name. What is there about it, Mother? I see by your eyes that you know."

"That I know what, Trump?"

"Whatever there is about the place. Why should it be so cheap? Is it damp?"

"No."

"Have people had any diseases there that are worse than common ailments?"

"No."

"Did you ever know any one who lived there?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me anything about them, Mother?" said Trumpley : "that is, is it proper for me to ask?"

"It is not a pleasant subject, Trump," said Mrs. Wailes, thoughtfully ; "but I think it is time you should know the story. Did you like the appearance of the place?"

"I was charmed, Mother. I came that way," and he blushed while his outspoken honesty revealed the whole truth, "because I thought Mardi Gras was at Halidon, and that fortune might favor me —"

"There is no such thing as fortune, Trump."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, I mean Providence. I thought I might get a glimpse of the eyes — *my* eyes! —"

"That is a vulgar expression, Trump. 'My eyes' and 'my stars' and like exclamations are indecorous."

"Yes, ma'am ; but I saw no eyes. There was a bill on the gate at Beechwood, discolored by the weather ; it must have been there a long time. I met a plowboy near the gate, and he said it had not been occupied since he 'coomd' to this locality."

"Did he assign no reason?"

"No. What reason could he assign, Mother?"

"Only that the ignorant people in the vicinity say —"

"Say what, Mother?" said Trump, as she paused.

"That Beechwood is haunted!"

CHAPTER XV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

The reader will understand that Mr. Harold Trumpley Wailes did not go quietly to bed like a good little boy after the rather startling words that close the preceding chapter. His mother could not resist the torrent of questions that poured forth at her announcement of the uncanny reputation of Beechwood ; and as the explanation she gives really forms a part of the story, there is nothing to be done but give the substance of her account in this place.

Twenty-five years before the occurrence of the events thus far recorded, Beechwood was occupied by Captain Lennox and his two daughters, Dora and Daisy. The elder was a gay young lady of twenty-odd, robust, matter-of-fact, and pretty. The other, Daisy, was also twenty-odd, but the odds were in her favor. She was shy and romantic, sensitive and sickly. She liked books and solitude, and freely relinquished to Dora all the attentions of their masculine visitors. The reader need not dread the introduction of two more lady-characters upon the scene. They had both disappeared a score of years before the story began, and the present chapter will include the most of their history, at least so much of it as was *ante-mortem*.

Captain Lennox had been stationed in Canada a dozen years, had married there, and buried his wife there. He retired upon half-pay soon after his return to England, and had lived at Beechwood until brandy and tobacco lost their sustaining power, and his system, not accustomed to other aliments, succumbed.

Dora had numerous admirers, but there were two who seemed to run neck-and-neck, and they distanced the others. First, there was Captain Merton of the Royal Navy, a dashing young sailor, who spent his "shore leaves" at Merton Park, and who courted Miss Lennox vigorously at odd times, but laboring under some disadvantage, as the other, Mr. Harold Trumpley, lived only half-a-mile off, and was the owner of a fine estate, somewhat encumbered. This suitor was, however, rude and ill-tempered, frightfully jealous and exacting, while the sailor was polite and affable. And two or three years were on while the queer courtship progressed, the Captain making fitful assaults, but flying off to his ship before he could "bring on an engagement;" and Mr. Trumpley, who was not a favorite in the county, pursuing Miss Lennox with grim determination, except at intervals, when he would be off to St. Petersburg or Palermo, or some other out-of-the-way locality across the Channel.

He left a representative, however, who did him good service in his absence. This was Miss Trumpley, his sister, who was idolised by both the ladies at Beechwood. For her brother's sake she cultivated the elder assiduously; but for Daisy she entertained a warm affection. In the absence of Mr. Trumpley the two sisters spent many days at Halidon, where they had very few visitors, and Daisy revelled amid the wealth of the well-stocked library day after day, while her more frivolous sister sought less irksome employments. Captain Merton came one day, and finding the coast clear, made formal proposals to Miss Lennox, and received his *congé*. Miss Trumpley learned the fact from the discomfited Captain, and wrote at once to her brother, then at Madrid. He came to Halidon within a week, arriving in time to attend the funeral of Captain Lennox, who died quite suddenly one night, when Mr. Trumpley was tossing on the Channel.

The half-pay ceased, and Beechwood got into Chancery. The orphan girls were supposed to be joint inheritors of the property, but other claimants appearing, litigation was inevitable. The Misses Lennox had no money to squander in law expenses, and a month after the death of their father they accepted the invitation of an uncle in London, an eccentric old bachelor, who was the rector of a suburban parish, and who asked his nieces to come and keep house for him.

Within a year or so two or three things happened. First, Daisy was married to a young clergyman, a protégé of her uncle's, and went with her husband to a humble quarter of the great city, where he had a charge. Next, her uncle died, and Dora disappeared. No one could give Miss Trumpley any satisfactory information about either of her friends, though she spent several weary days in the search of traces. Looking for Daisy as "the wife of a clergyman" whose name she did not know, was an unpromising task, and all her efforts

were vain. Next, she received a letter from Paris, from Mr. Wailes, to whom she was then affianced, in which he told her he had met Dora, who was married. And finally, rumors, mingled with scraps of authentic information, reached Miss Trumpley, announcing the death of Daisy, who had left an infant half-orphaned, and the death of Dora at a little village on the south coast of France. And while she was still stunned under these dismal tidings, the body of Harold Trumpley was brought across the water and interred in Merton churchyard.

It was fully ten years later when Mrs. Wailes heard of Beechwood again and the rival claimants. The litigation had revealed an important fact, to wit: that the title of Captain Lennox was absolute, and his daughters were co-heiresses of this property. But they had disappeared, and all that was positively known was that one of them had left an infant. By an arrangement between the other claimants, under authority of the court, the property was given in charge of a trustee, with instructions to rent it, the revenue to be held until title could be established to the satisfaction of the court, which by a grim sort of joke was the "guardian to these unknown wards in chancery." If the non-existence of these wards could be proven, the question of ownership would be narrowed down to two claimants, unless a third should arise in the person of the father of Daisy Lennox's child. It was a beautiful case in its complications, and would furnish material for a first-class romance in competent hands. In this true history, however, it is merely an episode.

The tenants would not remain long at Beechwood. They told queer stories about noises and visions. The house was very comfortable, the rent moderate, but those tenants that paid rent objected to the joint occupation of others who did not.

The stories were various. The sight-seers saw different sorts of visions, and none of them were definite or satisfactory. A female figure clad in long dark garments, with silver hair, more noticeable by reason of the contrast with her sombre habiliments, was seen once and again by several persons. Strong-minded men pronounced these visions delusions, and two or three of them in turns moved into the cottage. But they always moved out again, without solving the mystery, and generally with a theory of rat exploits that was complimentary to the powers of the rodents, who were supposed to walk the floors with human footfalls, open and shut doors, and sometimes to sigh dismally, and even to make some rude attempt at vocalisation. Because one of the sounds most commonly heard was a sort of laugh in cadence, like the refrain of a song, the strong-minded men credited this part of the performances to Boreas the blustering railer; but they all preferred his symphonies by daylight, and in the open fields.

There was one wing of the house in which was stored the furniture that had belonged to Captain Lennox. As there was no claimant who professed ownership of this property, it had been packed away in these chambers. It was very restive furniture, moving about at unseasonable hours, creaking viciously. The doors communicating with these apartments were all locked and barred on the outside;

but some tenants had heard these doors close with a suppressed bang during the night, though the cobwebs that hung over the door-frames showed no signs of disturbance in the morning. Then the strong-minded gentlemen would turn the creak into rat-squeaks and the banging into freaks of Boreas with the shutters; but none of them had time to spare to investigate the phenomena when they were in progress.

"It is my opinion, Trump," said Mrs. Wailes, in conclusion, "that a little common-sense and pluck would unravel a great part of the mystery. I have not heard much of Beechwood since we came from Germany, and the stories I have told you are rather old. I think the house has been vacant all the time. I thought once, when you were writing your story, that I would tell you of Beechwood, and let you weave it into your imaginary creations; but I found the subject unpleasant, recalling memories that are more painful than profitable. I cannot say that I would like to live at Beechwood. I must think about it."

"And I will see about it," replied Trumpley. "If there are uncanny things there, I should like to hunt them up."

"Don't be foolish, Trump," responded Mrs. Wailes, with a little shiver. "Of course there are no uncanny things; but it would be very disagreeable to hear rats laughing and singing all night!"

CHAPTER XVI.

BALKED.

"It is my opinion," quoth Mr. Trumpley Wailes, as he approached Gloucester the following morning, "that Mother intended her valiant remark about common-sense and pluck to apply to some disinterested individual not of her blood. She did not mention Beechwood this morning at breakfast. I must not forget to invite Mr. Clinton to dinner to-day."

Mr. Clinton presented himself at the Bank during the morning and promptly accepted the invitation to Rose Cottage. It was arranged that he should call for Trumpley at four o'clock. The latter suggested a cab, which Mr. Clinton scouted. He could walk twenty miles without fatigue, and would have moonlight for his return walk. Trump very cordially invited him to spend the night with him, but the other had a "special engagement" which would compel his return.

At four o'clock the American appeared punctually. Mr. Wailes noticed that he wore his ordinary attire, and wondered if he would call at Queen Street for a black coat. But Clinton turned down the street, saying that he desired to go by Halidon. Trump was a little surprised, but assented. In fact he was thinking of making the same proposition, as he desired to take another look at Beechwood. He also did not object to a cursory inspection of the lodge-gates at Halidon.

There were certain changes noticeable at Beechwood. The weather-stained bill that was on the gate-post yesterday was gone. The gates were open, and Trumpley silently followed his companion as he coolly entered the grounds.

"I am trying an experiment, Wailes," he said. "I happened to hear that this charming spot was haunted, and having a *penchant* for that sort of thing, I have rented Beechwood. My traps are already here, and if you will come in five minutes, I will make the needful changes in my habiliments."

Trumpley was slightly stunned ; the whole thing was so unexpected and sudden. But he thought he noticed a conscious intonation in Clinton's voice, and he watched him with increasing interest and vigilance.

"It certainly looks uncanny enough," observed Clinton, as their feet crunched over the gravel. "The hedges have not been trimmed for some years, I fancy. But we will mend all that. The painters are coming to-morrow. Nobody here now excepting Mrs. Hamet."

"Mrs. Hamet?"

"Yes. She lives here — occupies the south wing yonder. The agent stipulated that she should remain, and I had no objection. There she is on the step."

A tall, gaunt old woman in a black poke-bonnet ; weak-eyed, as she wore green goggles ; deaf as a post. The hobgoblins of Beechwood could not frighten her, as she could not hear their racket. She had a bunch of keys in her hand.

"Are you Mr. Clinton?" she said in an attenuated treble, addressing the American as the gentlemen approached.

"Yes, ma'am."

"A little louder, please," said Mrs. Hamet. "Here are the keys. Your boxes are in the Blue Room, where they have put up a bed. Shall you sleep here to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And this gentleman?" she continued, turning the goggles upon Trumpley.

"He will not be here to-night ; but I hope to have him many nights when my housekeeping arrangements are perfected. Give me a week, Wailes," he added in a lower tone, "and I promise to work great changes, and probably do some exorcising. And now amuse yourself a few minutes while I get a respectable coat."

Trumpley recalled his mother's story as he examined the exterior of the house. It was substantially built of gray stone with pointed gables. On one side there was a fine growth of ivy extending all over the south wing. There was an entrance porch here. The door was open, and Trump saw tokens of habitation about this portion of the building, while all the rest looked gloomy and forbidding, with closed shutters and grass-grown walks. The conservatory ran along one side, connecting the south wing with the main building, and the flowers that were visible through the open sashes were the most cheerful sight at Beechwood. Several stately trees, probably a dozen or more, all beeches, gave an air of solidity to the surroundings, while they concealed the house from the road. As Wailes retraced his steps, approaching the main entrance, he found the goggles regarding him intently.

It was a time when hoops were in high fashion, and Mrs. Hamet wore none. The effect of the green goggles was heightened by the

lank figure draped in some dark stuff, looking like a bundle of old skirts suspended on a bean-pole surmounted by an outlandish bonnet. Trump walked directly up to her, feeling a sudden compassion for her, perhaps because of her *outré* and isolated appearance.

"You must be lonely here, dame," he said, sympathy in his eyes and accents. "Have you been here long?"

"Twenty years."

"That is almost the length of my life," answered Trump. "Have you never grown tired?"

"Tired? No. What is he? Not English?"

"Of whom do you speak, dame? Mr. Clinton?"

"Ay; of him who has taken the house. Is he English?"

"No. He is an American."

"He called you Wailes. Is that your name?"

"Yes; Trumpley Wailes, at your service, dame."

"Is he a friend of yours? I mean the Yankee."

"Yes; but he says he is not a Yankee. Here he is," and Mr. Clinton emerged in evening-dress. Mrs. Hamet took the keys from his hand as he passed out.

"I have taken two keys off, Mrs. Hamet; one of my sleeping-room, the other of this door. Shall I lock it now? It will be late when I return."

"As you please; but I shall be awake. The gates will be closed."

"I can easily leap the gates," replied Clinton coolly. "I beg you will not sit up. To-morrow I shall have a servant or two."

"There are not many in this neighborhood that would leap these gates after dark," muttered the old woman.

"No; probably not. That is one reason why I propose to do it. Good night, ma'am. *Allons*, Wailes."

Passing down the road, the young men paused at the lodge-gates of Halidon. There was a wall on the roadside, and nothing was visible but the upper branches of the trees within. Trumpley's heart beat more rapidly, while Clinton looked curiously at the antique architecture of the lodge.

"What a beautiful old place this must be!" said he at last, as they moved on. "When I exorcise Beechwood, maybe I'll rent this. Who lives here, Wailes?"

"Mr. Grippe."

"Indeed. Then this is Halidon? The advertisement of Beechwood mentions it as one of the attractions. Will you please consider yourself engaged to spend next week with me? I want you for special reasons."

"It will give me pleasure if my mother does not object. But I should tell you that I intended to take Beechwood, and am balked in a complicated scheme by your American rashness. What possessed you to make you take Beechwood?"

"My dear Wailes, a secret. I came to Gloucester expressly to take Beechwood. If you had engaged it, I should have pleaded very earnestly with you for it. But you could not engage it, as I made the arrangement in London a week ago. I would buy the property, but it cannot be sold."

They walked on in silence a mile or more, Wailes wondering what attractions Gloucester and its environs had for his companion. Was it possible that he knew Mardi Gras? While he was still cogitating this problem, Clinton stopped suddenly and faced him.

"What doth hinder, Wailes?" he said impetuously. "Why cannot we be friends? Oh, if I could tell you how I long for a friend! If money could buy one, I would cheerfully give a hundred thousand dollars for him!"

"My dear Clinton," said Trump'ey, touched by the plaintive appeal, "you have my poor friendship without money."

"What must I do?" continued the other, "to win your confidence? What sort of man do you admire? What sort of weapons must he wield who shall break down the barriers of British reserve and distrust? I have lived twenty-five years in the world unloving and unloved; and now that I have a great lot of money I seem more isolated than ever. What shall I do? Where can I find solace?"

"Come on, Clinton," said Wailes, slipping his hand through his arm. "We can talk as we walk. I am not troubled with British reserve and distrust. Come! I like you. Are you not going with me to my mother's house? Friendship is a plant of slow growth, but it grows. Wherein am I unfriendly?"

"Why the devil don't you ask me something about the house—Beechwood!" said Clinton, fiercely.

"Ah! that would be indecorous. How can I know what you would like to tell?"

"I should like to tell you everything. To begin—"

"But don't begin, please," said Trump. "Listen. In the first place I am devoured by curiosity upon this very topic."

"Really?"

"Really! But there may be some things you should not tell. So I prefer waiting a little, until you get quite cool and collected—"

"Like a blue-bottle fly in a glue-pot," put in the American, quaintly.

"Precisely, though the simile is novel. May I ask you if you have kindred?"

"No. None that I know, at least. Yonder are the chimneys of Merton. I have been there, and the Squire invited me to come again. I saw his daughters. Would you mind telling me if Miss Lucy is engaged?"

"I think not," answered Trump, surprised.

"And Miss Sybil?"

"I don't know," answered Trump, shortly.

"You don't know? Well, that means she is not. Do you remember that gambling Von Lafburg at Göttingen? Well, he spoke of you once, when a lot of us were dicing in his room, as the 'Odd Trump,' because you would not lie even by a look."

"Did he?" said Trump, starting—"and did you tell any one about it?"

"Yes; I told a countryman of mine, in New York."

"Did you tell any countryman of mine?"

"Never. You are the only Britisher to whom I have spoken of my German life."

"Well, that is queer. Squire Merton gave me the same title yesterday. Is it so very odd, to abstain from lying?"

"Very!" answered Clinton, dryly.

"I do not like to be odd," said Wailes, after a pause; "but I have never told lies, and am too old to learn. And now I am going to speak plain truth to you. May I?"

"Now and always!" replied Clinton, "and with Heaven's help I will deal so with you. Plain truth between us, evermore."

"Well. You want an object—"

"Object! I have several. Two or three of them I am pursuing with the tenacity of a bloodhound."

"One step further, friend. Are these objects of yours all worthy? Do you look for Heaven's help in all?"

"Ha!" said the other, reddening. "I'll answer you anon. I must think."

"That's jolly!" said Trump, slapping him on the back, heartily. "Do you see that beautiful lady at the gate? That is my blessed mother. Welcome to Rose Cottage, my friend!"

CHAPTER XVII.

M. G.

"Mother!" said Mr. Wailes, as the trio sat among the vines of the woodbine after dinner, "Mr. Clinton has spoiled all my plans. He has taken Beechwood."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Wailes. "Well, Trump, Mr. Clinton will have a very pretty residence. I am not sorry that your plan is spoiled, however. I did not like the idea of exchanging Rose Cottage for Beechwood."

"I can easily understand your reluctance to quit Rose Cottage, madam," said Clinton.

"But there was also some—repugnance, shall I say? to Beechwood," answered Mrs. Wailes, with direct honesty.

"You surprise me, madam," said Clinton.

"It is easily explained," said Mrs. Wailes. "Many years ago I had friends living there, who are now dead. The associations are melancholy, as there were circumstances—"

"Pardon me, madam," said Clinton, interrupting her; "do you refer to the daughters of Captain Lennox?"

"Yes."

"Then I ought to tell you that I have heard of those ladies. Capt. Lennox married in America."

"And you have taken Beechwood on that account?" said Mrs. Wailes.

"Yes—that is, partly. I had other motives. Perhaps you know the house has an evil reputation?"

"There are some foolish stories current," replied Mrs. Wailes, "that are believed by credulous people. Something about apparitions and unaccountable noises."

"I hunted up two of the later occupants," said Clinton, "before I

engaged the house. They tell very coherent stories, too, about sights and sounds, though they both ridicule the idea of anything supernatural. But they both declined my invitation to spend a few nights with me, very politely and very decidedly. They are stalwart men, too."

"And how do *you* feel about it?" asked Trumpley, curiously. "You have said so much that I venture to ask."

"I feel no trepidation," answered Clinton, laughing, "I am going to spend to-night there alone. It is not so comfortable as it will be in a few days, but I was not willing to wait."

"The house will be damp," said Mrs. Wailes, "as it has been unoccupied so long. Be wise, and accept the hospitalities of Rose Cottage to-night."

"I thank you heartily, madam," said the American, rising; "but I have lived without restraint so long that I have grown obstinate. My mind is set upon this adventure, and I cannot endure the thought of delay. Good-night, madam. May I tell you that I feel very strongly drawn to you?"

"I am quite ready to reciprocate the feeling," said Mrs. Wailes, warmly. "Let us know you better. Come see me as often as you will; the more frequently the better."

"You are more than kind, madam," replied the American, "and I cannot express my gratitude in words. But if the opportunity ever offers I shall be glad to serve you with a son's devotion. Where are you going, Wailes?"

"Only a little way up the road with you," answered Trumpley. "I will return directly, Mother."

As they descended the steps Clinton broke off a twig of woodbine, kissed it, and thrust it into his bosom.

"A memento, Wailes," he said, apologetically. "I hope to get humanised some day, and I have made a good stride in that direction to-night. When I look at this twig hereafter, I will remember the kind accents of this lovely lady. Well may you call her your blessed mother! Ah! I never knew my mother."

"You may have a part of mine, Clinton," said Wailes; "she has evidently 'taken to you.' And now, you old heathen, what is your purpose? Are you going to bed when you get back to Beechwood?"

"Bed? No! I slept all this morning, purposely. I am going to stay awake till the sun returns. Then I shall take a beauty sleep."

"And if you have unexpected visitors to-night?"

"Well; if they come in the flesh it is not likely that they will be numerous." He put his hand in his bosom as he spoke, and drew out a pistol. "If there are not more than six, I will be responsible for every one that is within forty yards of me. If there are more than six—"

"Well?"

"I have the other in my right breast. And I have a sword in my room that I bought in Madrid. It has the edge of a razor and the point of a needle."

"And suppose they are *not* incarnate?"

"Then they will be ghosts, and harmless. I do not recoil from them."

"Do you believe in them?" said Trump, struck by the other's manner.

"Certainly I do — profoundly. Laugh if you like, I shall not mind it in the least. And now go back. You have left your mother alone. Good-night."

"Are you going to carry that pistol in your hand all the way back?" said Trumpley, noticing the barrel flashing in the moonlight.

"Oh no. I am going to discharge it when I get in some remote part of the road ; I intend to reload."

"Discharge it here," said Wailes. "There is a hill between us and the Cottage, and the sound will not be heard."

Clinton looked around for a mark. A tree stood on the roadside twenty or thirty paces off, the moonlight silvering the smooth bark.

"Now count ten if you can," said he, cocking the weapon and firing the six shots rapidly. "If you want to find those six bullets you can look by daylight in yon tree ; they should be all together, about breast-high. If you cannot cover the six with your hand, I have bungled. Good-night!"

Trumpley watched him striding up the road until he was hidden by a curve in the highway, he then walked up to the tree and found the six bullet-holes as Clinton predicted. Returning, he met his mother at the stile waiting for him.

"The night is too beautiful for sleep, Trump," she said, taking his arm, "besides, it is absurdly early. Let us walk."

"With pleasure, Mother. What do you think of my new friend?"

"I was just thinking you might lose your title if he stays here ; he is an odd trump. Has he given you any hint of what troubles him?"

"Troubles him! Why, Mother, he has all that man could ask for — health, sound mind, education, accomplishments and 'lashins' of money!"

"What sort of accomplishments?"

"He fences like — like the Count De Bussy, shoots like Leather-stocking, and I think he sings."

"Quite satisfactory, Trump, only the first two would not be appropriate in a drawing-room. As for singing, it is quite probable that you would hear it better done at the opera. Mr. Clinton impresses me with the idea that he wants a friend."

"What a witch you are, Mother!" said Trumpley. "That is precisely what he said to me as we walked down from Gloucester."

"I have discovered more than that, Trump. He has done something wrong, or he meditates something wrong — probably the latter. If you win his friendship you may be able to deliver him from present remorse or prospective repentance."

"I have had just such a feeling about him, Mother," answered Trumpley, "but it was not so clearly defined in my mind. He has made a very decided bid for my friendship, and I like him already. Perhaps some distrust of him lingers upon me because he is nourishing some evil purpose. Shall I ask him?"

"Not to-night," said his mother. "I know where to find a passage that suits this emergency. Come in and read it."

They went in, and trimming the lamp, Mrs. Wailes brought the inevitable Meditations to the table. While she was looking for the passage, Trumpley was fumbling in his breast.

"Mother," he said, hesitating and stammering, "I have something to tell you."

She looked up at him surprised.

"You remember the morning that Mardi Gras ran away?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma'am, I found something out there in the garden, near the stile."

"What was it, Trump?" said Mrs. Wailes, interested.

"A handkerchief," answered her son, producing it. "I hardly know why I did not tell you at once. I thought I would overtake her on the road and restore it. I did not look at it carefully until I was walking back from Gloucester. It is marked in the corner 'M. G.' I have kept it in my bosom ever since, like a goose; and now when you look at it, I'll put it back there, please. It comforts me to have it."

Mrs. Wailes took the handkerchief, and holding it near the lamp, glanced at it, examined the initials in the corner, and then quietly laid it on a side-table.

"Yes,"—Mrs. Wailes made this little oration with crisp composure—"yes, she told me she had lost it. Never mind, Trumpley, my son. We are exposed to these little disappointments all through life. The handkerchief is rather coarse, and the marking is not artistic. It belongs to the excellent young woman who brought the lamp just now, Milly Galt."

Trumpley thought it was bedtime. He kissed his mother's placid face, took his candle and went up-stairs. Mrs. Wailes heard his chamber-door shut; then she heard the concussion of sundry small articles of furniture, which Trumpley was kicking around the room; then she sat down and laughed fifteen minutes; then she rang for Milly, restored the kerchief, locked the door and retired.

And when the household at Rose Cottage was quietly passing through the portals of dreamland, the young American was just beginning his solitary vigil at Beechwood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GHOSTLY.

When Mr. Clinton reached Beechwood the moon was riding in mid heaven, flooding the landscape with mellow radiance. The gates were closed and locked, but the American, seizing the mimic spear-heads in his hands, leaped into the enclosure. All was quiet and peaceful in the shadow of the great trees, and the young man, although full of pluck, was impressed by the solemn stillness and loneliness of his surroundings. He was conscious of a secret satisfaction in the reflection that Mrs. Hamet occupied a portion of the house; and even while he smiled at his folly he knew that his pulses were accelerated when he unlocked the door and entered the mansion. His senses all alert, he heard a long-drawn sigh as he crossed the threshold.

"Wind!" said Mr. Clinton.

No doubt. He lighted a match, and finding a candle on the table, soon dispelled the gloom of the interior.

This room was merely the entrance-hall, containing only an antique oaken table, and two settles of the same material and fashion. His first business was to investigate the acoustic phenomenon he had noticed ; or, on second thought, he must first reload the pistol he had discharged on leaving Rose Cottage.

He took a small box of cartridges from his pocket and refilled the six chambers, carefully examining each cartridge as it slipped into place. They were all perfect.

"I can't shoot at a puff of wind," he muttered.

Leaving the candle on the table he returned to the door-sill, and opening and closing the door, listened for a repetition of the sound. In vain. The door creaked slightly on its hinges, and after several efforts he concluded to accept this as the explanation of, or substitute for, the sigh. So he locked the outer door, and taking his candle, ascended the broad stairs.

Another hall, corresponding with the one below, except that there were more doors in this. He had been through them all in daylight, and now they were all locked, excepting that which led into his sleeping apartment. A corridor at the end of the second hall ran the length of the house, but the door leading into this passage was also closed. A tall, old-fashioned clock stood at the head of the stairs, and as Clinton passed it uttered a preliminary growl and struck eleven. He heard the rumbling echoes of the strokes drearily repeated down the stairs, through the closed corridor, and in the deserted rooms beyond his own. He opened the door of his chamber and entered.

It was a spacious room, with two large windows looking out upon the grounds in front of the house, two or three trunks in one corner, a bedstead in another, a table holding a portable writing-desk, a portmanteau, and a long sword. He placed his candle on the table and took up the weapon, drawing the bright blade out of the steel scabbard. He examined hilt and point and edge with great care, and, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, laid the sword on the table within reach of his hand. Opening the portmanteau, he took out a dressing-gown, a pair of moccasins, a bottle of bitter beer, a bag of tobacco, and a pipe with a long tube of American cane. The only article of furniture that merited special attention was a large invalid's chair with reclining back, adjustable at pleasure, softly cushioned, and covered with black haircloth.

His arrangements for the night were speedily made. Throwing off his coat and waistcoat, he donned the dressing-gown. He placed the candle behind the largest trunk, after filling and lighting his pipe, and then drawing the great chair to the window, he opened the sashes and threw back the blinds. There was a little iron balcony, semicircular, with a light railing, projecting from each window, which opened to the floor of the chamber. His boots were replaced by the soft moccasins, and when he took his seat at the open window, the table drawn to his side and the smoke from his pipe floating out in the moonlight, he seemed to be a very fair embodiment of *otium cum dignitate*.

While he sat thus in meditation, sipping occasionally at the beer, and refilling his pipe once and again, the hall-clock awakened the echoes as it thumped out the midnight hour.

"I am fairly into this business," he thought, "and I must see the end of it. I should like to have Wailes here to talk to me, only I resolved to go through this investigation alone. There is no mistake about the conviction upon the minds of my predecessors. That soldier, Neville, who was a good fighter in actual warfare, was entirely demoralised. His teeth chattered when he told me of his experiences at Beechwood. Yet all of his mysterious sights and sounds are explicable — what's that!"

The leaves on the trees near the house were rustling slightly as they were moved by the gentle wind. Some insect was sailing to and fro near the window, his wings buzzing not unmusically, and the distant murmur of Merton's Brook was audible in the quiet night. Over all these sounds he heard a laugh in a strange sort of cadence, that seemed to be near and yet afar, suggesting to his mind the effort of a ventriloquist. He could not decide whether the sound came from the lodge-gates at Halidon, visible from his window, or were without in his chamber. The laughter was plain.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Clinton laid his pipe on the table and walked noiselessly round the apartment. There were two doors, that by which he had entered opening upon the hall. He listened a moment at this, but heard nothing. The other door gave access to a small dressing-room, which he entered and examined. Nothing there but bare and solid walls. He had locked the hall-door when he came in. Thinking he would look through the hall, he returned to this door and laid his hand upon the lock, when, over by the windows, he heard the sound again —

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

In a moment he was upon the little balcony, eagerly scanning the grounds on that side of the house. Nothing. Streaks of moonlight on the grass, and the shadows between. The scene was enchantingly beautiful, and in the midst of his perplexity the American could not repress the feeling of admiration of its loveliness. He took up his pipe, still alight, and pushing his chair out upon the balcony, resumed his seat and his fumigations.

"Whoever this hilarious individual may be," he thought, "it is tolerably certain that I can endure the laughter all night, if need be. My warlike preparations are all in vain; I cannot shoot at a sound. If it is a trick, which is probable, I should not like to kill the trickster, anyhow."

He puffed away at his pipe with perfect composure, hearing the tick of the great clock on the staircase. The sound was the more distinct by reason of the quietness of all beside. He could still hear the leaves rustling, the constant murmur of the stream, and occasionally the buzzing of the insect careering by on expanded wings. Everything around him invited repose, but Mr. Clinton was not sleepy. His mind was very busy, as his visit to Rose Cottage had awakened old memories; and as he recalled the conversations

with Mrs. Wailes and her son, he forgot the mysterious laughter and all his present surroundings. Then he heard the premonitory growl of the clock once more, and the single stroke reverberating through the house.

"I believe this is the 'witching hour,'" he thought, "and if these ghosts understand their business, they should be making some sort of a demonstration now. Jewhilliken!"

This exclamation was brought out by a sight that surprised him considerably. Under the beeches thirty or forty yards from him, something was moving. It was in the shadow, but certainly there. A stout cord lay on one of the trunks, having been wound around it on the journey from Gloucester. He caught up this, buckled the sword-belt round his waist, and fastening one end of the rope to the iron railing of the balcony, he slid down to the ground in a moment. Just as he clambered over the rail he glanced toward the trees, and the moving figure flitted momentarily into the moonlight. A tall figure, with flowing white hair and dark robes. His scabbard struck against the rail with a clash as he began his descent. He wrapped his gown about the weapon, leaving the hilt free, and ran swiftly to the grove, and through it, around it, down to the high wall on the roadside, and back to the house. Nothing!

He examined all that side of the mansion, listening intently. No way of ingress there. The windows were all closed and there was no door. A large part of the wall was covered with ivy, growing luxuriantly where there were no windows, and climbing to the gable. This side was in shadow, and he returned to his chamber, ascending by the rope hand over hand.

"I don't think I was asleep," he said to himself as he resumed his seat, "and if not, that was a very queer affair. I thought I saw a woman plainly, and my back was turned less than a minute while I went down the rope. The only possible way of escape for her was through the wall of the house! I will examine every inch of the wall to-morrow. The game is over for to-night, I fancy. I will smoke one more pipe and go to bed."

His judgment was correct. There were no more disturbances. He secured the shutters, tried the locks of his doors, and for greater security drew up his trunks against them. And then without undressing, he threw himself upon the bed, and before the hall-clock struck again he was sleeping soundly.

The events of this first night at Beechwood, thus imperfectly described, were sufficiently startling. The equanimity with which Mr. Clinton encountered the sights and sounds could hardly be explained, unless he had a theory to account for the mysteries, or was thoroughly skeptical concerning all supernatural things. He was certainly perplexed, and conscious that he had been baffled, as he had entered upon the adventure with entire confidence in his ability to unravel all that was mysterious, and to lay the unquiet spirits that haunted the house and grounds. So far he had failed. But there was no thought of retreat in his mind, and he fell asleep even while concocting plans for the next vigil. Besides his walk to Rose Cottage and back, he had been much occupied during the day attending to the removal of

his furniture, and the repose he spoke of to Wailes as an "all morning" nap, was really only a prolongation of his usual slumber. He was therefore fatigued enough to sleep far into the morning, and the bright sunlight was streaming in through the Venetian shutters when he awoke.

THE PLACE OF THE MOTHER-TONGUE IN EDUCATION.

FROM the old times of Greece there is come down to us, from the wisest of her poets, a little scrap of verse laden with a thought so great as to hold by implication all that needs be said upon the teaching of the mother-tongue. It is found among the fragments of Theognis. He, the poet of a fallen aristocracy, long an exile from his country, lived long enough to see the little commonwealth, that was already bleeding from civil war, gathering her weak strength together to meet the onset of Xerxes' millions. Then, hopeless of help from men, the old poet betook himself in prayer to the gods of Greece.

O'er this our State may Zeus, who dwells in heaven,
Stretch forth his right hand for our maintenance ;
So too the other gods : but may Apollo
Lift up our language and lift up our thought.

In this utterance of Greek piety, if we remember in what times it was uttered, we must find, I think, the shaping out of a thought profoundly wholesome for ourselves. For the poet was praying amid the wrecks of a revolution that had laid low, in fire and blood, in banishment and confiscation, the social system that he loved ; he was praying under the shadow of a coming war that threatened to crush out forever the freedom and the culture that he prized. He could not, therefore, have overlooked the need of material strength ; he could not have been blind to the necessity of building up in his shattered Megara the blessings of material prosperity. Thus, in the very beginning of his prayer, we found him calling upon Zeus to stretch forth the right arm of his strength. Yet he did not end his prayer with the boon of material power and of physical defence. No, he had seen too deep for that into the springs of national greatness. But he turned from Zeus to Apollo, from the giver of physical to the giver of intellectual weal ; and he wound up his noble prayer with the noble climax, that the speech of his countrymen might be purified, and thus their thinking made truer and higher. This then, as uttered by Theognis, seems to me almost the highest

word of Greek thought in its bearing upon political philosophy, that correctness and refinement of speech, as the needful condition of sound thought and of healthy culture, is the thing above all others essential to the well-being of the people.

Right here, therefore, upon this statement of the relation between a people's speech and its capacity for greatness, I would wish to found my argument for the study of the mother-tongue as the basis of all education. For, in these days of ours, when the divorce of politics from philosophy is come to be wider than ever before, it is well for all that can think, to utter, however feebly, their conviction that the building of railroads, the issue of greenbacks, and the degradation of the suffrage are not the whole of national welfare. The State, what is it but the union for certain political purposes of hundreds or thousands or millions of individual men? Must not, therefore, every tendency of the times that leads to a blasted moral sense, or to a weakened intellectual energy among individuals, lead also, by frightful accumulations of evil, to the vitiation of the political whole? Yet of all the agencies that act upon the moral and upon the intellectual power of the individual man, none in the nature of things can be so far-reaching, so ever-present, so powerfully controlling as the language that he speaks and the literature that he reads. Men may eschew the church and run away from the preacher; they may turn their backs upon the school, and laugh the college to scorn; but from the unconscious teaching of the spoken word there is no escape, save in the deafness of the grave. Just as the air that we breathe brings to us health or death, just as the water that we drink defiles us by its defilement or purifies us with its purity, so the words we speak and hear must control for good or for evil all the issues of our being. For, in the language that is spoken aloud in our streets and in our homes, and spoken silently in the processes of our thought and in the chambers of our conscience, the nation to which we belong gives each day utterance to its moral judgments, it pronounces actions to be good or bad, men to be hateful or noble, life itself to be mean or high. If then language itself become corrupted in its moral nature, if it lose its clearness of discrimination so as to lessen the heinousness of vice by canting phrases, or to degrade the loftiness of virtue by ignoble slang, it cannot fail to weaken the moral sense of those that use it.

There is thus a power in vulgar speech to break down the moral worth of words. Of this let me give one example, in a noble word that, under our own eyes, has been of late dragged down into the very deeps of infamy. For, in all the Romance treasures of our English speech there was hardly a word grander in its birth or lovelier in its associations than our old adjective "*loyal*." A child of the Roman *lex*, loyalty was at first that quality by which a good citizen differs from a criminal, a civilised man from a savage, that is, the voluntary subjection of will and passion to the sway of law. Then it was breathed upon by the spirit of Teutonic chivalry: the Roman word was modified to mark a Christian virtue. For, beyond the citizen's subjection to the written law, it came to mean the subjection of sinful desires and of crafty self-seeking to the unwritten laws of personal purity and self-forgetfulness. Thus, in that one adjective was

blended all that was best both in the uprightness of the law-abiding Roman and in the faithfulness of the Christian gentleman. Yet even such a word as this we have seen in our evil days torn from good uses and made a word of shame. For can any associations of history or of romance, can all the memories of Rome or all the glories of the Round Table, cleanse for us the name that was given to the loyal men that we have heard of?

But in the growing misuse of the mother-tongue there is for the people another danger greater even than the deadening of words' moral force. There is a loss of words' intellectual power. For there is in every word, if we rightly understand it, the sharp expression of its associated thought; and every word, if we rightly use it, moves with unfailing accuracy along the line fixed for it by its birth and history. But for every nation the right meaning of its words is determined by its classical writers. Hence the power of a people to use its language with intellectual precision is measured by its knowledge of the true master-pieces of its literature. So soon, therefore, as the influence of the classical models goes down before the assaults of vulgar slang or of vulgar rhetoric, then must begin among the masses a period of intellectual enfeeblement. For speech is but the body of thought; and all abuses of language must revenge themselves by robbing us of the power of thinking with clearness. Thus it may, I think, be set down as a law of history that the prevailing use of the mother-tongue, whether careful and honest, or dishonest and loose, is the unerring measure of a nation's intellectual strength. There is here a rhetorical standard, a sort of linguistic thermometer, from which we may read the range of the national power in correct thinking and wise acting. When words are used with honest regard to their meaning, when clearness is better loved than finery, when simple language is employed to reveal rather than tawdry language to disguise the shape of thought, then surely in the speakers of such a language as this we shall find mental energy, refined culture and wise action. Such were the qualities of style by which Demosthenes could sway even a mob of Athenians. Such are still the qualities by which John Bright can guide the democracy of England. But to wrest words from their origin and twist them to monstrous uses, to prefer long words to short, and involved sentences to clear ones—worse than all, to hide meanness of thought under a gaudy load of decorations—such qualities as these, wherever in history they are found, are both results and causes of a nation's intellectual decay. I need not show how Greek ran out into Byzantine; how the speech of Horace and Cæsar rotted down into the bombast of the later empire. Yet in my reading it is often borne in upon me that in our own time not a few nations are verging close on their Byzantine epochs. For, in poor France, for example, does not the weak folly of her late adventures, does not the fierce imbecility of her communistic mobs, stand in close and clear relation to her Lamartines and her Hugos? And across the Pyrenees has it not been given to Señor Castelar, that Spanish Sumner, absurd and inflated fanatic, by pompous platitudes and dislocated metaphors to charm a nation into the jaws of death?

But with us ourselves, if we apply our rhetorical test to the American

people, can we be satisfied with the answer? Do we as a people use our mother-tongue with such nice feeling as to be lifted above the trouble of learning it in our schools? Is not Bret Harv our national poet? and was not poor Charles Sumner, whom they buried last spring with such funereal honors at Boston, held up in all our school books, by selections of his choicest rhetoric, as the American Demosthenes? As might be inferred from such examples of our national taste, the moral degradation and the intellectual misuse of words in our American English have reached already a perilous excess. Last year, for example, a New York ruffian whom they called 'Boss' Tweed, was caught in stealing some millions of the city's money. The people had sent him to Congress before, but now they changed their minds and sent him to jail. When the jailor, on giving him welcome to his cell, had to ask him what was his profession, the impudent old scamp drew himself up and answered that he was a statesman. Was there not in this odd use of such a word a strange comment on our national misuse of language? I do not think that by a thousand instances such as I might have gathered from books or papers or conversation, I could give a better illustration of the American tendency to degrade the moral character and to weaken the intellectual force of well-born words.

If one spends half an hour in listening to the debates of the colored delegates in a Southern Legislature, he will hear half the long words of our language brought under this brutalising process. But if you take away the droll utterance of the negro, you will find this tendency to the use of fine words in false places hardly more strong among black than among white Americans. Read in the *Globe* a speech made in Congress by an average member. Read the address made on some local great occasion by the local orator. Read the message of an average Governor, or the sermon of a sensational preacher. Read the report of a fire, or of a race, or of a Sunday-school celebration, or of a Saratoga ball published in an average newspaper. Upon them all you will find the taint of the same vulgar misuse of words, the same avoidance of what is simple and clear, the same barbaric love of tawdry ornamentation. And now when one thinks of all this torrent of bad English that is rolling like a deluge of mud over all our continent, let him think too of the millions of men and women, and of children, impressible to all evil, for whom this diseased literature is the only mental food. The man of business before he goes to his office takes his fill of it from his newspaper. His wife adds to her supply by a flashy novel. The boys and girls take their turns at both the novel and the paper. The lawyer crams himself with it for an appeal to his jury. The doctor picks out from it the long words to be admired by old women. The preacher pours it out with unction over the heads of his congregation. Is there not in all this an appalling danger to be recognised and overcome?

That the words of our mother-tongue, however, mere words, either by moral corruption or by intellectual weakening, should ever become the spring of serious evils, this may seem to some only a schoolmaster's exaggeration. But remember, if you please, that the words of a living language that are become diseased do not remain separate,

weak and inoffensive in the columns of our dictionaries. Nay, they are alive with a life that disease itself seems often to make the more vigorous. They combine in endless permutations, they breed and multiply and mass themselves into armies. They form sentences, they build up books, and constitute literature. Then in their literary shape this great host of tainted words enters silently through the avenues of each man's brain, to touch the springs of his heart and to shape the course of his action. Thus, whenever a word has lost its old power of giving clear utterance to a moral judgment, it becomes a source of immorality; and whenever a word has lost the sharpness of its old intellectual force, it enters into the books of a nation as the breeder of an infinite series of unsound thinkings. In the marshes of a miasma-stricken land there flows from the separate corruption of every rotting leaf and of every poisoned rain-drop such a collective might of pestilence as to slay men in whole families and bring great cities to their ruin. In like manner, when the separate evils that lurk in each corrupted word are gathered into books, then from the rottenness of the impure mass there must flow a poison to weaken the conscience and to break the intelligence of nations.

Here then is a part of my subject that, painful as it is to handle, I can not in the straight line of my argument pass over in silence. For, of all the evils that threaten the young life of our nation, there is none so mighty as the growing corruption of our literature in expression, in thought and in morality. And of this hideous corruption the blame rests chiefly upon the teachers of America: for the cause of it lies chiefly in the neglect of the mother-tongue in American education.

All that know the processes of teaching, know well the power of the concrete example. There is, in what is presented to the young mind as real, a wonderful something that sets the activities of thought into quicker motion. Thus all the disquisitions of grammarians will not so well explain the nature of an optative as to hear it shouted in Homer by a hero on the field of battle; and all the reasonings and the formulas of philosophy will give no such conception of the universe as the boy's first glance through a telescope into the realities of the starry heavens. But in moral teaching the power of the concrete example lies in the characters, whether historical or fictitious, that a boy reads about as real. For moralisings are tedious: there is much in every boy's nature that rebels against the abstractions both of ethics and of religion. But in the concrete examples held up before him in print, whether in histories or in romances, in magazines or in newspapers, of characters to be scorned or to be emulated, there lies the forming power of each boy's character. I have never intimately known any young man in whom I have not been able to detect the influence of some ideal character, which, as shaped and colored by his own youthful conceptions of manliness or success, he looked upon as the example to be imitated in his own living. These ideals of life are drawn, of course, from sources the most diverse. Thus, in Macaulay we have all read how a whole generation of young Englishmen was brought to regard Byron as its pattern of life both in his misanthropy and in his collars. Thus, too, wherever the Bible has been read as a living book, and not as a bundle of dogmas, love and admiration

of the personal Christ have led the best of every time to pass as pure-minded workers of good deeds through earth to heaven. But, whatever the ideal may be, it is almost always an ideal derived not from life itself directly, but from print. For characters that are seen in real life are hardly ever clear enough or marked enough for youthful apprehension; but in poetry, in novels, in newspapers and police reports there are heroes, ready made and ready dressed, for the imitation of the impressive young. Let the literature, therefore, that is read by boys be clear and manly in expression, honest in its pictures of life and true in its portrayal of character; then you will find growing up from it a generation of good, clear-headed and pure-hearted men. But let boys once grow up, as too many boys are growing, in ignorance of all noble writing; let them fill up their leisure hours by books that are tawdry in style, false or vicious in their pictures of life, and silly or immoral in their pictures of character; then, from the best-appointed schools and the richest universities you will see poured out a generation of men feeble in mind and criminal in life. For the bent of human character must, by the law of our nature, be determined not by reasoning nor even by catechisms, but by this human tendency to imitation. From all this it follows that the books read by children are all-powerful in fixing the moral tastes of men. But, for every child that has learned to read at all, there are two competing literatures. On the one side stand the books that are written down to his capacities, silly books to make him silly, or vicious books to make him vicious. These he can read without guidance and to his infinite harm. On the other side stands the great literature of his mother-tongue, the great authors who through our English speech have enriched the world with their wealth of noble thoughts, with their high conceptions of character, with their simple eloquence, with their lofty purity, with their blending of moral and of intellectual greatness into one grand ideal of manhood. But to reach up to these the child needs to have his taste stimulated and uplifted. Shall we then stand by inactive while this choice of Hercules is making? Shall we tell a boy to gather his English from his Latin grammar, to work out his ideals of character from his Cæsar, to learn how to live from his geometry? Shall we, by excluding English from our schools, leave the formation of taste and the formation of character to be fixed hap-hazard by ten-cent novels, by illustrated papers, by the lives of highwaymen and by the obscenities of police-courts? That education is a sham, I might almost say a crime, that does not so work upon the taste as to make a good book more attractive than a bad one; and we have done nothing for our children till we have set them in mental condition to profit by the treasures of our literature, and to draw their ideals of life direct from the masters of our speech.

Some months ago, the reporter of a New York newspaper, as a Greek might have gone to Delphi, went to Concord in Massachusetts, to pick up scraps of wisdom from the lips of Mr. Emerson. The sage seems to have mounted his tripod gaily. "Literary supremacy," quoth he, "may be transferred the same as political supremacy. England has held it longest, but now it has left her. Who knows but that before long it may come to the United States?" Upon this saying of Em-

erson, though the vanity that is in it might make us smile, no teacher, it seems to me, can ponder without sadness. Why is it that to men of culture it sounds like a mockery to talk of our American people as bearing this literary supremacy? Why is it that, with all our millions of inhabitants, with all our wealth that is and that is to be, with all our skill in farming, in manufactures and in trade, with school-houses that turn out scholars and with printing-houses that turn out books, year after year, by millions, we cannot hope, along with political might, to grasp that nobler power which made of tiny Athens as well as of imperial Rome, of Weimar as well as of London, the glowing centres of the world's illumination? In many a single American city there dwell more people than in the whole of Plato's Attica. The money spent in getting a single railroad across a mountain or through a Legislature would have enriched every family in Goethe's Weimar. There are in an American town almost as many school-houses as bar-rooms; and, of all the paper that is made, the American people, as is proved by a French statistician, uses up more than one-half in newspapers, magazines and books. If, then, we have all the helps to culture without having culture itself, may not the fault lie in having neglected the prayer of Theognis? Yes, we have, I think, as a people forgotten more than any people on earth, the habit or even the admiration of refinement in speech. We have forced our governments to instruct the children of the people in what we called practical things; but we have let generation after generation grow up in disdain of the very studies that might have made their hearts purer and their minds more open to great thoughts.

I have spoken of the evils that must come to every society from failing in the studious cultivation of the mother-tongue. I have showed that these evils must touch partly the morals and partly the intelligence of the people. I have showed, moreover, that these evils, whether moral or intellectual, must find their utterance and do their work of destruction chiefly through the books that are read and admired by the young. Here then, if I had the boldness to work my argument through, I ought to show how that in America these evils have made themselves already felt in such a way as to prove by experience the truth of views derived from reason. Yet, at this point, I lack the courage to go on. There are, indeed, hideous blots upon both the morals and the culture of our people. There is, indeed, an American language so debased, either by vulgar slang or by vulgar finery, as to doom its users to degradation. There is, indeed, an American literature deformed by every extravagance of bad taste, and depraved by every taint of bad morality. There is a public life dishonored by incredible ignorance and by shameless wickedness. There is a social life discolored by sordid vices. There is, worse than all, a generation growing up that is already poisoned by the springs from which it drinks, a generation that is ready to carry forward the evils of the present into the hopes of the future. Yet it is a thankless task to lay a finger upon such sores. It is worse still to blazon the faults of a country that is, after all, our own. Let me, therefore, leave the picture incomplete.

Without going, however, into painful details, these evils that have

come to us from the neglect of the mother-tongue in education, may be summed up into two. The source of both is so obvious as to force conviction: the extent of both is so vast as to embrace all others.

1st. There is in American society a shameful lack of the cultivated class, that should be both numerous enough to leaven the uncultivated classes, and powerful enough to guide the collective action.

2d. There is in American education, as looked at in its results, a shameful lack of durable effectiveness. In other words, our systems of education have not had strength enough in them to shape for permanent good the moral and intellectual powers of the young, nor to send them forth into the world durably moulded by the touch of culture.

Of these two evils, as may be seen at once, the one stands to the other as cause to effect. For, if our schools and colleges were able, as machines acting upon their raw material, to change their millions of scholars into men and women that were truly educated, then of necessity there would be a cultivated class in America stronger and more numerous than elsewhere. It follows, therefore, that the lack of cultivated men as a power in society is due to the failure of our schools to bring about an abiding love of culture in the children educated by them.

This lack of durability in the results of an American education is a thing bewildering and sorrowful. The saddest experience of a teacher's life is often to meet again in after-years the men that were once as children in his hands for education. Then they were perhaps ambitious for knowledge, eager in learning, happy in their apparent intellectual progress. But how is it with them now? I leave out the vast multitudes that end their education in the lower schools. Try a class more highly favored. Enter in imagination into the house of an average man that was some ten years ago the graduate of an average college. You will find him over head and ears in the cares of business life, eager in money-getting, care-worn and dyspeptic. In the rooms at home, where his life is passed, there are newspapers lying about, and perhaps a magazine. But the few books that are there are shelved behind glass doors, so as not to be rashly disturbed; and his whole library, with the volumes counted in that he brought back from college, is not equal in value to the carpet upon his floor. The talk of the man is like his dwelling. His interest is alive only when the conversation touches on his business, his church, or his politics. He has ceased, or perhaps he never began, to be a reader. He has ceased to care for books. He has ceased to think upon questions of philosophy, or to follow with even a languid love those unselfish and inspiring lines of reflection that culture opens to the soul. In his own business he may show a sharp intelligence; but the exercise of the mind for its own delight, the reverence for great ideals, the joy to be felt in the mastery of great men's thoughts, the happiness that springs from following the wit or the wisdom of a poet — all these are become things unknown or things despised. His life passes in hours of business, hours of idleness, and hours of sleep. Thus he that ought to have been a man of culture, is sunk into a creature half-sensualist, half-drudge. But you will find all our country full of such cases of a sham education brought to shame.

Is there not, therefore, in the system that works out such results a fundamental blunder somewhere?

For, as I take it, the political and social aim of education is to create in society a class of cultivated men so powerful as to keep ignorance in check, and to lead the mind of the nation toward wisdom. Upon the existence and the power of such a class is staked the very life of the modern State. For the State is become too complex for fools to govern it safely. With men of culture so diffused throughout society as to control the passions of the vulgar and to lead the opinions of the multitude, there is for the modern State an upward progress, grand and indefinite, toward the goals of civilisation. But, when the leaders are not there, the mighty host is already defeated. Bereft of such a class, society, as a prey to all passions and to all delusions, must find itself, like the maddened swine, driven down in shameful frenzy to its death.

There is no need to show in detail to what results this evil has worked itself out in America. We can see the lack of number and of influence in our cultivated class, by the fact that power in money, power in society, power in politics has lodged itself almost altogether in the hands of the ignorant. We can see it in the fact that the collective action of our people, as expressed in its government, is almost always undertaken in folly and carried out in violence. We can see it in the supremacy of vulgar passions, and in the corruption of the public service. We can see it, I grieve to say, too plainly in the fate of the high civilisations that in South Carolina and Louisiana have been trampled down by the hoofs of brutal savages. Yet, when we see all this, we have not seen the ending; for, unless our teachers can mend the matter, there is in this American succumbing of the educated to the ignorant, of the wise to the foolish, the doom of our civilisation. If we cannot turn our schools into schools of solid and abiding culture, if they cannot send out their scholars to be for all their lives reading and reflecting men, then our future, amid all the phosphorescence of its material prosperity, is to be involved in a spiritual barbarism that will admit no remedy.

Such then, as I have tried to sketch them, are the evils flowing now, as they must always flow, from the neglect of the mother-tongue in education. Such are the evils that, as teachers, we are called upon to combat: first, the lack of permanency in the results of American education; second, the lack of a cultivated class as a power in American society. In order therefore that we may fight these evils with success, let us frame in our own minds a worthy conception of what, for human character, the practical results of education ought to be.

As a moral training, education ought to develop the power of moral judgment: it ought to teach us to distinguish right from wrong, and to give us strength to follow right in our own actions. But, as an intellectual training, education ought to develop the power of intellectual judgment: it ought to teach us to distinguish true from false, and to give us strength to follow truth in our own thinking. Finally, as a rhetorical training, education ought to develop the power of expression: it ought to give us the means of putting both our moral and intellectual judgments into a form so effective as to work upon our fellow-men.

Now to attain this threefold purpose of education, the careful study of the mother-tongue is the great discipline both pointed out by reason and approved by history. For in the careful study of the tongue that we use in daily life we are studying through the words the things that are signified by them ; that is, we are mastering one by one the whole array of moral and of intellectual notions that belong to our race. And in studying our English literature, we are having brought into our minds, under every form of practical application, the moral and the intellectual judgments that have been arrived at by our greatest thinkers upon all the duties and actions of mankind ; and in learning to admire the clearness of statement and the force of expression by which our great authors have revealed their thoughts to men, we are following the best and directest method toward making that clearness and that force our own.

In the development of the mind, such a plan of education would surely so strengthen the faculties as to make the habits of reading and reflection not a drudgery, but a delight ; not a strain to be avoided, but a pleasure to be sought as the joyous recreation of the soul. In the development of taste, such a plan of education would surely so act upon the critical faculties as to make what is bad or false or tawdry less charming than what is good and sound and simple. It would enable us, as a vast people of readers, to stifle a corrupting literature by lack of rewards ; to put down false reasoning or inflated rhetoric by quiet scorn, and to foster, as the types of our taste, not vulgarity nor sensationalism, but manliness and refinement. In the development of morals, such an education would so control the moral nature as to make us despise the baser tendencies of modern life. It would moderate the thirst for wealth by opening other springs of happiness more real and less degrading. It would turn our gaze with reverent love toward the great models of character of which literature is full, and thus it would make us truer in our ideals of life, more thoughtful in our estimate of success, and less disposed to be led into the imitation of successful knavery. It would ennoble even the busiest life by breathing into it, as through the shaft of a mine, the fresh air of thought. It would give even to the drudges of society a sympathy with intellectual aims, and it would tend to make life purer and higher for all by the charm of noble books and of social culture. Such an education therefore, if made universal by the State, would reproduce upon the nation those benefits that it produces upon the individual man. It would free the masses of the people from sensual degradations by lifting them into the range of purer joys. It would revoke the licenses of bar-rooms ; it would cleanse the streets of our cities from their nightly abominations. It would make the passions more amenable to reason ; it would moderate the excesses of party bitterness ; it would render men wiser in their choice of political measures and nicer in their choice of political leaders. Who can tell but that in course of time, with English well-taught in all our schools, we might have scholars in our Congress, and Presidents that were not, like the old German Kaiser, "*supra grammaticam*" ?

THE DEATH-RIDE.

THE twilight of the summer day was come,
 And through the olive-boughs the silver crescent
 Of the pale queen of night gleamed whitely from
 Her cloud-fort evanescent.

And, as we sat and watched the shifting towers
 Melt, merge and mingle in a thousand changes,
 Passing from frowning peaks to airy bowers
 Or thunderous mountain-ranges,

Until at last, in fleecy maze dispersed,
 Bastion and battlement and cloudy pillar
 Passed quite away, and o'er us as at first,
 But steadfaster and stiller,

That gleaming banner flew unmoved among
 The shocks of war, while, through the cloud-veil riven,
 Star after star came grandly out along
 The battlements of heaven—

Then Donna Inez spoke: Such hour is this
 As erst to old Boccace was wont to fashion
 Those far-famed wondrous tales of amorous bliss
 And most melodious passion.

I almost think I see around me here
 That deathless company of knights and ladies—
 Lurks there no magic in our Spanish air
 Beneath these groves of Cadiz?

Tell us a tale ere yonder western star
 Drop down behind these olive-branches pallid
 Say, Señor Aubrey, you have travelled far,
 Your wandering feet have dallied

Along strange paths; your curious hands have culled
 In eastern gardens many a flower of fancy
 Whose wondrous hues no breath of time hath dulled
 With cruel necromancy.

Tell us—we listen: all the air is calm
 With nature's peace; the soft wind ebbs and falters;
 The night's warm breath goes upward like a psalm
 Whispered from unseen altars.

Thy servant hears, I said, and I will tell
A strange adventure suited to the hour :
A legend told me by a palm-fringed well
Beside an ancient tower,

Where the great desert spread in billowy surge
Wave upon wave, and the red moon, back-driven,
Her curvèd scimitar shook on the verge
Before the hosts of heaven.

A wearied band we were. The caravan
Had journeyed far that day ; the patient camels
Drowsed heavy-eyed a little resting-span,
Freed from their galling trammels.

Spake Sheikh Abdullah : May the Prophet grant
That not for ill yon fierce moon glows so redly ;
The desert sand-drift's mercy is but scant,
The desert storm-breath deadly.

Allah is great ! by His eternal will
We stand or fall. What boots it though we wrestle
In fiercest death-strife, or serene and still
In houris' soft arms nestle ?

Christian, give ear, and I will tell to thee,
A true tale handed down from old tradition ;
Give ear and hearken, and thy soul, may be,
Shall comprehend the vision.

Caliph Haroun high court doth hold to-day,
And in the council-chamber dim and vast,
Domed like the towering arch of mighty trees,
Whose topmost branches interlace and twine
Above wide forest-depths, while underneath
Their giant trunks form pillared corridors
In infinite succession—here the great
And good and wise of all the land are come
To commune with him on deep things of state.
Sages who tracked the white feet of the stars
Throughout the mazes of their mystic dance,
And could interpret all their boon and ban,
Bent low before him ; bearded warriors, keen
And wily councillors skilled in the art
And subtlety of state-craft—all were there.

But lo ! ere yet from the eternal throne
The Caliph spake his will omnipotent,

Through the great door in sudden haste there passed
 A man with pallid face and robe ungirt,
 Parting the crowd asunder with a sign,
 And tottering on with swift, unsteady step,
 Before the Caliph bowed him to the earth,
 And clasped with quivering hand the royal skirt
 And craved an audience. Then the people all
 Did greatly marvel, for in that wan man,
 Blanched with an awful whiteness of despair,
 As one plague-smitten and accurst, they knew
 Emir Nouredin, chief of all the guard.

Thrice strove the suppliant his speech to frame,
 And thrice his parched tongue and chattering teeth
 Refused their wonted office ; yet at last
 Even fear lent words, strange, hollow-sounding, weak ;
 And so at last, with gasping breath, he spoke :
 "Commander of the Faithful ! hear, I pray,
 Thy slave's petition ; hear and grant and save !
 For lo ! as even now thy slave did lie
 Within his harem's closest, surest bound,
 Girt round by sleepy-eyed, deep-bosomed maids,
 Moon-faced and amorous as the perfect moon
 When spring-buds swell beneath her subtle kiss,
 Even then upon my noon-day dream did come
 A strange, mysterious horror, and I shrank
 Within myself, as when in wildernesses
 The air seems heavy with unuttered spells,
 And the lone wanderer in that mazy error
 Crouches appalled with a mysterious dread ;
 Even so I shuddered, for before me there
 I saw, with shrouded face, Azrael stand—
 Azrael, the death-angel, who doth hold
 The doom of all men.

"As I gazed and gazed,
 From his pale brow the veil seemed drawn away
 By hands invisible, and his deep eyes,
 Intolerable, searched my shrinking face,
 As seeking for the frightened soul beneath.
 In those dread eyes a strange surprise did dwell,
 A look of wonder and amazement vast ;
 But as I gazed the veil seemed drawn again,
 And nought was there but empty space once more,
 And the glad sun made pictures on the wall
 Full of all glory and serene delight.

"And now, Commander of the Faithful, grant
 That I may mount my fleetest steed and fly
 Beyond the utmost desert, for I fear
 Again to meet Azrael face to face :
 Hear, O thou mighty one, hear, grant and save !"

Ere the last echo of that frenzied prayer
Died into silence, spake Haroun the Good :—
“ Emir, thy prayer is granted. Yet think not
That thy frail will can change the destined hour
Fore-ordered for thee through the eternal years :
But fly, if fly thou wilt, thou hast thy wish.”

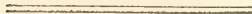
And back through the awed crowd Noureddin passed,
And silence fell on all men for a space.

* * * * *

Night! Night in the Great Desert! Down behind
The western sands the day has dropped; the stars
Scarcely the fainting pilgrim's feet do guide
To where around yon huge misshapen rock
A horror of great darkness broods for aye.
The pilgrim nears that rock, and lo! a gleam,
Cold, steady, terrible, of pallid light
Flows forth unto him, and they stand once more
Face to face, all alone with God's own stars,
Azrael, and the man whom men did call
Emir Noureddin, chief of all the guard!
Then the death-angel lifted up to heaven
The patient awful terror of his eyes :
“ Mighty art Thou, O Allah, and Thy ways
Past finding out! Behold, the victim comes
Whom Thou did'st bid me wait,—whom I myself
Long leagues away beheld this very noon.
He comes across Thy trackless sands to where
Thou bad'st me wait for him when day was done.”
And as he spake the gloom crept slowly up
And wrapped the prostrate figure at his feet,
And over all was silence.

So Sheikh Abdullah ceased, and through the night
Once more we eastward set our journeying faces
To where, far past the keenest watcher's sight,
Slumbered the green oasis.

BARTON GREY.



AN INCREDIBLE THING ABOUT THULE.

A CERTAIN Antonius Diogenes, a Greek novelist, who lived no one exactly knows when, has handed his name down to posterity associated with the title of a lost romance of a highly marvellous character, which he called *Incredible Things about Thule*. Now Thule, in those days, was a name applied without any definite geographical idea to some island or other in the extreme North, the furthest of all lands, unvisited, unknown except by vague report, and hence an admirable place to write incredible things about. So for the same reason we have borrowed the old romancer's title for the narrative which here follows. It is about an unknown island in the Northern Sea ; and whether true or not — on which point we refrain from committing ourselves — we can safely say that it is incredible.

On the 25th of June, 1809, Reikjavik, the fishy little capital of Iceland, witnessed a remarkable sight. Two small fishing-vessels entered the harbor, and from them disembarked a party of nine men. Instead of scattering themselves over the town, they proceeded in a body, under the leadership of a young Dane who was recognised as one Jörgen Jörgenson, straight to the Government House, and before the townspeople could guess what was meant, had surrounded it, seized the Danish Governor, Count Trampe, had lowered the Danish flag and hoisted in its place a novel ensign displaying three codfish on a blue field, and proclaimed the Free and Independent Republic of Iceland.

The Icelanders viewed all these proceedings with much stolidity, as a matter with which they were not called on to meddle ; and though the population of the island was some 50,000, and the Army of Liberation but eight men, they neither offered resistance nor rallied round the flag. In a few days Jörgenson, encouraged or provoked by their indifference, seized supreme power with the title of Protector, and had his own way for about two months, when an English sloop-of-war came into the harbor, and learning the state of things, extinguished the new-born republic and carried off the hyperborean Cromwell to be tried for piracy. But we do not propose to enter into the details of this miniature *coup d'état*, which may be read in any history of Iceland, but merely to touch on one act of Jörgenson's Protectorate, which led to singular results.

During Jörgenson's frequent visits to Iceland before he made his grand stroke, he had formed a close friendship with an Icelandier named Arni Vidalin. This Vidalin was a skilful and daring sailor and trader, whose voyages up the Baltic, to Holland, and to England (where he first met Jörgenson) had expanded his mind beyond most of his countrymen, and given him a knowledge that few of them had of the thoughts and feelings that were stirring Europe at the close of the eighteenth century. Unlike most Icelanders, he had a touch of

enthusiasm and enterprise in his character, which probably first drew Jörgenson to him ; and the acquaintance, as we have said, ripened into close friendship. This man (as afterwards appeared) Jörgenson, after careful sounding, selected as the confidant of his plans, and finding that he listened with interest, asked his help. He appealed to Arni's patriotism as an Icelander ; plied him with the familiar rhetoric of French Republicanism ; pointed out how easily the island might be wrested from the grasp of Denmark, still crippled by the loss of her fleet to the English ; hinted at a secret understanding with Napoleon who had Denmark at his mercy, and would maintain the new Republic ; and descanted on the glory they would obtain as deliverers whose names would live with those of Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

Really, or seemingly, won over, Arni undertook to form a party in Iceland to receive and coöperate with Jörgenson when he should arrive. But in his secret heart he doubted the feasibility of the scheme, or distrusted Jörgenson, for he made no attempt to fulfil his part of the engagement. Perhaps when away from Jörgenson's eloquence, he may have foreseen that nothing but mischief could come to Iceland under the guidance of a flighty enthusiast who was certainly, as he afterwards showed, a little insane. But he kept his friend's counsel faithfully, until he learned that the attempt was about to be made, when he revealed the whole, in a private interview, to the Governor Count Trampe.

Trampe, an easy-going man, treated the whole thing as a farce. Jörgenson's letters, which Arni showed him, convinced him that some attempt was intended, but as for a revolt of the Icelanders, a revolt of oysters could not have seemed to him more absurd. "Let him land when he likes," he said. "We will simply arrest him and send him ironed to Copenhagen for trial. I will privately recommend him to the King's mercy on the ground of insanity, for mad he surely is. A couple of months' imprisonment will bring him to his senses." The sequel showed that the Governor judged correctly of Icelandic apathy and passiveness, only he did not carry his conclusions quite far enough. No Icelander was found to strike a blow against Denmark ; but none was found to strike a blow for her, either ; and so, as we have said, the Danish supremacy over a loyal population of 50,000 was overthrown in an hour by nine men.

About the time when Jörgenson seized the supreme power, Arni disappeared. For awhile it was thought he had gone on a whaling voyage ; but after the Protector's fall, when Count Trampe told the facts, it was supposed that he had fled to England or the Continent to be out of Jörgenson's reach, as Trampe admitted that while a prisoner he had very incautiously told Jörgenson that his accomplice had betrayed him. When he still did not return, Trampe declared his belief that the Protector had had him privately murdered ; but as Jörgenson vehemently denied this, solemnly declaring that there was no blood on his hands, and as no evidence could be found sustaining the charge, it was not brought up at the trial. Disappearances not only of individuals, but of whole ship's crews, are not so very uncommon among the seafaring peoples of the Northern seas ; and in a

few years even the memory of Arni Vidalin had passed from men's minds.

In the spring of 1854, two young Englishmen, George Handford Cavendish and Frank Sebreze, both Oxford men, proficient in athletic exercises, great fishermen, good oarsmen, and well practised in boating, started for a yachting cruise along the coast of Norway. Their little craft, the *Pictarnie*, was a miniature cutter-yacht of about three tons, very strongly built and a capital sailer. By the latter part of June they had grown somewhat tired of running into fiords, fishing, sketching, and talking lame Latin and drinking fiery brandy with the good Norse pastors, so they ran up to the North Cape to see the mid-night sun at the summer solstice. After witnessing this sight, so strange and impressive to spectators from temperate latitudes, the question arose, where should they next go? When fitting out the *Pictarnie*, they had had a sort of undefined idea that it was just possible they might undertake some kind of small Arctic adventure before returning, and they had put on board a stock of pemmican and biscuit in sealed tin cans, and this still remained untouched.

At last one or the other suggested, "Why not run over to Iceland?" The proposition was a bold one, for the *Pictarnie* was too tiny for a sea-going boat, to say nothing of ice-bergs; but she was tight as a bottle and buoyant as a cork; and Sebreze, who had selected her, bragged that he "could sail round the globe in her, barring typhoons." In a word both young men had in them something of the old Viking spirit, and they felt that their trip thus far had been a little too safe and commonplace to gain them much *éclat*, and so they determined to make the venture. So they had the *Pictarnie* thoroughly overhauled at Hammerfest, and finding her perfectly sound and tight, after getting minute sailing-directions and a chart from an old skipper there, on the 25th of June they put to sea.

Their plan was to keep well to the north, holding a course about at right-angles to the Gulf Stream, until they struck the southward polar current off the coast of Greenland, and then to bear down upon Iceland from the N. W. For two days they had a brisk east wind and made fine sailing, the little yacht behaving splendidly; but towards evening of the third day—that is, evening by the clock, for the sun was high in the heavens, the sky suddenly grew dark, and they hastily took in sail, expecting a gale of wind. What followed, however, was what they were not expecting, an electric storm. The wind was not violent, but the thunder and lightning were terrific, and one discharge was so sharp and near that the yachtsmen were slightly stunned, and thought for a while that their boat had been struck; but they could discover no damage, and the storm subsiding as suddenly as it had arisen, left them gliding along as gaily as before, with a fresh breeze on the quarter.

About noon the next day, Sebreze was steering and Cavendish getting ready the dinner, when the latter suddenly called out, "What time is it, Sebreze? There is something the matter with my watch."

"Eight bells," answered Sebreze.

Cavendish put down the loaf he was cutting, and came aft, looking uneasy.

"This is singular," he said. "It is twelve by my watch, too."

"Well?"

"We are steering due west: it is twelve o'clock, and the sun, instead of being due south, is on our larboard quarter!"

The same idea instantly flashed into the minds of both. Sebreze reached over, opened the little binnacle and gave the compass-card a slight touch. It slowly revolved and gradually came to a stop at right-angles to its former position. The secret was out: the needle had been demagnetised by the electric discharge, and here they were without a compass, on an unknown sea, ignorant of their position.

Yet they could not realise the danger. Their little boat was strong and staunch, the wind was fair, the sky was bright, and if the sun, which moved in a great circle round the horizon, barely dipping at the north, was but a poor guide for men unused to those latitudes to steer by, on the other hand they had the security of almost uninterrupted day. To return, moreover, under the circumstances, seemed as dangerous as to proceed; so they resolved to keep boldly on their course. Another day passed, and the sky began to darken, presaging storm. Fierce gusts of wind came, and then drifts of snow, which presently thickened to a blinding whirl, in which they could not see ten feet from the yacht. They took in all canvass but a small jib storm-sail, and kept the *Pictarnie's* head as close to the wind as they could. For hours and hours they kept thus beating to windward, until they fairly grew dizzy with the incessant swirl of snow-flakes.

At last the snow abated, but the gale grew more violent with furious squalls, one of which blew their little storm-sail to ribbons, and the *Pictarnie*, losing her steerage-way, fell off before the wind. It seemed a miracle that she did not founder; but the waves were not so high as might have been expected with so strong a gale, and the smallness of the yacht made her rotation so quick that she was able safely to perform a manœuvre that would have been fatal to a larger craft.

The only thing now to be done was to scud under bare poles; so they lashed fast the now useless helm and kept an anxious look ahead, not knowing in what direction they were driving, nor what dangers beset their course. The storm still raged, but the wind seemed to beat the waves flat rather than raise them, and in this, and in the lightness of their craft which floated like a cork, lay their hope of safety. At last a furious squall carried away all their spars at once, and the *Pictarnie* yawing from the shock, some of the loose cordage got fouled in the rudder. Cavendish seized a hatchet and sprang to clear away the wreck, but Sebreze stopped him. "Wait a minute," he said. "Clear or fouled the rudder is no use to us now; and I have a notion that this wreck towing astern will be of some service. At all events, let us see; and we can clear it in a moment if necessary."

So it turned out. This light wreck of spars and cordage operated as a drag to check the yacht's speed, and their rate of drifting sensibly diminished. The wind slackening about the same time, the imminence of peril was over for the present, yet for the first time a depression and sense of dull despair began to come upon them. They had no longer an enemy to grapple with: there was nothing that they could do, but drift helplessly, they knew not whither. Provisions they had in

plenty, but the slender supply of water, of which they had only a keg, was a palpable ground for anxiety. Yet they felt but little thirst, and their apprehensions took no tangible form. Nothing broke the monotony of the long hours, not even the changes of day and night. The wind kept strong, but no longer furious, and whether it veered or not they had no means of telling. They saw no ship, no ice, no living creature, no sign of land; heard nothing but the plashing of waves, and their own voices at rare intervals. The endless Arctic day, or rather an unchanging gray twilight which was neither night nor day, oppressed and confused them, and they could not sleep. They felt, they afterwards said, as if time had come to a stop. Their nerves began to give way under the long-continued strain.

How long they drifted in this way, they could never afterwards tell. But one day a speck appeared on the horizon and roused them from their apathy. Slowly it grew in size, until at last they could make out that it was an island. Would they touch it or not? was now the absorbing question. They might have rigged a jury-mast from the wreck they were towing astern, but their sails were lost, and they had no spare canvass. Eagerly they watched it, hour after hour, and still the boat's head pointed steadily towards it.

"Do you remember the loadstone rock in the Arabian Nights?" asked Cavendish of his friend. "That island seems to be drawing us."

"I have been thinking for some time that we were going faster than this wind can account for. We must be in a current."

With growing anxiety they watched the island which gradually began to assume definite shape. An irregular black cliff, like a great broken wall, rose steeply out of the sea, affording, so far as they could see, no possibility of landing, anywhere. Nearer and nearer they drew, with, as it seemed to them, increasing velocity. Presently they marked the point where they seemed destined to strike. A wall-like promontory ran out into the sea, and a couple of fathoms beyond its extremity a small detached spur of rock rose above the surface. The boat seemed about to strike the face of the wall, when the reflux of a wave caused it to veer a little. Their chance was now to pass between the edge of the wall and the detached rock. Sebreze stood with a boat-hook at the bow, and Cavendish with another at the stern. As they were on the point of striking the edge, Sebreze gave a desperate thrust, threw the boat's head to larboard, and they entered the narrow channel. The next instant the wreck that they had in tow caught on the detached rock, there was a sudden jerk, the boat veered to starboard again, passed the perilous point, and turning into a narrow inlet, crashed against the rocks with a shock that threw them off their feet.

They were in a sort of ravine, or chasm, between high walls of black rock, rising vertically on their right, but terminating below, on their left, in a series of ledges like irregular stairs, against the lower part of which their boat had been wrecked. They sprang upon these stairs, clambered up for a short distance, and after a brief ejaculation of thanksgiving at their deliverance, threw themselves upon one of the ledges, and fell instantaneously into deep sleep.

How long they slept they did not know, but they awoke much refreshed in both mind and body, and proceeded to take an account of their situation. The place in which they were, was, as has been stated, a narrow chasm or cleft between lofty walls of black, volcanic-looking rock, smooth on one side, but on the other broken and irregular, with ledges toward the bottom formed by basaltic pillars. At the bottom lay the black water, lapping on the lower ledges as a ripple ran in the mouth of the gorge; and at the top the chasm was open to the sky. It ran back for some distance, but a bend in its course prevented them from seeing its exact depth. The opening or mouth by which the *Pictarnie* had entered looked out to sea, but a thick mist outside, hanging before it like a curtain, prevented their having any view in that direction.

In the black water below them lay the wreck of the yacht, which had now broken up; and around it were floating cans of pemmican and of biscuit, some small boxes and other light stores, some of which were lodged on the lowest ledge of rock by the receding of the tide. Their water-keg they found floating, with the spigot gone; but the loss of the water was of no consequence, as water was dropping and trickling everywhere from the walls of the chasm, and running in little rills along some of the ledges.

The first thing to be done was to secure as much of this floating property as possible, which, by the help of their boat-hooks, was an easy task. They found a narrow chink between rows of basaltic pillars, into the mouth of which a man could barely squeeze himself, and running back twelve or fifteen feet; and in this they stored their provisions, piling them at the further end, so as to be out of the reach of white bears, in case any of those voracious monsters should be upon the island. Here also they stowed a runlet of brandy which had luckily escaped damage, not neglecting first to refresh themselves with a moderate draught, and to fill the metallic flasks in their pockets. The provisions and other floating articles secured, the next thing was to save as much of the wreck as they could from drifting out again. In getting in the broken spars, Cavendish was delighted to recover a coil of very long and strong seal-line, made of finely-plaited strands of narwal-skin, which he had bought from a Finn at Hammerfest, and left hanging to a belaying-cleat on the mast. By the help of this, a pair of sheave-blocks, and pieces of spars, they succeeded in hauling up all the loose parts of the wreck and landing them on a ledge above tide-mark. So much of the frame of the vessel as held together, they made fast with ropes to the rocks.

This work done, they held a consultation. They could make a raft from the pieces of their yacht; but they had no sail, and even had they one, to trust themselves to the open sea under such circumstances, was to rush into worse peril than that which they had just deemed themselves so fortunate in escaping. The desolate and frightful appearance of the island, as they had seen it on their approach, gave no hope of any inhabitants. Instead of the screaming flocks of eider-ducks, boobies, gannets, guillemots, always seen wheeling round these rocky islands, all had been silence; not even the white wing of a sea-mew flashed across the black rock-pinnacles.

"Our only chance," concluded Sebreze, after summing-up his view of the situation, "lies in the possibility of our signalling some passing sail; for that any vessel ever touches here, I do not believe. Our stores, carefully husbanded, will last us two months, I think. If we can catch fish, or if we could find a duckery, we might hold out indefinitely, but for the cold of winter."

"Ducks' eggs would be a happy find," said Cavendish; "but we should have to eat our fish raw, I fear, for our matches are all spoiled with the water, even if we had any wood to spare for fuel."

"That is unlucky, for it spoils my idea of a smoke-signal. I tell you what we must do: we must climb these rocks if we can, and I think we can manage it, determine which is the most conspicuous peak, and rig up some kind of signal with our topmast. Then we will explore the interior of the island, at least enough to see if it can furnish us any subsistence and better shelter than this damp gloomy pit which reminds me of Dante's *Inferno*."

So taking their seal-line and boat-hooks, and a small supply of provisions slung from their shoulders, they set out. They crept along the ledges of the gorge for some distance until they found a spot where the broken condition of the inner wall afforded them some facilities for ascent, and here they commenced their climb. It was a task of extreme difficulty, and at times of no slight danger: sometimes, by means of a pile of great and small fragments, they clambered up to a ledge which seemed to promise a fair path, and after following it awhile, found it broken abruptly off, and all their labor wasted. The rocks were everywhere dripping with water, and extremely slippery, and the mist, which seemed to pour into the gorge like a river from the opening above, grew denser and denser. Presently they came to a new and formidable obstacle in a series of trap-dykes or thin walls projecting at right-angles to the sides of the chasm which they seemed to have cloven through. These were perfectly smooth and offered no chance of footing; but their edges were very jagged and irregular, and by detaching the grappling-iron from one of the boat-hooks, making it fast to the seal-line, and then throwing it over the wall until it caught on one of the projections, so that they could climb up sailor-fashion, they managed to surmount these.

At last they reached the crest of the inner wall, which they found wider and more level than they had expected, and they proceeded along it for some distance until they found a peak which they thought a good place for their signal. But no signal would have been of any service just then, for nothing was to be seen but a heavy mist which seemed to boil up from the interior of the island and roll in incessant masses over the rocky walls to the sea. Toward the inner part of the island the mist was lighter, and they could catch glimpses of another wall like that they were on, concentric with the latter, but lower, and separated by a chasm of unknown depth.

Into this chasm, after a short rest, they began to descend, with much less difficulty than they had ascended on the other side; but the necessity of exploring its depths was fortunately obviated by one of the transverse trap-dykes which had given them so much trouble in their ascent. This dyke had part of the upper edge quite level,

and projecting so near to the point they were on, about twenty feet below them, that it looked as if they could leap upon it. This perilous jump, however, was not tried, for Sebreze, taking the seal-line, threw one end down upon the ledge to measure the distance, next, guided by this measurement, made a strong loop in the line, and then fixing the grappling-iron firmly on a projecting crag, let himself glide gradually down the line until he reached the loop. Into this he put both hands, and holding firmly, thrust strongly with both feet against the face of the rock, so as to swing himself fairly over the dyke, on the top of which he safely landed. Here he made the loose end of the line fast, and Cavendish slid down without difficulty.

Their further descent into the interior was easy enough, the slope being not nearly so steep, and only requiring caution. The air was surprisingly warm, and the mist around them much thinner; but far above their heads it formed a canopy of clouds, rolling, as it seemed, on all sides over the outer walls, with a kind of rotatory or slow spiral motion. As they proceeded into the valley-basin below, the warmth of the moist air increased until it was really oppressive, and the weight of their saturated clothing was almost more than they could bear.

At last they reached a ledge, and while standing on it, resting, and deliberating on their further course, the mist in front partly lifted, and to their amazement they saw below them a paradise of verdure. Tall palms, as it seemed to them, reared aloft their leafy crowns, and vines with splendid flowers trailed in festoons from stem to stem; gigantic bamboos—or were they monstrous specimens of the columnar cactus?—stood in clusters, or rose singly in tall shafts from the sea of greenery that lay, unmoved by any breeze, below them. The closing mist soon shut out the spectacle, but curiosity and astonishment now urged on the travellers. It was not long before they found themselves quite under the mist, and in a moist, but clear warm air, and at their feet, plain in sight, lay the whole island-valley. It was a circular basin of perhaps two miles in diameter, walled in by the rocky ridges which they had descended; and a perfect garden of strange and luxuriant foliage and flowers. They looked about curiously as they approached, for some sign of inhabitants, but at first could discover none; presently, however, they noticed what was evidently a path, and following it for some distance, perceived under a clump of low palm-like trees, with rough stringy bark, and wide flat crowns of fringed leaves, like fern-fronds, what seemed to be slight and very small cabins, built of green reeds, and thatched with leaves.

While looking at these, several human beings of small stature emerged from the huts, and after brief conversation, came along the path, carrying vessels which resembled calabashes hung by cords.

"Natives: savages," said Sebreze. "What's the proper thing to do to conciliate their affections?"

"Suppose we try a green bough. I believe that is a sign of peace, the world over."

So each broke a great fern-leaf, and advanced slowly, gently waving it, and trying to throw into their faces the most benevolent look they could possibly assume. The natives presently caught sight of them,

and after a momentary pause, began to approach them, evidently with peaceful intentions, and on reaching them, bowed with great respect, after which one began to address them in an unknown tongue. They were a singular-looking race, between four and five feet high, very erect in their carriage, with disproportionately small heads, flattened on the top and much elongated backwards. As for their age, it baffled all conjecture. Their faces were round, like those of children, with dark eyes, over which the lids drooped a little; their skins of a pale clear olive, exquisitely smooth; and their hair and eyebrows—they had no beards—were white as snow. Their small hands and feet were bare; and they were clad in loose garments or tunics of a soft white fibrous-looking material. Their whole demeanor was grave and quiet; their voices soft, with a sort of plaintive tone.

Seeing that it was impossible to come to any understanding by words, one of these strange people made signs to the travellers to follow them, and together they proceeded by a path which led toward the centre of the island. By the way they had ample opportunity to admire the extraordinary and splendid vegetation which had so astonished them when first seen. The palm-like trees, with their crowns of fringed fronds, have already been mentioned; but more surprising than these were the plants they at first took for bamboos. Of these there were two kinds: one rose, a straight green column, with regular nodes, but no trace of foliage, to a height of forty to sixty feet, with a diameter of about two feet at the base, and regularly tapering, like a mast; another kind was not so tall, had a ruff or fringe of bluish green blades surrounding every node, was deeply channelled along the internodes, and the ridges studded with clear crystals, apparently of silex, from the size of a pea to that of a filbert. One particularly beautiful plant grew in clumps or copses. It rose to fifteen or twenty feet in height, with a slender trunk, and threw out on all sides bunches of bright-green, slender leaves, like tufts of very long grass, giving to the whole clump, seen at a little distance, a wonderfully soft, mossy appearance. But the strangest peculiarity was in the mode of its flowering. From the root of every tree rose a smooth, leafless shaft, about two inches in diameter, and of a light-yellow, pink, or scarlet color. This shaft rose a yard or more above the plant to which it belonged, and was terminated in some specimens by a scarlet or crimson flower of an elongated shape, like an immense lily-bud, about two feet in length, and standing at right-angles to the stem; while others bore at the top a globe of an amber color, rather larger than a man's head. Other plants sprang in clusters from the ground between the stems, throwing up tall feathery leaves, like ostrich-plumes, to a height of eight or ten feet. The climbing plants, with large and brilliant flowers, and fruits of strange shape and vivid color, enhanced the magic of the scene; and in the humid air all the hues had a strange soft lustre and harmonious blending. Indeed nothing can describe the effect of this singular vegetation, so luxuriant, yet so delicate, which sprang in lofty plumes, spread in branching fronds, hung in slender festoons, or drooped in soft fringes, unstirred by any breeze. No note of bird was heard; no chirp of insect; no fly glanced in the air. At times a feathery seed detached itself from one of the trees,

and fell softly and vertically to the ground ; but beyond this, and the soft far-off murmur of the sea, all was as still, as silent, and as mysterious as death. And the dream-like feeling it inspired in our travellers was not lessened by the presence of their strange taciturn guides, who moved on before them, their light footsteps scarcely rustling the thick carpet of fallen leaves.

Presently a turn in the path brought them in sight of a cabin of larger size than those they had first seen, and from it emerged a man whom they at once recognised as of their own race. He was tall and broad-shouldered, very erect, and moved with a firm, almost youthful step, though a mass of silvery hair fell upon his shoulders, and a beard of snowy whiteness flowed to his waist. He was dressed in a tunic like those of their guides, bound round the waist with a broad belt, and his feet were bare. As he drew near, our travellers noted with surprise the extraordinary whiteness and delicacy of his skin, in which not a speck or wrinkle could be perceived. His eyes were of a clear blue and very bright. When he reached the strangers, the natives who accompanied him drew respectfully a little back.

He saluted the travellers with great dignity, though with evident astonishment, and addressed them in a tongue which they recognised as either Norse or Danish. Cavendish tried the resource he had found so often of service in Norway, and accosted the stranger in Latin. An expression of pleased surprise showed that the words were understood ; and very slowly, and with the effort of one recalling a long-forgotten lesson, he replied in the same tongue, asking who they were and how they had come there. No sooner had the words "*Angli sumus*," fallen upon his ear, than he hastily interrupted : "I can speak English ; I have been in London"—and invited them into his hut, where he made them recline on cushions or divans, covered with the same fabric that he wore, and, as they judged by the rustling, stuffed with dry moss or leaves. Here they told him their whole story, and when they had finished, he said, with emotion :

"You are the first men of my own race that I have seen for nearly fifty years. I am a European, like yourselves ; but I disappeared from the sight of men when your fathers were yet children. I am a native of Iceland, and my name is — or was — *Arni Vidalin*."

He then related the story of Jørgenson's *coup d'état*, as has already been given, down to the time of his seizing absolute authority in his own hands, with the title of Protector, and continued :—

"So soon as he had taken the government into his own hands, he sent for me. I felt uncertain whether Trampe had betrayed me or not, but went. He however only mildly rebuked me for my want of confidence and patriotism, spoke of the grand future he was preparing for Iceland, and then dismissed me. A night or two after I was secretly visited by two sailors, brothers, whom I believed to be my friends, and who told me that they had reason to believe that the Protector had some design upon me, and that I had better take advantage of the opportunity they offered and escape in their ship, which was about sailing for Norway. The fact that Jørgenson had never sent for me again after the first interview, had rendered me suspicious ; so I accepted their offer, and went on board their vessel

with them in disguise, as they recommended, saying that they did not know if their crew could be trusted. They placed me in the little cabin, with instructions not to leave it until we reached port, and set sail at once. I was thus kept in ignorance of the course they were steering.

"At last one night — though it was broad daylight, as you understand — one of the two men came into the cabin stealthily, awoke me, and said that the crew (whom I had never seen) had conceived some suspicion about me, and that they thought it more prudent to run me quietly ashore in a boat, as we were off the coast, while it was their watch on deck. I thought it best to make no objection, and went on deck with them. The vessel was nearly motionless, and surrounded by a dense fog. They lowered the boat, we three got into it, and rowed, as it seemed to me, for a long distance, steering by the compass. I had not spoken a word, nor had they. Presently through the mist loomed up the steep and ragged black cliffs of an island, which I guessed at once to be the half-fabulous 'Nifley,' or 'Cloud Island,' of the whalers, lying somewhere between Iceland and Jan Meyen's Land, whose very existence was a matter of dispute, as the few who professed to have seen it, when questioned, confessed that they had only seen a bank of fog on the horizon, which they had not ventured to approach, being deterred by the wild and superstitious traditions connected with this mystery of the sea.

"At sight of this I suspected at once my fate, and protested vehemently against their treacherous conduct; but unmoved by my words, they landed me on the island, leaving with me a small supply of provisions, and saying as they pushed off, 'The Protector bade us say to you that he will not shed your blood, but leaves you to the judgment of Heaven.'

"Like yourselves, I determined to know the best and the worst of my situation; and after scaling the walls with great difficulty, I found this strange valley and this strange people, with whom I have lived ever since. They received me with respect, and made me understand that I was sent to be their chief or king; and since then they have always treated me with a sort of reverence."

"What sort of people are they?" asked Sebreze. "A tribe of Lapps or Finns?"

"They are not Lapps or Finns, whom I know well. They are as great an enigma to me now as the day I first landed here. Their language was not only unintelligible to me, but consisted chiefly of sounds that I could not possibly utter; so I contrived a language to serve as a medium between us, which they very readily learned. I made it, like their own, monosyllabic, taking it in part from the Norse tongues and part from the English, by dropping the terminations of the words. I taught them to twist fibres from the stringy bark of trees, and make the stuff in which you see them dressed, to chip off sharp flakes of a flinty black stone to use as knives, and a few other simple arts."

"Had they the use of fire, or did you teach it to them?" asked Cavendish.

"There is not a spark of fire on the whole island. If I had the

means, which I have not, of striking fire, nothing could be found to serve as fuel in this humid air. But they do not live entirely on raw fruits and seeds, as they did at my arrival: I discovered at several points in the valley small springs of hot water, in which I taught them to boil certain fruits and nuts. And this reminds me that you must require refreshment."

Arni here spoke to two or three of the natives who were standing without the cabin, and who departed and presently returned, bringing fruits and nuts of various kinds in neat baskets. The travellers found these very palatable, especially a kind of large triangular nut with a hard black shell, which had apparently been boiled and then split open longitudinally. There were slices also of a substance which greatly resembled fine close household-bread; and this Arni explained to be the root of a fern-like plant, which, after being wrapped in a water-tight covering of bark, was placed in a hot spring, and thus, in a manner, baked. The only beverage was clear water, drunk from cup-shaped nut-shells, holding about half a pint.

After this repast was over, the travellers asked Arni if he had ever attempted to teach his people the truths of religion. He said that he had often tried, but though they listened respectfully, he could not bring them to the faintest comprehension of the subject. They appeared, he said, utterly destitute of the religious faculty. Once, when he spoke of the immortality of the soul, one of them remarked: "For you, Va, [father] it may be, but not for us;" and this seemed to express the feeling of all. So far as he could learn, they never dreamed; and thus one means by which even rude savages arrive at the conception of a soul as something distinct from the body, was wanting to them.

"I do not understand them," Arni continued. "They do not seem to be creatures of my own kind. They move softly about, rarely speaking, and never showing any emotion. I never saw one angry, or pleased, or joyous, or distressed. It is true, life here has no objects; these plants, untended, furnish an abundance of food; there is nothing to hope or strive for, nothing to fear. There is no animal, or bird, or even insect on the island. There is no change of climate; scarcely the changes of day and night, for through all the long Arctic day we have the pale light you see now, and the night is scarcely darker, for beside the constant auroras, the whole island has a luminousness of its own, a sort of phosphorescence. But as for these people, I can not fathom their thoughts, or what goes on in their minds. In one part of my attempt at education, however, I was more successful. I undertook to explain to them, as far as my slender knowledge went, botany and the structure of plants, the nature of the earth, the phenomena of clouds and rain, and other simple physical knowledge; and in these things they took an eager interest." He went on after a pause: "A strange idea has sometimes occurred to me. You see this vegetation: it resembles, so far as I know, no other upon earth. I have thought that perhaps it and these people are the sole remaining relics of a nature and a race that passed away long before human history begins."

"How many are there of them?" asked Sebreze, looking with a

sort of awe at the grave, strangely-childish faces with melancholy eyes, that stood without the cabin.

"There were seventy-one when I came here. Since I have been here, thirty have died, so that there are now forty-one, and the death-rate slowly increases. No children have been born, though there are several married pairs among them. I think they are conscious that their race is doomed to extinction."

"How do they dispose of their dead?"

"Carry them among the rocks, with no lamentation or external marks of sorrow, and build rude sepulchres over them. Except on these occasions they never go near the rocks; perhaps from a superstitious or reverential feeling, or perhaps because they dislike the stream of cold air which constantly flows down the rocks, but grows warm before it reaches the valley."

After some further conversation, Arni insisted upon their taking some repose, to which they consented, as notwithstanding the exciting novelty of their situation, the fatigue they had undergone was beginning to produce its effects.

When they awoke, Arni took them over the valley. They saw most of the people, who kept somewhat aloof, but made respectful salutations. To the eyes of our travellers, each seemed an exact counterpart of the other. Arni showed them the springs of boiling water, which sprang but a few inches from the ground, in small basins, and drained away under the carpet of leaves. Under these leaves, Arni said, was a thick stratum of peat in every stage of fossilisation, and below that a layer of scalding-hot mud. It was the constant radiation from this, he said, that gave the island its peculiar climate, the temperature of which scarcely varied throughout the year. The height of the rock-walls screened them from all winds, except the cool indraught before mentioned, which supplied the place of the continually ascending column of warm moist air, which, when it overtopped the walls, precipitated its moisture in mists which overflowed and rolled constantly down the outer sides. A part of it was condensed by the rocks, and flowed down them in small rills of cool water, one of which Arni had led by a channel across the valley toward the lower, or southern side, where it escaped by a subterranean outlet.

He had planned, he said, at one time to settle his people in a sort of town in the centre of the valley; to make regular paths, or streets, and otherwise give the place more of a civilised look; but he saw that the natives greatly preferred their separate little groups of cabins hidden apart under trees; and, as he admitted, in time the listlessness and apathy that the climate seemed to engender, took possession of him also, and he abandoned his plans.

In the course of these conversations, Arni, naturally, asked what events had taken place during his long seclusion; and the account of the overthrow of Napoleon, the revolutionary movements of 1848, and the establishment of the Second Empire in France, awakened an intense interest in him. He confessed that a desire to return to the world, and take a share in its affairs, which he had long thought dead within him, was beginning to return. This opened the question, which

had been all the time in our travellers' minds, how they were to quit the island. They asked Arni if he could help them to make a raft out of the fragments of their boat, and if he thought they could escape by it. He told them that he would show them how to make a far better raft than that, and would aid them to escape so far as he could. He even intimated that perhaps he might go with them, as they earnestly urged him to do.

By Arni's instructions the natives cut down a number of the tall columnar plants, like gigantic reeds, and divided these into lengths of about sixteen feet. These, Arni said, were of great strength and toughness, and rendered very buoyant by the internodes which were so many closed air-chambers. The natives, by his direction, carried them to the rocks at the southern part of the island, to which spot they also brought quantities of strong cord, of various thicknesses, twisted from the fibrous bark of the fern-like trees, and netted bags, filled with large nuts and roots for provisions. Under Arni's instructions they also wove a light strong sail.

When all these preparations, which took some time, were accomplished, Arni and the travellers began the ascent of the rocks at a point which he indicated, where they found much less difficulty than in their previous experience. The task was tedious: everything had to be hauled up from station to station, and at one or two points they had to cross narrow chasms by an improvised bridge; but they worked steadily, and at last found themselves on a smooth rocky beach, with the great sea before them. Here then they made their raft, shipped their mast, bent their sail, secured their provisions, and were ready to depart, when to their surprise, Arni declared that he had changed his mind about going. In explanation he said that he had accustomed himself to this life, that he had become attached to his people, and they to him, and that in the world he would find himself a stranger, probably friendless, and an object of vulgar curiosity. As they urged him further, he confessed to a strange belief. "You may call it a delusion, if you like," he said, "but look at me. I was thirty-five years old when I was put upon this island. I am now eighty; yet my body has the vigor, my sight the clearness, my mind the intelligence of a man of forty. I have a belief that should I leave this island and enter other conditions of existence, the whole burden of my eighty years would fall upon me at once, and I should sink into decrepitude and dotage. I do not fear death; but I do fear an old age of helplessness, imbecility and poverty among strangers."

"But," said Cavendish, "when the existence of this island is made known, you can not escape being drawn into the world again."

"That," said Arni, "I shall rely upon you to prevent."

"How?"

"Thus. You perhaps owe me something for assisting you in your escape; at all events you will not, I am sure, be willing to consign me to misery and this harmless people to destruction, or, what is worse, to be paraded like strange monsters in the museums or menageries of Europe. I should feel myself to have betrayed a sacred trust if I permitted such a thing. But I will not ask of you perpetual silence. Promise me faithfully to keep my secret for twenty years, as by that time, if living, I shall probably be alone."

Nothing that they could say could change Arni's resolution, so they reluctantly gave the promise. Arni then gave them careful directions, assured them that the N. E. wind, then blowing, would last amply long for them to sight the coast of Greenland, and bade them farewell ; and thus they parted, with no ordinary regret, from this singular man, upon whom had been laid the burden of so strange a destiny.

The wind held fair, as Arni had predicted, and the raft made very good sailing. When about forty-eight hours out, they were sighted by a Danish ship from Upernavik with seal-skins and blubber, and were taken on board. The skipper was a stolid, incurious fellow, who was quite satisfied with the brief story they gave him of their wreck and escape. Perhaps an examination of their raft might have excited his curiosity, but an officious sailor cut it adrift as soon as they were on board, to their great regret, as they desired to preserve at least a portion of its materials as a curiosity. They saved, however, all that remained of their store of provisions.

Soon after reaching England the two friends separated. Cavendish entered the Royal Navy, in which he is now a Lieutenant. Sebreeze entered the church, and is now rector of a small parish in Devonshire. They maintained their friendship unbroken ; and whenever Cavendish was in England, he spent a part of his time with his former fellow-traveller. Between them they drew up a narrative of their adventure, which, the twenty years stipulated for by Arni having expired, has been given to the world. As to its veracity we express no opinion ; or only what may be implied in the comment of Photius on the old romancer to whom we alluded at the outset, that "fictitious and even incredible things, when worked into a consistent and plausible narrative, may produce a quite agreeable result."

INA LEOFWYN.

A VISIT TO COSTA RICA.

II.

AT length, after a mule-ride of about forty-eight hours, we entered the principal city and capital of the country, San José de Costa-Rica. At first glance the place conveys no pleasing impression to the mind ; for, as is the usual custom, the houses are with rare exceptions only one story in height, and give to the city a low, squatty and slovenly appearance ; but upon better acquaintance it is

found that these houses are everywhere so built on account of the earthquakes, which are uncomfortably common here, though severe ones occur only at very great intervals. The last serious one was about the year 1842. While the dwellings are thus very ordinary and commonplace outside, it is customary to build them so as to have a spacious garden in the rear; and here frequently much taste is displayed, as with beautiful walks surrounded by delightful flowers, and with fountains playing in their midst, they are rendered exceedingly attractive. The streets of the city are regular and straight, rather narrow, and nearly all paved with the ordinary round cobble-stone, though the principal and fashionable street has realised so much of modern ideas as to be laid in concrete, very similar to that which forms the roadway in many of the streets of our American cities. Several large and substantial stone churches exist, and at this time a cathedral is building which bids fair to be a fine and imposing structure. The President's residence and Legislative Hall are also quite handsome. The churches all belong to the established national religion, the Roman Catholic, though a very neat little Protestant church is here, patronised by the English-speaking population, which is considerable, many Englishmen having settled here for the purpose of planting and engaging in banking and mercantile business. This fact alone shows how far tolerance in religious sentiment has advanced in Costa Rica. It is highly probable that no Protestant worship could be established or maintained in the other Central American States without great difficulty.

In addition to this English society there exists in San José really a delightful class of citizens, a people highly cultivated, and of liberal and advanced ideas. Most of these have been educated in Europe, and they consist of the old and wealthy families, who are very proud of their Castilian lineage. Prominent among these are the names of Montealegre, Escalante, Salazar, and various others, whose acquaintance we formed, and who proved to be charming companions.

Saturday is the market-day of San José, and on these days there is great liveliness in trade. The plaza is thronged with the country people selling their produce, while goods of every variety to suit the taste of the buyers are displayed for sale in booths erected at various points. At this time too may be seen all the beauty of the place, as the fair ladies, robed in shawls which cover the head in lieu of bonnets, and shielded by parasols, always come in person to purchase supplies for the coming week; and those who do not come for this purpose doubtless take advantage of the general outpouring of their sex to exhibit their loveliness to the anxious eyes of numerous admirers. The beaux too here all assemble; some on pretence of making purchases, some solely for curiosity, but all for the main object of looking upon and criticising the beauty of the fairer sex. The stores of the city are all crowded and rely upon the market-day for their heaviest sales, while all the roads leading to the city are thronged with people, walking and riding, coming in to sell and make purchases. Whenever a man is travelling on horseback accompanied by a female companion, he always takes her up in front of him, and holding her tightly round the waist, thus performs his journey. On

these market-days too may be seen numerous specimens of the beauty of the Costa Rican country-women. Usually they have light orange-colored complexions, black eyes, rosy cheeks, fine figures, and beautiful arms and busts. Of course, with all these attractions they must be pretty, and the neat, clean dresses and light gaudy shawl with which on these occasions they are habited, greatly enhance their charms. Their hair is beautiful, long, black and very thick. How scornfully would a Costa Rican woman turn away from the frizzled puffs and artificial braids of her more civilised fair sister of the North, and think that, in this respect at least, *she* had the decided advantage. Unfortunately the beauty of these women is evanescent. They develop at a very early age, at fifteen are full-grown, at twenty-five are old and faded, and find themselves grandmothers as early sometimes as at thirty. They live to the ordinary human age, but for many years have to mourn the loss of their youthful loveliness.

Sunday too is a general holiday. Mass is said at all the churches in the early morning, to which all the people go. At one of these churches what is called military mass is said. To this mass the soldiers which compose the garrison of the city are marched, accompanied by a band of music. The band plays incessantly while the service is proceeding; and when the Host is elevated, the soldiers all present arms while kneeling, and they remain in this position until the priest has received the sacrament. The civilians present cross themselves, not as the Roman Catholics do in the States, but very rapidly, making three crosses in quick succession in memory of the Holy Trinity. Upon church being dismissed, the congregation disperses, and the soldiers arising from their knees, shoulder arms and return to the *cuartel*. As previously stated, fireworks bear a conspicuous part in all Costa Rican ceremonies, and therefore those of religion are not exempt from their display. During certain services of the Church it is customary, at regular stated intervals, for a man detailed for the purpose to rush frantically forward, set off a sky-rocket, and rush back to his devotions. What is the peculiar reason for this we never learnt, but being in broad daylight, nothing is seen but a slight puff of smoke as the rocket explodes. It is customary too on special occasions for certain of the faithful who desire to do something for the glory of the Church, to erect gaudily decorated altars in the streets; and the priests and acolytes, fully robed, form in procession and solemnly transport the Host from church through the streets, and placing it upon these altars, offer up prayers before it, and thus consecrate the altar. Whenever the Host appears the greatest reverence is shown, the entire community uncovering and kneeling, in which posture they remain as long as this procession can be seen.

Nearly every day is some sort of a feast-day in Costa Rica. The different churches and parishes each have their special feasts, and these are celebrated by all kinds of processions both religious and secular. These latter are generally formed of persons in masks, representing any device they choose to get up, while nearly always there is in the lead a figure of a giantess accompanied by a man on stilts, who dance along the streets to the music of fiddles, horns and drums. The principal of these feasts, and those which are generally

observed in all parts, are on Good Friday and Easter. On Good Friday no citizen is allowed to ride on horseback at all, and he subjects himself to danger of being stoned if anywhere in the country he attempts to disregard this custom. The day is very strictly observed in every way ; no business is allowed, nor any cooking done, for every one is expected, at least during the morning, to keep a solemn fast. In the morning there is a procession representing the Saviour going to crucifixion, in which there is a life-size image of him bearing his cross, while there are other images of the Virgin Mother and the Apostles. In the afternoon there is still another, in which is represented the carrying of the body to burial after its removal from the cross. The image of the dead Saviour is carried in a catafalque through the streets to the church, and this is followed by the weeping mother and the beloved apostle Saint John. The catafalque is surrounded by little children dressed in white to represent angels, and the little creatures bear themselves so steadily and quietly that it is difficult to believe that they are actual flesh and blood. In these processions all the priests and high civil officials join, as well as great numbers of ladies and gentlemen, all bareheaded, the former dressed in black, and every one must remain uncovered as they pass by. The images being reverently deposited in the church provided for their reception, the crowd disperses, and all the community remains in profound quiet, no business of any nature being carried on, and no bells rung until about 11 A. M. of the following day (Saturday), when what is called the "Gloria" is sounded. This is done by a tremendous blast by the bands in the *cuartels*, and by a general outburst of clanging of bells. Nothing then of special interest afterwards occurs until the morning of Easter Sunday. Now again there are processions, and images borne to personate the resurrection of the Saviour, his meeting with his mother, and also the hanging of Judas Iscariot. At a very early hour, about 5 in the morning, the images of the Saviour and his mother are taken from the church. Two parties are formed, one joining the Saviour and the other the Virgin. The two then separate, and by slow music from the band proceed to march around the different sides of the plaza. Arrived at the side opposite the church from which they started, they meet, and the figures make low obeisance to each other, while the bystanders reverently kneel. The two parties then unite, and march back to the church in the same slow, solemn tread, still keeping time to the music. The appearance of these figures did not strike us as at all appropriate. The Saviour was dressed very like a modern ballet-dancer, while the Virgin was clothed in a robe of black velvet gaudily decorated with gold tinsel. All this time the figure of Judas was hanging by the neck from his gallows, and, as we caught a glimpse of it swinging back and forth by the motion of the wind, in the dimness of the very early hour of the morning, it presented a rather startling appearance. As day began to dawn yet more brightly it presented a much more distinct appearance, and to our ideas, previously formed, there was not much resemblance to Judas, for the effigy was dressed in a modern slouch hat, short sack coat, white shirt, blue neck-tie, pants about a foot too short, allowing to be seen a pair of white stockings and common

shoes, and, to cap the climax, the body was stuffed out with fireworks. The hour for noticing this effigy had not yet arrived, so it was passed by carelessly until the other figures had been reverently replaced within the church. As soon as this is done, however, the assemblage gathers around the scaffold; the band discourses quick music; Judas is lowered; fire is applied to his body, and by the time he is again drawn up, he explodes with a loud noise and bursts into a hundred pieces. Immediately there is a general shout, boys rush in, and gathering up any of the burning portions of the body they can find, amuse themselves by throwing them at each other. In a little while all is quiet, breakfast is prepared once more, business resumes its sway, and the day is observed as a season of general holiday and recreation. These ceremonies are gone through with in exactly the same manner year after year, not only here, but in all Spanish-American countries.

There is a very neat little theatre in San José, and during the season there are three performances a week, generally on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings. The season is usually brought to a close by a performance of the Passion of Christ, in which the actors take the various characters of Christ, his apostles, his mother, and several of the male and female personages who shone forth prominently in connection with his life and death. During the season should a young *caballero* desire, at any time, to be accompanied to any performance by his lady-love or any fair *señorita*, he must go to the expense of purchasing a private box and extend invitations to the father, mother, brothers, sisters, and in fact all the male and female relatives of the lady who reside in her house, to accompany them. According to the ideas here prevailing, young people of different sexes are never permitted to see each other alone; this rule is always rigidly observed.

Before leaving San José, it is proper to give a description of the government of the country. It is nominally republican. The President and Legislators are, according to the Constitution, chosen by electors selected by the people; but in reality there never is anything of an election. The mass of the people never disturb themselves about political questions, and seem to care very little who is President, so they are allowed to live and follow their wishes in peace. These things are managed by rings formed by the more educated classes, ambitious of securing the fatter offices of the Government to themselves, and the choice of a new President is always accompanied by a revolution. The first step taken is to get possession of the *cuartel* in the capital. This being done, it is easy to secure the favor of the garrison, for they seem to obey one as well as another, whoever is in power. The *cuartels* in other places are speedily won over, and the new President is publicly declared in office, the form of an election is gone through with, and as long as the incumbent has the power to maintain his position he does so, allowing no one to remain at large who exhibits disaffection or disloyalty to himself. On the least suspicion of such feeling, the suspected party is either imprisoned or banished from the soil. The present President of Costa Rica, Gen. Tomas Guardia, was General-in-chief of the army. It is said that

when he aspired to the chief magistracy, having formed his plans and secured his friends from some of the more influential men of the country, he managed to smuggle himself into the *cuartel* in a cart-load of hay. Having been safely conveyed within, he threw off his covering, and declared himself master of the *cuartel*. Doubtless the whole matter had been pre-arranged, and all the officers of the garrison speedily yielded to him their allegiance, with one exception, and he, resisting, was shot. Thus Guardia became President, and he, by appointing members of his family and special friends to the most important positions, has managed to retain his place to the present time. He does not hesitate to rid himself promptly of the presence of all objectionable parties; but beyond this display of despotism, his administration has been a good one, for he is a man imbued with progressive and liberal ideas, and it is through his coöperation that the railroad now in process of construction, and the first ever gotten under way in these countries with any prospect of success, was commenced. Should it be possible for his ideas to be carried out, the revolution which placed him in office will prove a lasting benefit to his country. These revolutions are generally quietly effected, and result in no bloodshed. There is only one instance known here where any one of the chief actors has been killed, and that was the case of Ex-President Mora. He was deposed, and left the country for a season; but afterwards returned with an armed force, with which he invaded the State and sought to regain his lost position by force. He was defeated, and shot as an instigator of strife and rebellion.

All the male population is by law required to serve in the army. The term of service is thirty days at a time for each man, and this they serve by turns. The country is divided into districts, or rather provinces, and in each province there is a roster of the male inhabitants who are required to do their part of military service each month. At the end of the month there is a general mustering in and out of the old and new details, the former previous to being discharged being required to display their proficiency in the drill. The officers are from the higher educated classes; the masses can neither read nor write, and they form the rank and file. On being mustered in they are furnished with complete uniforms in every respect except the shoes. These latter articles are considered superfluous, it being the common custom for this class to go barefooted, the large majority of them never having on a pair of shoes during their entire lives. The military arrangement displays considerable wisdom, for by it a general knowledge and familiarity with arms is acquired, so as to make the whole people effective in time of war, and yet their peaceful occupations are never materially interfered with.

The people are never taxed directly. They support the Government without knowing that they do so, and by this means probably bear greater burdens without grumbling than if they were forced to contribute even less sums directly. The Government retains a monopoly in the manufacture and sale of all articles in general demand, such as the distilling and sale of liquors, and the sales of tobacco, gunpowder and fireworks. Thus every man who drinks his

rum or smokes his cigar, pays his quota to the common fund. An instance of the great profits realised in this way is clearly shown in the case of tobacco. Every one smokes, men, women and children, yet no one is allowed to produce the favorite weed without first obtaining a permit to do so, and when produced, he must sell the entire crop to the Government for about twenty-five cents per pound. It is then retailed to consumers at one dollar per pound. These monopolies, with the customs duties, form the entire revenue with which the wheels of Government are kept in motion.

Next in importance to San José comes the city of Cartago. This was the capital of the country anciently, but it was totally destroyed by an earthquake about thirty years ago. Every house was shaken down, and yet report says that there was only one instance of the loss of life, and that was of a man who was in the cathedral engaged in his devotions. He was struck by a falling stone from the building and killed. The place has now been entirely rebuilt, and in it dwells a large proportion of the dignified, proud, and, for this country, wealthy descendants of the old Spanish settlers of the soil. Cartago is an exceedingly quiet place. There is a sort of easy dignity hovering over it which makes it more attractive even than San José. It is a formidable rival of the latter city, for notwithstanding its quietude considerable business is here carried on; and now that the railroad has been constructed to its limits, there seems to have been poured into it an infusion of new life. It is built at an elevation of five thousand feet above the sea, and the climate here, as in San José, and in fact in this entire belt of country, is delightful, being during the whole year like that of the balmiest spring-day in our country. The only drawback in this respect is that during the rainy season it is very damp, and everything at all exposed speedily becomes covered with mould. At all times, though, the days are just sufficiently cool to render thick clothing comfortable without an overcoat, while the nights are always cool enough to make a pair of blankets necessary to sleep under, and very often a slight fire would not feel amiss. There is here a flourishing college, some very nice private residences, and several finely constructed and spacious churches. Sunday is the market-day, and the usual activity incident upon these occasions is then everywhere visible.

Our first entrance into Cartago was during the celebration of certain religious festivals specially belonging to this parish. It was during these feasts that the proposal was made to go and see a bull-fight. This was a sight we long had wished for, and visions of a gaily-dressed *matador* mounted upon his gallant steed, riding bravely to the attack of the infuriated animal, rose before us. All eagerness, we set out for the bull-pen, and anxiously awaited the letting-loose in the arena of the maddened beast, his eye-balls glowing with rage, ready to make his desperate charge upon the intrepid invader. Instead of the ferocious bull, there was introduced only a poor old ox, who had probably done many a day's toilsome work, and had been subdued in spirit since a few weeks old. True, by constant teasing a small show of resistance was gotten up in him; for, as the men on foot within the ring would shake their blankets in his face he

would make a dart towards them, which they easily eluded by quietly stepping aside. But having done this much, the poor creature seemed to think he had done his utmost, and his further efforts, instead of being directed to a glorious attack, tended towards ignoble retreat. There is some little danger at times attending these exhibitions, and on one occasion we did see a little boy, who had mounted upon the back of the ox, get the breath jolted out of him by the animal. He fell off and the ox trotted off. Whether the poor fellow died or not we never knew, for he lay motionless on the ground until carried off on a blanket, and we never saw nor heard of him again. Truly the ancient glory of Spanish bull-fights has departed from these lands, though notwithstanding its feebleness, this species of amusement is very popular among the natives. These and cock-fights form the national pastimes. In the latter every one participates, and neither high nor low can resist an exciting flutter of the heart whenever there is seen a gallant-looking cock. The people are imbued with a most inveterate passion for gambling, and during the performance of a cock-fight large sums are recklessly staked, lost and won at each death. The birds are fought, not with gaffs as in the United States, but armed with a sharp scythe-shaped blade about three or four inches long. A favorite bird will often sell for more than a hundred dollars. Gambling is prohibited by law except on these feast-days, and then cards, dice and every imaginable species of the vice are freely indulged in.

At a distance of about ten miles from Cartago, towards the Atlantic, are the Falls of Paraiso. At this spot is presented one of the grandest views ever seen. The road is cut out of the mountain side, and is not wide enough for two wagons to pass each other; one edge borders upon a precipice about 250 feet deep and almost perpendicular. The sensation while passing here is peculiar, for it is almost as if one were in the air looking down from a dizzy height upon the earth below. On the right are the falls, two of them, one above the other, the first dashing down for a distance of a hundred feet, and then ceasing for a short interval, it is followed by the second, over which the water rushes in a cloud of spray for one hundred and fifty feet more. Just in front lie, stretched out to an apparently illimitable distance, the plains of Ujerras, while on the left, looming up amid the high mountain-range, are the two volcanoes Iriga and Turialba. The former is well-nigh extinct, though the crater is filled with sulphurous smoke. Some of our party made the ascent of this mountain, and looked down within the crater. They threw stones down the yawning gulf, whereupon the native guide who was with them besought them to desist, lest the volcano should become angry and burst forth in its vengeance. It was this mountain which in one of its eruptions caused the earthquake which shook down Cartago, and at the same time covered the face of the whole country with ashes, which it threw as far as Punta Arenas, more than seventy-five miles distant. It is about 11,000 feet high. The second, Turialba, is not so high, but is at this time more formidable in appearance, as from its mouth it is continually ejecting huge columns of white smoke, and it is not uncommon to hear its deep, hollow rumblings like distant thunder for many miles.

The plains of Ujerras are interesting as being the site of one of the oldest towns of Central America ; but it was excessively unhealthy. Its inhabitants died off like sheep ; still they so persistently remained that finally the Government had to interpose its strong arm and remove them by force. It was thus that the present town of Paraiso was established, and for this section it is quite a thriving little place. All that remains now of the old town of Ujerras are the ruins of its church, of which one of the walls is standing, covered with vegetation so thickly as to render it difficult to be seen. The plains are now all cultivated, and are filled with coffee, sugar-cane, plantains, bananas, oranges, pineapples and many other varieties of tropical fruit ; and it is regarded as very dangerous, if not fatal, to spend a single night breathing the miasma which arises from them after nightfall. Near these plains, situated in a valley ever covered with luxuriant verdure, is the Indian village of Orosi, inhabited by a tribe of the aborigines, who still retain their language, and to a great extent their dress and ancient customs. They live here among themselves, only mingling with the rest of their fellow-men when pecuniary or other interest demands it. Their little village, with its pretty location, is exceedingly picturesque. Just beyond the plains, rushing along in an irresistible torrent over its rocky bed, is the river Reventagon, which drains the Atlantic slope. It is larger and fiercer than the Rio Grande, and like it, dashes along at the foot of deep and wild mountainous cliffs and precipices. We had to make a reconnoissance for some distance along the banks of this stream ; and the painful climbings over these rocks and cliffs, frequently by the aid of ropes fastened around the body, and the slidings-down, accompanied by scratched and painful limbs and the cheerful sounds of rolling stones, as being loosened from the high steep mountain-side above they came crashing and whizzing by, will long be remembered more vividly than they can be related. Parties of engineers have made more than one effort to cross these rapid waters, and have been partially successful, though once they had one man swept away and drowned, and lost their instruments, notes and papers.

The only two remaining towns of any consequence now to be mentioned are Alajuela and Heredia, though neither of these present any points of special attraction, save that in both are large, substantial stone churches, which present a striking contrast to the low, hovel-like buildings which make up the towns. The church of Alajuela is the finest probably at present in the country. This place is also rendered a little important as being one of the termini of the railroad, a brief sketch of which must be given ere we close this article. The original plan for this road was for it to start at Alajuela, pass through Heredia, San José, Cartago, and along the river Reventagon to Port Limon on the Atlantic. It is a tremendous undertaking. The distance is about 104 miles, and the wildness and roughness of the land present obstacles well-nigh insuperable. Grades and curves are allowed which would frighten and sound incredible to engineers in the United States. Of the former four feet per hundred, and of the latter those of 20° and 23°, with radii of 288 and 251 feet respectively, are common, while there is one curve of 32° with radius of 181 feet ; but while the

former are necessary, the latter is the result of bad engineering. It was allowed by some German engineer, or at any rate by some one with a terribly long name, but who was "cute" enough to make his ignorance more profitable than others could their ingenuity, for he bade fair to work such injury to the interests of the company that they gladly paid him \$25,000 or \$30,000 to give up all his claims. This was done before the accomplished Virginia engineers, Messrs. H. D. B. Norris and Addison Marbury, took charge as chief and assistant chief-engineers. The gauge is three feet six inches, and recently surveys have been made to the Pacific Coast. Should this road be built from ocean to ocean it will be about 160 miles long, and notwithstanding all its drawbacks, must prove of indescribable advantage to the State, as it will open up to the world a country almost unknown; and even should the road itself not pay directly, still the unexampled fertility of the soil and the ordinary healthfulness of the Pacific slope must offer inducements for an industrious immigration, which will prove of inestimable benefit in rendering productive now idle fertile wastes, only idle because inaccessible. As an example of the exceeding wildness and brokenness of the ground, notwithstanding grades and curvatures which almost anywhere in America would make the work of construction very light, yet here the excavations and embankments are tremendous and formidable, and involve a heavy outlay of capital to complete. The rails have been laid from Alajuela to Cartago in the interior, and for a distance of 17 or 18 miles on the coast. The first train of passenger-cars which passed between Alajuela and San José was on the occasion of the annual feasts at the latter city. The people who thronged the track were amazed at the novel sight, and manifested not only astonishment, but terror. At the sound of the whistle many betook themselves to incontinent flight, while others, falling on their knees, commenced a system of crossing themselves, which showed superstitious fears of the iron monster. Many were the speculations as to what constituted the motive power, some attributing it directly to the devil, and would have nothing to do with this vile agency, while others wiser than the rest would assert that a yoke of oxen concealed within the interior of the engine furnished means to enable it to drag its burden of human freight.

The fear and superstition thus exhibited were not of long duration, for the *Costaricenses* are a very tractable and interesting people. They have many attributes worthy of admiration, for they are industrious, quiet, and quite manly, far superior to the general run of the inhabitants of Spanish-American countries situated within the tropics. Nearly every man in the country owns a piece of land and a home, and it is this fact which makes him superior to his neighbors, for, unlike them, he has an interest in the soil which makes him love and fight for his country. It is this which renders him independent, too, and for this reason his usefulness as a laborer is much impaired, for though he will readily engage in any occupation by which he can support himself or add a little to his wealth, still if not allowed to work pretty much according to his own ideas, he will in a moment leave and return to his house and farm. To counteract the trouble

arising from this excessive independence, the railroad has brought into the country many negroes and several hundred Chinese with whom to prosecute its work.

One thing more regarding this country : its forests and the animal and insect life contained therein are well worthy of being noticed. The forests are densely filled with many varieties of trees, and these towards the coast, especially on the Atlantic, attain great size and height. None of them are of the same kind as found in North America, and in fact only one is similar, and that is an oak which here flourishes. It is sufficiently like the tree familiar to us to enable it to be known as of the same family, and doubtless might be made exceedingly useful. Many other of the forest-trees might be rendered available, not only for building purposes, but also for the manufacture of all kinds of furniture. Prominent among those used for this latter purpose is the *cedro*, which admits of a very high polish, and thus prepared, resembles mahogany, of which it is fully the equal if not the superior ; but from difficulty of getting and transporting it, even furniture made here of it is very expensive. *Lignum-vitæ* also abounds, and is common enough to be used for railroad ties, for which it is quite useful, being durable and impervious to the ravages of insects, which make great inroads upon almost every other species of lumber. The India-rubber tree here grows luxuriantly. The greater portion of the wood here found is very soft, and decays quite rapidly. The verdure of all is perpetual, every one being evergreen. Probably the most interesting plants in the forests are the parasites, numberless in variety, and certain ones so rare and beautiful as to demand high prices as objects of curiosity. They fasten themselves upon every kind of tree, and after establishing themselves firmly thereon, shoot out in many cases large branches even to the ground, which taking root, literally hug the parent tree to death and live and flourish upon its remains. This is so completely done that it is not unusual to see these parasites formed into an entirely new tree around the body of the old, which has rotted away, leaving within a hollow extending the entire length of the original growth. The bloom of the rarer and most highly prized of the parasites is delightfully fragrant. Vines of all sizes, lengths and descriptions abound, while the undergrowth of reeds, canes and bushes is impenetrable. No one ever presumes to enter the woods without taking with him a long knife called a *machete* with which to cut his way. These knives are constantly and universally worn by the natives, who can cut with them not only the vines and undergrowth, but goodly sized trees. They cut down the latter with their knives with much less difficulty to them than if they used an axe.

The forests, especially on the Pacific, abound with deer, though it requires a quick shot to kill them, for in a moment they bound from sight amid the protecting undergrowth or behind some almost impassable cliff. Monkeys are very common, and several different species are everywhere seen. They go in troops, and scamper off leaping from bough to bough, clinging by their hands, feet and tails, at the first approach of man. A species of tiger and lion are found here, though they are quite small and timid. Gray squirrels with breasts red like the robin, and many birds of beautiful plumage, in-

fest the woods ; the most gaudy of the feathered tribe is the *lapa*, before alluded to. Green parrots and paroquets are very numerous. There is also a species of bat, considerably larger than any in the States, which leaves its home in some old hollow tree at night and sucks the blood of all sleeping animals it can find. Man himself, when he is exposed to their attacks, is not secure. This is done without any pain to the victim of its appetite, or without causing any material discomfort.

Insects in innumerable quantities and of all colors and kinds are met with, though with exception of a few are not troublesome nor hurtful. The venomous kinds are much rarer than is usually imagined ; but of the troublesome sort, mosquitoes, gnats of many varieties, ticks of every known description, fleas and chigoes are the most prominent. The latter is a little creature scarcely visible (found far more commonly in houses and towns than in the woods), which enters the foot, penetrates the skin, and there deposits its eggs, which unless removed in time, hatch, spread over the entire foot, and produce much pain and swelling of the member. They are very easily detected and removed, however, before working much damage. Beggars frequently purposely allow these little insects to enter and remain within their feet, so that they can become, in appearance, piteous objects worthy of Christian charity. The serpents, too, which inhabit these forests are by no means so numerous or venomous as ordinarily represented as belonging to the tropics. They are of several kinds, and some of them very large and frightful in appearance, but the poisonous classes are only three or four, of which the rattlesnake, the *toboba* and the *coral* are conspicuous. The first two are very rare, while the latter, though considered poisonous, never attack. We have seen a great many, yet even when pushed to extremity they never showed any disposition other than to get away. They are a beautiful snake, having alternate rings of red, black and white encircling the entire body. We heard of but never saw another deadly species called the blood-snake, which is said to be so fatal in its bite that in half an hour after its infliction the blood exudes from every pore of the body. This may or may not be strictly true ; still it is a matter of common belief among the people.

But one of the greatest and most wonderful of all things presented to our mind is the rapidity, ease and luxuriance of the vegetation of this land. An ordinary post cut from a tree, and while yet green, stuck in the ground, will in an incredibly short time take root and put out buds and branches. It is customary to make fences of these posts placed side by side and bound together with vines, and in less than a year the whole will have thus grown, forming enclosures of thick, impenetrable rows of trees.

These and many other facts of interest, which if dilated upon would make quite a volume, are afforded by this wild and almost unknown land. The enjoyment of them made a residence of more than a year here endurable ; but we must confess that as the novelty by this time was pretty well worn off, we were nothing loth to take ship at Punta Arenas for the United States, there to once more enjoy the pleasures and comforts of civilised life.

W. G. W.

THE CASE OF MME. DU DONHAULT.

INSTANCES in which impostors, after a success more or less marked, have finally been detected, are quite numerous, especially in the records of the French courts. A case, however, in which the rightful owner of property has been unable to obtain the recognition of his claims is almost unique. Whether the subjoined case belongs or not to the latter category we do not undertake to say. Certainly, many people of great legal acumen were dissatisfied with the final decision in it; and subsequent facts which were ascertained, but never became legally evidence for the claimant, seem to afford just grounds for believing her story.

Whether an impostor or not, her case is one of the most interesting and singular ones which the "Annales du Palais" offer to the curiosity of the public. The sworn facts are explainable only on one of two theories: either a brother, to gratify a sordid cupidity, aided for no known reasons by several of his relations, shut up his sister, a most estimable and virtuous woman, under an assumed name in the most infamous prison of Paris, and even pushed his atrocity and perfidy so far as to give out to the world that she was dead, and legally established the fact by means of false witnesses; or a woman without education or any acquaintance with the manners of society, sustained by an immense number of witnesses, either seduced or deceived, tried to pass herself off for a woman well-known to be dead, and in so doing mingled with people of the highest ranks in the French capital without one of them suspecting her lack of education or being offended by a single *gaucherie* in her deportment. Which of these two theories is the correct one can hardly be regarded as definitely solved, in spite of the decisions of all the tribunals to which the question has been submitted. The claimant's story, which, although she did not succeed in legally establishing it, seems to bear the marks of truth, is as follows.

Adelaide-Marie-Rogres-Lusignan de Champignelles, aged 23, married M. le Marquis du Donhault in 1764. After two years of wedded life, her husband, who was subject to violent epileptic attacks, was removed to the hospital of Charenton, where he died in 1787. Left thus at 25 years of age the widow of a husband, living indeed, but dead to the world, the young wife busied herself with good works. She visited the poor and played the Lady Bountiful of the parish. In 1784 her father died, and with his death her troubles began. Her brother, M. de Champignelles, undertook to break his father's will, and even to interfere with the settlement made on his sister at the time of her marriage. He quarrelled with his mother and forced the estate into liquidation. The upshot of his proceedings was that he took all the money his father left, paying his mother a certain annual income. In the payment of this even he was very irregular; so much so that his mother on several occasions had to sell her jewels to pay

her board. To cap the climax he offered for sale the old château, which had been in the family for generations. The mother thereupon wrote to Mme. du Donhault to arrange with her for a further appeal to the courts. The daughter agreed to join with her, but decided first to visit Paris in order to see her brother, in the hope that she might be able to arrange matters amicably with him, and thus prevent the old château of the Lusignans from passing into the hands of strangers.

Those vague presentiments which so often are the forerunners of important events in our lives, and whose psychological origin has never been clearly explained, oppressed her. She looked forward with nervous dread to her journey, and spoke of her fears to her friends. They reasoned with her and tried to persuade her she was only nervous; but although she was fully determined to go, she resolved to secure an escort, and therefore wrote to M. du Lude, a nephew and one of the heirs of her husband, to accompany her on her journey. He promised to do so, but did not keep his promise; so she left Chazelet on Christmas day, 1787, having with her only her maid and her coachman. Upon her arrival at Orleans she went at once to du Lude's house, where she usually stayed when in that city; but he said he had no room for her, and sent her to M. de Roncière, a relation of his. This gentleman at once received her, but induced her to send away her maid on the pretence of overcrowding the house. She stayed with the Roncières a few days. On January 15th, while taking a walk with Mme. de Roncière, the latter offered her a pinch of snuff from her box. No sooner had she taken it than she was seized with a violent headache, which forced her to return to the house. There a quieting draught was given her, which threw her into a profound sleep. Here terminated that series of facts the recollection of which was faithfully preserved in her memory. She had a dim recollection of a visit to Paris, an interview with her mother and her brother, and a dinner with some friends, where she was arrested under a *lettre de cachet*; but everything in this account was confused, and her attempt to give a connected history of these few days was very damaging to her at the trial. She seems to have been kept under the influence of some powerful drugs which permitted locomotion, but quite unseated the mental faculties. This period is an utter blank in her life. She went to sleep in riches, honor and friendship; she came to herself in a receptacle of vice, infamy and misery. She was no longer the honorable and virtuous Marquise du Donhault, but "Blainville, first name unknown," occupant of cell No. 13 at the Salpêtrière, a house of confinement for women of the town. Dead to every one except herself, she found around her only beings insensible to her complaints, and submitted to the terrible law of necessity.

Meanwhile her brother and the heirs of her husband divided the wealth which her supposed death had left at their disposal. The public voice announced the decease of Mme. du Donhault, but dull rumors were current of her arrest on a *lettre de cachet*, of the interment of a corpse substituted in her place, of equivocal remarks made and vague hints dropped by the servants at the Roncière mansion. No one, however, having any interest in solving the mystery, these feeble rumors quietly died away.

Meanwhile Mme. du Donhault made herself remarked by the sweetness of her character and the decency of her manners (notable in that sink of vice); she made herself beloved by her touching resignation. When the authorities of the prison saw her moving with dignity amid the herd of other women confined there for their open and shameless depravity, seeking sweet consolation in the exercise of piety, always following her natural inclination for benevolence, they paid her marked attention. She was admitted to sing in the choir, her daily task was lightened, and after a while entirely discontinued. She made several vain attempts to send letters to her relatives. At last an inmate of the prison being discharged, undertook to deliver one to her oldest and best friend, Mme. de Polignac. Shortly afterwards she was visited by two Chevaliers of the order of St. Louis, who, having satisfied themselves of her identity, applied to the proper authorities and procured an order for her release. She left the Salpêtrière a few days before the taking of the Bastille.

Having no suspicion of her brother as the author of her imprisonment, she went to see him; he professed not to recognise her, and turned her out of the house. She next visited her uncle. He was much embarrassed at the interview, and although he refused to acknowledge her for his niece, treated her with great politeness and insisted on her staying to dinner. In the course of conversation she said she would visit her mother. "You have no mother," her uncle replied. She assumed of course that her mother was dead, and it was not till some time later, too late indeed for her cause, that she learned she was still living, but in the Hospital for Incurables. Mme. Donhault therefore turned to her old friend Mme. de Polignac. The latter at once recognised her and used every exertion to enable her to regain her rights. The King was appealed to and interested himself in the case, but he was too busy struggling to keep his own crown on his head to busy himself about the affairs of any one else. The uprising of the people would have furnished Mme. Donhault with an assured support had she chosen to appeal to them as a victim of despotism, but all her friends were in the ranks of the nobility, and she shrank from seeking aid outside of her own order. As she could not be helped by those who would, and would not be helped by those who could, her claims were not pressed, and this unfortunate delay was adverted to with damaging effect at the subsequent trial.

She was however received at Court, and generally known there as the Marquise du Donhault. Among those who at this time recognised her, although unfortunately the emigration of the nobles had scattered them far and wide before her trial came off, were the following distinguished individuals, who were certainly not likely to mistake an uneducated foul-mouthed creature from the stews of Paris for the elegant and accomplished lady whom they had met in society and at Court. The most prominent of them were — her cousin the Marquis de Dampierre, Mesdames de France, the Count de Chastellux, the Duchesse de Choiseul, the Ducs de Brissac and de Penthièvre, the Princesse de Lamballe, the Marquise de Lafayette, the celebrated Talleyrand, and Cardinal de Rohan.

All this time her brother was not asleep. He concocted and

executed a most remarkable plot to sustain the appearance of his sister's death by an underhand system of defamation, which would give him the means either of shutting her up anew, or of making her seem so unlike herself morally that she could not escape from the intrigues in which he involved her. Two individuals employed by him, and named respectively Pâris and Fleury, scraped acquaintance with her. Fleury represented himself to be a lawyer. They applauded her delicacy in not going to law at once against her brother, a proceeding dishonoring to the family name, but they pretended that she ought to put herself in possession of her estates, and offered themselves as her champions. Pâris advanced her, on his own suggestion, funds to the amount of 5000 livres. This was the first knot in the snare they had laid for her. It became necessary to persuade her to change her residence from her present location to one in the Rue St. Honoré, which would bring her within the precinct of the Comité de Saint-Eustache, in which body Pâris had many friends. The internal affairs of the city were at this time regulated by revolutionary committees, which served as courts of police. Having changed her residence, Pâris next sought to procure her signature to a power of attorney. Fortunately she looked it over before signing, and seeing many strange names and the description of pieces of property of which she had never heard, she refused to sign it, and Pâris left her in a rage.

Her firmness might have disconcerted a less able man, but he had another string to his bow. Unable to obtain a genuine signature, he procured a false one. There was at that time a certain woman, Baudin by name, entered at the Salpêtrière, August 4th, 1786, and recently discharged. She had figured under several aliases, and was well-known to the police as a swindler. Bribed by the conspirators, she appeared before a notary and signed two powers of attorney with the name Anne Louise Adelaïde de Champignelles. The first of these powers was dated Feb. 10th, 1790, and revoked a previous power therein described; but by one of those gross inadvertencies which Providence sometimes permits to unmask the guilty and save the innocent, the paper thus revoked bore date one day subsequent to the other. Both powers were full of inaccuracies, names are wrongly given and property misdescribed; but all this was intentional and intended as part of a deep-laid plot, its object being to provide proof to be used at a future day that the claimant was a swindler ignorant even of her own name.

The trap being laid, the conspirators proceeded to spring it. Mme. du Donhault was arrested and brought before the Comité de St. Eustache on a charge of swindling Pâris. Fleury accompanied her to act as her lawyer, but at once turned against her and supported the charge. It was difficult for one as timid as Mme. Donhault to overcome the voice of these two men. She burst into tears, and gave back to Pâris all his money in the very notes he had lent her, except 400 francs, which she had used. Pâris insisted on her handing over her watch and gold snuff-box to reimburse him. She complied, at the same time exclaiming, "My God! am I then in a robber's cave?" Pâris then exhibited to the committee, in secret session, the forged powers of attorney, and that tribunal ordered that "the

woman Baudin, calling herself Mme. du Donhault, being convicted of assuming a false name, be committed for one month to the prison of La Force." This record of conviction, the explanation of which was not obtained till after the first trial, was destined to prove an insurmountable obstacle to her attempt to obtain her rights. It was the most skilfully devised combination to damage the character of an individual that the records of criminal law can furnish an example of.

After her exit from La Force, Mme. du Donhault never again saw Pâris or Fleury; their task was done. Up to 1792 she was ignorant of the contents of her record of conviction and of the existence of the forged powers of attorney. Her friends undertook in vain to effect a reconciliation with her brother; he treated her with decency at one or two interviews, but would hear of no compromise nor allow her any pension, however small. The success of his plot to damage her character left him no fears of the result of a trial.

About this time, learning that her mother was still alive, she visited her. The idea of her daughter's death was firmly implanted in Mme. de Champignelles' mind, and the former's looks had been somewhat changed by her long imprisonment; but for all that the mother did not hesitate a moment, she at once received her child with open arms. Four days after the visit her mother died, and by order of M. de Champignelles, who had heard of the first interview, Mme. du Donhault was denied admittance to the house. Sorrow at her mother's death, pain at seeing herself repulsed by her brother; the indifference of her sister, who did not reply to her letters; the isolation in which she found herself by reason of her poverty and of the great political events which carried off her friends among the nobility; the frightful prospect of utter destitution with which she was menaced—all combined to break down her health. She fell sick, and after long sufferings regained at last only a painful convalescence.

Meanwhile her enemy was busy closing up every avenue of escape. The Curé of Champignelles received a letter purporting to come from the Vicar of Vanvres, near Issy, where Mme. du Donhault then resided. The letter made some inquiries about the estate, but was filled with gross inaccuracies, and signed as the false powers of attorney were, "Anne Louise," instead of "Adelaïde Marie." The letter was a forgery, and its object was to discredit her beforehand, so that if she appeared at Champignelles, the people, being on the look-out for an impostor, would not be likely to recognise in her the rightful Marquise. Other similar letters were also put in circulation.

As the King was unable to aid her, Mme. Donhault at last resolved to appeal to the courts, and for that purpose she went to Champignelles. Ignorant of the snares which had been laid for her, and certain of her own identity, she proceeded at once to the château, but the porter had orders to refuse her admission. The descendant of the Lusignans was thus obliged on the land of her ancestors to seek refuge in an inn. The refusal of the porter to admit her had given rise to bitter reflections; she determined to seek consolation of heaven, and went to the village church. The sight of her father's tomb, the memories attached to the spot which had been the witness of her infancy, joined to the sad feelings excited by her deplorable situation,

overcame her and she burst into tears. A stranger in the church on her knees and weeping, excited the attention of the congregation. Some of them asked her name; her maid replied, "You ought to know her better than I." Upon this several of them pressed around her, impelled by curiosity; but soon struck by the resemblance, not only of face but also of voice and manner, recognised in her the daughter of their old lord. She had left a cherished memory with them. They signalled her return by ringing the church bells, and by other unequivocal testimonies of public joy. In three days 96 persons positively and formally recognised her, and signed affidavits to that effect. Such of those who recognised her as were attached to the household or estates of Champignelles her brother promptly discharged. The parish was divided into two parties, of which the weaker, numerically, was opposed to Mme. Donhault. So embittered did public feeling become that an attempt was made to assassinate her by firing at her through the windows of the house where she resided. The municipality upon this took her under its protection, and her adherents guarded her day and night.

Mme. du Donhault commenced suit before the tribunal of the District St. Fargeau for restitution of her goods and 500,000 livres damages. On the trial she told her story and brought forward the witnesses to her identity; but ignorant as she then was of the toils which had been wound around her from the very day of her release from the Salpêtrière, the case soon went against her. Out of 114 questions put to her on the examination, she, in spite of a memory weakened by recent illness, made to 106 of them luminous replies, and gave detailed explanations impossible for any one else but the real Mme. Donhault. Nearly 300 witnesses, among whom was the maid who had accompanied her on her journey to Paris, and who had been present at the time of her supposed death, were prepared to swear to her identity, but the court would not hear them. The forged letters and powers of attorney, supposed then to have been signed by her, and of which she was unable to offer any explanation, created a prejudice against her; and when a formidable array of witnesses appeared who testified that she was in reality one Anne Buirette, who had subsequently assumed the name of Baudin, her case was lost. The court decided that she could not be Mme. Donhault because she was Anne Buirette. The claimant appealed, and also brought up the case in a new light by bringing a criminal action against M. du Lude for obtaining a false burial certificate and interring the corpse of another person under her name. After a delay of some years the trial of both actions came on together. She was now better prepared to prove her case. As to the claim of her identity with Anne Buirette she produced 14 witnesses, among whom was Anne's own husband, who proved satisfactorily that she was not the woman in question. She had also procured the evidence of two Sisters of Charity attached to the Salpêtrière, showing that the very day on which she was confined there as "Blainville," she had announced to them that she was the widow of the Marquis du Donhault. This testimony was of the utmost importance, because if she were an impostor it was hardly possible to believe that she would at so early a

day have undertaken to assume the name of Mme. du Donhault. Unfortunately, by a technical error of the notary before whom their evidence was taken, the examination of these two witnesses was ruled out. As to the claimant's identity with Mme. Donhault 194 witnesses positively asserted it ; many of these were from the humbler walks of life, for exile and the guillotine had swept away all her friends in her own station. Still, with such an array of proof her victory seemed assured, but very strong testimony was produced on the other side.

Although two experts were agreed that the letters and powers of attorney were not written by the claimant, a third one insisted that they were, and that claimant's writing did not at all agree with that of the original Mme. du Donhault. Seventy witnesses testified that she was not Mme. Donhault, and there were certain discrepancies of face, figure and manner which could hardly be explained by the short imprisonment of eighteen months. With regard to her knowledge of past occurrences, evidence as it is called of moral identity, the claimant made many errors. Interrogated as to the Château de Lorette, where she was brought up, and asked what it needed to make it a comfortable residence, she said "a supply of water near by;" in fact, the château was surrounded by water and could only be entered by a bridge. She said she passed the time between her exit from the convent of Montargis and her marriage, at Champignelles ; in reality it was passed at another convent at Paris where she completed her education. She named six persons as present at her wedding, not one of whom was there. She could not recall the name of the curé of the parish of Chazelet from 1764 to 1788, although during that time he was her intimate friend, and for years her father-confessor. The claimant also undertook to give an account of what occurred between her illness at Orleans and her appearance in the Salpêtrière, which was very confused and greatly damaged her cause. The proof of the death of Mme. du Donhault at Orleans was very strong. Her own maid, the doctor, the surgeon, the nurse, the sexton, and several others testified to it. Finally the District Attorney (Procureur) stated that in several conversations with the claimant she had not only talked very ungrammatically, but had used language positively indecent. With regard to this witness there seems to have been something mysterious, for it seems hardly possible that he should have discovered peculiarities in her speech which had escaped the notice of two such critics as Mme. de Polignac and the Princesse de Lamballe.

The verdict was adverse to the claimant ; it was decided that she was not Mme. du Donhault, and also that she was not Anne Buirette. Who then was she ? If she was the individual she claimed to be, she was the victim of the most deeply-laid, far-seeing, and patiently executed plot ever concocted. If she was an impostor, she presents the extraordinary phenomenon of a coarse degraded woman mingling on an equality with the *haute noblesse* of France, without their entertaining a suspicion that she was other than one of themselves.

After a vain attempt to procure an order for a new trial from the Emperor, for the final decision was not rendered till after the battle of Austerlitz, Mme. du Donhault sinks into obscurity. The decision of the court left her, as she said in her petition to the Emperor, "at

sixty-five years of age without name, quality, title, origin or family. She could appear before the tribunals under no denomination, in the social order she was nothing."

Her case was dramatised under the title of "La Fausse Marquise," and acted in Paris during the year 1805, where it excited much interest. The time and place of the death of this unfortunate claimant are unknown.

E. H. L.

JOACHIM, ABBOT OF FLORA.

Joachim, thulke abbot, tolde
How suche daies shulden falle,
That comunliche in places alle
The chapmen of such mercerie,
With fraude and with supplantarie,
So many shulden beie and selle,
That he ne may for shame telle
So foule a sinne in mannes eie.

— GOWER. *Confessio Amantis*, B. ii.

IT scarcely required a prophet—surely it did not need one of Joachim's reputation—to foretell that hucksters, and chapmen, and Cheap Johns, and traders, and mercantile adventurers of all sorts would often cheat and cozen and deceive. It was an old song, confirmed by the experience of every generation, and in every age attested by contemporaneous practices. No seer is needed to assure us that human nature continues to be essentially the same throughout all time, or to corroborate the maxim that "That which hath been shall be." Two centuries before Gower, Walter Map, or whoever else might have been the author of that particular specimen of the poems of Goliath, declared the same thing:

Fides mercatoribus non est adhibenda,
Dejurant cotedie pro merce vendenda;
Decima non solvetur de jure solvenda;
Est gravis hæc menda, lucra talia sunt abolenda.
Ex lege permittitur, ut se contrahentes
Indicem decipiant modum statuantes;
Sed mensuram negligunt hodie vendentes;
Decipiunt gentes, quantum possunt capientes.

— DE DIVERS. *Ord. Hom.* vv. 185-192.

This old rhyming Latin may be rendered—

Put not your trust in Peter Funks, nor other slippery traders:
They daily feed on broken vows—these smart commercial raiders.
The "shent per shent" of Monmouth street sufficeth not such dealers—
This is not right:—it should be cured by Grangers or Repealers.

The laws permit, what Mill desired, all those who live by bargains
 To grind all grists, and thus to make what they deem only fair gains.
 To-day the "rings" and middlemen, the brokers and contractors,
 Scant measure give, with ample charge — confound the hungry factors !

The version does not claim to be either smooth or literal, but it is a fair equivalent for the rugged melody translated.

In the classics of the Roman Empire, the evidences of fraudulent transactions in trade by misrepresentations, forgeries, false weights, false measures and adulterations, are abundant. Dr. Hassell might have rejoiced in such a harvest of trickeries. Even in the days of the Republic the elder Cato had said in his trenchant way, "Much money might be made by merchandise, but it was barely honest." That the like want of integrity was too often prevalent in the dealings of still more ancient times, might be inferred from the denunciations of Tyrians and Jews by the old Hebrew prophets. It cannot therefore be accepted as any demonstration of Joachim's claims to extraordinary prescience that he foretold, as ancient Gower informs us, that dismal days would come when men would sometimes cheat. If he had anticipated land-grabs and moieties, whiskey-rings, Credit Mobiliers, and corners in Erie ; if he had revealed the mysteries of syndicates, gift-enterprises and lotteries, and anticipated the devices of modern speculation and the frauds of recent manufactures, he "would have dipped into the future far as human eye could see" — he might "have seen all the wonder that would be" — and would have presented better credentials of his prophetic powers than any that are likely to be discovered in his remains or in the traditions concerning him. Nevertheless, he was esteemed to be a great prophet in his own day, and his prophecies were widely diffused and credited in the days that followed his own.

We are not willing to advance Joachim to that pinnacle of dubious fame which was attained by the Sibyls and by Merlin, though such a grave writer as Mosheim places him in the same category with the latter. "The Merlin of the English, the Malachy of the Irish, and the Nostradamus of the French are just what we may suppose the famous Joachim of the Italians to have been." This is a most infelicitous conjunction, for the several personages collated are wholly dissimilar. Joachim has one great advantage over the Sibyls and Merlin — which was a greater advantage seven hundred years ago than it may be now. He is thoroughly historical ; he is a veritable personage, whose habitat and individuality can be accurately ascertained. The cloudy robes of popular fantasy which clothed and magnified him while in the flesh and in the bone, have worn out or been evaporated, and he rises from his long slumber in the grave, naked and unadorned. With him we leave the domain of myth and enlarging vulgar poesy, and descend to the earth and the realm of solid fact. He is not of those who —

rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of ecstasý.

He is not of the family of air-borne and winged seers ; but is of the *plantigrade* order, walking on his own broad, bare feet as best he may

over the sharp rocks and shards and brambles and thistles of this every-day world of ours. He is of the earth earthy, an early specimen of the innumerable tribe of apocalyptic expositors.

Before entering upon the consideration of Joachim's career and vaticinations, we may profitably note the records or legends in regard to St. Malachy and other local seers, who intervened between Merlin and the Abbot of Flora, and entertained or startled their respective countrymen with visions and announcements of coming woes. *Nullum tempus sine vate sacro* — there has been no age without its oracle-monger.

The name and the fame of Malachy are still preserved with affectionate veneration by the Irish, as he is enrolled among the saints of the sacred and saintly Isle. His prophecies or prognostications have not been as tenderly cared for, though in that pleasant time of turbulence and discord and confusion which preceded, attended and followed the English conquest of Erin by pontifical authority, their local repute rivalled the renown of Merlin's vaticinations in the realm of the conquerors. Malachy was, however, historical: his honors, his offices and his labors are commemorated by his contemporary St. Bernard, and are duly chronicled in the Annals of the Four Masters. In the latter work there is an elaborate obituary in the sweet Hibernian tongue of our prophet, *Malachias i Maolmaedoc Ua Morgain, airdepscop cataoire Padraic*, which it is unnecessary to translate here. The dates of both his nativity and his death are reported, which is a singular piece of good fortune for so remote a celebrity, as it is too often impossible to determine the birth of Hibernians of even recent periods and great distinction. The year of Edmund Burke's birth has scarcely been ascertained; and of his fellow-collegian, club-mate, and friend, Oliver Goldsmith, it would be hazardous to assert that he was born at any particular time or place: *evasit, erupit* — and blundered into fame. St. Malachy has a better authenticated existence. He is distinctly reported in the necrologies to have appeared on this sorrowful earth in 1094, and to have resigned his spirit, his archbishopric and his primacy 2d Nov. 1148, thus escaping by only a few years the English invasion and conquest under Henry II. He became Bishop of Connor in 1127, and was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Armagh. He was twice Papal legate to his people. He died on his return from Rome at the Abbey of Clairvaux, and was buried there by the pious care of the Abbot St. Bernard. About his corporeal reality there is no doubt, whatever hesitation there may be in crediting his oracular gifts. His prophetic faculty may have been keenly stimulated by the feuds and broils among his own people, and by the encroachments and greedy appetites of Norman adventurers, already hankering after the rich pastures of the ever-green Isle. If he anticipated the rôle of later visionaries, and of his rhetorical countrymen, he must have announced victories never to be won, glories never to be obtained, changes unrecorded in the book of destiny, and blessings ever-receding from the tantalised hope. It is a happy enthusiasm which constantly looks forward to brighter days in the future than the past has ever known, a charming credulity which accepts with earnest faith the promise of joys often foretold but never

realised. Strong conviction, intense desire, and ready hope will make prophets and secure believers among any people. To those of less impressible temperament and cooler imaginations, such satisfactions are habitually denied. They are compelled to accept the more prosaic but less bewildering skepticism of Barbour, the epic biographer of Robert Bruce :

it was wonderful perfa
How ony mannys science may
Knae thingis that ar to cum,
Determyneably, all or sum :
But gyf that he inspyret war
Off Him, that all things euer mar
Seis in his presciens,
As it war ay in presens.

In the case of even the luckiest of these presumed and presuming prophets, we are very apt to conclude with the same old Scotch poet,

Methink, quha sayis he knawis thingis
To cum, he makys gret gabingis.

Contemporary with Bishop Malachy, though somewhat younger, and surviving him for thirty years, was a marvellous Sibyl of Lorraine. This was St. Hildegarde, Abbess of St. Rupert's, near Bingen on the Rhine. Her career as a seeress commenced early and continued late.

"She lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Though more is transmitted in regard to her oracular vocation than is known in respect to St. Malachy's vaticinations, it is still difficult to determine whether she belonged to the order of Mother Shipton, or to that of Lady Hester Stanhope, or to that of Maria Taigi.

As the opportunity may not occur again, it may be mentioned, though not in logical or chronological sequence, that the miraculous three days of darkness, foretold by the last of these "presignificators" for the year 1872, or thereabouts, seem to have been long previously announced in the Sibylline Oracles. Critobulus, in the lately discovered and very recently published History of Sultan Mahomet II., assures us that such a portentous defection of the light of heaven did actually take place at Constantinople in the year 1465. "There was no eclipse at the time. It occurred after an entirely different and most novel fashion. It was like a mist, or a dark and pitchy cloud covering the sun and overshadowing it. For three whole days and nights it lasted, being such as it is here described, and manifest to all. This great prodigy and divine portent was deemed by all simultaneously to indicate great calamities in prospect. These indeed soon followed."

From Bishop Malachy and the Abbess Hildegarde we pass to a much more notable, more influential and better known personage, St. Joachim, Abbot of Flora, whom Dante places in Paradise as one of the twelve seraphic doctors who formed the choir of St. Buonaventura. He is there associated with St. John Chrysostom, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas Aquinas — a most goodly company :—

"At my side there shines
Calabria's abbot, Joachim, endowed
With soul prophetic."

There is no doubt about his reality or personality. He is entered on the calendar of saints. He is duly chronicled by the learned Jesuit Papebrochius in the *Acta Sanctorum*. His opinions were discussed in more than one general council of the Church. His career is recorded in the annals of Baronius. He is mentioned by the Byzantine historians and by English and other chroniclers. Four proper biographies have been composed in his honor, besides multitudes of briefer sketches. There is no deficiency of information about him, no dubitation about his existence, his performances, or his prophetic pretensions. There is no longer any necessity for condensing fables into facts, or for endeavoring to compound a concrete body out of shadows and wavering myths. A graver subject is before us than is presented by the impalpable spectres of Sibyls, Camænæ and Merlins. The alleged prophecies are of a more solemn character, and the fortunes of Joachim, living and dead, were much more intimately connected with the manifestations of his own and of ensuing times, and much more profoundly affected them than the vaticinations of any of the elder seers. A somewhat sedate mode of treatment will hence be appropriate in dealing with the Abbot Joachim.

At the little village of Cellico in Hither Calabria was born, some time in the first half of the twelfth century (the accounts vary between 1112, 1130 and 1145), a child who was destined to make a profound impression upon the land of his nativity and upon the world. His parents were of respectable station, his father being a notary; and the young Joachim was admitted into the court of Naples as a page of Roger, King of the Sicilies. Seized with holy fervor, for it was the age of the Crusades, he resolved to visit the Holy Land. Running off in company with a fellow-pilgrim, Andrew by name, he arrived at Constantinople on his way. The plague, which was a frequent attendant of the Crusaders, and was almost domesticated in the cities of the Levant and round the Ægæan Sea, was then raging in the still Imperial City. Joachim devoted himself with faithful assiduity to the relief of the wretchedness and suffering of the stricken multitude, nursed the sick with tender care, and expended the scant remnant of his scanty means in providing for their necessities. Struck with a deep sense of the sorrows and needs of humanity, he cherished henceforward the purpose of a religious life. He was an honest enthusiast throughout. Departing from Constantinople, he proceeded on his journey to Jerusalem on foot, unshod, in tattered raiment, and trusting to charity for his maintenance on the road. The companions achieved their weary travel, reached the holy places of the Sacred City, and returned in safety to Calabria. Andrew disappears from the scene, but Joachim soon entered the Abbey of Sanbuccino, discharging the humble office of porter. His restless and fervid spirit was not long content with this indolent service, so congenial to the idle, listless temper of his countrymen. After a few months he went out into the surrounding wilderness, preaching and praying among the rude population. Qualms of conscience arrested his labors: he was intruding

himself without orders or license into priestly functions. He confided his solitudes to the Abbot of Corazzo, and was easily persuaded by him to enter that monastery and assume the habit of the Cistercian Order. The energy and the piety of Brother Joachim were so highly approved that on the death of his adviser and superior he was himself elected Abbot in his place. He declined the responsible office, apparently with simple and sincere humility, and at length yielded only to the commands of the Archbishop of Cosenza (1176). Strange that such a nature and such a career should have blossomed into a prophet of the people! The Abbot Joachim discharged his abbatial duties with energy and distinction. He was visited and consulted by kings, princes, prelates, nobles, &c., who wondered at his wisdom and political discernment. Their bounty enriched the coffers of the monastery, and the increasing riches augmented the charities of the good Abbot. Still he was unsatisfied. He yearned for even more celestial food. He resolved to devote himself exclusively to the study of the Scriptures, and especially to the exposition of the prophetic books. The miseries of the world, the wretchedness produced by want and pestilence, and war and violence, in the lands that he had traversed; the contentions and vices which he had witnessed in the realm of the Holy Sepulchre; the ravages of Saracens and the frailties of Christians; the pomp and pride, sensuality and ambition of potentates and ecclesiastics—filled him with apprehension for the judgments of Heaven, and led him to expect an early consummation of the divine vengeance. He would study the texts of Scripture, discern the signs of the times, and announce by his expositions the need of prompt repentance and reformation as a preparation for the last day. He was already on the threshold of that prophetic vocation which so many honest but misguided interpreters of revelation have since trodden, which so many still tread. He would fit himself to be the Miller, the Baxter, or the Bickersteth of the twelfth century. In order that he might give himself wholly to his new task, he entreated the Pope's permission to resign his abbacy. His petition was not accorded, but he was allowed to withdraw himself from his monastery, and to delegate its government to a substitute. He retired to the heart of the Calabrian mountains, and secluded himself among those forests of beech which had furnished mast for the Bruttian hogs on which the Roman populace had been fed by the Roman emperors and their successors the Gothic kings. Doubtless he often wandered amid the thick groves of elms which still afford the manna of commerce. Three years he passed here in study and meditation, and labor and austerities. In 1187 the condition of his monastery required his personal attention, and he was recalled to Corazzo. He was, however, soon released from the unwelcome burthen of ecclesiastical dignity. His resignation was at length accepted by the Pope, and he was enjoined to complete his interpretation of the wonders and menaces of the Apocalypse, being thus in some sort commissioned as a prophet of the Church. In 1198 he sought solitude in the desert of San Pietro, but being incommoded even in this retreat by the visits and importunities of the curious, he pushed forward to the heart of the Calabrian mountains and into the

depths of the forest, and established himself at the place which was afterwards famous as Flora.

Flora is on the summit of the great and wild range of La Sila. An ample tableland forms the top of the range. Rich and picturesque valleys descend on the north and on the south. Sparkling waters rush through the hollows and find rest in the gulfs of either sea. The climate of the uplands of Calabria is salubrious and bracing; the soil was rich, while the region was still clothed with its woods of pine and other timber, and not yet washed away by the rains, as it has been since the heights were denuded of their natural covering. The scenery of Calabria is the most enchanting in Italy, and in Calabria the finest scenery is to be found on the elevations of La Sila. In this charming solitude Joachim sought in vain for solitude. He was followed by admiring and eager disciples, as Abelard had been a generation before when he fled to the woods and wastes of Champagne. As in Champagne his anxious students framed for Abelard the chapel and monastery of the Paraclete, so in the forest-clad mountains of Calabria the votaries of Joachim clustered into the monastery of Flora, erected by their fervent hands. The beloved teacher prepared for his flock a rule of discipline founded on the Cistercian canon, but much more rigorous, and he consented to accept the direction of the new confraternity. It must have been in the first months of this changed monastic life that he received, if report be true, the visit of Richard Cœur-de-Lion of England, who was wintering in Sicily on his way to Palestine in the third Crusade, and who sought instruction from the already celebrated interpreter of revelation in regard to the approaching end of the world. At Flora, Joachim prosecuted his exegetical labors, and matured his views in regard to the present condition and impending fate of mankind. He was not left to prosecute his researches and his expositions in peace; the Cistercians, whom he seemed to have deserted by the reformation of their rule, assailed him virulently. To these attacks he offered no reply. His movement was sanctioned and sustained by the Pope, and its success was assured by the voluntary affiliation of many *cœnobîa*. Thus the Abbey of Flora became the mother-house of a rapidly increasing family of Joachimites. The last ten or twelve years of the Abbot's life were probably filled with his prophetic investigations and announcements, for he left behind him abundant remains, whose authenticity is not disputed.

It requires no strong effort of the imagination, with our knowledge of the characteristics of the closing twelfth century, with our information in regard to the details of Joachim's life and speculations, and with a due appreciation of the varied appetencies of human nature, to appreciate the sentiments and aims of the aged monk in his cell at Flora, while poring over the rolls of sacred prophecy, and expounding them for the guidance and warning of his countrymen, in the evil times in which he had been cast, and with more fearful times in prospect. While Joachim was constituting his monastic order on the slopes of La Sila, the third Crusade was in progress, resulting in grievous calamities—the degradation of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, the quarrels of Philip of France and Richard of England,

the capture, imprisonment and ransom of the latter, the drowning of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, the succession of his son Henry VI. the Bloody, and the brutal tyranny of this ruthless sovereign. Nearly the whole reign of Frederic had been filled with acrimonious contention and furious war against the Popes and their allies of the Lombard League. The accession of Henry VI. brought new discords, more savage warfare and greater cruelties. About four years earlier Henry had married Constance, the heiress of the Sicilies, and the last of the Norman line. The rapacity, the passion and the outrage of Henry and his officials were spreading wretchedness and terror and savagery and crime over the whole of southern Italy. All these calamities were aggravated, after the Emperor's early death, by the contending factions of German lordlings and Papal commissioners during the minority of Frederic II. under the guardianship of Innocent III. "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" but never did this woe fall more heavily upon any land than upon the Sicilian realm. The violences and afflictions of those years were the culmination of all the vices and corruptions and miseries which had marked the century. In Church and State, in government and in society, the progress of the world seemed to be from bad to worse.

*Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

Had not the hour of divine vengeance struck? "How long, O Lord, how long"—how long would the world be permitted to exist in its rapid augmentation of sin? Did not the prophets of the elder and the later dispensation proclaim such prevalence of hopeless and irrepressible iniquities, such enormity of worldly passions and indulgences, as the forecoming shadows of the last days? To a mind earnest, pious, fervent, sincere, impulsive, apt for hallucinations; to a disposition inclined to religious excess, and sympathising keenly, and with honest self-abnegation, with the wretchedness of men, and especially of the helpless and poor; to an intellect fevered by a life of ascetic exaltation, and dazzled by long inspection of the bewildering menaces of prophetic denunciation; to a constitution irritated and rendered morbid by constant exposure and continual austerities—it might well appear that all the portents which were to usher in the last great battle of the saints were already crowding on each other to alarm the world into a preparation for its impending fate. Much slighter disturbances in the general order of human affairs, presenting themselves to much soberer fancies, much less sensitive natures and less fervid temperaments, have in numberless instances produced the like conviction of the near consummation of earthly destinies. We may well understand, and understanding we may well pardon the delusions which fascinated the monk of the twelfth century. Like delusions, operating under circumstances less calculated to favor their acceptance, have seized upon many minds in our own time, notwithstanding all the wide experience of the past, the fuller knowledge of our day, the ascendancy of the cool scientific reason, and the greater tranquillity of society. Joachim may be forgiven in an age which

reads and admires Bickersteth's *Yesterday, To-day and Forever*, and the copious millennial literature of our time.

In the study of the Apocalypse and the ancient Hebrew Prophets, in the prophetic visions which grew out of this study, and in comparing these emanations of his thoughts and studies with the aspects of his time, the old and inveterate enthusiast spent his declining years. He was taken sick on a visit to the monastery of St. Martin at Jesse, recognised his approaching end, and died there on the 30th March, 1202. He was seventy-two according to the commonly received accounts, fifty-seven according to others, and ninety, according to some traditions. Neither the longest nor the shortest period could well be brought into consonance with the incidents of his life. After the lapse of several years his body was translated from its original tomb to his own monastery at Flora. His spirit, however, did not sleep with his body. It continued to animate his disciples, penetrated into new fraternities, and was invoked and abused by many who were far removed from the simplicity, candor, honesty and purity of his life and his designs.

Joachim is said to have predicted that the branch of Flora would not long remain separated from the parent stem of the Cistercians. It was reunited to that order in the beginning of the fifteenth century. He is said also to have foretold the institution of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders, which took place within a quarter of a century of his death. He is also stated to have announced the deposition of the Emperor Frederic II., which was pronounced by the Council of Lyons in 1246. Such a vaticination presupposes the prophecy of his accession to the Empire, which did not happen till twelve years after the prophet's decease. He seems also to have announced the end of the world for the year 1260. If he miscalculated by something upwards of 614 years, he did not fail in his oracles more signally than many very respectable people both before and since his day. His announcement was received with much deference and credulity. It appears to have been confidently accepted, half a century after his death, by Grosseteste, the reforming Bishop of Lincoln, and his friends Adam De Marisco and Roger Bacon. This is made fully manifest by the letters of Brother Adam to the great and good Bishop, and by the calculations of Friar Bacon in his *Opus Tertium*.

If these predictions were all that were ascribed to Abbot Joachim, we should not have introduced him into the series of Prophets of the People, nor would he have attained that popular fame which rendered his name frequent and prominent for two centuries in the literatures of Italy and Greece, of France, England and Germany. The sources of his renown will be indicated in due time ; but before noting them it is necessary to mention the works which are preserved under his name, and his own history after death.

The Cistercians, who had persecuted him in his life-time, assailed his memory with imputations of heresy, and cited numerous passages from his writings in alleged violation of orthodox doctrine. The matter was brought before the assembled doctors of the Church for examination. The Third Council of the Lateran in 1215 condemned certain of his positions in regard to the Trinity, which were deemed

Tritheistic. They spared his name and passed no censure on himself. He had, indeed, in his latest writings directed his society to revise his works, and to correct or cancel anything adverse to the accredited faith which haste and age and misapprehension might have introduced. In 1346 the House of Flora applied to the Pontifical Court for his canonisation. The preliminary inquiries were ordered by Pope Clement IV. in 1350, but they were never completed. Joachim was, nevertheless, revered as a saint throughout Calabria: his life appears in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and his virtues are commemorated on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the translation of his remains to the monastery of Flora.

Many of his writings remain; a much larger body of treatises ascribed to him still survives. Some have been printed; more continue in manuscript, and may still be found in the public libraries of Paris, and probably elsewhere. Among the printed works are commentaries on Ezekiel and the Minor Prophets, which are considered spurious; and commentaries on Jeremiah and the Apocalypse, which are genuine. These commentaries perpetuated, as their preparation unquestionably occasioned, the prophetic reputation of Joachim. They furnished a pretext for fathering upon him, as was most lavishly done, according to the habitual fashion of oracular literature, a multitude of works of prophetic pretensions, and supplied a stock on which were grafted numbers of local prophecies usually promulgated after the events they were alleged to have foretold.

Prophecies without stint were circulated throughout Italy and beyond the bounds of Italy, and were attributed to Joachim. They increased the renown of the prophet, as the fame of the prophet secured their currency. These were collected and were expanded in various ways. The *Liber Prophetiarum de Papis*, which was attributed to him, was undoubtedly spurious, and was the production of some Franciscan follower in the fifteenth century or close of the fourteenth. It was first published at Venice in 1517, and was republished in many subsequent issues. It may have been the original ancestor of those enduring vaticinations which have overlooked neither *Pio Nono* nor his yet undiscoverable successors.

Even in his life-time Joachim had been regarded by his contemporaries, including many of cultivated minds, as a prophet sent from heaven. One legend reports that on his visit to the Holy Land he spent the forty days of Lent on Mount Tabor without yielding to natural appetites, and that he was rewarded for his extraordinary abstinence and vigilance with "inspired science and the knowledge of the darkest mysteries of the Holy Scriptures." After his death he experienced the fortune of other prophets of the people, and was enriched with a wealth of oracles of which he was entirely guiltless. His habits of life, his utterances, his pretensions, his aims, his character and his genuine writings afforded ample inducement and abundant opportunities for such supposititious vaticinations as were launched under his *clarum et venerabile nomen*. By his immediate order he was held in the odor of sanctity. The new and powerful orders of the Mendicants attached themselves to his memory and predictions with special devotion. This was peculiarly the case with the Franciscans,

from whom sprang new schools of enthusiastic and mystical innovators, who shielded their wild dreams and wilder practices under the reputation and the pretended prophecies of the Abbot of Flora. For more than a century the fame and impulse communicated by Joachim continued to spread, generating the visionary schemes and insane pretensions of the Fratricelli, the Beghards, the Amalricians, the Apostolicals, the Patarenes, and culminating in the communistic frenzy and romantic struggles of Dolcino and the Dolcinists.

Ample and audacious as were the predictions ascribed to Joachim by popular delusion and theological extravagance, the foundations for the devices of a century of licentious speculation had been laid, innocently enough perhaps, by the Abbot of Flora. The example of oracular denunciation and apocalyptic interpretation had been set by him. The obscure comminations of his authentic writings afforded the germ and the impulse of all the more important prognostications subsequently palmed off on his credit. Some of his undoubted predictions are very remarkable. They admit of explanation on the same principles as those of Burke in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*: the close observation and appreciation of events, and the quick apprehension of the necessary consequences. Others again are due to the confident, credulous and fanatical interpretations of the visions of the seer of Patmos. Yet, recognising these solutions of the mystery, many of his presignifications remain singularly remarkable, and indicate how thoroughly he had been impressed and dismayed by the corruptions in Church and State and society, and how profoundly he was filled with the rushing spirit of the coming time.

Of such memorable anticipations may be mentioned his declaration in the commentary on Jeremiah, composed at the special request of the Emperor Henry VI. in 1197, that his infant son, afterwards Frederic II., should be brought up under the tutelage of his widowed mother Constance, a prophecy realised by the early death of Henry within the year; that Frederic should ultimately succeed to the Empire, which he did by most extraordinary casualties and vicissitudes in 1212; that he should pour out venom on the Church, as was most notably accomplished, unless the Roman Pontiff should preserve his imperial inheritance for him, and prevent its usurpation by a rival, which Innocent III. did not do, for he allowed Philip of Suabia to assume the imperial crown, and on his assassination elevated Otho IV. to the Empire. Perhaps this prediction and its partial realisation may have had some weight in inducing Innocent to adopt the strange and hazardous policy of proclaiming the youthful Frederic Emperor, after long holding him in subjection and endeavoring to exclude the Hohenstauffen line from the throne. Another strange anticipation strangely accomplished, was the announcement of the institution and progress of the Mendicant orders, and the declaration of their aims, procedures and development. Doubtless the visionary enthusiasm of his own life, which from early manhood had been marked by voluntary poverty, by lavish charity, by untiring service of the poor and the outcast, by unregulated preaching, and by close personal observation of the needs of the neglected masses, may have convinced him of the

expediency and assured him of the probability of such religious organisations to redress or to counterbalance the flagrant evils of the time. The same impulses and the same tendencies may have suggested to him the certainty of a coming reformation in the Church, by human effort or by divine interposition. The contemporaneous warfare of Frederic Barbarossa with the Papacy and the Free Cities of Lombardy might incline his mystical temper to proclaim, in mystical language, the conjunction of the secular power with the heretical sects in the overthrow of the ecclesiastical Babylon. We are compelled to regard the denunciation of the failure and ruin of Frederic II. as a later invention. Making all the requisite deductions and giving due weight to all possible explanations, it is not surprising that the apparent realisation, in such quick and startling modes, of Joachim's predictions in regard to such important matters, should have sunk deeply into the minds of the next generation, and should have produced among many, the intelligent as well as the ignorant, a recognition of his prophetic mission.

Other prophecies of bolder character and with more startling consequences still remain to be considered. The fruits of his speculation became apples of discord and causes of confusion for a hundred years and more, and fill the annals of the Church during that period with portentous contentions. These questions are, however, too varied and too ample to be introduced at the close of the present paper. They lead us into grave historical problems, without ever withdrawing attention from the subject of popular prophecy. The oracles of the people adapt themselves to the times, and change with the times, and are serious or trivial with the fluctuations of human fantasies or apprehensions.

GEO. FRED'K HOLMES.

SONNETS.

I.

[Suggested by the sudden death of an aged couple who, marrying in youth, lived to celebrate their golden wedding, and dying within one hour of each other, were buried side by side in one grave.]

THEY dwelt in peace like doves that warm one nest;
 They grew from youth as oak and ivy twine;
 When fell the oak, then fell, alas! the vine
 Which its gray trunk and arms for years carest.

Unknown to fame or unadorned by rank,
 Serene alike amid earth's storms and calms,
 Pilgrims! in life they from the same streams drank,
 In death they sleep beneath the same cool palms.
 Soldiers! for them no more the battle's din;
 Sailors! for them no more the breaker's foam,
 The rough, wild seas o'er which we still must roam!
 Afar from these rude scenes of woe and sin,
 Like friends long absent who at once reach home,
 One knock wide opes heaven's door and lets both in!

II.

Bright sunset clouds, how beautiful ye are!
 How like a splendid panorama pass,
 How swiftly change in fancy's wizard glass,
 Assuming forms and hues most rich and rare!
 Anon I see the pyramids of old,
 Temples with crumbling shafts and ruined shrines,
 Fair gardens with cool grots and flowering vines,
 Pavilions of silk and cloth of gold;
 Anon a battlement or citadel,
 A mosque with minarets that gleam and soar,
 A towered castle, ivy-grown and hoar,
 An airy Venice, throned as by some spell,
 So real that I pause to list the oar
 Of gondolier or sound of vesper bell!

III.

We speak of bosom friends, but there are none!
 Each heart hath pangs which man forsooth oft knows,
 Its hourly conflicts and its speechless woes;
 But there are secrets known to God alone,
 Locked rooms, whose bolts and hinges creak with rust,
 Where cobwebbed skeletons have grinned for years,
 Whose keys to other hands we never trust,
 Whose doors we never open without tears,
 And only when of life we make review!
 And there be graveyards too where spectres glide,
 Gloomy with mossy cypress and dark yew,
 Where buried joys and hopes sleep side by side,
 Where memory turns with tears their turf to dew,—
 Whose gates to idle strangers are denied!

SAM'L SELDEN.

Norfolk, Va.

PEACE.

MY son is two years, one month and five days old. My nephew is older; he is two years, one month and six days of age.

This disparity is a source of prodigious consolation to my wife. Whenever the multitudinous events of each day (for with these two young men the plot of life already begins to thicken) reveal particulars in which Eddy, our nephew, is indisputably superior to Charley, our son, my wife accounts for this superiority with entire motherly satisfaction, by remarking that of course Eddy ought to know, or to be or to do, as the case may be, more than Charley, because he is older.

I was just going into my study yesterday to resume work upon my great essay entitled "Peace." In this essay I was demonstrating that it was very wrong indeed to make war; and I will not conceal the satisfaction with which I was reflecting that if Prince Bismarck (*e. g.*) *should* become convinced that it *is* wrong to make war, he would never again send his armies into the sweet fields of France. Nor will I deny certain secret yet benign hopes regarding the effect of my essay in tranquillising the disposition of Spotted Tail.

"My love," says my wife, as I was going into my study as aforesaid, "Charley's nurse is sick to-day and can't mind him. He'll be obliged to stay in the house, and I don't see how you'll ever write."

"More by token," says my sister, "Eddy's nurse has gone to see her mother, and *he'll* have to stay in; so you might as well give it up."

"Pooh, pooh!" said I. "Give 'em to *me*; I'll take 'em with *me*. I'll write in the bosom of my family, like Jean Paul among the pots and kettles in the kitchen. Do you remember Jean Paul, my dear, writing his immortal works among the pots and kettles?—Fight? Scratch? Squall? Oh no, *my* boys won't fight; nor scratch, nor squall either. It's all a mistake. Nothing surprises me more," I continued, warming with my subject, "than the ignorance of mothers upon this point. A child will *not* fight, if properly managed. I tell you it's abnormal—to fight. Just keep the child entertained; that's all. The child doesn't *want* to fight. He does it reluctantly always. He fights under protest invariably. No child will fight his playmate unless he's driven to it. The childish soul is loving, it is confiding; it is a tendril, it desires to twine around necks; opposition and combat are alien to it. War," I continued, insensibly gliding into my essay, "war is *not* the natural condition of man. That is a libel on the race. Love and hunger—which indeed are two words for the same thing in different phases, love being the soul's hunger, and hunger the body's love—these are the natural operations of the normal man, spiritual and bodily, and not war. Dash the philosophers who have declared battle to be the earliest occupation of man! I will confound these slanderers!"

"Well," says my wife, with a curious expression in her gray eyes.

"Well," says my sister, with a very curious twinkle in her blue

ones. "Go along, children, with him, and let him write in the bosom of his family."

I marched, with my two innocents trotting on either hand, to my study. I was in a fine glow of enthusiasm for the cause of peace and harmony. I was ablaze with philosophy, which I proposed to put into practical operation. My deep design was this. I am a keen observer. I have observed that it is utterly futile to attempt to entertain a boy-child with anything with which he cannot hurt himself and make himself cry; and my selection of articles for the amusement of my two charges was made wholly with a view to this somewhat paradoxical principle in the young male nature. I set my son down carefully on the floor in one corner of the apartment, and furnished him with the following articles, to wit:—

One bear, tin, with a very sharp-edged tail, with which he could scratch his finger and make himself cry;

One turkey, tin, mounted on a spiral spring, which when agitated gave a very life-like imitation of pecking, and with which, by pecking it in his eye—which he always did—he could always make himself cry;

One box, containing a farm-house and barn-yard, together with all the cattle, fowls, laborers, rights, members and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, the same being painted in divers strong colors, which he could always suck, and by reason of the diabolical taste thereof so make himself cry;

One large chair, to sit under and get his head between the rounds, and make himself cry;

One small do, to fall over or out of, as he should see proper, and make himself cry;

One silk hat, of which he is always careful, not sitting on it very hard, nor putting anything in it except small billets of wood—either of which is good, as he invariably sits down too suddenly or mashes his finger with the wood, and so makes himself cry;

One pair of tongs, to tweak his own nose with, of which he is very fond, and make himself cry;

One box, to hold his left leg when he plays circus, or to hurt his head against, as he should see proper, and make himself cry;

One pillow, for him to kick, which I laid beside him with some hesitation, fearing that it would not suit him, inasmuch as he could not well hurt his shins against it and make himself cry;

One knife, to compensate for the pillow, since he could easily cut his finger with it and make himself cry;

One wire mouse-trap, with which he could always catch his finger in the spring and make himself cry.

To these I added a promiscuous assortment of articles, with which he could hurt himself in any miscellaneous way he should see proper, including his whistle, against which he always bites his tongue when he blows it, and makes himself cry; and his dear little wicker-chair with one bent leg, which always tumbles him over on the back of his head when he wishes to make himself cry.

I deposited my nephew in the opposite corner of the apartment, and seated him in the midst of a collection of articles not differing

widely from those which I had furnished my son. I designed to illustrate the progress of civilisation. I said to myself: "Presently each will grow tired of solitary amusement, however many resources he may have for making himself cry. Then the gregarious instinct will assert itself, as in the youth of humanity, and they will rise from their corners and go toward each other. This will represent the lonesome Aborigine seeking society. Then they will meet, and the commercial instinct will assert itself. Each will recognise the right of property which the other has in his toys, and this will lead to a proposition for amicable exchange. The manifest advantage of exchange, in which each acquires something he did not have before, will quickly lead to the idea of a partnership, in which each shall have a joint interest in all the other has. So I shall behold harmony, mutual accord and peace—both of them, for instance, drawing the same chair into the fire, &c.—which will finally result in their sitting in the same corner, *i. e.* building a city, &c. So we will have reached the age of civilisation from the age of solitary barbarism."

Pleased with these thoughts, I addressed myself to my essay, keeping one eye upon the two young persons.

Whilst, therefore, my right eye occupied itself in superintending my powerful demonstration in behalf of peace, my left eye saw that my son instantly cut his finger with his knife, and as I had foreseen, made himself cry. He then rubbed his cut finger in a persistent manner into his eye, and smeared his eye with blood, which made him cry very satisfactorily indeed. He received considerable aid through the operation of a certain phenomenon, which, as I am a stern realist in matters of description, I will not omit: I mean the physiological effect of tears upon the nose of childhood. This physiological effect mingled with the blood and tears, and the three being vigorously triturated together into his eye, which he did not cease to rub with his cut finger, made him cry in a manner which was, I may say, truly gratifying.

Success so far had crowned my efforts, and I watched with great anxiety for the moment when the reign of civilisation should commence, *i. e.* when the gregarious instinct and the intuitive respect for property should bring them together, and lead to amicable exchanges and partnerships. Nor did I have long to wait. Eddy, seeing that Charley was quite blinded in one eye by reason of the fourfold fact that he now had a large quantity of blood, of tears, of physiological effect and of finger in the eye aforesaid, arose from his corner, and approached Charley in a somewhat sidelong manner, surprisingly like the manner in which Mr. Mike McCoole is said to approach his antagonist when Mr. McC. enters the ring for a sparring-match.

Having arrived within, I shall say, about one foot of Charley, Eddy paused.

"You old debble!" says Charley.

Now this, I will confess, gave me some surprise, and I readjusted my spectacles. For with all the pious and continued efforts of his mother and myself, we have never yet been able to instil any very clear religious ideas into his mind; yet his conception of the devil—a conception obtained, as well as the word itself, from some source wholly unknown to me—seemed quite distinct and well-defined.

"Gim my knife!" shouts Eddy, in a very peremptory manner indeed. And this, I further confess, surprised me still more. For Eddy actually dropped his own knife, which I had furnished him, out of his hands while he uttered the words; and why he should have wished to take by force a piece of property which did not belong to him, and which he could not possibly need, inasmuch as he already had one too many by his own showing — for, as I said, he dropped his own knife — is a question which I have postponed, to occupy my next summer's vacation.

Immediately subsequent to Eddy's peremptory demand, the following circumstances occurred in the order in which I mention them:

1. Eddy makes a savage grab for Charley's knife.
2. Charley parries; and, in so doing, wipes his hand, tears, blood and all down the profile of Eddy's face, producing the appearance to me who had a front view of having suddenly divided the face aforesaid into two equal sections with a cleaver.
3. Eddy with his left hand makes a kind of reconnoissance of Charley's face, which terminates with the following position of the hand aforesaid, to wit: the little finger of it lodges in Charley's mouth, where it is instantly seized by Charley's teeth, and held *in statu quo*; the third finger rests firmly, nail downward, upon Charley's cheek, the second finger presses threateningly upon the angle of Charley's eye, and the first finger and thumb clamp Charley's nose with wonderful tenacity.
4. Charley extends the hand with the knife in it at arm's length upward in avoidance of —
5. A very vigorous and well-planned, but unsuccessful lunge by Eddy in that direction. *
6. A short pause, in the nature of an armistice on the basis of the *status quo*, succeeds. But the *status quo* is exceedingly oppressive upon Eddy, and he therefore breaks the brief truce and commences a lively series of skirmishes for the knife, which Charley causes to gyrate rapidly, at the same time making a combined movement of the left hand, involving a severe tug with the thumb and forefinger on Charley's nose, and a simultaneous desperate twist of the other fingers with a view to relieve the existing digital beleaguement.
7. Which energetic strategy has at least the effect of producing serious apprehensions of the loss of his knife in Charley's mind, and he therefore drops it to the floor, and instantly covers the movement with his rear, *i. e.* sits down on the knife.
8. Not, however, before Eddy, who is very agile in his movements, has made an aquatic dive between Charley's legs after the knife, so that the situation now presents the spectacle of a small boy a-straddle of the neck of another small boy, and by no means confident in the security of that position.
9. This want of confidence in the security of his position instantly displays the soundness of the judgment upon which it is founded; for Eddy, elevating the posterior portion of his anatomy to a surprising height, throws up his heels with such *élan* that the most prodigious consequences ensue.
10. One of the most important of which is a curious example of

poetic retribution, in the fact that Eddy's right heel deals a furious avenging blow upon those very teeth of Charley's which had just been grinding Eddy's left little finger, whereby Charley is knocked backward as if from a catapult, and —

11. The grand denouement ensues, to wit: the back of Charley's head strikes with tremendous impact against the legs of my writing-table and overturns it, my large inkstand falls off, lodges on Eddy's temple and quietly empties itself into his ear, which gets full and overflows into Charley's other eye, and thence over the scattered sheets of my essay on the floor. Eddy inserts his hand in Charley's hair, pulls the same, and yells as Charley inserts *his* hand into Eddy's hair and pulls the same and yells; at which instant my wife and my sister, attracted by the noise, appear together at the door, and I observe a curious expression in the gray eyes of the former, which is apparently answered by a singular twinkle in the blue eyes of the latter, what time both with uplifted hands, exclaim: "Do look at his poor Essay on Peace!"

SIDNEY LANIER.

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

AN article entitled "Une mer intérieure en Algérie," written by Captain Roudaire of the French army, and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th of May, 1874, has given rise to much discussion among the scientists of the French capital. In the southern part of Algeria and on the borders of Tunis occur extensive saline flats, termed "chotts," which at certain seasons of the year are covered with water. These chotts mark the position of an ancient lake named Triton, which at a still more distant epoch formed a grand bay freely communicating with the Mediterranean. The mouth of this bay being gradually silted up with sands swept in from the contiguous ocean, and the waters thus hemmed in losing more by evaporation than they received from the clouds and from tributary streams, it came to pass that nothing was finally left of the original bay but a series of salt swamps only now and then filled with water. Captain Roudaire believes that elevation has had little or nothing to do with the disappearance of the sea from these regions, and that a large area of them is still considerably below the level of the ocean, being separated from it merely by a ridge of sand only a few feet high. He supports his views by geognostic, and still more by

historical evidence. He believes that he has established the fact that a canal seventy-five miles long, reaching from the Gulf of Gabès to the Chott el Djerid, across the sand-ridge, would create to the south of the provinces of Constantine and Tunis an interior sea covering an area two hundred miles long and thirty-seven miles wide. The expense of the project would not exceed twenty millions of francs, while its success would have an important influence upon the prosperity of Algeria. It would greatly increase the prestige of France in the heart of Africa. The great caravans now avoid Algeria on account of the longer land journey and the fear of French authority, and carry their gold, ivory, and ostrich plumes to Tripoli and Morocco. The establishment of a great interior lake, connected by a ship-canal with the Mediterranean, would put a French port in the Sahara and enable French merchants to engross the vast commerce of the centre of the continent. More than this, the creation of such a canal and lake would sensibly modify and improve the climate of the adjacent country, increase and regulate the rainfall, and transform a desert into an oasis. Sir Samuel Baker, our readers will remember, proposed to irrigate the Nubian desert by an immense system of water-works established at the cataracts of the Nile, and made it appear that nothing but water is needed to convert the arid sand into a garden. The penetration of the Isthmus of Suez has produced a notable amelioration in the climate of that region; it has in a marked degree augmented the rains, and transferred them from the category of exceptional into that of regular phenomena. Captain Roudaire's proposition has naturally awakened great interest in France. M. de Lesseps announced to the French Academy of Science on July 13th that a bill would be proposed to the Assembly, when the army budget was introduced, to appropriate 20,000 francs for the purpose of making a detailed examination of the region in question. Such a bill has accordingly been prepared and offered by the government. Upon the reception of the report of the engineers charged with this examination, it will be the duty of the Academy to institute a commission to consider it maturely and advise the government as to the proper action to be taken. This was done with signal benefit in the case of the Suez Canal.

Meanwhile the project has met, of course, with hostile criticism. Some philosophers fear that a large body of water in North Africa would, by its evaporation, exert an unfavorable influence on the climate of France. They apprehend a great extension of the Alpine glaciers and a possible return of the glacial epoch! Another writer, M. Houyvet, does not share in these alarms, but is concerned to think that no ordinary canal could supply the enormous amount of water which the lake would lose by evaporation. The result would be, in his opinion, the formation at great cost of an immense bed of salt in South Algeria. Capt. Roudaire objects to this assertion, and cites the instances of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, each of which loses much more water by evaporation than it gains by affluents, yet neither is sensibly more salty than the Atlantic or the Indian Ocean, the difference being made up by the excess of surface inflow over submarine outflow at the Straits of Gibraltar and Bab-el-Mandeb.

He adduces also with greater force the fact that the Bitter Lakes, which M. de Lesseps has filled with water by connecting them with the Suez Canal, are not growing more salty, but, on the other hand, are gradually losing by solution the ancient beds of salt at their bottoms.

—M. Charles Grad derides the fear of any serious consequences to the climate of France, to result from the establishment of an interior sea in South Algeria. He does not believe, as do M. Roudaire and most geologists, that the Sahara was a sea even in the glacial epoch; and if it was, that it could have been the cause of the Swiss glaciers. He thinks he can demonstrate that the warm winds which now restrain these glaciers, do not depend for their existence on the physical condition of the Sahara, and would not therefore be affected by its alteration.

There are two systems of warm winds in the Alps—one blowing on the south side, the other on the north side of the chain. They possess similar characters, though they have a different origin and an opposite direction. These winds are the so-called *foehn* on the Swiss slope and the *sirocco* on the Italian slope of the mountains. Both are dry winds as well as warm, though one comes from the north and the other from the south. The dryness of the south wind and the warmth of the north wind are the noticeable features demanding explanation. Of the two, the *foehn* produces the more marked effects, on account of the greater extent of the snows and the colder exposure of the northern declivity. The Swiss call it “Devourer of Snows.” Its drying quality is of great service in the hay harvest at the close of summer. It appears at all seasons. Its effects, however, are most striking in the spring, when in a few hours it will dissolve a snow bank from three to six feet in depth. It is a proverb among the peasants, when the deep snow covers their huts, that “neither the good God nor the sun can do anything, unless the *foehn* comes and helps.”

M. Grad finds the origin of the *foehn* in the southern and south-western storms, produced by the local action of the mountain valleys on the grand terrestrial air-currents moving from the equator towards the poles, and the counter-currents from the poles towards the equator. The former sweeping up the Italian slopes of the Alps, expand under the diminished pressure, grow cooler by expansion, precipitate their moisture in snow and rain and become dry winds. Surmounting the summit, and descending the Swiss declivities, they are re-compressed, and accordingly resume their warmth, and appear in the cantons as hot dry winds. The *sirocco* on the southern flanks of the mountains arises in the same way from the north-eastern tempests, and is only less frequent and important than the *foehn*, because such tempests are less frequent than the south-eastern. Thus, M. Grad finds that these remarkable local winds of the Alps, which produce rapid fusion of the snows, are manifested during commotions determined by the great currents of the atmosphere under certain conditions, dependent on the conformation of the mountains. Such winds appear with the same characteristics in all mountain chains

which present analogous features of structure, and are exposed to similar atmospheric conditions. At Ragusa on the Adriatic — on the flanks of Mt. Elbourz, south of the Caspian Sea — on the coasts of Greenland, and finally on the slopes of the Alps of New Zealand, similar phenomena occur. The Swiss winds cannot be due to the Algerian Sahara, whose air-currents in their march must be deviated by the earth's rotation towards the east, and miss the Alps entirely. The creation of an interior sea in the Algerian depression will not sensibly influence the climate of Southern Europe. It will improve the climate of Southern Algeria, without, however, certainly stimulating agriculture; for in that country, says M. Grad, man does not need land, so much as land needs the right kind of man.

— Herr Vogel has called attention to the curious fact that if “sensitised” collodion be mixed with various coloring matters, the extent of the zone impressed by the spectrum is changed, and the surface of the photographic plate is immediately rendered sensitive to red, yellow or green rays, according to the nature of the pigment. Without it, as we all know, the collodion is sensibly unaffected by these rays. Thus the coal-tar colors, *coralline* and *aniline green*, are especially efficient in producing this change. With coralline an extension of the actinic effect is secured, reaching to the orange, with a maximum of action in the rays comprised between the Fraunhofer lines E and D. In ordinary collodion plates the limit of chemical action on the less refrangible side lies between the lines F and G, and the maximum of action between G and H. Herr Vogel thinks the coloring matter acts by absorbing the less refrangible rays and enabling them to act on the adjacent iodide or chloride of silver. M. Becquerel pertinently asks, how can insoluble iodide of silver be affected by an absorbing action which takes place outside of itself? He cites in this connection a former discovery of his own, that the chemical action of the spectrum upon silver iodide is considerably extended toward the red end by a previous momentary exposure of the plate to the sun. By this the limit of actinic effect is lowered to the red, with a maximum of action near the line D, the intensity of which depends on the degree of insolation to which the plate has been subjected. He also observed a remarkable difference in the physical character of the effect in different parts of the spectrum, the band affected by the blue and violet rays being as usual dark, while that impressed by the less refrangible rays was of a dull white aspect, extending even a little below the visible red. Since Herr Vogel's discovery, M. Becquerel has resumed his researches. His most interesting results have been gotten by mixing chlorophyl with sensitised collodion. The limit of *continuous* effect was now about E. Then followed many faint bands of impression between E and B, including a remarkably strong band filling the space between B and C, though it was much less decided in intensity than the space affected by the violet rays. This active group of rays, it is interesting to notice, is precisely those which are chiefly *absorbed* by chlorophyl. Indeed it is known as the “characteristic band” of its absorption spectrum. M. Becquerel thinks that the increased sensitiveness of

the chlorophyl collodion cannot be attributed to absorption of the rays B-C by the pigment. This absorption, he acutely observes, would rather shield the silver salt from the action of these rays by stopping them before they reached it. He is inclined to think that the coloring matter actually coalesces with the metallic compound to form a new and single body, carrying into and communicating to the compound its own peculiar absorbing virtue, and thus dividing with its companion constituents the action which otherwise would be expended solely on itself. In like manner he thinks insolation acts by producing a change of color or physical state on the sensitive surface, whereby its absorptive range is extended. The colors of leaves and flowers are thus invested with a new significance in the economy of plant life.

— M. Becquerel seems not to have heard of the recent investigations of Dr. J. W. Draper, by which the latter philosopher believes he has established the uniform distribution both of actinic and thermal energy throughout the normal spectrum. The ordinary inequalities of action expressed in our school-books by curves of intensity, are attributed by Dr. D. partly to the employment of the prismatic instead of the normal or diffraction spectrum, and partly to the nature of the absorbent surface used.

— Prof. Marey, whose researches in regard to the flight of birds we recently noticed, has lately applied the same graphic method to human locomotion. It is well known that the brothers Weber years ago announced, after protracted experiment and analysis, that the oscillation of the human leg in walking takes place under the sole influence of gravity, and is independent of the action of the muscles. Indeed, according to them, the legs are mere pendulums. This paradoxical statement has long been held as a settled truth by most physiologists. In quite recent times, however, its validity has been sharply impugned by Duchenne, Geraud-Zeulon, and Carlet — both on the ground of theory and of experiment. Prof. Marey determined to apply to the solution of the problem his automatic register. This instrument consists essentially of a revolving cylinder covered with a sheet of smoked paper, against which presses a stylus or pen. The latter is so connected with the object whose movement is to be examined, that it copies its displacements with fidelity. The smoked cylinder being at the same time marked by another pen, attached to one of the prongs of a vibrating tuning-fork, the undulating line thus produced determines by its sinuosities equal known divisions of a second of time. The motions of the human leg in walking are too extensive to be immediately transferred to the pen. A cord is, accordingly, attached to the limb and carried around the barrel of a toothed wheel, which engages with another having ten times as many teeth. The pinion of the latter acts upon a third wheel, having also ten times as many teeth as the pinion. Thus whatever motion is given to the first wheel by the leg, is reduced one thousand-fold by the time it reaches the third wheel. The latter is attached to the pen by an inextensible cord. Upon rotating the cylinder while the individual

experimented upon walks off in a straight line, undulating curves are recorded on the former, differing in form and steepness with different rates of progress. Not only is the average velocity thus shown, but the entire mechanism of the locomotion in all its details is registered. The curves presented on M. Marey's paper prove that the motion of the leg, instead of being like that of a pendulum, is uniform throughout, save for a brief interval of acceleration at the beginning and of retardation at the end. The length of the step, too, is shown to increase with the velocity of the walker. M. Marey wished to determine beside the combined effect of both legs on the trunk which they support. For this purpose he tied the string to the belt of the subject. The curves now showed twice as many sinuosities as before in the same time. This was to be expected, as each leg is acting alternately on the trunk. The undulations in the curve were much more decided when the gait was slow, fading away almost to a right line when the velocity became great. This shows that the *horizontal* motion of the body tends more and more to become uniform as the walker increases his speed. It is just the opposite with the vertical movements. These increase both with the velocity of the gait and with the length of the stride. The author promises to apply his results to the problem of determining the best conditions of utilising the laboring force of animals.

—The writer had the pleasure of assisting a few days ago in some experiments with heavy guns at Nut Island in Boston harbor. Embarking on the steam-yacht *Minnehaha*, the party reached the island, a small sand-bank cut off at high tide from the mainland, after a delightful ride of an hour or more. The experiments were made with two 15-inch Rodman guns, precisely alike in every respect, save that one was rifled, after Mr. Norman Wiard's system, with two grooves of peculiar form starting from the sides of the bore near the breech and having a twist corresponding to one turn in 48 feet. The projectile used with this gun was commonly a conoidal, chilled point shot weighing 460 pounds, with a windage band at the rear, and two flanges cast at the sides corresponding in shape and size to the grooves. Six short brass buttons fixed at equal distances around the base of the projectile, serve with the flanges to keep it out of contact with the walls of the gun and to preserve its centre in the axis of the bore. If desired, however, the ordinary spherical shot of the same weight could be used with this piece. The other gun was left smooth bore and used for spherical missiles alone. Some memorable experiments last winter with these guns made it highly probable that Mr. Wiard's invention is one of great value. With a charge of 140 lbs. of mammoth powder, his rifled shot passed completely through five three-inch wrought-iron plates firmly bolted together, and penetrated twelve feet into the frozen gravel behind them. The target was completely demolished, one huge piece of it being hurled over the heads of the spectators to a distance of half-a-mile. The spherical projectile of the same weight, fired from the neighboring smooth-bore gun with the same charge of powder, penetrated but three of the five plates of its target and then went to pieces. The importance of these

results is obvious, when we recollect that they were achieved with an altered cast-iron gun, weighing 25 tons, costing with the alteration \$7000. The best work hitherto of the built-up English Armstrong gun, the most powerful gun ever fired until the Nut Island experiment—a gun weighing 35 tons and costing \$70,000—was to penetrate a 12-inch target of iron.

Experiments were also tried with respect to the range of the two guns. Under the same conditions, the rifle-shot attained a range of 3570 yards, while the spherical shot from the smooth-bore gun struck at a distance of 3035 yards.

The object of the series of experiments now (Sept. 4th) in progress is mainly to determine the initial velocity of the missiles from the two pieces. Mr. Wiard believes that here too his rifled gun will prove its superiority. It is ordinarily held that smooth-bore muskets give a far higher initial velocity than rifles. Mr. Wiard has reason to think that by the diminution of windage and friction secured by his improvement, the advantage in velocity will be on the side of his projectile. The velocity is determined by the Le Boulenger Chronograph, lately introduced to the engineers of this country by Captain Michaelis, whose important assistance in superintending the chronograph has been secured by Mr. Wiard. Two wire screens are set up at a measured interval apart, in front of the guns. These wires lead to separate voltaic batteries, and in their course are each connected with a separate electro-magnet, mounted on the same vertical pillar. Two cylinders, a long and a short one, with iron tips, are suspended from these magnets so long as they are excited, but drop the instant the current is arrested. The long cylinder is the one hanging from the upper magnet. When the short cylinder drops it strikes a trigger releasing a chisel driven by a spring, which makes a mark on the long cylinder dropping by its side. The first screen is connected with the upper magnet. The passage of the shot severs the wire, breaks the circuit, and causes the long cylinder to drop. Immediately afterward the shot penetrates the second screen, breaks that circuit and releases the short cylinder. The mark made by the latter on the former will indicate the distance fallen through by a heavy body in the time taken by the projectile to describe the interval between the screens. In the experiment witnessed by us, a rifled shot of 460 lbs. fired with a charge of 50 lbs. of powder attained a velocity of 1084.5 feet per second. A shot was also fired from the smooth-bore, but by an unfortunate tremor given accidentally to the chronograph at the critical instant, the short cylinder was detached before the perforation of the second screen. The day was too far spent to allow of the renewal of the screens and the reloading of the piece. We await with interest the further results of these trials. Congress has appropriated \$40,000 towards defraying the expenses of these costly experiments. Mr. Wiard believes that he will be able to penetrate a target of 30 inches of wrought-iron plates.

F. H. S.

REVIEWS.

Recent Art and Society, as Described in the Autobiography and Memoirs of Henry Fothergill Chorley. Compiled from the edition of Henry G. Hewlett, by C. H. Jones. New York: H. Holt & Co.

A REMARKABLY interesting collection of sketches and reminiscences, referring to, or gathered by a person whose position and occupation in a special manner placed him in contact with the literary and artistic circles of his time. Mr. Chorley was one of a class whose solid worth and value rarely meet the recognition that they deserve. He had the artistic temperament in its best form; without brilliant genius, he had talent, delicate susceptibility, and the most refined yet sympathetic judgment; and perhaps no man in England was better fitted for the position of musical critic which he held for so many years on the *Athenæum*.

Young Chorley's family and friends had but little sympathy with his artistic tastes, and destined him for commerce; and it was almost by stealth that he obtained any knowledge of music, in which he took the keenest delight. He was placed as clerk in a counting-house in Liverpool, and while there, and "feeling his way to a definite vocation," he was invited by Mr. Dilke, editor of the *Athenæum* (who had happened to hear of him through a common friend) to write for his journal an account of the opening of the railway between Liverpool and Manchester. This brought the young aspirant into contact with a man to whom he could render service in his own way, and after the favorable reception of a few musical criticisms and other contributions, Chorley asked for admission on the staff of the journal, expressing himself as willing to begin on a salary of £80 a year. Mr. Dilke's candid answer is worthy of being copied.

"I would consent to take my chance," he wrote, "of your being more or less useful to me, and would give you *50l. for six months' services*. This would enable you to take up a position here, and at least to maintain you, according to your own estimate, while you waited on fortune, and further and better employment. In return, I should require you to live in my *immediate neighborhood*; and to give me your assistance in any and every way I might suggest. It may, indeed, be presumed that I mean to shift from my shoulders to yours *as much of the drudgery as possible*, being heartily weary of it. I cannot say how much of your time I should require, because that would depend on your facility and despatch. I am, however, of opinion that at least one whole day a week would be at your disposal, and perhaps some hours of one or two other days. Nor would your occupation be *always* disagreeable; but as much of it would be to *rewrite* papers—a wearisome business, as I know—I think it better to declare at once that it will be generally *drudgery*."

Unpromising as these terms seemed, Chorley accepted "with pleasure and without hesitation," and thus commenced an association which lasted thirty-five years, without a breach of friendship on either side.

But pleasant as this position seemed, Chorley soon found out that it had its thorns, and sharp ones, as well as its roses. There was a spirit of petty cliquism existing in London literary circles, against which he set his face, and so drew upon himself a full share of spite and obloquy. One thing in especial, for which he was in no way responsible, did him much harm. He was present at the first representation of Talfourd's *Ion*, which he enthusiastically admired; but the task of reviewing it in the *Athenæum* did not fall to him, but to another critic, who handled it with great severity. Chorley being known to be the usual dramatic critic, the article was universally attributed to him.

The damage done me by that article was inconceivable. Not only did it cost me the good understanding of the poet himself, but for years I was set up as a mark to be decried by all the coterie around him. Whenever I attempted any appearance in print, I had such phrase as this sent to me in a newspaper-cutting — the writer spoke of “the Chorleys and *charabacans* of literature.” Not merely were such coarse personalities sent to me, but they were righteously forwarded to my family at Liverpool, some of whom they succeeded in troubling greatly. I can truly say that they only disturbed me inasmuch as they placed hard material obstacles in the way of my maintaining myself as a literary man.

Some of the specimens of abuse with which I was favored were diverting, rather than offensive, by their utter vulgarity. I have kept by me, for some years, a collection of such flowers of rhetoric, the most exquisite of which was a letter written in very black ink, beginning

“You Worm!!!”

But in truth, Chorley, in addition to the remarkable shyness, which he admits, evidently suffered from a certain want of tact and facility in dealing with men, which made his path unnecessarily hard. Indeed there seems to have been a singular turn in the family mind. His brother John, of whom he speaks in terms of strong esteem and affection, was an enthusiastic lover of books and literary men, and not only a judicious collector, but a poet and an author; between him and the subject of this memoir there was unbroken confidence, and yet in his long struggle to position and recognition, Henry Chorley, as he says, “never had word or sign from him to testify that anything I have published gave him pleasure.”

Spite of all these drawbacks, however, Chorley's reputation increased, and he soon was familiarly acquainted with the literary circles of the last generation. Here he talked but little, but kept his ears and eyes well open; and he has caught a host of pleasant anecdotes or shrewd observations of the lions of the day. Many good things are related of Lady Blessington, at whose house he was a frequent visitor; but perhaps none better than this. Among the guests was a M. Rio, a fervent Catholic, and Walter Savage Landor. Landor was in a wrong-headed mood, and began to attack the Psalms. “M. Rio winced under this; but Lady Blessington put a stop to this displeasing talk by saying in her arch inimitable way, ‘Do write something better, Mr. Landor!’”

The judgment passed on Bulwer, on perhaps too slight an acquaintance, scarcely does justice to a writer, who, whatever his foibles, had no superior in nobility of heart, magnanimity, kindness, and conscientiousness. Chorley writes (October, 1836):—

We walked home together (from Lady Blessington's), and in his cloak and in the dusk he unfolded more of himself to me than I had yet seen; though I may say that I had guessed pretty much of what I did see — an egotism — a vanity — *all* thrown up to the surface. Yes, he is a thoroughly *satin* character; but then it is the *richest* satin. Whether it will wear as well as other less glossy materials remains to be seen. There was something inconceivably strange to me in his dwelling, with a sort of hankering, upon the Count d'Orsay's physical advantages; something beneath the dignity of an author, my fastidiousness fancied, in the manner in which he spoke of his own works, saying that the new ones only interested him as far as they were *experiments*. It is a fine, energetic, inquisitive, romantic mind, if I mistake not, that has been blighted and opened too soon. There wants the repose, "the peace that passeth all understanding," which I must believe (and if it be a delusion, I hope I shall never cease to believe) is the accompaniment of the *highest* mind.

Of Rogers, the poet, there are several anecdotes, principally exhibiting that caustic bitterness which caused him to be so much feared, and drew from Byron the ferocious pasquinade:—

"Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker,
Mouth that marks the envious scorneur
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you.

* * * *

He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces"—etc.

The anecdote we subjoin, however, shows him as provoking, rather than malignant.

Westmacott had finished a bust, I believe, of Lord John Russell, and, being anxious that Lord John's friends should pronounce on the likeness, invited Mr. Rogers to his *studio* with that express view. The poet, I suppose, came on a bad day, for round and round the room he walked, and through and through the labyrinth of marbles, slowly and ponderingly, passing the bust in a marked manner. At last he paused, paused before one of those *lunches* of marble which have only begun to assume human semblance, by the drill holes and compass marks with which the sculptor's men prepare the block for the sculptor's own chisel. Here he stopped and pointed with his finger. "*I think*," said he, "*that's the best likeness here*."

His reminiscences of American authors are not so pleasant. Mr. Willis he found "kindly in his way, though flimsy in his acquirements and flashy in his manners — a thorough literary getter-on, but a better-natured one than many I have since known." He fancied that Lady Blessington was in love with him; and carried about "a box full of locks of hair, trophies of his Continental Don Giovannism." Miss Sedgwick Chorley rather liked, until she had returned to America, when he writes of her:—

"Miss Sedgwick has been returning the compliment of all English journalists, by putting us all round on paper, to a degree which is too bad. She asked, it seems, poor dear Miss Mitford's servants what wages they received, and the like; and, I hear, has written that which is likely most sadly to compromise some of the Italian refugees in America, who were negotiating with the Austrian Government for a restoration to their families. I liked her so well in private, as an honest-minded, simple-mannered, cultivated woman, that I am really more vexed than there is any occasion for. I fear the next cage of Transatlantic birds will not run much chance of being very liberally dinnèd and soiréed here; only everything passes off like a nine days' wonder!"

But musical criticism became Chorley's special department, for which his enthusiastic love of the art and his delicate discrimination peculiarly fitted him. This brought him the acquaintance of nearly all the leading composers of the time, and the friendship of some, particularly Mendelssohn and Moscheles, of whom he speaks in terms of the warmest affection. Several kindly and characteristic letters and anecdotes of Mendelssohn are given, helping us still further to see how that warm, genial nature endeared itself to all who were brought near to it. On a visit to Leipsic, Chorley was confined to his hotel by an attack of lameness, and was thus disappointed of hearing some musical performances.

I was lying down in all the fulness of wretchedness, when a little bustle at the door announced the arrival of a concert-flugel from Breitkopf and Härtel. I shall always think of this with emotion. Mendelssohn had sent it, and he and Moscheles were coming to make their evening's music by the side of my sofa! One hardly knows how to take these things without seeming extravagant; and I could not help running over, in thought, years of struggle and obscurity, and longing, when such a visitation would have seemed to me a positive faery-dream.

Many examples are given here of his fine musical criticisms, but we must omit them. A scene from his *Thirty Years' Musical Recollections*, however, will exhibit his skill in description.

There remains a strange scene to be spoken of—the last appearance of this magnificent musical artist (Pasta), when she allowed herself, many years later, to be seduced into giving one performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, and to sing in a concert for the Italian cause at the Royal Italian Opera. Nothing more ill-advised could have been dreamed of. Madame Pasta had long ago thrown off the stage and all its belongings. . . . Her voice, which, at its best, had required ceaseless watching and practice, had been long ago given up by her. Its state of utter ruin on the night in question passes description. She had been neglected by those who, at least, should have presented her person to the best advantage admitted by time. Her queenly robes (she was to sing some scenes from "Anna Bolena") in nowise suited or disguised her figure. Her hairdresser had done some tremendous thing or other with her head—or rather had left everything undone. A more painful and disastrous spectacle could hardly be looked on. There were artists present, who had then, for the first time, to derive some impression of a renowned artist—perhaps with the natural feeling that her reputation had been exaggerated. Among these was Rachel—whose bitter ridicule of the entire sad show made itself heard throughout the whole theatre, and drew attention to the place where she sat—one might even say, sarcastically enjoying the scene. Among the audience, however, was another gifted woman, who might far more legitimately have been shocked at the utter wreck of every musical means of expression in the singer; who might have been more naturally forgiven, if some humor of self-glorification had made her severely just—not worse—to an old *prima donna*; I mean Madame Viardot. Then, and not till then, she was hearing Madame Pasta. But truth will always answer to the appeal of truth. Dismal as was the spectacle—broken, hoarse, and destroyed as was the voice—the great style of the singer spoke to the great singer. The first scene was *Anne Boleyn's* duet with *Jane Seymour*. The old spirit was heard and seen in Madame Pasta's 'Sorgi,' and the gesture with which she signed to her penitent rival to rise. Later, she attempted the final mad scene of the opera—that most complicated and brilliant among the mad scenes on the modern musical stage—with its two *cantabile* movements, its snatches of recitative, and its *bravura* of despair, which may be appealed to as an example of vocal display, till then unparagoned, when turned to the account of frenzy, not frivolity—perhaps, as such, commissioned by the superb creative artist. By that time, tired, unprepared, in ruin as she was, she had rallied a little. When—on *Anne Boleyn's* hearing the coronation music for her rival, the heroine searches for her own crown on her brow—Madame Pasta wildly turned in the direction of the festive sounds, the old irresistible charm broke out; nay, even in the final song, with its *roulades* and

its scales of shakes, ascending by a semi-tone, the consummate vocalist and tragedian, able to combine form with meaning—the moment of the situation, with such personal and musical display as forms an integral part of operatic art—was indicated, at least to the apprehension of a younger artist. “You are right!” was Madame Viardot’s quick and heartfelt response (her eyes full of tears) to a friend beside her. “You are right!” it is like the ‘Cenacolo’ of Da Vinci at Milan—a wreck of a picture, but the picture is the greatest picture in the world!”

Among Chorley’s acquaintance were several who allowed themselves to be deluded by the wretched chicanery of spiritism; but his own judgment was too clear to treat it with other than contempt. Of some experiences of his own touching this matter, he has left a sketch of sufficient interest to excuse an extended extract.

I have always, on principle, resisted swelling the crowd of those, professedly anxious to wait on experiments, in reality hungerers and thirsters after “sensation;” the more since, when the imagination is once engaged, those as nervous as myself may well mistrust that which by way of term is so largely abused—“the evidence of the senses.” What do our keenest powers of observation avail, when they are brought to bear on the legerdemain of a Robert Houdin, a Bosco (that distasteful, fat old Italian, who executed his wonders by the aid of hands ending arms naked to the shoulder)? What, still more, when they attempt to unravel the sorceries of such a conjuror as the Chevalier de Caston—the man who could name the cards which distant persons had silently taken from an unbroken pack, with his back turned and blindfolded, and at the distance of a drawing-room and a half? This, further, I saw him do. There were three of us sitting on an ottoman in the front room, he, as I have said, with his back to us, and thoroughly blindfolded. Two opaque porcelain slates, to all appearance entirely new, were brought. On one of these, each of the three wrote, in pencil, a question, without uttering a word. The slates were laid face to face, and bound together with a broad ribbon, thus totally clear of transparency. My question was, in French, “What was the color of Cleopatra’s hair?” I forget the other two. The Chevalier put his hands behind his chair. I placed the slates so bound in the two hands. He retained them a moment, without stirring or turning, and, to my amazement, said, “Cleopatra dyed her hair, so wore all colors.” The other two questions, which I have forgotten, were no less pertinently and explicitly answered. Now, even on the theory of complicity, it would be by no means easy to explain this feat. I can only say that I am satisfied I have recounted it accurately.

When one Alexis was here, who was guaranteed to read everything, no matter how far off, however hermetically sealed up, a friend of mine called on his way to a *seance*—a willing co-juggler with Alexis, I am persuaded, but leaning towards his marvels. He was anxious that I should bear him company. I declined, on the argument I have stated. “Well,” said he, “what *would* satisfy you?” Said I, “Supposing I were to write an odd word—such a one as ‘orchestra’—and seal it, and satisfy myself that no one could read it without breaking the seal, and be equally satisfied that no one would mention it who was honestly disposed?”—“Well?”—“Well, then, *if* it was read, I should say the guess was a good one—nothing more.” “Let us try.” I went into an adjoining room for writing materials, and thought, as an odd word, of “Pondicherry.” I wrote down this; I satisfied my eyes that no one could read it unless it was tampered with. It was signed, sealed, and delivered. I am, at this day of writing, as satisfied of my friend’s honor as I am of my own. He was to come back to dine with me and to report what had happened. He did come back, scared considerably, but in no respect disabused. “Well,” said I, “did he read my note?” “Oh, yes, immediately; but he read it wrong. He read *orchestra*.” That my friend may have whispered “Chorley’s test-word” into some ear can hardly be doubted by those who are, as Hood says, “with small belief encumbered;” but, of his honest self, he took the performance as a brilliant illustration of *thought-reading*.

Almost enough of these pitiful matters. One more experience, however, is not unworthy of being told, as showing how the agitation was kept up, and, when denounced, how those denouncing it were treated. I was in the house of an old friend given to divers amusements and sensations, who, one evening, having a society rather credulous, mesmeric, and supernaturally disposed around her, be-

thought herself, by way of the evening's amusement, "to turn tables;" if wrappings came, so much the better. I was about to leave, in the fullness, or emptiness (which?), of my unbelief, when I was especially asked to remain and be convinced. I felt that inquiry was impossible, and I said so; but in answer I was asked "What form of inquiry would satisfy me? If I would stay, I might inquire to the utmost." The answer was, a row of candles on the floor and my seat underneath the table. All this was cordially, kindly granted to the unbeliever, who had been persuaded to stay. Down sat the believers; almost on the floor sat the unbeliever. The above made a chain of hands; the low man watched their feet. The table, which I am assured bore a fair reputation among the wooden oracles, was steadfast not to stir. I sat, and they sat, and we sat, for nearly a good half hour. (Happily, the abominable pretext at a prayer had been omitted.) At length, the eight believers became tired; and the most enthusiastic among them broke up in the *séance* in "a temper." "There can be no experiments," said he, "where an infidel spirit prevails." And so I went forth, branded as a "spoil-sport;" and, as such, in a certain world, have never recovered the place before that time allowed me.

Long live legerdmain as a useless combination of ingenuity, memory, and mechanical appliances — owned as such! But when, after seeing its perfect marvels, exhibited by way of dramatic show and paid for by money, one is invited and expected to believe in revelations which have never told one secret — in oracles from the dead, the best of which amount to the sweet spring saying, "Grass is green" — it is not wholly unnatural that with some, be they ever so prosaic, be they ever so imaginative, the gorge *will* rise, and the dogmatism (it may be) become stronger, if only because it is the inevitable descendant of the superstition. To play with the deepest and most sacred mysteries of heart and brain, of love beyond the grave, of that yearning affection which takes a thousand shapes when distance and suspense divide it from its object, is a fearful, an unholy work. If this dreary chapter, which expresses almost the sincerest of convictions that can influence a man towards the decline of his life, can make any one disposed to tamper with "wandering thoughts and vain imaginations" consider without cant or pedantry, the argument endeavored to be illustrated, it will not have been written in vain.

With Browning, Dickens, Barry Cornwall, and other prominent men of letters, Chorley was on terms of close friendship, and many interesting bits of correspondence see the light in these reminiscences. Here is a note from Dickens, giving valuable advice on a matter of public speaking:—

MY DEAR CHORLEY:—I was at your lecture this afternoon, and I hope I may venture to tell you that I was extremely pleased and interested. Both the matter of the materials and the manner of their arrangement were quite admirable, and a modesty and complete absence of any kind of affectation pervaded the whole discourse, which was quite an example to the many whom it concerns. If you could be a very little louder, and would never let a sentence go for the thousandth part of an instant, until the last word is out, you would find the audience more responsive. A spoken sentence will never run alone in all its life, and is never to be trusted to itself in its most insignificant member. See it *well out*—with the voice—and the part of the audience is made surprisingly easier. In that excellent description of the Spanish mendicant and his guitar, as well as in the very happy touches about the dance and the castanets, the people were really desirous to express very hearty appreciation; but by giving them rather too much to do in watching and listening for latter words, you stopped them. I take the liberty of making the remark, as one who has fought with beasts (oratorically) in divers arenas. For the rest, nothing could be better. Knowledge, ingenuity, neatness, condensation, good sense, and good taste in delightful combination.

Affectionately always,

C. D.

His relations with Dickens, indeed, were peculiarly intimate, and the shock of the great novelist's death probably hastened his own. When the family were leaving Gad's Hill, Chorley asked for a branch from each of two favorite cedar trees, as a remembrance; and when he died (Feb. 16, 1872) these branches were, at his request, laid with him in his coffin.

The Greek Anthology. By Lord Neaves. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE well-known simile which expresses the popular idea of an epigram by comparing it to a wasp: "a small, light, graceful thing, ending in a sting"—is altogether at fault when used as a standard for the Greek epigram. Some of them have stings, it is true, but they are the exception. The epigram seems originally to have been a terse poetical *inscription*—hence the name—recording some memorable occurrence or notable fact; and many of these original epigrams or epigraphs are still found among the older ones in the various collections. But the word came later to be employed for brief poems, containing, usually, but one leading thought, on any subject, expressed with that inimitable combination of grace and simplicity which was the secret of the Greeks. Of these short poems there are two collections, or as they were called, garlands; one by Maximus Planudes, a monk of Constantinople, and another by one Constantine Cephalas; both culled from earlier anthologies, and especially from the "Garland" of Meleager, a Greek poet who lived about a century before the Christian era.

The period of composition of these poems extends over more than a thousand years, from about 556 B. C. to about 500 A. D., so that the reader who turns from an epigram by Simonides to one by Agathias, leaps over a wider space of time than that which separates Cædmon and Milton. And what are here preserved are merely a few waifs and strays of that millennium of literary production. As a matter of course, these poems have had, in whole or in part, many translations in many languages; and the amount of borrowing that has been done from them by later poets is something remarkable.

Lord Neaves, discarding the minute subdivisions of the old editors, has divided them into broad classes, according to their purport, and confines himself to giving a few specimens of each class, selecting the versions that seem best to convey the spirit of the original.

The first, and probably the oldest class of these poems, is the Dedicatory, embracing those that were affixed to monuments, trophies, or votive offerings dedicated to the gods. Of these the most widely known is that of Simonides, intended for a monument to the three hundred who fell at Thermopylae:—

"Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie."

But this version, terse as it is, somehow lacks the noble simplicity of the Greek:—"O stranger, tell the Lacedaemonians that we are lying here in obedience to their laws." Lord Neaves remarks, "The combatants at Thermopylae are not made to boast of their courage; what they ask the passer-by to announce at home, is, that they lie there in *obedience* to the laws or commands of their countrymen. They were sent out to stand in the gap in defence of Greece against the myriads of Asia, and were bid to die rather than retreat. They did so, and that is the simple report they wish conveyed to Sparta."

Under the same head come the votive offerings of private persons, to which many of these poems refer. A pleasing one is for a young

maiden who on the eve of marriage dedicates her girlish play-things to Diana :—

“Timaretê, her wedding-day now near,
To Artemis has laid these offerings here ;
Her tambourine, her pretty ball, the net
As a safe guardian o'er her tresses set,
Her maiden dolls, in mimic robes arrayed,
Gifts fitting for a maid to give a maid.
Goddess, thy hand upon her kindly lay,
And keep her holy in thy holy way.”

In the same way youths dedicate their hair, which was first cut on their entrance into manhood ; and old men dedicate the implements of their handicrafts, when abandoning their use. In this spirit Lais, growing old, dedicates her mirror to Venus :—

“Venus, take this votive glass,
Since I am not what I was :
What I shall hereafter be,
Venus, let me never see !”

Next in order come the Sepulchral, or epitaphs, many of which are beautiful and affecting. One, by Callimachus, has often been imitated :—

“Here Dicon's son, Acanthian Saon, lies
In sacred sleep : say not a good man *dies*.”

This also is by the same poet :—

“A record, good Sabinus, though unfit,
This little stone of our great love shall be ;
I still shall miss thee : thou, if law permit,
Abstain from Lethe's wave for love of me.”

This epitaph, by Bianor, commemorates the loss of a wife and child :

“I wept Theonoe's loss ; but one fair child
It's father's heart of half its woe beguiled :
And now, sole source of hope and solace left,
That one fair child the envious Fates have reft.
Hear, Proserpine, my prayer, and lay to rest
My little babe on its lost mother's breast.”

The amatory epigrams have been a rich field for pillage, and Moore, especially, has helped himself freely out of them, with but small acknowledgment. Burns's simplicity comes nearer to the Greek than Moore's elaborate graces, and in his truth to nature he has unconsciously reproduced the very thought of one of these.

Burns writes :—

“O poortith cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
But poortith a' I could forgie,
An twerena for my Jeanie.”

An anonymous Greek Burns, centuries before, found himself in the same strait, and sang :—

“Two evils, poverty and love,
My anxious bosom tear :
The one my heart would little move,
But love I can not bear.”

Here is a pretty conceit, said to be by Plato :—

“My star, thou view'st the stars on high;
Would that I were that spangled sky,
That I, thence looking down on thee,
With all its eyes thy charms might see.”

The Didactic, or gnostic class, consist of pregnant moral sayings, general truths, or rules for conduct. The Greeks were fond of inscribing these in public places, and the poetic form helped to fix them in the memory. Hipparchus, we are told, when ruler of Athens, set up a number of *Hermæ* or landmarks, inscribed each with a distich, of which the first line indicated the locality, and the second gave the erector's name, and terminated with some moral precept. Some of these have been preserved, for example :—

“The Deme of . . . here begins, the city's precincts end.
Hipparchus raised this monument. NEVER DECEIVE A FRIEND.”

A model prayer, by an anonymous poet, has often been imitated :—

“Asked or unasked, things good, great Zeus, supply:
Things evil, though we ask for them, deny.”

Many of these turn upon death, its certainty, and the uncertainty of life and life's pleasures. Lucian says :—

“Things owned by mortals needs must mortal be,
Away our best possessions from us flee;
And if at times they seem disposed to stay,
Then we from them too quickly flee away.”

The Thracians, it was said, lamented a birth, and rejoiced at a death. Archias commends them for it :—

“Praiseworthy are the Thracians, who lament
The infant that has left its mother's womb;
And who rejoice for those whom death has sent
Without prevision to the peaceful tomb.
Well in their grief and gladness is expressed
That life is labor, and that death is rest.”

For the three remaining divisions, the Artistic, the Satirical, and the Miscellaneous, we must send our readers to the book itself, to one of the various translations, or to the well-chosen specimens in this little volume, which forms part of that useful series, “Ancient Classics for English Readers.” And any reader who may be of a literary turn, can find no better study than these poems, to teach him that crowning grace of Greek literature, which beyond all others is needed in our own — the grace of moderation in expression.

W. H. B.

A Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens. By F. G. de Fontaine. New York: E. J. Hale & Co.

PROBABLY nothing could give a better idea of the extraordinary productive powers of Dickens than the book before us. Here is an imperial octavo volume of considerably over five hundred pages of fine type, filled merely with the spices — the special titbits — of his

writings, assorted and classified for handy reference, and furnished with a compact index which of itself fills twenty pages. And open it where we will, we light upon some favorite passage, some bit of lively description, some quaint touch of character, some delightful fragment of dialogue, perhaps from *Nickleby*, that we laughed (and possibly cried) over before our beard had begun to sprout, perhaps from *Edwin Drood* that came to that sudden and tragic stop only yesterday, as it seems. What a wonderful career is condensed into this book; what laughter and what tears. The compiler has played the part of a skilful chemist, and distilled through his alembic the finest and rarest spirit of that rich and abundant vintage.

In His Name. By E. E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Bros.

IF we have had to object, in some of Mr. Hale's more elaborate works, to a certain over-strained realism, a laborious and microscopic presentation of minute details, losing, like photography, the artistic effect in the accuracy of the fac-simile, we can make no such complaint of the story before us. Simple—almost infantile in its simplicity, it is yet told with grace and feeling.

A certain Jean Waldo, a wealthy silk-weaver of Lyons, entertains a great contempt for a fraternity, or secret order of self-sacrificing men, calling themselves the Poor Men of Lyons, who, though under the ban of the Church, still secretly keep up their association, which is widely spread. Their passwords are "For the love of Christ," and "In His name." Jean Waldo's doctrine is that every man must help himself, lean on himself alone, and attend only to his own business.

But his beloved daughter, Félicie, is accidentally poisoned; and no physician can save her life but one of these excommunicated Poor Men, then hiding many leagues away in the mountains. To get word to him in time, to bring him through all the perils of the way, to find for him the rare medicaments that he needs, require little less than a series of miracles; but by means of the help of the Poor Men the miracle is wrought, the child saved, and Jean Waldo recants his selfishness and indifferentism.

It may perhaps appear to tax our credulity a little too strongly, that always, when a dilemma presents itself, there is a Poor Man at hand who answers to the secret formula "In His name," and brings the required help; but we are not disposed to be critical over a story so simple and unpretending.

Clarissa, or the Sorrows of a Young Lady. By Samuel Richardson.
(Condensed.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THIS being an age of epitome and abridgment—of small things and a great many of them—it has entered into the minds of the publishers whose name stands above, that even that colossal and monumental work, Richardson's *Clarissa*, over which our great-great-grandmothers wept so many tears, could be made attractive to the present generation if it were compressed into a little duodecimo that

can be read in a day. While the literary student misses that profusion of minute details, that finely drawn-out analysis of character and conduct which are the real characteristics of the book, he can not but admit that the omission of these was necessary to the prescribed condensation; and he will be curious to see how the novel-reading public of to-day will receive a work which a hundred years ago was deemed the masterpiece of fiction.

It is strange to think of this little, stout, rubicund bookseller, fond of tea-drinkings and mild chat, planning so awful a tragedy as this, conceiving characters of such vitality and truth, and carrying on his plot, month after month, through such intricacy of schemes and counter-schemes, all tending to the hideous catastrophe, and showing us the while, with an almost Dantesque pitilessness, the heart of the cruel profligate, as it slides from slope to slope of wickedness — at first amused, then piqued, then stimulated by difficulty, until the man's whole nature is swallowed up in a whirlpool of evil passions, that irresistibly hurl him on to the ruin of both. In no book of its kind is a more powerful lesson read. No wonder that when the amiable author was fairly stormed by letters from tender-hearted dames all over England beseeching him to save *Clarissa*, he answered in whole reams of letters that though his heart might break, he could not save her from her fate. Anything less than that heart-rending catastrophe would have annulled the whole purpose, plan, and merit of the book.

The Notary's Nose. By E. About. Translated by Henry Holt. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

AN amusing story in About's most sprightly vein, telling how a gay and gallant notary had his nose cut off in a duel; how the loss was repaired with a piece of the arm of an Auvergnat water-carrier, and how by some mysterious law this factitious nose sympathised with its original owner, becoming bloated when he took to drink, dwindling and withering when he was sick, and so on, to the infinite mortification and torment of the owner. The translation so faithfully renders the spirit of the original as to make us regret that Mr. Holt ever has to apply to others for versions from the French.

The Safest Creed. By Octavius B. Frothingham. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co.

THE right-thinking man does not ask for a safe creed, but for a true one, convinced that in truth there can never be anything but safety; and a work which recommends a form of belief because it floats about in a sea of uncertainties rather than run the risk of steering for any definite port; because it pledges itself to nothing in particular, and so is safe from all the assaults of logic, may be more attractive to other minds than ours. If, however, any are curious to know what "Free Belief" has to say for itself, they will find it here very well expressed, and probably with as much definiteness as anything so vague and variable can have.

THE GREEN TABLE.

PROF. TYNDALL'S address before the British Association has, very naturally, produced a profound impression. Its importance as noting an intellectual epoch, is due to the fact that it is not Tyndall alone who is speaking, but that in the views here enounced, he speaks, representatively, for a most important part of the thought of Europe. As Strauss, on whose *Old Faith and New* we recently commented, was in that book the spokesman of many of the leading philosophers, so is Tyndall of the men of science. And it is a momentous thing when men like Tyndall, whose lives are passed in the search of truth, declare it as their profound conviction that "in Matter they discern the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

It is just possible that literary men, holding as they do a sort of neutral position between Science and Theology, may have a clearer view of the conflict than the partisans on either side. It is possible, too, that each somewhat underrates the other. Science, relying on the analytic power of the understanding, knowing that where the premisses are established it is impossible for human intelligence to refuse assent to the conclusion, and linking all her facts into a chain of cause and effect, is confident of ultimate victory. "We fought and won our battle once, in the Middle Ages; why should we doubt the issue of the conflict now?" But the theologian is equally confident, and with equal justice, for he rests upon a foundation as universal and as primary as the understanding, and that is, the religious faculty. Men must know, and men must worship; these are correlative facts proven by all history, by all ethnology, by all psychology. Men must love and reverence; but they can not reverence mere matter, nor can they love mere force; and so long as they possess these faculties, they will either find or postulate the object for their exercise. So while no success on the one hand can check the activity of free inquiry, no success on the other can banish the belief in an intelligent First Cause, unless men's minds become otherwise constituted than they have been within historical times.

The materialism of Prof. Tyndall, and his *confrères*, is, however, not what is popularly understood by that name. What he calls matter—that something without ourselves that determines our states of consciousness—can not be what it appears to us to be. It is something informed with *force*—"an insoluble mystery by the operation of which life is evolved." "The whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a *power* absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man." Now it seems to the present writer that science can not possibly remain standing on this point. It must either cast off another unnecessary postulate, and rejecting the uncognisable, unprovable, and useless substratum of matter, make the universe consist of energy alone, thus passing into realistic pantheism—in which case science and theology are one; or it must postulate a First Cause above this matter, informing it with energy—in which case it is at one with theology. The former step seems at the present moment the one most likely to be taken: the recognition of a Being who is Himself the sum of all Being, of whose faculties our faculties are but infinitesimal particles, whose consciousness embraces the consciousness of all that exist, and in whom we live and move and have our being.

THE annexed letter and accompanying remarks, furnished us by a contributor (whom our readers have known under another name), convey a

piece of information that many will, doubtless, be glad to receive. It has rarely been the misfortune of any man that such a narrative of his life as Griswold's sketch of Pœ, has been accepted as a veritable biography: it has probably never been any other author's misfortune to have such a biography attached to every edition of his works. It is more than time that this were put an end to; and we are glad that Mr. Ingram proposes to do it by publishing a genuine life of that much-maligned man. We trust that all persons who can aid him in his work will put themselves in communication with him. Now for our contributor:—

ENGLAND, LONDON, GENERAL POST-OFFICE, {
Engineer-in-Chief's Office, 10th March, 1874. }

Dear Sir:—Your name has been given me as that of a gentleman able and willing to assist me in my researches into the life of E. A. Poe. The enclosed cutting will give you some idea of how I am going to work; but it necessarily represents but a very small portion of my discoveries. Assisted by American correspondents, I am able to refute nearly every one of Griswold's filthy lies. To disgust Poe's friends, he seems to have stopped at nothing.

In the biography which I am writing, I of course utterly discard all Griswold's "Memoir." I have correlated many dates, and have already obtained much correspondence, but shall be very thankful still for the slightest scrap of information, or any *reminiscence* of Poe or of his family. I am told that you are a Marylander; you may, therefore, know something of the family. He is stated to have been engaged to a Southern lady of fortune, after his engagement with Mrs. Whitman was broken off—do you know her name, or anything of the circumstances? Do you know who "Helen S——" was?—said to have been mother of a school-fellow of Poe while he was at the Richmond Academy. Do you know *anything* whatever of Poe's brother, Wm. Henry L.—what he was, &c.? Can you procure me copies of what John Neal and Geo. R. Graham wrote about Griswold's character of Poe? I would willingly pay for them, or for any copies of letters written by Poe, or anything useful about him. Can you give me a few lines of reminiscence? I believe you knew him personally. Can you refer me to any one in Baltimore, or in Richmond, Virginia, who knew him, or anything about him? The *slightest* information or clue will be acceptable.

His sister Rosalie is alive, but old and very poor. I am raising a sum of money for her. I am afraid *she* is not able to give me much reliable information.

I shall be glad to purchase any paper or publication containing anything of Poe's not included in the 4 vol. collection of his works (New York, Widdleton, 1864). Anything he wrote before 1834 would be acceptable, or any information as to *where he was* and *what he did* between March, 1831, and the autumn of 1833.

In hopes of your kindly aid toward furnishing the world with the true story of this great man's life,

I remain yours truly,

JOHN H. INGRAM,
F. R. His. Society.

The SOUTHERN MAGAZINE is the "Official Organ of the Southern Historical Society." An important part of the history of a State or of a community of States is the record of the thoughts and the acts of the State or community's men and women of genius.

I once appointed myself a champion in behalf of Poe against his traducing *memorialist*. My ardor carried me to the extent of a call upon Mr. J. P. Kennedy and Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe, two of the committee who awarded the prizes offered by the *Baltimore Visitor*; of a correspondence with Mrs. S. H. Whitman and several others who were named by Griswold;

of a request made (by letter) of the "Southern lady of fortune" alluded to by Mr. Ingram, to communicate to me whatever circumstances about her relations with Poe she might feel free to communicate. She was so kind as to give me a brief statement; but she required me not to drag her name before the public. I will not, now, overstep the bound set for me then; nevertheless, I venture to name her place of residence (Richmond, Va.) and to ask, for Mr. Ingram, if she cannot see her way clear to allow the publication of just a paragraph in vindication of "the truth of history"?

Mr. Kennedy is deceased; but Mr. Latrobe is yet with us. Will not he furnish us a few items? And, by-the-bye, I remember that I met, in the office of Mr. Latrobe, a man who acknowledged himself a cousin and an acquaintance of Poe. I solicit a word from him also.

Finally, let any one, in Baltimore, in Richmond, and elsewhere, who may have any knowledge to impart, receive the requests in Mr. Ingram's letter as addressed to him or herself, and answer them accordingly.

From a letter, dated the 3d instant, now before me, I extract these sentences:—

"The papers which Ingram furnished to the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Temple Bar* have been republished in *The Eclectic* and *Every Saturday*, and have apparently aroused a host of commentators on Poe, friendly and otherwise. When his book comes out, it will contain fac-similes of Poe's handwriting from letters and extracts of letters, and an engraving from a portrait—a daguerreotype—taken in Providence, R. I., in 1848."

Aug. 20th, 1874.

V. E. THEGLEW.

THE MYTHS OF THE GODS.

You deny the old Myths of the Gods,
And yet their life lives on;
It beats in our passionate pulses,
And reveals the dream in the stone.

For the love, and the thought, and the power
Of the human heart are these;
And the love, and the thought, and the power
Still rule the earth and the seas.

And Nature has power to move us,
Because of her kinship known;
For the tree and the river live in us,
And not in their life alone.

Across the wind-swept grasses
You pass with laughter and jest;
Lo, Artemis slowly arises,
And you straightway forget the rest,

For her wonder of white, still light
That shines above the world,
And the mist of shadowy splendor,
And the glimmer upon the fold!

E. F. M.

THE writer of this was travelling once in a poor and thinly settled country, and towards the close of the day reached a wretched log-cabin, at which he stopped to make some inquiries about the road. While talking with the unkempt, sallow, and fever-stricken proprietor, his eye was caught by an

old horse-shoe nailed over the centre of the door. He asked the object of this singular appendage, and was answered, "Why, for good luck. Don't you know an old horse-shoe found in the road, brings good luck, especially if you find it on Wednesday?" He charitably forbore to ask what good luck it had ever brought to this poor squalid family, dying by miserable inches in a pestilential atmosphere, and looking the pictures of wretchedness, and wended his way marvelling. How ineradicable are old superstitions. Here is a poor wretch who never heard of Woden, the great deity of his ancestors, and yet if he finds Woden's cast shoe on Woden's day, he nails it up for good luck.

For among the old Teutons pieces of iron found of a curved shape, were thought to be broken shoes of Woden's horse Sleipnir, on which he perpetually rode about the world: and the happy finder treasured them as pledges of the god's favor and protection. Long after Christianity had prevailed among them, the superstition continued, and horse-shoes were hung up sometimes in the very churches. In the church of Wexio in Sweden there hangs, or used to hang, a horse-shoe, of which the story runs that Woden was riding over a neighboring mountain when the church-bells rung out for mass—the first mass said in that region. At the holy sound the horse took fright, and gave so furious a spring that his hoof-marks, deeply printed in the rock, are to be seen to this day; and one shoe came off, which was picked up and hung in the church.

But in most of these cases the Woden-mythus was replaced by some legend more in keeping with the new faith. Thus in the church of the little village Schwarzenstein, near Königsberg, there hang two horse-shoes, of which the villagers told the following story. In a distant village, very many years ago, there was a landlady who was not over-scrupulous in her reckonings, and slyly added many a stroke to the scores of the beer-topers. It happened one night that a hot-tempered guest, whom, like Miss Wozensham, she had over-charged to madness, reviled her as a cheat, upon which she uttered an awful imprecation, devoting herself to the arch-fiend if the score was not honest. Hardly were the words out of her mouth when a stranger entered the door, bowed politely to the guest, beckoned to the hostess, and she followed him out of the door into the darkness. What there took place was not known; but the next instant the stranger was heard galloping away at a furious rate. An hour later, a rider galloped into Schwarzenstein, stopped at the smith's, awaked him from his sleep by furious knocking, and ordered him to come down and shoe his mare. The smith objected—it was past midnight, his fire was out; however, at last he came down with a lantern, and there stood a most uncanny-looking stranger, holding by the bridle a black mare, reeking with sweat, and trembling in every limb. On examining her feet, he found to his astonishment that they had never been shod; but he felt too much afraid of the stranger's fiery eyes to make any remark. He finished in all haste the two hind-shoes, when as he was taking the measure for the fore-shoes, the mare whispered in his ear, "Don't you know me? I am Martha Krug. Be as long as you can!" So notwithstanding the threats and wrath of the rider, he bungled so long over the shoes that the cock crew, and at the sound the Evil One vanished and Martha Krug recovered her natural shape—wiser, we will hope, by the lesson. The two finished shoes were hung up in the church as witnesses of the fact.

In the parsonage at Ellrich, there are shown four horse-shoes which used to hang in the church. These, it is said, once belonged to a certain Count of Klettenburg, who rode into Ellrich one Sunday morning to strive for the prize of a gold chain, which was to be awarded to the champion who could drink the greatest quantity of wine. He was successful, and rode away with the chain around his neck, and a much-bemuddled head on his shoulders. Passing the open door of the church, he took it for the

town gate, and rode up the aisle to the high altar, on the first step of which the horse had no sooner set his foot than the earth yawned, and he and his rider sunk to unknown depths, leaving behind the horse's four shoes.

Connected with horse-shoes is a simple old Flemish legend, the childishness of which will, we trust, redeem it from any charge of profanity. St. Elip, it says, in his unconverted days, was a blacksmith and shod horses. He was so skilful in his craft that his heart was lifted up overmuch, and he made him a sign on which was inscribed "Elip, the master of all masters." This pride was displeasing to our Lord, who presented himself at Elip's smithy, in guise of a journeyman-smith, and looking at Elip's sign, laughed. Elip was wroth at this; but the Lord asked him how long it took him to make a shoe. "Ho," said Elip, "I have but to put it thrice in the fire, and it is done." "Once is enough." Then came up a rider to have his horse shod, and Elip bade the seeming journeyman do it, whereupon he took a great pair of shears and cut off the horse's leg. The traveller thought he was mad; but he took the leg into the smithy, screwed it in a vise, heated a bar of iron in the fire, and nailed it, bending as he nailed, until it was fitted on the hoof. Then he put the leg on again, and the horse was well as ever, and the rider went on his way marvelling.

So the next day, while the journeyman had gone to the town for iron, another traveller came up, and Elip cut off the horse's leg, as he had seen it done, put it in the vise, and fitted a shoe on it. But when he came to put it on again it would not stick, and the horse was nearly dead, so that the enraged rider seized Elip, and would have slain him, had not the journeyman returned, who pacified him, and restored the horse's leg, and the animal pranced and neighed for joy. Then said the journeyman to Elip, "Seest thou not how vain was thy boast? Know that there is but one Master and one Lord." Then the eyes of Elip were opened, and he took a hammer and broke his sign to pieces, and when he returned, the journeyman was nowhere to be seen. So he betook himself to a monastery hard by, put on the monk's simple garb, and died many years after, in the odor of sanctity.

AN indignant correspondent sends us a vigorous protest against the corruption of language by the press, the telegraph, &c., from which we are tempted to make an extract. He says:—

"A fine old Kentucky gentleman overheard his youngest son, while consulting with a playmate about getting down a 'lodged' kite, say: 'You *boost* me up, and I'll get it,' whereupon the father called his son to him and commanded—'Don't you ever say *boost* again, or I'll thrash you.' 'Why,' said the astonished lad, 'is *boost* a bad word?' 'It isn't swearing, my boy, but it's a bad word; it's a Yankee word.'

"It is from the North chiefly that we have descending upon us the flood of vulgarisms and slang expressions and uncouth pronunciations which distress sensitive ears and defile the language. We have, it is true, in the South, marked provincialisms, very possibly as unpleasant to the Northern ear; but we are accustomed to ours, and have no disposition to exchange them for others of alien flavor.

"Nor should we leave unnoticed the needless and hideous abbreviations and deformities of speech introduced in the telegraphic despatches; such ingenious abominations as 'homicided,' 'kerosened,' 'telescoped,' 'suicided,' 'lightninged,' and a host of others. In this land of freedom and bureaus and departments, can no cranny be found and set apart for teaching reporters, telegraph-operators, local editors, and paragraph-writers, the English tongue?"

with very little work, would make most excellent defensive lines, where an enemy can be checked by a small force ; and both of these creeks head near the railroad. A force distributed along the line of road from Richmond to Fredericksburg would not only be in position to cut off any advance from the Peninsula, but also to defend the city itself. If a force of infantry was posted at Fredericksburg, it could put such works across the Northern Neck that Kilpatrick could not get by without very great assistance from Meade. Perhaps, too, a battery on the lower Rappahannock might be of great service in preventing transports from approaching Urbana. I advise that scouts should be sent from my command to obtain reliable information of the movements of the enemy at Gloucester and Yorktown.

The boats on the Pamunkey and the Mattaponi should be removed. Whilst at Tunstall's Station I made a reconnaissance of the positions there and up to Hanover C. H. The Mattadaquire Creek can be forded only at two places with artillery—one, the lower ford near Hampstead, Mrs. Webb's place, where the ground is very defensible, and the other at Rowland's Mill, the dam of which is now broken. If this dam is repaired, a large inundation would be formed, preventing any crossing for some distance up. There is an intermediate ford which can be used only by horsemen, and which I am told can be easily blockaded. I have not availed myself of my leave of absence, as the weather has been so favorable for the movements of troops ; and if my presence here is longer necessary, I will cheerfully forego my visit home. I beg you will let me know what disposition, if any, you have made for the proposed relief of Butler's brigade, and what orders have been given to General Rosser. I forward General Young's report as to the recent crossing of the enemy at Ely's Ford. From this it appears that no blame can be attached to the officer commanding the pickets, but the line of pickets and couriers seems to have been defective. I shall give such instructions as will guard against the recurrence of a similar unfortunate affair. I make the suggestions contained in this letter merely to bring them to your attention, and if you think them of any value, you can communicate them to the General commanding, or can make whatever use of them you think best. I am very respectfully yours,

WADE HAMPTON, *Major-General.*

Major-General STUART, *Commanding Cavalry.*

The official report to which reference is made in the foregoing letter was sent in a few days after this, and is as follows :

HEADQUARTERS, *March 8th, 1864.*

*Major:—*At 11 o'clock A. M. on the 29th ult. I received a despatch from one of my scouts, conveying information which I embodied in the following despatch to Major-General Stuart, dated "Milford, 11.30 A. M. Sergeant Shadbourne reports enemy moving. Gregg moved to front Thursday. Tuesday whole army paid off, and prepared to march last night. Kilpatrick receiving marching orders. Three days' rations passed Sheppard's, near Madden's, supposed to be coming to Ely's Ford. Part of 2d Corps on same road. Whole

army seems in motion. Sutlers and women ordered to rear. Acknowledge receipt of this." At 12.30 I sent the following message to Gen. Stuart: "Citizens report to Gen. Young a Yankee cavalry brigade at Mt. Pleasant moving towards Central Road. No reports from pickets." Not hearing from Gen. Stuart at 10.30 P. M. the following message was sent to him: "Enemy were at Beaver Dam at 7 o'clock. North Carolina brigade has moved down with artillery. Have ordered Maryland cavalry to join me. Young at Spottsylvania C. H. Have received nothing from you." These despatches gave all the information I had received of the movements of the enemy. As soon as I could learn what direction he had taken, I sent all the mounted men of the N. C. cavalry brigade who were present, 253 from the 1st regiment, and 53 from the 2d, with Hart's Battery, to Mount Carmel Church. On the morning of the 1st March I joined the command, and moved to Hanover Junction. Not hearing of the enemy here, proceeded to Hughes Cross Roads, deeming that an important point, and one at which he would be likely to cross. When the column arrived here, the camp-fires of the enemy could be seen in the direction of Atlee's Station, as well as to the right on the Telegraph or the Brooke road. I determined to strike at the party near Atlee's, and with that view moved down to the station, where we met the pickets of the enemy. I would not allow their fire to be returned, but quietly dismounted 100 men, and supporting them with the cavalry, ordered Col. Cheek to move steadily on the camp of the enemy, whilst two guns were opened on them at very short range. The attack was made with great gallantry; the men proving by their conduct that they were fully equal to the most difficult duty of soldiers — a night attack — in which officers and men behaved in a manner that not only met but surpassed my highest expectations. The enemy, a brigade strong here, with two other brigades immediately in their rear, made a stout resistance for a short time, but the advance of my men was never checked, and they were soon in possession of the entire camp, in which horses, arms, rations and clothing were scattered about in confusion. Kilpatrick immediately moved his command off at a gallop, leaving one wagon with horses hitched to it and one caisson full of ammunition. These were taken possession of by Col. Bradley Johnson, who came up to that point in the morning from the direction of Meadow Bridge. He also picked up a good many prisoners, whose horses had been captured in the night attack, and who were cut off from their command owing to the extreme darkness of the night, for the attack was made in a snow-storm. I could not push on till daylight, when I found that the enemy had retreated rapidly down the Peninsula. We followed to the vicinity of Old Church, where I was forced to discontinue the pursuit, owing to the condition of my horses. Under orders from the Secretary of War I took my cavalry, together with some other commands around Richmond, and moved subsequently to Tunstall's Station, in the hope of being able to strike a blow at the enemy. But he retreated to Williamsburg, under cover of strong reinforcements, which had been sent to meet him. My command was then brought back to its old camp, having been in the saddle from Monday night to Sunday

evening. We captured upwards of 100 prisoners, representing five regiments, many horses, arms, &c. When it is taken into consideration that the force with which I left camp numbered only 306 men, and that this number was reduced by necessary pickets and scouts, I hope the Commanding General will not regard the success achieved by the command as inadequate. They drove a picked division of the enemy from his camp, which they occupied from one o'clock at night till daylight. They forced this body of the enemy to take a route which they had not proposed to follow, whilst the other force under Dahlgren was prevented from forming a junction with Kilpatrick by the interposition of my command between the two. This brought about the precipitate retreat of Dahlgren and his ultimate death, with the destruction of his command.

I beg to express my great satisfaction at the conduct of officers and men. Col. Cheek, who was in command of his detachment, displayed ability, gallantry and zeal. Major Andrews of the 2d North Carolina also bore himself well, and gave assistance; while the artillery behaved admirably. I cannot close my report without expressing my appreciation of the conduct of Col. Bradley T. Johnson and his gallant command. With a mere handful of men he met the enemy at Beaver Dam, and he never lost sight of him until he had passed Tunstall's Station, hanging on his rear, striking him constantly, and displaying throughout the very highest qualities of a soldier. He is admirably fitted for the cavalry service, and I trust that it will not be deemed an interference on my part to urge, as emphatically as I can, his promotion.

Capt. Lowndes, Lt. Hampton and Dr. Taylor of my staff accompanied me, and rendered me great assistance. I have the honor to be

Very respectfully yours,

WADE HAMPTON, *Major-General.*

Major McCLELLAN, *A. A. General.*

When the attack on Kilpatrick was made, Dahlgren, who had been repulsed by the local troops in a feeble attack made on the city, was camped either on the Brooke Turnpike or the Telegraph Road. He had a body of picked men with him, and his object was in case Richmond was taken to free the Federal prisoners, to destroy the city, and to assassinate our authorities. Having failed in his assault, and hearing the attack on Kilpatrick, he immediately sought safety in flight. With a portion of his command he crossed the Pamunkey, was attacked the same night by a few furloughed men of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, under direction of Capt. Fox and Lt. Pollard, together with a small detachment of the Home Guard of the county, was killed, and most of his men were captured. Upon his person were found the papers which proved the execrable and atrocious nature of his enterprise. As the authenticity of these papers has been denied, it may not be out of place for me to state here what I know regarding them. As already stated I followed Kilpatrick when he retreated, and I halted on the night of the 2d March near the house of Dr. Braxton, and not far from that of Mr. Lewis Washington. I remained during the night at the house of the former, and moving off

at a very early hour the next morning, I met Mr. Washington, who asked me if I had seen a courier who was in search of me. Replying to him in the negative, he informed me that this courier had stayed at his house the night previous, and had exhibited to him the note-book of Dahlgren, in which he read the diabolical plan, which was subsequently made public. The details of this plan as stated to me by Mr. Washington were precisely similar to those published; so unless the parties who killed Dahlgren, or the courier who bore the despatches on to Richmond, not finding me, wrote the orders and memoranda in the captured note-book—a supposition entirely incredible—there can be no shadow of a doubt but that Dahlgren was the originator of the plot to burn and sack Richmond, to assassinate the President of the Southern Confederacy, and that though not as successful as Booth in his attempt on the life of the Federal President, he deserves as fully as the latter the execration of all honorable men.

Kilpatrick having recruited at Yorktown, moved out, as if to attempt to force a passage through my lines in order to rejoin the Federal army. Anticipating a movement of this sort, I had concentrated my command near Fredericksburg, and was prepared to meet him on more equal terms than at our last encounter. To prevent his crossing the river below me, I had the wharves at Urbana destroyed. When he found that he could not cross there, and that my command was in position to dispute his passage, he returned to Yorktown, and placing his cavalry on steamers, he transported them safely but ingloriously to Washington. Col. Bradley T. Johnson with a small body of cavalry coöperated with me during these movements against the enemy, and rendered most efficient service.

The following extract from “G. O. No. 10, Headquarters, Department of Richmond, March 8th, 1864,” conveys the thanks of Major-General Elzey commanding to my command:

“The Major-General Commanding begs leave to tender to Major-General Hampton and his command his sincere thanks for their coöperation in following up the enemy, and their gallant assault upon his camp at Atlee’s Station on Tuesday night, in which the enemy’s entire force was stampeded and completely routed, leaving in the hands of General Hampton many prisoners and horses.

By command of

Major-General ELZEY.

(Signed) T. O. CHESTNEY, *A. A. General.*”

THE CAVALRY RAID BY CUSTER, KILPATRICK AND DAHLGREN.

On Friday, the 26th of February, 1864, two corps of the Army of the Potomac of the United States, under orders from General Alfred Pleasanton, left their camp near the army headquarters for Madison Courthouse. General Lee's headquarters were then at Orange Courthouse. The object was to engage the attention of General Lee by a formidable feint, to conceal and execute plans for a general raid, and if possible, to capture the city of Richmond. This was intended to be a concerted movement, in which General Butler in command of the Union forces on the Peninsula was to move up from his position there and make a demonstration upon Richmond on the east, while Generals Custer and Kilpatrick and Colonel Dahlgren were to attack it and enter on the west and north.

On Sunday, the 28th, Major-Gen. John Sedgwick, with the Sixth Army Corps, left for Madison Courthouse. On the 29th he was followed by Major-Gen. Birney with the First Division of the Third Army Corps. One brigade of the Sixth Corps under General Torbett crossed Robertson's River and occupied the Courthouse. At Robertson's River they found and drove in the Confederate cavalry pickets. General Sedgwick, with Generals B. G. Wright, David Russell and A. P. Howe, encamped on the heights on the north side of the river. The camp-fires of the picket-line lighted up the whole route of the Rapidan from Madison Courthouse till they joined those of the First Corps, which again united with those of the Second Corps, making a continuous line of smoke to the Rappahannock River. The object was to make as much noise, smoke and show as possible, to keep General Lee's eyes open. In a military point of view those eyes were not often shut.

On the same day General Birney's Division encamped at a small place called James City, twelve miles from Culpeper Courthouse.

At two o'clock Brigadier-Gen. George A. Custer, with two ten-inch Parrott guns of Ransom's Battery, under Lieut. Porter, and 1500 picked men in light marching order, consisting of a detachment of the first New Jersey Cavalry, under Captain Robins; the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Col. Steadman of Gregg's Division; detachments of the First and Fifth Regular Cavalry, under Captains Sweitzer and Ash; of the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Thacker; and First New York Dragoons, of Merritt's Division, marched for Charlottesville, by the James City road. His object was by celerity of movement, by way of Stanardsville, in the county of Greene, to pass around General Lee's left flank and cut off his communications, destroying the military stores collected there, and the railroads concentrating at that point.

At five o'clock, Brigadier-Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, with five thousand cavalry picked from his own Division and from Merritt's and Gregg's Divisions, and a light battery of six guns, left Stevensburg, near Cul-

peper Courthouse, for the lower fords of the Rapidan River. A portion of his force crossed at Germanna Ford, and the remainder at Ely's Ford. These are on General Lee's right flank. From these points of crossing it is nearly sixty miles to Richmond in a straight line. The object of General Kilpatrick was to make a dash upon Richmond, for the purpose of releasing the United States prisoners there, sacking and burning the city because it was the capital of the Confederate Government, and effecting any other destruction that might be in his power. At Ely's Ford he captured a lieutenant and several men, and reached Spotsylvania Courthouse without resistance.

From this point Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, with a picked detachment from the cavalry of five hundred men, was despatched to Fredericks-hall, a depot on the Central Railroad, midway between Gordonsville and the junction of the Central with the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. At Frederickshall the whole of the Confederate reserve artillery, amounting to some eighty pieces, had been parked, and Dahlgren's orders were to destroy the artillery, the railroads and telegraph lines. This point is forty miles by rail from Richmond. From this place Colonel Dahlgren commenced tearing up the tracks, demolishing the bridge across the North Anna River, and otherwise destroying the line of travel along the road as far as Hanover Junction.

On Monday evening General Robert E. Lee, who left Richmond in the morning for Orange Courthouse, his army headquarters, telegraphed the Confederate Government that the enemy's cavalry appeared to be moving on both his flanks; that one column had proceeded in the direction of Frederickshall, and the other by Stanardsville in the direction of Charlottesville. General Lee therefore must have passed the Frederickshall Station but a short time before Kilpatrick's cavalry. His telegram shows he had correct information of their movements. In the course of the same day a telegram was received from Colonel Mallory, commander of the post at Charlottesville, *via* Lynchburg, stating that the raiders were then within three miles of Charlottesville. This shows that the telegraph line from Charlottesville direct to Richmond had then been cut, and that the communication with Richmond by that route by telegraph was destroyed. The force thus near to Charlottesville was that of General Custer.

Colonel Dahlgren having ascertained that the park of Confederate artillery at Frederickshall was too well guarded to be easily captured, the artillery being formed in a hollow square with muzzles outward and with a force to defend it, avoided that place, and made his demonstration on the Central Railroad about three miles south of the station.

In a house in the neighborhood of Frederickshall there was a court-martial being held. The first intimation the court had of danger was given by Dahlgren's force, on their horses, pointing their pistols at the windows, after which they dismounted, came in and took the party prisoners. Among those captured were Major Jones, now Principal of an academy in Hanover, Captain David Watson, Captain Dement of Maryland, Lieutenant Henry E. Blair of the Salem Artillery, now

Judge of the County Court of Roanoke, and some others. As soon as these officers were captured they were mounted and carried off by the enemy, and during the darkness of the ensuing night all of them made their escape except Captain Dement and Lieutenant Blair. These were made to accompany Dahlgren's force during the rest of their raid, and were witnesses of their acts.

General Kilpatrick made his way near the line of the Fredericksburg Railroad, from the Mattapony to the Pamunkey near Hanover Junction, destroying the road and its equipments, burning depots and all within his reach as he went.

CUSTER'S EXPEDITION.

We return to General Custer. His object was to destroy the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, running by Charlottesville to Gordonsville, the junction of the railroad running north from Lynchburg with the Central running to Richmond. The capture of the army stores there, the destruction of the tracks running south, west and east, with the cutting of the telegraph, would have severed the communication between General Lee's army and the Confederate capital by this route; and this movement, with the destruction of railroad property effected by General Kilpatrick, and of the Central Railroad and the James River and Kanawha Canal by Col. Dahlgren, would have isolated that army from its then base of supplies.

After leaving Madison Courthouse Gen. Custer moved rapidly with his force towards Stanardsville, distant southwest from Madison twelve miles, crossing the Rapidan at Bank's Mill Ford. At Stanardsville a small Confederate picket-force was discovered, who retired before the cavalry advance. Meeting with no opposition, Custer's cavalry pushed forward to the Rivanna River, crossed at Berner's Bridge, a long wooden structure spanning the river at a point distant three or four miles from Charlottesville. The Confederate pickets on the opposite bank withdrew over the hills.

To ascertain the precise position of the Confederate force, Custer deployed a squadron of the First Regular cavalry, under Captain Sweitzer, up the river on his right to reconnoitre; while another squadron of the Fifth Regular cavalry, under command of Capt. Ash, was sent down the river on the left for a similar purpose. Some distance below Capt. Ash discovered an artillery camp, with huts arranged with mathematical precision and soldierly regularity. This was Major Breathed's horse artillery camp, with McGregor's, Johnson's and Moorman's batteries still in winter quarters, most of their worn and broken-down horses having been sent out to neighboring pastures to recruit their strength. Upon this camp, without support of infantry or cavalry, Capt. Ash with his squadron immediately charged, dashing into Johnson's portion of the camp, setting fire to several of the huts and blowing up a few caissons. At this moment, Major Breathed, a most gallant and dashing officer, alive to the perilous condition of the Confederate artillery, rapidly assembled the cannoniers of Moorman's battery, and opened one of the guns still in park upon Ash; then ordering all the artillery he could find to mount such horses as

were nearest, with his bugles sounding his cheering rally, he led the men in person, charging in turn with his extemporised cavalry, and with his single gun worked with a spring-staff, continued to throw shot and shell among them, driving them from the camp; then McGregor ran two other guns up the hill and gave the retreating squadron a parting fire. This artillery encampment was the camp of a portion of the horse artillery of General Lee's army, who were not surpassed for valor and intrepidity by any body of troops in any service. They did not hesitate to throw themselves forward to support cavalry instead of waiting for support. They would dash forward when ordered anywhere, and many a charge was led by their gallant officers, especially Major Breathed, who would order his lieutenants to limber up and take position in front ready to cover any disorder. Captain Ash contented himself with the partial destruction of the few huts and caissons mentioned above, and with burning two battery forges, and carried off a quantity of harness belonging to the battery; then prudently retired and rejoined Gen. Custer. And that General, with attentive ears, heard five trains of cars running into Charlottesville, and conjecturing that these were reinforcements of infantry sent from General Lee, drew in his squadrons and recrossed the Rivanna at Rio Mills, burning the bridge and the mills behind him as he went, and wherever he could he burnt all the mills and county bridges throughout the line of his retreat. The utter impracticability of reaching Charlottesville with his force being apparent, Gen. Custer retired his column up the Stanardsville road, halting soon after dusk for the night eight miles south of Stanardsville, in order to feed and recuperate his exhausted horses.

In retiring, Custer's advance was under command of Lieut.-Col. Stedman, with a detachment of five hundred men of Col. Gregg's division. Gen. Custer himself commanded the rearguard with a thousand men, the residue of his force. The night was dark and rainy, mingled with sleet; and when Custer went into camp, in the gloom of the darkness the two forces became separated from each other, Stedman continuing on his course and reaching Madison Courthouse about four o'clock on Tuesday morning; and though orderlies were dispatched by Custer to Stedman directing his return, they were unable to intercept him. Early Tuesday morning the column under Custer resumed its march towards Madison Courthouse.

At the time when Major Breathed's camp was attacked, the nearest force of Confederate cavalry was at Liberty Mills, on the Rapidan river, in the county of Orange, about eighteen miles from Charlottesville. This was a fraction of Fitz Lee's division, consisting of parts of the brigades of Gen. Wickham and Gen. Chambliss, under the immediate supervision of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Gen. Stuart had despatched Company H of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, under Capt. Randolph, to reconnoitre Custer's movements, but this company did not reach Breathed's camp until after Custer's retreat. Stuart held his cavalry at Liberty Mills until he obtained definite information; but when he ascertained that Custer was approaching on the Stanardsville road, that a portion of his force had gone on towards Madison Courthouse,

and that he would probably follow in the night, he conceived the purpose of surrounding and capturing the entire force by a night surprise. Instead of pursuing his route in the night, Custer bivouacked until daylight, and rendered Stuart's plan abortive. Stuart's men were kept in ambuscade, watching and waiting all night without fires, and without provender for their horses, standing in the rain and sleet, while Custer's force were sleeping, with delightful fires, kindled and crackling from the seasoned rails of old Virginia fences.

Custer designed to cross at Bank's Ford. Just below this is Burton's Ford, from which is a road running northwest and striking the Stanardsville road two miles from the river. At the junction of these roads, and at both of these fords, Stuart had posted his cavalry to cut off retreat. At Burton's Ford the brigade of Gen. Wickham was stationed, and on the eminence the sharpshooters of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, then under the command of Lt.-Col. Cary Breckenridge, were posted on either side of the road. As Custer advanced he discovered this force, and charging them, drove them back on the force at Burton's, and running up his two Parrott guns on the hill from which they had retreated, poured in a well-directed fire, scattering the advance. Stuart had no artillery with him to reply to this battery. Custer captured about thirty prisoners. Of the sharpshooters of the 2d Regiment, Lieut. Wm. A. Parker, commanding Company D, was killed, and Lieut. John C. Hatcher of Company G was wounded. There were also twelve others captured, of whom, including Lieut. Hatcher, four were wounded. The remainder belonged to other regiments. From the prisoners Custer ascertained the disposition of the forces against him, and then conceived and executed a plan for his extrication. Ordering another charge on Wickham's brigade on the Burton's Ferry road, and leading it in person, after a short but sharp contest he again drove back that brigade, until Gen. Stuart, comprehending the danger, and believing Custer determined to force a crossing at Burton's, came down the river with his remaining force to the support of Wickham. Then Custer, facing his lines by the flank, instantly moved with the speed of the wind down towards the Stanardsville road, which striking, he wheeled to the left, and reaching Bank's Mill Ford, crossed the river, eluding the mass of Stuart's force, who were confident of capturing the whole command. Thus Custer finally succeeded in rejoining Stedman at Madison Courthouse, where they were undisturbed. If success had attended his efforts at Charlottesville, we doubt not he would have rapidly proceeded through Goochland, down by the river road, and aided Dahlgren in his effort to destroy Richmond. As we shall see hereafter in Col. Dahlgren's orders and instructions, he expected this coöperation, for he says twice in the same words: "As Gen. Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm."

KILPATRICK'S FORCE.

On the part of Gen. Kilpatrick his movement was made with great celerity. The corps made no halt during the night, but continued on from Spotsylvania Courthouse to Beaverdam Station, on the Central

Railroad, where Capt. Estes and Lieut. Wilson, with a party of men, dashed into the telegraph office, and took the operator prisoner before he had time to announce the approach of the raiders. This place was reached about five o'clock P. M. on Monday the 29th February, and the work of destruction was at once commenced. Small parties were sent up and down the railroad to tear up the track, burn the culverts and bridges, and destroy the rails by heating and bending them. This was accomplished by firing all the cord-wood at the depot, and throwing the rails on the fire. They burned also the large new brick freight-house, the telegraph office, passenger depot, engine house, water tank, freight cars and outbuildings. Other parties were sent out to destroy the railroad at other points, and all the bridges on important roads.

These destructions were legitimate warfare, but we are told by themselves that "the expedition was a warlike tour, when all the fun, chickens, turkeys, geese, hogs, corn, oats, hay, horses, mules, negroes, gray-backs, whether made of flesh or paper, that could be had, were to be had. They carried with them but two or three feeds for their horses, and about as many days' rations for the men, the General being determined that for once the celebrated order, 'Subsist on the enemy's country,' should be faithfully executed"—forgetting, as they claimed, that this was their country and these were their own people. Another correspondent informs us: "The men made themselves quite at home with the inhabitants, and the stock of poultry, hogs, and so forth, has somewhat decreased." A quartermaster of the Federal army, in charge of ordnance-train, states: "Every plantation on the road has to pay tribute to the Yank according to their stock, which is never definitely ascertained, for time presses, and we come down on them like June bugs, cleaning them out of everything in the line of forage, horses, mules, provisions, &c." This is the gentleman on whom as quartermaster "requisitions were made for a quantity of torpedoes, rat-tail files, turpentine, oakum and other inflammable articles," and by whom, he says, they were supplied. He asks in an intelligible manner, and as if with a knowing wink, "For what were they to be used?" He states he was going on the Dahlgren raid. We shall see to what use Dahlgren intended to apply them.

Notwithstanding all this "cleaning them out" process, not only by the Union army, who had abundance, but by the Confederate forces, who were forced by necessity to do it; notwithstanding all the work-animals, horses, mules and oxen, had been taken and the laborers carried off; all the barns, stables and mills were burned with their contents; all the dwellings were gutted, and the inhabitants in many places forced to desert them and become refugees in their own country; their churches desecrated, the windows pulled out and the doors torn from their hinges, and filthy charcoal-sketches polluted the walls, and caricatures of disgusting objects were blazoned over the pulpits—yet they express astonishment at the dilapidation they met with wherever they went. No wonder "the women should become frantic with indignation," and exclaim, "I never thought you would be mean enough for that!" They take care, however, not to particu-

larise the offence which called for the indignation, because they know it is of a character to shock ordinary modesty.

On the morning of the 29th of February General Wade Hampton, commanding a part of General J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry corps, having ascertained from his scouts that Kilpatrick's command were moving, sent a despatch to General Stuart "that a Yankee brigade were at Mount Pleasant, moving towards the Central Railroad." On the same night he sent another, stating that at seven o'clock the enemy were at Beaverdam Station, and that he had ordered down the North Carolina brigade of cavalry with artillery, and the Maryland cavalry, under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, to join him, leaving General Young near Spotsylvania Courthouse. He also sent all the mounted North Carolina cavalry, 306 men, with Hartz's battery, to Mount Carmel Church. These dispositions being made, he continued to watch Kilpatrick's course.

The *New York Herald* reveals the object of the United States Government in Kilpatrick's movements in the following language: "General Kilpatrick, with a dashing cavalry force, is rapidly pressing his way to Richmond, with instructions to sack the Rebel capital, release the Union prisoners there, and cut the telegraph and railroad communications between General Lee and his base of supplies." In another article headed "Kilpatrick's brilliant cavalry movement against Richmond—the Rebel capital to be sacked and the Union prisoners released," it gives the minute details of the operations in progress to that end.

To explain the reason of the failure of this raid, the plan of which seems to have been devised with much reason to expect success, it is necessary to show the force, small though it be, that was brought to bear against it, and how that force was wisely applied. It is proper too that the brave officers and men engaged should receive the credit to which they are justly entitled.

We have seen that General Lee on his way to his headquarters had telegraphed that the enemy's cavalry appeared to be moving on both his flanks. This ever-watchful and vigilant general at the same time telegraphed Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, who was in command of a portion of the Maryland Line, that a large force of cavalry had passed his right flank and was moving in the direction of Hanover Junction. Johnson immediately, in conformity to Lee's and Hampton's dispatches and orders, sent out his scouts to the north and west, and discovered that Kilpatrick, with five thousand picked cavalry, had crossed the Central Railroad and were on the direct road to Richmond. He seems to have concluded that the attack on the city would not succeed, and that Kilpatrick would be compelled to retreat; he therefore ordered the pickets on the line of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi rivers to destroy all the ferry-boats. It will be seen that this was a source of delay and annoyance to Kilpatrick in his subsequent career.

Johnson had under his command only sixty effective men, being a part of the First Maryland Cavalry, and two guns from the Baltimore Light Artillery. With these he followed the enemy's rearguard, taking the direction of Taylorsville, to defend, if possible, that station

and prevent the destruction of the railroad-bridge across the South Anna river. Kilpatrick had sent out Major Hall of the Sixth New York Cavalry with a party to destroy the bridge, but when he reached it he found it guarded by Johnson's cavalry, who drove in his scouts and pursued the force to Ashland. From Taylorsville a dispatch was received in Richmond from Colonel Johnson, stating that he had some fighting with the raiders, then advancing on Ashland, that he was pursuing them and had taken some prisoners. This command of Major Hall must have been driven out of their course, for the Federal accounts state that being absent some time, a second detachment under Colonel Hull of the Second New York was sent to find them. And again it appears that another party was sent upon a like errand under Captain Plum and Lieutenant Lord, who returned in safety. Hull's force did not join the main column until the following day in front of Richmond.

At Ashland, Colonel Johnson came upon the force on its way to destroy the railroad and buildings there, and had a sharp skirmish with them, but they succeeded in tearing up the railroad-track and burned the wooden depot. At Kilby's Station on the Fredericksburg Railroad the wooden sheds were destroyed, and the track and culverts broken up. Lieutenant Boyce of the Fifth New York Cavalry, with twelve men, cut the track and destroyed the telegraph at Guinea's, a station some distance above Ashland. All these so-called stations on most of the Virginia railroads are generally wooden sheds and water-tanks of little value and easily replaced. The truth is, three or four days at the utmost would be sufficient to place the whole of the roads cut and injured in running order, leaving permanent repairs to be made as convenience might justify.

Moving as rapidly as possible along the Telegraph road, Colonel Johnson threw himself upon the enemy's flank at the Yellow Tavern, and posting his men, commenced to capture small parties that came along. Among these was a sergeant with five men who proved to be a bearer of despatches from Colonel Dahlgren to General Kilpatrick, informing him that he (Dahlgren) would make his attack at dusk that evening, and that he expected Kilpatrick to attack with vigor on his side of the city. This capture prevented the coöperation at the time indicated.

On Tuesday at half-past ten o'clock A. M. Kilpatrick's advance guard were passing the outer earthworks on the Brook turnpike, within three and a half miles of Richmond. They captured several men on picket duty belonging to the citizen soldiery without firing a shot, but obtained no information worth having from them. Moving forward to within the second line of defences, the skirmishers encountered the first shots from near the third line, or what is known as Battery No. 9. Emboldened by meeting no further resistance, when his main column came up with his advance, in order to afford Dahlgren time to coöperate, Kilpatrick commenced shelling the battery, using three rifle pieces from his right flank and two six-pounders from his left.

While his guns were thundering against the defences of Richmond, Colonel Johnson prepared to attack and harass Kilpatrick's force in

the rear. Taking care not to expose the number of his own force, he attacked a picket in the rear of the centre of the line of battle drawn up in front of Richmond, and drove it in. This bold act conveyed the impression to Kilpatrick that there must be some considerable force in his rear. At the same time he was attacked gallantly by a detachment of engineer troops commanded by Col. W. H. Stevens, who manned a few sections of light artillery, and after an engagement of some thirty minutes, Kilpatrick's entire force commenced retiring in the direction of the Meadow Bridges on the Central Railroad, burning the trestle-work of the road across the Chickahominy in their retreat. In the fight Colonel Stevens had one man killed and seven wounded.

During the firing the raiders threw several shells at the residence of the Hon. James Lyons, without inflicting material damage. At the house of Mr. John B. Young, Commonwealth's Attorney for the County of Henrico, he being absent from home, his wife was summoned and ordered to prepare the most sumptuous dinner the resources of the larder and farm could afford. They ordered wine, and took without ceremony all that was in the cellar. The party was select, numbering about seventy-five, including the principal officers of the expedition. They were accompanied by a splendid band of music. After dinner had been served, they assembled the white family and all the negroes on the farm, and while drinking their wine (they ordered it and drank it as theirs), regaled themselves for about two hours and a half with an impromptu concert of national airs, including "Yankee Doodle." Their guns were planted a short distance from the house while firing at the battery. When they left they carried off five of Mr. Young's mules and one slave, using this means of compensating him for their entertainment.

On Tuesday, the first of March, the day of the fight at Battery No. 9, General Hampton displayed where he was and what he was about. He joined his command in person and moved them by Hanover Junction, and finding no enemy there, passed on to Hughes Cross Roads. There he ascertained that there had been a fight around the Richmond defences, and that Kilpatrick was retreating. At night he discovered the camp-fires of the enemy near Atlee's Station on the Central Railroad, and immediately moved upon them. Dismounting one hundred men to act as infantry (and supporting them with his cavalry), he ordered Colonel Cheek, commanding his dismounted men, to move steadily on the enemy, and opened his two gun battery upon them at short range. He then made a dashing attack upon the camp of General Davies' Yankee brigade, and immediately after charged upon the Seventh Michigan and the First Vermont, parts of two other brigades. Here he met with resistance, but these brigades soon gave way; their camp was seized and they were driven pell-mell out of it, and Kilpatrick's whole force drew off at a gallop. The surprise was perfect and the result damaging to the raiders. General Hampton pursued Kilpatrick after day nearly to Old Church, but then under orders from General Stuart moved around towards Tunstall's Station on the York River Railroad, where it was necessary to look out for General Butler.

In the account given of this raid by the *New York Tribune*, we are told that the batteries around Richmond were too much for the raiders, and that General Kilpatrick acted the wiser part in giving the order to move toward Mechanicsville. "That this was difficult to do soon became apparent. On every road the Confederate pickets confronted them, and a series of manœuvres took place, in which the Confederates were found to be on the alert at every point. Night coming on, Kilpatrick with his accustomed audacity halted and made preparations to camp. He had chosen a place, however, too near to a Rebel camp, and of this fact he was reminded by being shelled out of his position." Another account states: "The night was awful dark. The Rebs came down upon us with a yell that made us think of Pandemonium. We soon got our lines formed and advanced upon them, but the lieutenant-col. of the Sixth Michigan was killed, and about two hundred men of that regiment were captured." Another account gives the following statement: "There was a slight fall of rain and sleet, and the men built fires, cooked their chickens and bacon, and had turned in for a few hours' sleep; but as all persons are doomed to disappointment at some time or other, so it was their lot on this occasion. At about half-past ten o'clock, just as the command was fairly asleep, except those on duty, the Rebels opened a two-gun battery upon the camp of General Davies, and immediately after charged the camp of the Seventh Michigan. The men, though taken by surprise, seized their carbines, and under Colonel Litchfield, supported by the First Vermont, Colonel Preston, handsomely repulsed the enemy, who owing to the camp-fires had decidedly the advantage over our troops, in consequence of their occupying a position between the enemy and the camp-fires. In this affair a number of horses were killed, and a few were stampeded by the shrieking shell rushing through the midnight air. The scene, all things considered, was not a very fascinating one to a man of tender nerves."

The *Richmond Examiner* states that "the camp of the enemy was surprised at one o'clock Tuesday night by General Hampton's command. The enemy were encamped at Atlee's Station on the Central Railroad. The surprise was admirably effected. General Hampton was in advance, and was fired upon by the enemy's videttes, which was the first signal of the alarm. A wild panic immediately took place in the Yankee camp: the horses stampeded, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The results of the surprise were that we killed three of the enemy (one lieutenant mortally wounded), took one hundred and five prisoners, among them one lieutenant-col. and one assistant-surgeon, and captured more than one hundred horses. General Hampton's command did not lose a single man; there were three slightly wounded. The force with which General Hampton made this attack consisted of the First and Second North Carolina regiments of cavalry. Owing to the smallness of his force he had not risked an attack by day, but trusted to his success in surprising the Yankees in their night encampment." Squads of prisoners were taken and brought in during the day. The prisoners received at the Libby Prison represented twelve regiments of cavalry and mounted infantry; among them Lieutenant-col. A. W. Litchfield

and Captain John A. Clarke of the Seventh Michigan, and Assistant-Surgeon Kingston of the Second New York cavalry.

At daylight in the morning, Colonel Johnson, having encamped near the Chickahominy during the night, crossed his small force over the river, and came up near Old Church about nine o'clock with Kilpatrick's rearguard, which he immediately attacked and several prisoners were captured. Still taking every precaution not to expose to the enemy the smallness of his force, he continued to harass him and drove his rearguard through Old Church in confusion. Here thinking himself seriously menaced and that Hampton was still pursuing, Kilpatrick formed line of battle. It seemed ridiculous. Nearly four thousand picked cavalry and six pieces of artillery in battle array to fight sixty men! Moving a regiment to the rear he compelled Colonel Johnson to fall back half-a-mile, but as soon as this regiment returned to the main body Johnson again resumed his attacks.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* states that "on Wednesday about nine o'clock a large force of the enemy came upon the rear of the column. General Kilpatrick was not unprepared for this, and decided to give them battle. The First Vermont under Lieut.-col. Preston, ably assisted by Captains Grant and Cummings and the First Maine, bore the brunt of this fight, which lasted something over an hour; whilst the Sixth Michigan and other regiments of Davies' brigade were in position to render whatever assistance might be necessary. Only one charge was made, and that was by Company A First Maine, led on by Captain Estes, A. A. G., and Captain Cole, when five of the enemy were captured. The enemy, satisfied no doubt that they could not scare the command away, silently retired, but when the command moved forward, harassed its rear and flanks."

Here was a fight for "something over an hour," between the First Vermont, the First Maine, while other brigades were in line of battle in sight, against Johnson's sixty men, and these regiments "bore the brunt of the battle," and though it lasted so long, only one charge was made, and that succeeded in driving the sixty away. But the sixty returned immediately after and harassed their rear.

DAHLGREN'S FORCE.

The other branch of this expedition is still unaccounted for — that under Colonel Ulric Dahlgren.

After leaving Hanover Junction the destination of this force was the James River and Kanawha Canal, which they struck about eight miles east of Goochland Courthouse and twenty-two miles west of Richmond. From thence, and between that place and Westham Creek, they destroyed nearly everything they could find. At the farmhouses visited by them in Goochland they destroyed the provisions, hacked up the furniture, and "lifted," as they called it, the table-silver. Mr. James M. Morson's house was set on fire three times, but the flames were as often extinguished by the house-servants. They regaled themselves with Mr. Morson's fine wine, drinking it from his silver goblets, and as mementoes of the past carried off the goblets with them. They fired Mr. James A. Seddon's barn, corn-houses

and stables; the barn was consumed, but the negroes succeeded in saving the other buildings. They also burned the mills of Stanard & Morson. The disgusting orgies in which they spent three hours in the neighborhood of Dover Mills are of a character too indecent to be mentioned. These large mills were totally destroyed. Dahlgren's orders were: "Horses and cattle which we do not need immediately must be shot rather than left!" This order was executed to the letter; many bodies of such animals were found on the farms or lying dead along the roads. In their progress they burned saw-mills, canal-boats loaded with grain, and the works of the coal-mines at Manakin Ferry. The only damage done to the canal was cutting the lock at Sampson's. After destroying as much as possible it was the intention of Dahlgren to divide his force, one half to cross at Manakin Ferry, whose object was to effect the deliverance of the prisoners at Belle Isle and enter the city from the south side of the river, reinforced as they expected to be by upwards of six thousand prisoners confined there, who were to be furnished with arms and unite in the destruction of the city.

To accomplish these purposes Dahlgren had obtained a negro guide by the name of Martin to show him the ford, which he promised to find at Manakin. When they reached the place the river was flush — too much swollen to ford — and it was found impossible to cross. Instead of ascertaining the truth or falsity of the negro's statement, he immediately determined to put him to death. The truth was, there was a ford at that place at low water, and if the river had then been fordable it was the nearest route to Belle Isle. But taking for granted that the statement was false, and that the negro had intentionally deceived him, he was taken by Dahlgren's orders and hung with a leather strap to the nearest tree, cut down when dead, and left in the road.

Having been disappointed in crossing the river, about five o'clock in the evening of Tuesday the force moved down on the Westham plank-road as far as the farm of B. W. Green, about six miles from the city. When they reached the yard in front of Green's house, they discovered a small body of troops of General G. W. C. Lee's command, being the skirmishers of the Armory Battalion. This battalion was commanded by Major Ford, and consisted of about two hundred and twenty men. Dahlgren immediately ordered forward a company, and the opposing skirmishers were driven in without an effort. Finding the battalion drawn up across the road, and not knowing what was its strength, he paused for a moment, and then brought his whole force into line. When the order was given to charge, the battalion gave one scattering fire and double-quickened to the rear, scattering in every direction until it reached Hicks' farm, about a mile and a half nearer the city. In its retreat Lieutenants Sweeny and Blount were killed, and Lieutenants Docker and Trueheart were slightly wounded. There were also wounded Private Jones, mortally, Private Rees, in the neck, and five of the men were missing. At this farm the retreating battalion came upon Henley's battalion, composed principally of department clerks, under the command of Captain McElhenny (Henley being sick). Here they rallied and united with

that force. McElhenny had formed some few hundred yards in front of what is known as the Forks. He was a brave and determined officer, and brought his men into line with great coolness, and inspired them with his own calm resolve. He passed in front of his line and said: "Steady! Give them one regular volley and follow it up promptly."

It was by this time night, drizzling and sleeting. A slight ravine separated them from the enemy. The rapid cavalry approach could be heard with perfect distinctness, and Dahlgren's voice in clear tones rang out: "Shoot down the damned militia!" McElhenny cried: "Attention—fire!" and a better fire was rarely given by regulars; it was one volley in truth. Instead of coming on, the raiders recoiled. Again was heard: "Forward, Michigans! Shoot down the damned Rebels!" But they received another volley, not quite so regular, but delivered without yielding the ground. The cavalry was again repulsed, and fell back as quickly as they had come, and though efforts were made to rally and bring them again to the charge, it could not be done. To show how near they had gotten, four prisoners were taken who rode through the line and in the darkness and confusion of the night could not extricate themselves from the rear. In the last charge the gallant Captain Ellery, Chief Clerk of the Second Auditor's Office, was instantly killed; but the battalion had prevented the capture of Richmond at that point.

The best accounts estimate the enemy's loss at Green's farm at eight killed and twenty or thirty wounded, and at Hicks' ten of their dead were found and buried the next day. In their retreat they left at Green's house eleven men badly wounded, and two who were unhurt to attend them. Twenty-four prisoners were sent to the Libby Prison. One of their men while mounted fell into Hicks' ice-house; his horse was killed and the rider had his leg broken. From the persons of the prisoners several pieces of fine silverware were taken with the initials "J. M. M.," being a portion of that "lifted" as mementoes from the residence of James M. Morson in Goochland.

The casualties in Henley's battalion were Captain Ellery, killed; wounded, Lieutenant Robert A. Tompkins, Company D; privates D. T. Carter, slightly; S. McLain, slightly in the leg; R. B. Green, in the hand; Miles Cary, slightly; Gray Doswell, shot through the thigh. A long train of mourners filed to Captain Ellery's grave, the soldier fired his farewell shot, while sympathetic tears fell into and hallowed the receptacle of the honored dead. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery.

Among the trophies captured and turned over to the quartermaster from the two raiding parties were one hundred and two horses, three mules, sixty McClellan saddles, with bridles, halters, pistols, carbines, sabres, blankets, overcoats, equipments of various kinds, and one three-inch Napoleon gun.

After this repulse Dahlgren commenced his retreat in earnest, and to increase his chances of escape divided his forces. He was endeavoring to rejoin Kilpatrick. The larger portion of his force, about four hundred, he entrusted to Captain Mitchell of the Second New York cavalry, with orders to follow the line of Kilpatrick's retreat and

join him if possible. They took the Mechanicsville road, and thence in the direction of Old Church towards the Piping Tree Ferry. The remaining force was commanded by Dahlgren in person, assisted by Major Cook. They came out from the Richmond defences by a detour around the city above Mechanicsville, rode all that night as fast as men and horses could stand it; moved down the south bank of the Pamunkey, crossed it and took the direct road to Aylett's Ferry; crossing the Mattaponi there in canoes, leading their horses from the boats, swimming them over to King and Queen County just above Walkerton. While preparing to cross the river, Dahlgren was fired upon by some of the Home Guard of King and Queen County from the opposite side, which created considerable consternation among his force. He immediately rode in front of his men, ridiculed and abused them, and ordered them to return the fire. By this the small party was driven off. After the stream was crossed, all that evening Dahlgren's command was continually annoyed by shots fired into them from the woods, by which one of his corporals was killed.

While the detachment under Mitchell were endeavoring to overtake Kilpatrick, and after Colonel Johnson had made his attack upon Kilpatrick at Old Church, his scouts informed Johnson that a column of the enemy was moving down the road directly in his rear. This was Mitchell's force, so that Johnson was thus between two forces. Dismounting his men as rapidly as possible and deploying them in the woods on each side of the road, he awaited their approach. Upon perceiving him Mitchell ordered a charge and went through his line, but as he did he received Johnson's fire from both sides, and they lost in killed, wounded and prisoners forty-five men and horses. From one of the prisoners they took a silver dish-cover belonging to Mrs. Morson of Goochland. Mitchell, ignorant of the amount or character of the force against him, continued his retreat without waiting to gather the fragments. The casualties of Johnson in this skirmish were Captain George Emack of Prince George County, Maryland, wounded in the thumb and side slightly; Lieutenant Ditty, shot through his thighs seriously; George Parker, sabre-cut over the head, and R. C. King, cut over the head and shoulder. The correspondent of the *New York Times* before mentioned adds to his statement, that "during the day Captain Mitchell of the Second New York, with the bulk of Dahlgren's command, rejoined the main column, and great was the rejoicing, for nothing had been heard from it since the previous Sunday night. The enemy did not seem disposed to follow the rearguard, and the command moved forward without interruption towards the Pamunkey. The enemy had burned most of the boats in this river, so that if it had been desirable to cross, such a movement was entirely impracticable." For all these services and for previous gallant conduct, Colonel Johnson received his deserved promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Thursday morning General Kilpatrick moved towards New Kent Courthouse, and on the way met General Spear in command of a cavalry force looking after him. The meeting was gratifying to both sides.

We stated heretofore that Dahlgren was retreating towards Walk-

erton in King and Queen County. In this neighborhood there was stationed a company called the Home Guard of King and Queen County. These had been reinforced by Lieutenant Pollard with 22 men, part of a company of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, also by detachments from Robins' Virginia battalion under Captains McGruder and Blake, and Fox's company of the Fifth Virginia cavalry. Capt. McGruder being the senior officer, assumed the command, and his force continued the process of harassing Dahlgren in front and rear. On reaching the forks of the road a few miles above Walkerton, Lieutenant Pollard learned that Dahlgren's force had taken the river road. Leaving a few men to follow them, Pollard by Captain McGruder's orders quitted the main road, and taking the road by Stevensville, threw himself in front of Dahlgren, who had stopped in Gresham's clover-field to feed his horses.

A little before midnight Dahlgren was informed by one of his scouts that he had met a small opposing force directly in front on the main road. He determined at once to force his way through, and assembling his men, ordered them to follow him. As he came along at a sweeping trot, a row of thick and well-grown cedars on both sides of the road so darkened it with shade that he did not see Pollard's force. From one of the gentlemen captured by Dahlgren at Frederickshall, as we have heretofore stated, we have this account: "I was riding in the main line near the front. We had gone perhaps a half mile when I perceived there was some trouble in the front. Dahlgren rode forward. I heard him challenge some one, and heard him snap his pistol, which was at once followed by a fire in return from some one—that shot, I suppose, killed Dahlgren—and then the Confederates opened fire against the Yankees, gave a shout and cheer, which cheered my heart to the very bottom, for I felt satisfied there were other men than Home Guards then present, and that the time of my relief had come. The Yankees were greatly alarmed and confused. The road, as I recollect it, was dug from the side of a hill on our left; a bridge in our front had been blockaded, and there was a fence on the right of the road. In the darkness I got off my horse, opened the fence, and the Yankees retreated into the field. I remained inside of the fence until I thought the Yankees were gone far enough not to hear me. I then called to our men, who informed me where they were, and I went to them.* They then informed me that they had killed a man with one leg, and I told them that was Dahlgren. They searched his person and found the papers that were delivered to the Confederate Government." He was struck from a carbine with three buckshot in his spine, and instantly killed. After his fall the command could not be rallied, and retreated to Gresham's field, from which they had emerged. Early next morning they sent forward one of their men with a handkerchief on a staff, who declared that since the death of their leader they were willing to surrender. Thus were captured ninety prisoners, thirty-five negroes and one hundred and fifty horses, a small remnant having escaped during the night.

The gentleman from whom we received the statement of his death and this surrender adds: "Colonel Dahlgren was a gallant and dash-

ing officer, a man of polish and education, but of unbounded ambition, which induced him to undertake the desperate adventure he was on. He treated me and the other prisoners with all proper courtesy and consideration, shared his rations with us, and conversed quite freely."

The fact that the following papers were taken from Dahlgren's person is thus attested by a gentleman of as high honor and respectability as any in this State, and by those who captured him, equally worthy of credit. The authenticity and genuineness of the papers themselves have been proven by indisputable testimony, and the handwriting and signature of U. Dahlgren are established beyond question. Nothing has been interpolated and nothing omitted. The papers themselves with the corroborating circumstances demonstrate their genuine character.

ADDRESS TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN.

The following address to the officers and men of the command was written on a sheet of paper, having in printed letters on the upper corner, "Headquarters Third Division, Cavalry Corps, —, 1864:—

Officers and Men:— You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking — an undertaking which, if successful, will write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters that can never be erased, and which will cause the prayers of our fellow-soldiers now confined in loathsome prisons to follow you and yours wherever you may go.

We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Island first, and having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James River into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and do not allow the Rebel leader, Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape. The prisoners must render great assistance, as you cannot leave your ranks too far or become too much scattered, or you will be lost.

Do not allow any personal gain to lead you off, which would only bring you to an ignominious death at the hands of citizens. Keep well together and obey orders strictly, and all will be well, but on no account scatter too far, for in union there is strength.

With strict obedience to orders, and fearlessness in the execution, you will be sure to succeed.

We will join the main force on the other side of the city, or perhaps meet them inside.

Many of you may fall; but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out, and he may go hence to the arms of his sweetheart and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond.

We want no man who cannot feel sure of success in such a holy cause.

We will have a desperate fight, but stand up to it when it does come and all will be well.

Ask the blessing of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy.

U. DAHLGREN, *Colonel Commanding.*

SPECIAL ORDERS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

The following special orders were written on a similar sheet of paper, and on detached slips, the whole disclosing the diabolical plans of the leaders of the expedition:—

Guides — Pioneers (with oakum, turpentine and torpedoes) — Signal Officer — Quartermaster — Commissary.

Scouts and pickets — Men in rebel uniform.

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1874.

THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK II.—THE GAME AT BEECHWOOD.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOING TO GLOUCESTER.

AN hour or two before noon, two young ladies, followed by a servant in livery, walked through the lodge-gates of Halidon. Ah! Mr. Wailes, why were you not passing?

They were going to Gloucester. Probably they wanted a yard of ribbon or a skein of silk. Certainly they wanted the exercise, and therefore declined the carriage.

They were madly in love, each with the other. Of course, they had been acquainted only two or three days. Each was perfection in the eyes of the other. Each was ready to declare that no circumstances could occur to mar this burning attachment. They had talked so constantly that each thought she knew all the incidents in the life of her friend. But, in fact, both had forgotten some little incidents, such as the reception of a letter on the steps of the Madeleine, or an aquatic adventure in which a travelling bonnet had been hopelessly ruined.

As they walked, they talked. The footman overheard every word, but he was too discreet to repeat their conversation, especially as they talked in French and he had not acquired that tongue.

"*Ma belle!*" said the taller girl, "this is delicious! To escape from

those dreary walls at last! Can you divine why Monsieur my father gave his consent so reluctantly?"

"Yes," responded the other gaily; "you are so vivacious, and I am so young. If you had some staid old lady governess—"

"Ah! but I have had them! Sister Clementine, at the convent. She is ninety, my dear. But she was a court lady seventy years ago, and she has told me more old scandals in an hour than you could tell in a life-time."

"But you should have an English governess, Heloïse," said Mabel. "I am not at all certain that I can do you justice. I have had no experience with pupils so well grown as yourself."

"You can teach me this dreadful English. See! I have learned a whole sentence: 'I do not know what obstacles may be in my way, but I will surmount them.' That is good, is it not? And I know the meaning of every word."

"You must learn other things," said Mabel. "Mr. Grippe desires to have you transformed into an English lady. You must be taught all manner of customs and proprieties—"

"Bah! my little one!" replied Heloïse; "rest tranquil. One does these things without teaching. When we have visitors you shall see that I behave perfectly. What a pretty house is this! Who lives here, my dear?"

"I don't know. I will ask. James!" and the footman drew near, touching his hat.

"Do you know this place, James?"

"Yes, Miss. Beechwood," replied James.

"Who lives here?"

"Only an old woman, Miss, and —"

"And what?"

"Ghoses!"

"Ghoses! Do you mean spirits?"

"Yes, Miss," and seeing her incredulous look, he continued: "Plenty of people have seen 'em. Nobody can live there but the old woman. And she is deaf, and pretty nigh dumb too."

"Heloïse," said Mabel, "here is an adventure! James says this is a haunted place."

"Charming!" replied the French lady. "Can one go in and look at the grounds?"

As she spoke the gate swung open, and a gentleman stepped out and stood before them, hat in hand. He was a handsome fellow, with keen black eyes, a profusion of beard, with white teeth gleaming through it as he smiled and bowed.

"I inadvertently overheard a sentence or two," he said, politely, in French. "Will the ladies walk in and look at a fine old place in ruins?"

While Mabel drew back, doubtfully, Heloïse passed her with prompt decision.

"Monsieur is very good," she said. "Come, Mabel, we will look at the beautiful ivy. One minute only."

All this was shockingly improper. James looked on with astonishment, wondering if the newcomer was a French ghost appearing by

daylight. Mabel put a veil between the black eyes of the stranger and her own visage, while Heloïse coolly passed through the gate.

"I regret that I overslept this morning," said the gentleman, in English; "otherwise I should have been in Gloucester, and you would have seen Beechwood without this awkward introduction. As the best atonement I can make, allow me to say that I am Mr. Clinton. I have taken this place, which I hope to renovate shortly. I stayed here last night, ghost-hunting. There is no one here excepting Mrs. Hamet, and I beg that you will explore the house and grounds, and excuse my departure. There will be painters and carpenters here later in the day, and this is your last opportunity to see the place in its dismal aspects." He bowed again as he finished his speech, put on his hat and was speedily lost to view.

Mabel was greatly relieved by his departure. She had a general apprehension that it was unbecoming in young ladies to make early morning, impromptu visits to young gentlemen without some previous acquaintance. She was also conscious that he had done the best possible thing, to extricate them from their dilemma, by taking himself off as he did. In happy unconsciousness Heloïse was flying along the ivy-covered gable, chattering to herself volubly, while the "deef and dumb" old woman was following her with wondering eyes.

"Charming! is it not?" said Heloïse, glancing at the poke-bonnet. "Ah, madame, one must be happy here. This is more beautiful than Halidon."

"Halidon?" repeated Mrs. Hamet, catching the English word.

"Yaas. Ah, madame speaks not French. Mabel, my little one, come here." This was said in very good English. Mrs. Hamet, horror-stricken, doubtless, at this invasion of her territory, sank into a garden-seat and gazed wildly at the gate, where Mabel stood irresolute. It is probable that the old woman had never looked upon a lovelier picture—framed in by the gate-posts, the grass-grown gravel at her feet, and the waving branches of the beeches above her head. But Mrs. Hamet seemed to have contracted Mr. Grippe's asthmatic ailments as she glared at Mabel.

"On the contrary," said Mabel, in French, "come thou, Heloïse; thou art distressing the old lady. Come. We should not intrude thus. Come!"

Heloïse plucked a spray of ivy, dropped a little curtsy to Mrs. Hamet, and tripped out to her companion. James closed the gate and followed the ladies up the road. The "deef and dumb" old woman wrung her hands as she watched their retreating forms through the iron grating at the roadside.

"Again!" she muttered. "There only needs one more; and he will come next. Is there no death in the world?"

While she stood at the gate peering through, she heard the rattle of wheels. Then she saw the vehicle, and the face of the driver, adorned with a yellow moustache sprouting out straight from his lip. He was "gotten up" in superb style, and controlled his fiery horses, driven tandem, with consummate skill. There was an air of content about the man that had more or less of conceit in it; a cat-like expression in his eyes—partly due to the shape of his eye-brows,

flaring away to the right and left, and partly to a latent ferocity probably, in his character. Over all there was the smooth veil acquired from constant intercourse with well-bred people. He would pass muster in any good society.

Apparently Mrs. Hamet did not admire him. She crouched down behind the gate and watched him as he approached and passed. His groom sat by him, and was talking eagerly as they arrived opposite the gate.

"That's her, sir!" he said, pointing ahead.

"You mean 'that's she,' Tim. But which?"

"The shortest of the two, sir."

"How do you know?" asked his master.

"By her step, sir. Never seed such a step."

"Very well; we shall see in a moment," replied the gentleman, as the dog-cart glided by, carrying them out of earshot.

Mrs. Hamet peered through the gate until the vehicle was out of sight, and then slowly returned to the house.

"What devil's work is he after?" she said. "No good, certainly; nothing good in that cruel mouth and those treacherous eyes. This is my quarter-day. I will go into town and watch; maybe I shall be able to thwart this young gentleman."

An irruption of Goths and Vandals, carrying ladders and paint-cans, came filing through the gate; then a cart laden with lime and sand; then half-a-dozen masons and carpenters, carrying the implements of their craft. Mrs. Hamet had received her instructions, and opened the house to these newcomers. All the rooms were given up to them, excepting Mr. Clinton's bedroom, the house-keeper's room, and the south wing, in which was stored the Lennox property. The sounds of saw and hammer speedily broke the silence that had so long reigned there, the sunlight was let into chambers that had long been darkened, and the odor of the paint poisoned the pure atmosphere of Beechwood before the sun reached the meridian. The "deef and dumb" old woman watched the workmen until they had fair possession of the house, looking in silent bewilderment through her green goggles at the rapid changes they wrought in her surroundings, and then locking her own apartment, she sallied out from under the shadow of the lordly trees, and took the high-road to Gloucester.

CHAPTER XX.

GLoucester Cathedral.

When the dog-cart came into sight, the ladies dropped their veils over their handsome faces. Mr. Radcliffe Merton looked eagerly at the blank walls of grenadine, but his cat-eyes were not sharp enough to penetrate them. He was too well-bred to stare at two gentlewomen attended by a servant in livery; so he touched his mare with the whip, and spun on towards the city, now in view.

But the brilliant orbs behind the veils could see very distinctly, and each lady started and uttered a slight exclamation as the vehicle passed.

"Ah!" said Heloïse.

"Ugh!" said Mabel.

"Do you know that gentleman, *ma belle*?" said the French girl.

"No."

"Have you never seen him before?"

"Yes. The day I came here I met him in the road."

"How do you know he is the same?" persisted Heloïse.

"By his bold eyes, his *tout ensemble*. Ugh!" There was no mistaking the emphasis. Heloïse looked curiously at her companion, but made no remark.

"Ask James if he knows him," said she, after a pause.

"*Fi donc!* No!" said Mabel, positively.

"You English are a queer race!" said Heloïse; "you have a thousand proprieties that one must not transgress. Why should one not gratify one's innocent curiosity?"

"Do you not see?" replied Mabel. "It would be highly indecorous to ask a servant such a question. It would indicate an interest in a strange gentleman, and your servant might repeat your question to *his* servant."

"True!" said Heloïse. "I did not think of that. Here is the city. Bid James lead the way to the shop."

And when Mabel was inspecting a box of ribbons, bewildered by their variety, and resolving some intricate problem relating to the exact fractions of yards she required, Heloïse passed quietly to the door, where James stood cogitating.

"James," she said, slowly and painfully, "the gentleman in the road. Wiz two horse?"

"Yes, Miss," said James, touching his hat.

"Ah! His name? You know?"

"Yes, Miss. Mr. Radcliffe Merton."

They walked down to the old Cathedral about noon. There was a service in progress. The choir was hidden, but their sweet voices filled the building, contending with the deep-toned organ for the echoes. Gloucester was not demonstrative in its piety. One old woman in an outlandish bonnet sat in a distant corner. A gentleman half-concealed behind a pillar, against which he was leaning, appeared to be absorbed — listening to the anthem. James — near the door, taking in the sights and sounds, blinking like an aggravated owl. He was a Dissenter. The two ladies, demure and quiet, were meditating. Heloïse was making injurious comparisons — contrasting the old Cathedral with the new Madeleine. Mabel was thinking of the dingy little chapel in Blackfriars, and thought she was much more devoutly inclined there. Heloïse recalled the gay appearance of the Parisian temple, the little knots of men on the stone steps, and the Englishman always watching her with cat's eyes. Mabel thought of the patient gentleman at Blackfriars, toiling day after day in the midst of his vagrant flock, and writing her cheerful letters every night, and as her eyes became moist, she pulled down her veil to enjoy a quiet little cry. And the gentleman came from behind the pillar and walked down the aisle. He glanced at the black eyes of the French girl, then at the drooping figure by her side. As Mabel looked up at his

approach, aroused by his step, he halted like a trained soldier at the word of command. For while she recognised her rescuer, and shrunk back from his eager scrutiny, he also knew in his heart that the violets were behind the veil.

Mademoiselle looked composedly at the motionless youth, whose countenance expressed a variety of emotions. The certainty that this shrinking girl was she of whom he had been dreaming by daylight and in the night-watches, grew upon him, even while he turned his gaze away, repelled by her manifest repugnance. A hundred thoughts chased each other through his mind. The instinct of the gentleman forced him to forbear intrusion, when the case was so clearly one of unwarranted intrusion. His mother's warning flashed upon his memory, in which she reminded him that his service rendered, so far from giving him a claim, really interposed a barrier to intercourse without invitation. He recoiled from the thought of claiming gratitude, and yet there was nothing else upon which he could base a plea for recognition. He shrank from the shallow pretext the accident afforded to inquire about her health, while he saw her there, evidently free from all ailments, and evidently shunning him with desperate determination.

He was stannned and bewildered, poor fellow! So loyal was he in his devotion to the girl, and so unquestioning in his belief in her goodness, that he felt certain she had weighty reasons for her behavior. He knew that ordinary civility would prompt her to acknowledge the service he had rendered; and as she thus plainly retreated from him, and denied him permission to address her, some terrible obstacle was between them. He had asked himself a hundred times if she had recognised him in the railway station the other day. And now he knew she had.

What could be in the way? He looked into the tranquil eyes of Heloise for an answer, and then he began to unravel a part of the mystery. He saw James blinking in stolid patience near the main entrance, recognised him as Mr. Grippe's servant whom he had seen once or twice at the bank, remembered the story he had heard of the banker's daughter "from furrin parts," and instantly invested mademoiselle with this relation. Somehow it was an enormous relief to him to reach this conclusion: *Mardi Gras was not Miss Grippe.*

What then? Had he been misled in tracing her to Halidon when he lost her at the station? Was this black-eyed vixen who looked at his perplexed countenance with such calm confidence another M. G.? Should he ask James?

Decidedly not. By some magnetic revelation he knew that the veiled goddess forbade the inquiry. But he could go out and wait until the ladies came, and then watch.

So he passed down the aisle and drew near the door. The organ, which had been adding to his bewilderment by its sonorous thunders, died away into a soft accompaniment, and a solo voice filled the arches of the venerable temple. It was a boy's voice, in clear soprano singing the anthem "Cast thy burden on the Lord," and as the other voices joined in this final service he paused to hear the beautiful harmony. When it ceased, the ladies arose and came down

the aisle, Heloïse first, Mabel a step behind her. He drew back to give them passage. The French lady had run the gauntlet of bold Parisian eyes too many times to be disturbed by the modest glance of this blushing Englishman, so she marched by him unconscious, while he politely lowered his eyes. Then he stole a wistful look at the other, now actually within reach of his arm, and at the instant she threw aside her veil and shot one appealing look into his soul through fast-flowing tears. A motion of her hand, scarcely perceptible, repelled him as he started impetuously forward, and she passed out into the sunlight. The heavy gloom that settled upon the Cathedral as she departed chilled him, and while he stood stupidly wondering if the massive roof would not fall and bury him, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"Do you know her?"

It was the old woman in the outlandish bonnet who spoke. He tried to remember where he had seen her. Was it in Germany or at Merton? He could not tell.

"Do you know her?" she repeated eagerly.

"Do I know whom?" answered he dreamily.

"Do you know her? Her with the angel's eyes! Are you blind? Do you know her?"

"Alas! No," he answered. "Do you know her?"

"No. I knew her when she was young, twenty-five years ago. Why don't you find out?" she continued fiercely. "Are you not man enough?"

Wailes looked at her with dull surprise. He longed to get back to his office, where he could reflect without distraction upon his late encounter. The old woman continued with harsh intonations:

"I thought you called yourself Trumpley," she said. "Do you belong to that race?"

And while he looked doubtfully at his interlocutor, wondering what astounding remark would follow, she pointed her skinny finger at him contemptuously —

"Some villain spot is in thy blood to mar its gentle strain!"

"Listen! That cat-eyed hound does not stand droning and dreaming. Awake! Are you going to let so shallow a knave circumvent you?"

So saying, she passed him and stalked out of the Cathedral, her fierce accents still lingering in his ears. He glanced at his watch and followed her. The bright light of the noonday sun seemed to mock and confuse him as he mechanically walked towards the bank. When he entered, he saw the woman at the cashier's counter receiving money. He went into his own room and began to assort the letters on his desk. There was a note for him from Mr. Grippe. It ran thus:

"*Dear Mr. Wailes:*—Please send proper answers to the letters. My old clerk died this morning, and I am called away suddenly. If any private letters arrive, send them to Halidon by Chunk. I shall not return to-day. Very truly yours,

"Thursday.

ANTHONY GRIPPE."

Compelling his attention to the duties before him, Wailes got through the correspondence in an hour or two. Chunk brought the afternoon mail to him, having been instructed by Mr. Grippe to do so. There were three or four unimportant business letters, and one for Halidon bearing the London post-mark. It was addressed to "Messrs. Browler Brothers, Gloucester. For Mr. Anthony Grippe. Miss Mabel Grahame."

Beyond a doubt this was she! Not Miss Grippe. Mabel! Mabel! He kissed the letter which *she* would open. It was sealed with red wax, a crest on the seal. Who was the writer? A man's hand certainly. And a jealous dread possessed him on the instant. Perhaps those tears he had seen were —

"Any letters for the 'ouse, sir?" said Chunk, putting head in at the door. "James is here, just goin' to 'Alidon."

Trumpley started up and went to the outer office, the letter in his hand. James was there, contemplating a row of green boxes on a high shelf, with cabalistic figures in white paint upon their sides. The numbers ran from 1860 to 1869, and James supposing these boxes were filled with sovereigns, was endeavoring to cast up the sum contained in the ten boxes. It was something less than twenty thousand pounds, and was, he thought, kept there handy in case of a run on the bank.

"A letter for Miss Grahame, James," said Wailes.

"All right, sir. Thank'ee, sir."

"She was at the Cathedral?"

"Yes, sir. S'pose Miss Hell Weese wanted to go."

Wailes was slightly shocked at this improper language, but conscious of the impropriety of further questions, was about to retire.

"'Scuse me, sir," said James, "but is gold in all them boxes?"

Wailes looked at the boxes carelessly and relieved the servant's tortured mind.

"Oh no. There is nothing but papers, I presume."

"I thought them figgers meant pounds," said James, disappointed.

"The figures? Oh no. Those are the dates."

One more look. He had nearly decided it should be the last. Taking his hat, he walked rapidly through Queen Street, and then by short by-ways into the road to Halidon. There was a common on the outskirt of the town, and he turned into it, and lay down on the grass under a tree. The road was visible.

The two girls first. One walking like a duchess; the other tripping like a fairy.

Then James, a few yards behind them.

Then Tim, Radcliffe's groom.

Then the old woman in the poke-bonnet.

Wailes watched them until the last flutter of their veils disappeared, and then went back to the cool shades of Browler Brothers. He had seen a copy of Burke in Mr. Grippe's room. He would study a little heraldry.

Grahame. Plenty of them. Grahames of Sussex. Crest, a falcon with a chain in its bill. That was it! The letter was from her father, brother, uncle, and the jealousy departed. And now he was at liberty to muse upon that encounter in the ancient Cathedral.

How had he recognised her at first?

Ah! He would have been conscious of her proximity if he had been stone-blind. She was half hidden behind Heloïse, her veil covered her face. Her dress was different. But he remembered that he had no shadow of doubt as to her identity. The droop of her shapely shoulders was enough. Surely there were none like them in England.

Mabel Grahame. He seemed to know her a great deal better, now that he had learned her name. Mabel. This was a thousand times better than Mardi Gras. Mabel, Mabel, darling Mabel, with tearful eyes! Was he never to see that lovely face lit up with smiles? Why did she fly from him? Why should she repulse him so resolutely? Who could help him?

Then came another reflection. The old woman in the poke-bonnet had stung him deeply, though he had not noticed her assault at the time. She had questioned his manhood; and as he understood her as warning him against some rival with "cat-eyes," she of course had referred to Mabel. But who was the rival?

He remembered now where he had seen the woman. It was at Beechwood. And the rival could be none other than Clinton! "Cat-eyes!" Certainly. Had he not seen him putting six bullets together in a tree twenty yards distant by moonlight? And Clinton's sudden interest when he pointed out Halidon to him! He would think it over as he walked home. It would not do to jump at rash conclusions. And he would talk again with the fierce beldam.

As he locked his desk, at four o'clock, Mr. Clinton came in.

"Come, Wailes," he said, "I have been waiting for you. You will walk with me as far as Beechwood, will you not? In two or three days the place will be habitable, and then you will stay with me a week or so."

"I shall be a dull companion."

"All the better. I can enliven you. I will tell you some things. Come on!"

As they passed the common, Clinton startled his companion, who was thinking of the flutter of the veils he had seen a few hours ago, by referring to them.

"These ladies' veils are a nuisance," said he. "This very day one of them hid from me the loveliest face in England. And by way of equation I have, twice to-day, seen the countenance of the ugliest, cat-eyed whelp in Christendom totally unveiled!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. HAMET.

"*Ma belle!*" said Heloïse, when the two girls were passing the common, "did you ever hear of Mr. Radcliffe Merton?"

Mabel had been waiting since noon for some question from Heloïse touching the encounter in the Cathedral. How much the French girl had seen or suspected she could not tell, but she was on her guard when the sudden question was propounded.

"Yes," she answered promptly, "I have heard of him."

"Where does he live?"

"I am not sure that I know. I believe he owns or will inherit some estates in this county."

"Have you seen him?" said Heloïse softly.

"I cannot answer that question either, positively," said Mabel composedly, "but I think I have."

"To-day?" This was said with sublime indifference.

"Perhaps; I may say yes, that is if I have ever seen him. Why do you ask? Do you know this gentleman?"

"Ah!" said Heloïse, "one never knows. Why are you doubtful?"

"Because I had heard of Mr. Merton before I came to Gloucester. I did not know what he was like, but I heard that he resided near the town. I saw a gentleman to-day that I thought might be he."

"And I also," replied Heloïse; "I saw a gentleman in Paris many times, but knew not his name. I saw him again to-day, and when you were not near I asked James. You are so exact in your proprieties! James replied to me that it was Mr. Radcliffe Merton. That is all."

They walked on in silence, each conscious that she was hiding something from the other, and each suspecting the other of reticence. If they had been more frank, or if they had continued the conversation, they would have discovered and corrected mistakes which, unexplained, colored their future lives.

Behind them came James and Tim. The latter had overtaken the footman, and entered into conversation with easy grace.

"Fine evening for walking," said Tim.

"Warm!" responded James. "You're Mr. Merton's groom?"

"Exactly!" said Tim, not having a lie at hand to meet the emergency; "you're at Grippe's?"

"Yes. Man and boy. Been there fifteen year."

"Oh, then you must have knowed the ladies yonder when they was children? Mr. Grippe's daughters?"

"No; leastways not both. Miss Hell Weese is his daughter, p'raps. Don't know."

"Which one is her?" asked Tim, innocently.

James nodded his head at the ladies and answered:

"That one."

"Indeed! The short one? Thought I seed a likeness."

"I didn't say the short one, but quite contrary. And I don't see no likeness neither." James interposed this disclaimer with stolid dignity. "The short one is Miss Gram."

"Miss Gram!" said Tim, making a mental note. "And she is Grippe's niece or something?"

"Mebbe so," replied James gravely; "I never heard that Grippe had nieces. But mebbe he has. Has Merton any nieces?"

Tim indulged in a subdued laugh, and seeing that his companion's grim visage relaxed somewhat, he prolonged the laugh while he reflected. His instructions required him to "find out everything," and his present stock of information was meagre.

"I always heard that Grippe was an old bach," said Tim at length;

"I was quite took aback when I heard of his daughter. He will leave a good pot of money too, some day."

James in turn reflected awhile before *he* answered. He had heretofore considered his master in tolerably comfortable circumstances, but the recent discovery that the green boxes did not contain sovereigns had shaken his faith slightly. Mr. Grippe was about twenty thousand pounds poorer in his estimation; still it would not do to damage the credit of Browler Brothers.

"Them kind never dies," he said solemnly. "How can he leave anythink when he won't die? You'd think to hear him cough and sneeze with one o' his asmas, that every breath would be his last. But them kind never dies. I knowed a man in Glo'ster that had asma when I was a kid. He was well on to ninety then, and he choked and sneezed hisself black in the face three times a week reg'ler. We used to rush in and shake him up, and slap him on the back when the fits was on."

"Did he die at last?" said Tim, interested.

"Not he!" replied James, with an air of disgust. "He moved away. He went to the West Ingies for his health when he was about a hundred, and he got struck by lightenin out there among the niggers."

"I s'pose that finished him?" said Tim.

"Don't know; it turned him black, I believe."

"Them ladies don't look a bit alike," observed Tim; "they don't walk alike. Old friends, I s'pose?"

"Cawn't say, I'm sure. Miss Gram is a kind o' govern nurse, if you *must* know. I seed her teachin' Miss Hell her letters."

"*What* did you call her?" said Tim, in horror.

"Miss Hell Weese," answered James. "It don't sound very nice, but it's French, and mebbe it is no harm in that lingo. I s'pose Weese is the French for Grippe."

"Do you know," said Tim cautiously, "that the old woman behind us can hear every word we are saying?"

James indulged in a very broad grin.

"That old woman is Mrs. Hamet," he replied. "If you was to shoot a forty-two pounder off right under her nose, she might p'raps smell the powder. She's deaf as a post."

"Is she?" said Tim, suspiciously. "You can tell sometimes when people *do* hear, but you can't allers tell when they don't."

"No mistake about Mrs. Hamet. She has lived at Beechwood iver since I was a kid. And she has been deaf all that time. How could she live so long at Beechwood if she had her hearing?"

"What's the matter with Beechwood?"

"Ghosts! Here we are. Them's the gates. Hullo! What's up now?" This exclamation was caused by Mrs. Hamet's action. She passed the two servants swiftly, and overtook the girls at the gates. They paused, seeing her approach.

"Will the ladies walk in and look at the grounds?" she said, throwing the gate open. "There is no one here excepting the painters. Mr. Clinton is in Gloucester, and will not return until evening."

Heloïse did not understand a word, but the gesture was a plain invitation, and she squeezed her companion's arm.

"I think not, ma-am," answered Mabel, irresolutely.

"Pray do not refuse," said the old woman plaintively. "You do not know how lonesome my life is here. I have not looked with pleasure on any human face for twenty years until to-day. Pray come and sit under the beeches a little time."

Something in her manner broke down all the feeble barriers which Mabel's ideas of propriety had reared. She led the way into the grounds. The shade of the trees was very pleasant after their walk in the sunny road. There were two magnificent beeches, springing from the same root, standing near the south wing, and a garden-seat encircled the two. Mrs. Hamet escorted the ladies to this seat, and after a momentary hesitation sat down at Mabel's side.

"Long, long ago!" she murmured. She took off the queer bonnet, and the green glasses that hid her eyes. Mabel noticed the tremulous hands, and her soul was filled with tender pity.

"You are fatigued with your long walk. Will you have my fan?"

The deaf woman made no reply, but gently putting Mabel's veil aside, looked anxiously into her eyes. The contact with the polished lady seemed to ennoble the older woman, and there was a new dignity and grace in her manner.

"Pardon my rudeness," she said. "I could not help it. You look kind and good. Do you engage in missionary work sometimes?"

"My father is a clergyman," answered Mabel, "and I have always been with him until now. I have been allowed to help him in his ministrations among poor people."

"And you have found other woes than those of poverty? You have met with cases where soft words were more comforting than hard money?"

"Yes," said Mabel. "Mere poverty is a minor evil. I have never known a case where want was not a consequence of folly or wrongdoing."

"And you have been careful to say so to your pensioners?" continued Mrs. Hamet, who seemed to hear Mabel's low voice notwithstanding her infirmity. "Pardon me again, but I have supposed this was an important part of missionary work."

"I am afraid I have rather neglected that duty," said Mabel. "I have usually found so much to pity, that I have overlooked much that might be condemned."

"Do you live at — at Halidon?"

"Yes. I am living there with this lady."

"Is she related to you, if I may ask?"

"No."

"Do you know Mr. Radcliffe Merton?" said Mrs. Hamet, in a whisper so sharp and fierce that Mabel was startled. She looked curiously at the eager eyes of her questioner without replying.

"Because he is pursuing you! Do you know that?"

"I cannot tell," answered Mabel. "Why should he pursue me? I never saw him until this very week."

"Beware of him, child! Avoid him! Better you were dead than — Ah! you are pale and red by turns. What ails you? Has this hound spoken to you?"

"I have had no conversation with this gentleman," replied Mabel, speaking with quiet dignity. "He has done me a great service, and I have not even thanked him. He cannot wish to pursue me long, as he must think me both underbred and ungrateful. He has twice given me the opportunity to acknowledge my obligation, and I have twice refused to do it. All within three days."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Hamet, compassionately, as she resumed her goggles and bonnet. "Listen to the warning I give you. This Merton is a devil incarnate! Hear another word. I know a poor wretch to whom your ministrations would be helpful: will you help her if I point her out to you?"

"Gladly. Where is she?"

"Not very distant from Halidon. I will tell you hereafter. If you are rested, come look at the flowers. Bid your friend come also."

While James and Tim were waiting dubiously at the gate, the ladies disappeared within the conservatory.

"They've gone in," observed Tim. "They must have known your deaf woman."

"Never seed her until this mornin'," answered James.

"Miss Gram and her had a good talk under the trees yonder. She seemed to hear well enough too."

"Miss Gram talked mostly by signs, I dessay," said James. "Deef people learn to hear with their eyes anyway. Here comes your gov'ner."

Tim walked out in the road as Mr. Merton drew near, and after a brief colloquy, climbed up to his perch, and the dog-cart bore the worthy couple on toward Merton. Through the glass walls of the conservatory six eyes watched the retreating vehicle. Two of them black and sparkling, looked kindly and eagerly at the stylish turnout. Two of them blue and pitiful, seemed to foresee some catastrophe at the end of the gay career of the driver. And two of them peering through green goggles, seemed to anticipate the catastrophe with grim satisfaction.

The conservatory at Beechwood contained many rare plants, and it was evident that they had been carefully cultivated. Mrs. Hamet pointed out several varieties of exotics, the like of which she said could not be found elsewhere in England. Mabel listened with surprise to her enumeration of these botanical treasures, and the old woman replied to her looks.

"The care of this conservatory has been my only occupation," she observed, "for many long years. The tenants that have lived here rather avoided this part of the house, and they were not allowed to disturb the plants. I suppose what remains of sanity I still retain I owe to the gentle influence of these flowers. They at least do not lie nor defraud."

"It pains me to hear you speak in this way," said Mabel, "and I wish I could comfort you by some means."

"No doubt you can, child. And perhaps I can be of service to you also. *Nous verrons.*"

Heloïse started. "Ah, madame speaks French also," she said, in that tongue.

Mrs. Hamet was confused. But after a moment's hesitation she turned to Mabel again.

"Say to her that I know a few French phrases. I am trying to devise a plan. I cannot go to you, and you cannot come here to me; but you can bring your friend out sometimes to walk, and I will meet you in the road. There are many lovely lanes between this place and Merton, and I know them all. Will you come?"

"Yes," answered Mabel, with some hesitation. "We can bring James also. I think Mr. Grippe would not consent otherwise."

"Let it be so then. To-morrow, an hour before noon, I will walk down the road. If I meet you, well. If not, I can return to my flowers. And now it is time for you to go, as the new tenant may arrive at any time."

"Come, *Heloïse*!" said Mabel, blushing; "we are transgressing terribly. If Mr. Grippe knew all, he would lock us up within the walls of Halidon for the rest of the summer. Come!"

"Bah!" said *Heloïse*, irreverently. "We will manage Monsieur Grippe. I am going to have the house full of company before summer is ended. *Au revoir, madame!*"

Mrs. Hamet gathered a bouquet of her rarest flowers and gave it to *Heloïse*.

"You will tell Mr. Grippe you have been here, of course," she said to Mabel. "Let mademoiselle show him the flowers and he will not scold."

When the girls passed through the gateway, Mrs. Hamet reëntered the conservatory, locking the door on the inside; and then proceeding to the south end, she pushed aside a box containing a small lemon-tree which moved upon rollers. At the same time a part of the south wall opened, being moved by some machinery connected with the tree-box, and when she went through the opening, which was really a secret sliding door, she closed it behind her, and the lemon tree rolled back to its place. If any onlooker had seen this queer movement without knowing Mrs. Hamet's part of the performance, he would certainly have concluded that Beechwood had a right to its uncanny reputation.

Mrs. Hamet, however, very coolly walked round the south wing and entered her own apartment.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BLACK GHOSTS.

Mr. Podd had been engaged during the day adorning the grounds of sundry 'ristocrats at Gloucester. At nightfall, receiving his wages, he fortified his inner man with a mutton-pie and two or three pots of beer. The "pipe or two" that he smoked afterwards settled his stomach and soothed his feelings, and he went from the chop-house to the rooms of a "liberal club," of which he was an honored member. At this cheerful gathering of kindred spirits he found more beer and more pipes, the soothing influence being the more needful because the speeches were rather inflammatory. The club demonstrated by sev-

eral deliverances that all forms of government were essentially tyrannical, that religious restraints were of the nature of a swindle, that property was robbery (this was an accepted postulate), which was the more readily accepted as a corner-stone doctrine because the club, individually and collectively, did not hold property. The halls of this association were composed of a little back-room behind a pot-house, and the top of a water-butt which stood outside, near the solitary window of the apartment. The president occupied a stool on top of this butt, and the night being hot, his official position was to be envied. Mr. Podd sat on the window-sill, and the supplies of beer were brought in at irregular intervals by a pot-boy from the front room, this Ganymede being summoned by pounding the table with pewter-mugs. The discussions were rather desultory, and in the main were more or less personal. The frightful wrongs imposed on workingmen in withholding property from them, and requiring labor for wages, were only stated for the sake of bringing the wrong-doers prominently forward, and ventilating their individual atrocities. Mr. Grippe was discussed with amazing liberality in so far as the quantity of discussion was concerned, and very illiberally with respect to the quality. The ownership of Halidon was a more grievous offence than common, because it had been in the hands of the Trumpleys through successive generations. The money that paid for the estate had been wrung from numberless widows and orphans who had kept imaginary bank accounts with Browler Brothers, and there were not wanting dark hints that some of the speakers were among the afore-said orphans. This piece of contemporaneous history was peculiarly startling, as there was nothing in the appearance of the orators to indicate their previous affluence. Although Mr. Clinton was quite a newcomer, he came in for a share of the compliments. Some of the speakers had been bricklaying at Beechwood that day, and had seen such indications of wealth about the place as to put Mr. Clinton in the category of 'ristocrats. How a Yankee coming from a country where every man was better than every other in political and social status, could be a 'ristocrat, was the *pons asinorum* that broke up the meeting for the night.

Before this catastrophe occurred Mr. Podd had enlightened the meeting by giving a succinct history of Mr. Trumpley Wailes. There was such a strange combination of evils about this youth that Mr. Podd was hardly equal to the task of enumerating them. It is to be feared that some noxious ingredient in the beer had somewhat muddled the orator's mind, but he made up in vehemence of denunciation what he lacked in coherence of statement. The first count in his indictment related to the 'ristocracy of a man who was "naught better than a cadger" in the matter of worldly goods, and who yet persisted in going through life with his nose in the air. His connexion with the Trumpleys of Halidon was derided in forcible terms, inasmuch as Mr. Grippe really held the estates, and Wailes was hopelessly debarred from that inheritance even if he had any natural right to it. In a discursive vein Mr. Podd then assaulted the right of primogeniture and the law of entail; and as neither of these enormities availed Wailes, the fact of his entering "trade" to better his condition was a

crowning proof of the inherent meanness of 'ristocracy. Because wage, as the fruit of labor, was the inalienable right of the working man, as contradistinguished from the gentleman; and this right, like certain other inalienable rights, was constantly impaired in all priest-ridden and law-making countries.

By way of peroration Mr. Podd broke his pipe into minute fragments, and crunching the ill-flavored remains under his boots, he stalked out of the meeting. He had to walk to Merton, and feeling a cheerful complacency in the retrospect of a well-spent day, he began his walk under the quiet heavens, not far from midnight. The route was rather longer by Halidon, so he took that road. The moon was in the last quarter, and was just appearing above the eastern horizon.

Arrived at Beechwood, Mr. Podd sat down on the roadside to rest. The night was still, excepting the slight rustling of the beeches, and Mr. Podd distinctly heard the hall-clock announcing the midnight hour. Like everybody else in the neighborhood, the gardener had heard some vague stories concerning supernatural appearances about the old mansion, and although he was thoroughly skeptical on this and all kindred topics, he crawled down to the gates with some trepidation, and peered curiously into the shaded enclosure. The south wing and the eastern end of the conservatory were visible, flecked with stray beams of moonlight; and while Mr. Podd was blinking drowsily through the gate, he clearly saw a dark figure pass from the clump of trees before him and disappear against the conservatory wall. It just seemed to melt away like mist before the sun!

Pondering this strange event, he looked again intently at the clump of beeches, and sure enough there was a movement of some sort discernible against the gray bark. A figure came up noiselessly to the trees, then passed apparently through them in the uncertain light, and approached the gate. Podd crouched lower and watched. The figure approached nearer, now hidden by the bushes, and suddenly reappearing, it placed a foot on the lower cross-bar of the gate, a hand on the spear-head above. Both foot and hand were jet black, distinctly seen in the moonlight. Then a black face with shining eyeballs looked over the gate, and Mr. Podd scrambling to his feet, fled down the road with a prolonged snort of terror. Throwing one appalled glance back, he saw a second black countenance appear over the gate top facing the rising moon. Two black heads, two rows of glistening teeth met his eyes, and as he spurned the dust of the highway, he heard a discordant yell that was a fiendish caricature of laughter in duetto.

A mile below the gate he paused, thoroughly blown, and again squatting on the roadside, set himself resolutely to the task of unravelling the mystery.

"Black as the hinges!" he muttered. "I s'pose there must be a devil, and that was him! What did he come naggin' at me for? I didn't do nothink. There was two on 'em! I swear I saw two, their eyeballs shining like fire! There couldn't be no foolin' about that! I have to go there to-morrow to take some plants. It will be daylight then, anyway."

The ghosts descended from their perch on the gate as the gardener

kicked up a dense cloud of dust in his flight, and as they walked back to the house they indulged in sundry fits of chuckling. They entered the kitchen, and while the pearly teeth glistened in the light of the lamp, they still shook and grunted in their uncouth merriment.

"Tell you what it is, Phillis," observed the male apparition, "dat fellow is gwine to run till mornin'! What de debble do you s'pose he was doin' der?"

"Don't know, Memnon," answered the female ghost. "I spect we better tell Mars Clint."

"Not to-night, Phillis woman," said Memnon. "I spect he done gone to sleep."

"He say he gwine to sot up. He fuffin' at his pipe up yonder. Smelt de smoke when we was comin' in. I'll go out and see."

She went out under the balcony. There was a light in the room above. She waited and listened for some movement, and while she stood irresolute, she heard, floating around her, above her, the echo of strange laughter:

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

On the instant Mr. Clinton appeared on the balcony.

"Hi! Mars Clint!" said Phillis, "was dat you a laffin'? You purty nigh skeart me out ob my shoes!"

"Is that you, Phillis?" answered Clinton. "What are you doing up and out at this unwholesome hour? Where is Agamemnon?"

"In de kitchen, sar. We was goin' to bed, but when we seed your light Memnon said we better wait awhile. We bin sittin' out dar under de trees."

"Well?"

"Dat's all, sar — only —"

"Only what, Phillis?"

"Here you, Memnon! Mars Clint callin' fur you!"

The Greek warrior came out upon the dewy grass.

"Mars Clint want to know what you done saw?" said Phillis.

"He, he!" said Memnon, chuckling, "you mean de fellow gallopin' down de road? Well, sar, me and Phillis was out dar half asleep, and Phillis she seed a tall lady sittin' on de bench round de trees."

"Tall lady!"

"Yes, sar," said Phillis, taking up the thread. "She got up and sailed along over de grass till she come to de end ob de house. Memnon follered her — he was barfooted."

"And then?" said Clinton, as she paused.

"Den sar," said Memnon, "she jist went out like a candle. She went up to de clouds or into de ground, dunno which."

"What stuff are you talking, Memnon?"

"All true, Mars Clint. She was a rale ghos'."

"Pshaw! You were asleep."

"Werry well den — what's dat?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

It came from the room above where Mr. Clinton stood at the open window.

"Any body up der wid you, Mars Clint?" said Phillis in a subdued whisper.

"I don't see anybody, Phillis."

"Mebbe you done gone to sleep, Mars Clint!" said Agamemnon spitefully.

"What did you see after your ghost disappeared?"

"Oh!" answered the African, "den I seed a fellow skrooched up at de gate. He was peepin' in through de bars. I walked down and clumb up on de gate, and he run like de debble was arter him."

"What was he like?" said Clinton.

"Po' white trash, sar. Phillis seed him. What you think him like, Phillis?"

"Po' white trash," answered Phillis promptly.

"Some drunken fellow from Gloucester, I suppose," said Mr. Clinton. "There is the clock. One. Better go to bed, Phillis. Take your husband in and let him finish his dream."

"I s'pose you gwine to dream 'bout dat laffin," muttered Agamemnon, as he moved away. "Come in, Phillis. Ghosses don't carry on foolishness arter one o'clock."

When the negroes reached the kitchen, Memnon trimmed the lamp, and seating himself, with a lordly air demanded of his better half some rational explanation of the unearthly laughter they had heard.

"No use to ax me," said Phillis. "I done hear it twice. Mebbe it is one of Mars Clint's tricks."

"Don't believe it," said Memnon dogmatically; "Mars Clint was flustered hisself. Hi! who dat at de door?"

"It is I," said Mr. Clinton. "Go to bed. I am going to walk about here and smoke. I know that the laughter was—"

"What, Mars Clint?" said the two breathlessly.

"Some acoustic phenomenon, at present inexplicable. Go to bed, I say!"

As the obedient negroes ascended to their dormitory, awe-stricken, Memnon whispered:

"Goose-sticks flommary! O Vaginny! No sich varmint in ole Vaginny!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORNING CALLS.

A week after the events last recorded, Mr. Clinton appeared at Rose Cottage. He had driven down in a handsome pony phaeton, glistening in newness. The week had been a busy one with him, and Beechwood showed the power of money well expended in its rapid transformations. All the habitable part of the house had been renovated and furnished, the stables were brought into use and occupation, and Mr. Clinton's turnout was thoroughly discussed in Gloucester and on all the roads between Gloucester and Merton. Cards had been left at Beechwood by sundry county dignitaries. Squire Merton had ridden over, making a formal call, and engaging the American to a dinner in the next week. Mr. Grippe had stopped, and expressed the hope of seeing Mr. Clinton at his annual dinner, now nearly due. In addition to the credit from Corfu, Mr. Clinton had transferred a considerable sum from London to Browler Brothers' bank, and somehow

the county magnates had found this out. The servants flitting about the house and grounds were visible from the road, and the ghosts had no chance to disport themselves in so thickly populated a locality. Mr. Podd had trimmed and transplanted, occupying several days, looking askance at Agamemnon (who seemed to be major-domo of the establishment), and cursing his own stupidity, not loudly but deeply, for running himself out of breath from so poor a counterfeit of Satan as the harmless African.

Mrs. Wailes received her visitor very cordially.

"I come to ask a great favor of you, Madam," he said. "Will you honor me by dining at Beechwood to-morrow?"

"I must ask my son," she answered, with a little hesitation, "or, as it is always best to tell the exact truth, I must say that I shrink from revisiting Beechwood."

"Yes, Madam," replied Clinton, "I expected some such answer, and therefore I came to prefer my request in person instead of sending a note. I have invited your son, who refers me to you. Ah, Madam! how happy are you both; you in your son, he in his mother. I venture to press this invitation, however, hoping you will hear my reasons."

"Certainly, Mr. Clinton. It may be that my reluctance is not wise. I should be proof against painful souvenirs at my age."

"It is because of your former acquaintance with Beechwood that I am the more urgent, Madam."

"Well," said Mrs. Wailes, "if Trump does not object."

"He bade me say it would give him pleasure, Madam, if the visit would be pleasant to you."

"It is only for a few hours," replied Mrs. Wailes, smiling, "and I think I may accept—"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Wailes," said Clinton earnestly, "but it is more than a few hours. I hope you will pass the night there. Forgive me if I am transgressing, and hear me out. I have seen sights and heard sounds at Beechwood that I cannot account for. I have weighty reasons impelling me to unravel the mystery."

"What have you seen?"

"I have seen the form of a woman moving through the grounds, and—disappearing unaccountably."

"What have you heard?"

"I have heard laughter, distinctly, positively! It was in the chamber where I sat, in the air outside, apparently floating around me—everywhere!"

"And were you frightened or awed?"

"Neither," answered Clinton, slowly. "I can hardly tell you my emotions. I am perplexed—that is all."

"And what do you wish me to do?"

"Dine at Beechwood to-morrow—say at seven o'clock. Then I will dismiss the servants—say at eleven—and you and Wailes shall retire. But before midnight you will rejoin me in my room, and we three will watch."

"It is a pleasant prospect!" said Mrs. Wailes, shivering.

"I am ashamed of myself for proposing it, and withdraw the

request," said Clinton. "Let us say no more about it. I think I can ferret it out in time. And, Mrs. Wailes," he continued cheerfully, "I will not press the dinner invitation either. It was only a sentiment after all."

"A sentiment?"

"Yes, Ma'am. You have been so kind to me that I said to myself, Mrs. Wailes shall have the first entertainment that Beechwood offers. I had some foolish idea or notion that it would be lucky to have you first." There was a little tremor in his voice as he said this. "You see, I have led so independent a life, that I have made me no friendships; and I thought in my selfishness that you and Wailes might somehow come to take the places of those who died before I knew them. It is horribly ill-bred to annoy you thus, for I see you *are* annoyed. I am truly sorry."

"I will come," said Mrs. Wailes, composedly; "and I will take breakfast with you, the next morning. There."

"And you will allow me to send for you, will you not?"

"Yes. I have no carriage. My visits are usually made within walking distances."

"Good people like you get to heaven by acts of this sort, Madam. Pure charity, pure beneficence, with self-denial."

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Wailes. "Heaven is not obtained in that way. I shall preach to you while we wait to-morrow night."

"And I shall listen devoutly, and I promise to believe all your preaching. This is more than I have ever done before."

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Wailes, as Clinton rose.

"To Merton Park. I owe a visit to the good Squire."

"You are unfortunate, Mr. Radcliffe; the young squire went to London this morning. You will miss him."

"Indeed!" replied Clinton, as he descended the steps of the porch. "That is a misfortune! But your candor is contagious, Mrs. Wailes; and I will tell you the exact truth. I saw the young squire depart by the train, and I decided to take advantage of his absence and make my visit."

"Then you do not wish to meet him?"

"Not at present. Hereafter I hope to have that pleasure. I am not quite ready. Good morning, Madam."

As the ponies trotted briskly up the lane, Mr. Clinton soliloquised.

"Yonder cottage is the Castle of Truth. I did not need tell Mrs. Wailes that I avoided this Merton. She will fancy that I am courting Miss Sybil! Why not!

"How promptly Mrs. Wailes detected my antipathy! If she does not repel my confidence, I shall tell her about it. And she will tell Trump; and Trump will put me through a catechism! He remembers our German life.

"No matter. I shall tell her anyhow. She is a dear old lady. I can tell her the story without mentioning names. Perhaps she will not suspect the true actors.

"Time enough to meet the exigency when it comes."

And with this juvenile conclusion he entered the grounds of Merton Park.

The Squire and Miss Merton had driven into the village. Miss Sybil was at home. She appeared immediately. Thought the ponies were lovely. Were they quite manageable? Would be delighted to get her hat and drive into the village to meet her father and sister, if Mr. Clinton would return with them to luncheon. Papa was speaking of him this morning, and would be glad to see him. Might she drive? Radcliffe had gone to London. Would be absent two weeks. How unlucky! Aunt Merton had sent for him. What a beautiful phaeton!

While all this monologue progressed, Clinton was making up his mind. He had seen Miss Sybil once or twice, and found that he admired her more and more. He had heard that she was destined for Radcliffe, and he longed to disappoint him. He was horror-stricken at the thought of wasting such sweetness upon the arid desert of his selfishness. Decidedly, he would use all his efforts to supplant young Merton, and he would allow himself to fall in love with this gentle lady on the spot.

"You drive so well, Miss Merton," he said, "that I am tempted to ask a great favor of you. I am training the ponies. May I come down here occasionally and get your aid?"

"Oh, you are making fun of me!"

"Far from it! I am entirely serious. You handle the ribbons so much better than I do, that I am gaining knowledge of the art while I watch you. I am a horseman, tolerably expert, but I have not driven a dozen times in all my life."

This was said so simply that his companion was satisfied that he was sincere.

"I must ask Papa," she answered, blushing slightly.

"I will ask him this very day, unless you forbid me. You do not answer. Allow me, once for all, to explain matters. You know I am an American, and it is quite probable that I continually transgress some English rules of propriety. But believe me, I am most eager to avoid offence, and you will do me a genuine kindness if you will give me a hint when I blunder into wrong expressions or actions."

"I am sure you are making fun now, Mr. Clinton," replied Sybil. "I have never known you to transgress any rules. You have some peculiarities of speech—"

"Pray criticise them, now and always," he said eagerly. "You don't mean that I have a nasal twang?"

"No. What is the name of your native State?"

"New York."

"Ah, that is a city. I mean the province or State, or whatever you call it."

"New York State is about as large as England. New York city is not so large as London."

"Indeed! I thought you were from another State."

"You mean Virginia?"

"Yes. Well, you call it 'Phaginny.'"

"Do I?" said Clinton, astonished.

"Certainly you do. Phaginny! Now take that for your first lesson, and learn to say 'Virginia.' I will give you some other words

hereafter. There is the carriage coming. Papa does not see anything but your horses."

When the vehicles met in the road, the Squire descended from his carriage, and with a nod to Clinton, proceeded to investigate the ponies. He opened their mouths and scrutinised their teeth with great care. Their dental endowments being found in order, he took up their feet, where he found cause of complaint.

"That brute of a smith has pared down their hoofs," he said. "You must go down to the village and have them shod next time, Clinton. They had beautiful colts' feet—beautiful—both babies. How do they drive?"

"You must ask Miss Sybil, sir," answered Clinton; "she is instructing me in the art."

"Don't you know how to drive? Here, Baby, change places with me. I will give Mr. Clinton a lesson."

It is certain that Mr. Clinton very strongly objected to this change of instructors, but the Squire's tones were imperative. While he tried to think of the best form of expostulation, Mr. Merton whisked his daughter out of the phaeton and escorted her politely to his vacated seat in the family coach. She saw her pupil's disconcerted expression, and out of pure charity she threw him a smile and a consolatory word.

"Never mind, Mr. Clinton, we will 'resume our studies,' as Madame Finish used to say, some other time."

"Many thanks. I shall not heed the Squire's instructions, unless they accord with yours. Will you get in, sir?"

"Yes. Move over, please. I must have your seat. What do you call the off filly?"

"Phaginnny," said Clinton. Sybil held up a warning finger.

"And the other?"

"Baby." He glanced furtively at Sybil, and added, "She is a pet, sir."

"All right. She should be on the off side, though. We will change them when we get home. Now drive on, John. We will just drive to the brook, girls, and overtake you before you get home. G'long!"

When Mr. Clinton drove back to Beechwood that glowing afternoon, he had the enjoyment of recalling several odd bits of pleasant chat with Sybil, at luncheon, alternating this mental exercise with perplexed cogitations upon a parting remark of Miss Merton, who startled him by saying that he "strongly resembled the Patriarch Jacob"—and contrary to her usual habit, she refused to enumerate the points of resemblance.

JULES JANIN.

IN Jules Janin, the bizarre old French critic, who is just dead, France loses the "King of the feuilleton," and one of her most notable and original writers. M. About and others fail to do him justice, we think, and the London *Athenæum* speaks of him in slighting terms; but all Paris, and France too, found in his feuilletons something which they did not find elsewhere. He was valued as highly in all the capitals of Europe. As to his estimation in this country, it would seem to be not very flattering. He is regarded, we believe, as "only a newspaper writer"—epigrammatic, it may be, but after all a mere *persifleur* and snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: an embodiment in style of vanity and affectation; a man seldom if ever natural, never dignified; a mere recorder in his weekly feuilletons of literary gossip, the *on-dits* of the *coulisses* and the echoes of the clubs and boulevards, of which he made a highly-seasoned compound, agreeable perhaps to read, but worthless save for the amusement of the moment. Such is the estimate of Janin with those who do not read him; and as he is seldom translated, those who do not read him in his own original words rarely read him at all. He delighted France and Europe for fifty years nearly, and we look upon him as at best a clever paragraphist!

He was much more than this, and in France ranks *facile princeps* in his field of writing. The old and popular *Journal of Debates* almost depended on his Monday article. And the fact is easily accounted for. Whatever was worth knowing, talking about, speculating upon, praising, assailing, approving, disapproving, in Parisian life, was embodied here in sparkling and epigrammatic paragraphs—fanciful, odd, fantastic sometimes, but almost always fresh, new, full of point, blazing with *esprit*; and the loss now of this weekly stimulant, mingled wisely by the hand of the old master, is the loss of a unique flavor, long familiar and esteemed—a something which no other littérateur of the epoch has the art to infuse into his work. The writing of Janin was the *pâté de foie gras* of literature. He is dead, and the delicacy goes with him. Others are justly popular for grace and wit and *verve*; Janin had all these, and more. Passing away at seventy, the victim of gout, with his mind in full vigor to the very last, he leaves his mantle to nobody.

In this paper the writer designs rather a little desultory gossip on Janin than a deliberate critical estimate of him as a writer, or biography of him as a man. His life was uneventful. He was born in 1804 at Saint-Etienne, in the department of the Loire; and some influence from that memorial region, full of the *dolce far niente*, seems to have entered into his blood. It is the old wonderful land of the Abbey of Fontevault, of Rabelais, of Chinon; a slumbrous domain where Montaigne would have had his château if he could, instead of in Perigord; a land of historic memories, traditions, great names and

romance — Blois, Amboise, Tours, St. Aignan, Luynes, Châtelheraut — full of a mysterious attraction, which Janin seems to have appreciated. The poverty of his family induced them to design the boy for trade ; but trade did not suit him in the least, and at nineteen he went to Paris, with a few francs only in his pocket, to make his living by his pen. The struggle began on the threshold ; it was with Janin a question of food. He wrote a criticism on some contemporary verse, and taking it to the office of the *Gazette of France*, offered it for sale. "Have you written for the papers before?" asked the editor. "No, Monsieur," was the reply. The MS. was politely handed back to him, he was bowed out ; and going to office after office, he met with the same reception. He was unknown, therefore he was nobody ; and he went to a restaurant to consume his last francs. Then starvation would stare him in the face.

At the last moment the tide turned. A middle-aged gentleman sat opposite to Janin at the restaurant table, and conversation ensued. Janin was poor, friendless, and unreserved. He told his story to the unknown gentleman, and exhibited his oft-rejected MS. The stranger read it, drew forth a pencil and scrap of paper, and said : "It is remarkably good. Let me give you a few lines to M. Bertin of the *Journal of Debates*. I am sure he will take it." He will "*take it!*" the first MS. of Jules Janin ! It would probably sell to-day in Paris for ten thousand francs, and the author received ten dollars for it.

The stranger was the Abbé Rabbe of well-known history, and the note to Bertin was the young author's entering-wedge. Bertin read his MS., accepted it for publication, paying the writer fifty francs, and commissioned him to report a trial for murder. Janin wrote the report. M. Bertin's experienced eye saw a valuable associate in the country youth. He was appointed on the staff of the great journal as a sort of miscellaneous writer, and in another year was the theatrical critic, which in France means much, for the first article in the morning paper that is read in Paris is the theatrical criticism. Janin saw that his way was now clear. He took no one for his model — that enormous merit in a writer — struck out like an able swimmer, confident in himself, breasted the surge of Parisian life, and, in a word, invented the feuilleton, of which Heine said he was "the King." From the moment when Janin introduced this species of writing it became immensely popular ; as much so as it is to-day, when it seems indispensable to the existence of the Parisians. Janin had discovered the literary want of his epoch — the *causerie* to be read at breakfast with the *café au lait* — and thenceforth his fortune was made. Fame and fortune both came quickly, and remained with him. The poor youth had become a power in letters, and the publishers hastened to pour gold into his lap. The stream did not cease, and when he died, Janin was wealthy without speculation, trade or stock-gambling, from the honest labor of his pen. He reigned almost without a competitor in the species of *causerie* he had invented ; neither Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Pontmartin, Karr, nor Dumas ever rivalled him in the estimation of the "general reader."

Janin's life was nearly without incident. He married, and was justly charged with extreme bad taste in making his wedding the

subject of a feuilleton. He tranquilly pursued his literary career, writing for the *Journal des Débats*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Indépendance Belge*, and other papers and periodicals, and wrote some novels — *The Nun of Toulouse*, *A Dead Ass and a Guillotined Woman*, and others which added little to his reputation. Other volumes of his were the *History of France*, *The Book*, and just before his death *Versailles and Paris a Hundred Years Ago*, which we have not seen. It is said to exhibit his best powers as a painter of character and manners. His fame will rest upon his feuilletons, which are collected — in part at least, and much condensed — in his *History of Dramatic Literature*, an excellent book, which presents a panorama of literary and theatrical events, books, plays, authors, and actors, from 1830 nearly to the present time. In these volumes appear in their full force his *verve*, wit, *entrain*, humor, enthusiasm, *bizarrierie*, pathos, and keen insight into all the mechanism of the complex society of Paris. The hand that touches all this multitude of subjects is light, firm, and unfailing, tracing the shadows of thought as clearly as the large outline. You may see that the writer believes in himself and trusts to his own genius, following where it leads him, and obedient always to his fantasy. It is a cordial, odd, generous nature, laughing, admiring, glowing with enthusiasm, touching the source of tears sometimes, nearly always delighting the reader. Janin's nature was kind, hearty and friendly, especially to those who from youth or poverty needed friends. This praise remains his due, and accompanies his literary fame, completing his portrait.

It is pleasant to notice in contemporary French literature the affection with which the fat and good-natured old feuilletonist was regarded by his comrades of the pen. He aroused few such enmities as accompanied Sainte-Beuve and others. He was little of a politician; not envious or "severe" in his criticisms; or if this antagonistic spirit characterised him in the earlier years of his career, his writings as he went on in life gradually lost that tint, and were mellow, kindly, even enthusiastic in commendation of the new book or the new play which was dissected by his ever-moving pen. The elder Dumas tells us of the "good there is in this fat and witty child;" and Pontmartin, a writer prone to severity, had always a good word for the old essayist. Pontmartin loses no opportunity to commend the wit, the readiness, and the indefatigable *verve* of Janin. "I respect, I admire, in literature," says this eminent critic, "those who pass fifteen years in preparing a volume, fifteen more in writing it, and fifteen more in enjoying its success; but shall we not feel pity for those indefatigable spirits, always ready at rejoinder, gifted with that faculty of vibration which responds to every incident of public life, to every episode of literary life, by a page, a line, a word — the page true, the line piquant, the word just? If they have, besides, that love of their art, that taste for the beautiful, that sentiment of the good, which are the horror and torment of veritable authors; if often they succeed at the first attempt far better than many others after twenty alterations and erasures; if finally, by the date of their débûts, the character of their attempts, by the ideas which they excite, by the souvenirs which they recall, these spirits attach themselves to a unique era of modern art, to a moment

which was ours, which was radiant with our own hopes and palpitated with our own youth — how shall we refuse them a place, even a grand place, in our affections and sympathies? For myself I have not the courage for that — above all, in reference to M. Jules Janin."

The critic then proceeds to speak of Janin's *débüt* as an author, and the picture drawn by a few strokes of the pen, of the famous renaissance of French literature in 1830, under the auspices of the Romantic school, when Janin appeared, is full of grace and feeling. "Yes," says M. de Pontmartin, "that was the good time. We were just out of college. The storm of 1830 had not yet burst forth; it muttered in the distance, shook in the presentiments and the anxieties of the wise and experienced; but for us, happy scholars of those happy years, these vague mutterings mingled with the harmonies of the dawn, with the sweet emotions of the age when every illusion is an enthusiasm, every opinion a faith, and every song a poem! At that epoch every one set about inventing something, a drama or a romance, a chronicle or a dialogue, an elegy or an ode, a picture or a statue, a religion or an orthography. And then, for this phase of general renewal and vernal bloom, expanding under the sweet influences of a régime admirably favorable to the development of thought, there was wanted — what? A historian? That was too serious. A critic? That was too grave. There was wanted some one who would write from day to day the bulletins and memoirs of the time — memoirs brisk, lively, animated, reflecting every-day life in an original manner, giving back in sparks the radiance of all these auroras. It was necessary above all that this work, reflecting new things, should be new like the rest — that it should resemble nothing which had preceded it. . . . I still remember — charming memory of my sixteenth year! — the impression produced upon me by the first *feuilleton* of M. Jules Janin. It was in a walk of the Luxembourg garden, and at the fourth line we recognised a new hand; then a cry of joy burst forth at the tenth line, from our little group of rhetoricians, ashamed of writing good college exercises and hastening to forget their Latin. The *feuilleton* of 1830 was discovered, and it must have had abundant life in it, since after a quarter of a century, after so many other revolutions, literary, political, poetical, social, democratic and imperial, it is still — never doubt that — the *feuilleton* of to-day.

"And during all this time," continues M. Pontmartin, whose eloquent pages we delight to reproduce in English, "M. Jules Janin has not been once unfaithful to his task. He has done more than create a *feuilleton*; he has created a day — Monday — that Monday which was twenty years afterwards to bring good fortune to another pen, more weighty perhaps, but less animated than his own.* . . . It was in September, 1830, that this dramatic and literary royalty, which still endures, began; and since that time there has never been a play, a book, a work of art, an actor, a great man, an event, a success, a misfortune, a fashion, an absurdity, a caprice, an illustrious death, which has not been reflected in these rapid pages, stenographed by a hand which nothing wearies, under the dictation of each day. See rather in his pages the three days of 1830, the water-spout of

*The reference is to Sainte-Beuve.

lawyers, the days following the victory, the first excesses of the drama, the trial of the Ministers, the riots of December, the sack of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, the cholera, Paganini, the Abby Châtel, young France, the Saint-Simoniens, the duels, the suicides, the young poets resorting to asphyxia from being hissed by a pit in the suburbs, all the emotions, the astonishments, the fêtes, the shames, the terrors of this sinister and troubled year — all are here. . . . And compare his *History of Dramatic Literature* with the *Memoirs* of M. Alexander Dumas, which touch upon the same recollections and personages. What a difference! In the one case a man so full of himself that nothing seems to take place but by his permission; who has done everything, invented everything, discovered everything, and whose history absorbs itself in his own noisy and blustering individuality. In the other case an intervention delicate and discreet, where the historian makes himself only just sufficiently prominent to give the events which he relates the warmth and life of his own personal impressions. In the case of the first writer, such a persistence in old prejudices and hatreds that the book published to-day seems to date twenty years back; in the case of the other writer, so loyal a return to the truth, to equity, to indulgence, that the book written twenty years ago seems to date from to-day. M. Dumas, in a word, has learned nothing and forgotten everything; M. Janin has forgotten nothing and learned everything."

It would be difficult to accord higher praise to the author of a work which deals with the prominent personages and events of a quarter of a century, from the point of view of a contemporary. Janin was intimately connected with all that he relates, and the statement of M. de Pontmartin is just — that he draws the picture of the epoch and its personages without blackening a single adversary. On the contrary, he indulges often in what may appear to Transatlantic readers an exaggerated enthusiasm for his brethren of the pen in general. Hugo is "colossal," Dumas is "the most astonishing literary organisation," and other authors are commended as warmly. Of this liberal and cordial recognition by M. Janin of the genius of the writers of his epoch there is no doubt whatever; and it has impressed us as a very serious piece of injustice to him to charge him with inordinate self-appreciation and jealousy of others. To us at least no man seems ever to have been less jealous or envious; and his "self-assertion" was a comic sort of trait which offended nobody, unless it may have been a writer in a Northern magazine, who found it offensive, and wrote that Janin never passed a mirror without taking off his hat to *salute himself*! In his writings it is his comrades of the pen he salutes; and he certainly had a boyish enthusiasm for certain contemporaries, which he expressed without stint. A good example is his full-length portrait of Dumas the elder, who often "raised the laugh" on Janin; and we shall make an extract from the pages dealing with the old romance-writer, to show the good feeling of the critic. In making this extract we feel that we are presenting the reader with something much more attractive than our own comments, and affording him an opportunity of forming his own opinion of M. Janin's style — a style bizarre, sparkling, original, with

the queerest turns of phrase, often inverted, and unlike any other with which we are acquainted. This eccentric style was indeed made a reproach to him on more than one occasion. He was charged with "caressing his phrases," seeking for out-of-the-way turns of expression, and looking rather to manner than to matter. The charge seems just. At times the mould of phrase appears strained and to aim at oddity rather than clearness and directness, the foundations of all durable writing. But the thought is always there. The writer, you may see, has something to say, and when this something is eminently worth saying, we must leave it to the author to choose how he will say it, the reader always being free to shut the book if it wearies him. The passage we shall quote is from the *History of Dramatic Literature*, and refers, as we have said, to Janin's friend and old associate in letters, Alexander Dumas the elder. The relations of the two authors were most kindly. Each recognised in the other a master in his field of writing — Dumas was the great dramatist, Janin the great essayist. Sometimes they exchanged sword-thrusts, and Dumas in one of his *causeries* defies the famous critic and amuses the public at his expense. This is the reply of the old feuilletonist:—

"As much as and more than any poet of the new generation," writes M. Janin, "Alexander Dumas was sent into the world to hold the crowd attentive. He had the instinct of the drama; he had all its passions even to delirium; he knew how to speak a certain language in dialogue and interjections, vehement and clear, which suited these compositions, so easy, so furious, interesting often, sometimes terrible. Add to these rare merits, audacity and energy and action, and the thousand rumors of every sort which kept the public attentive; add the spirit which was in this man, resembling quicksilver in mass, in lump, irresistible. Sometimes he had grace, he had smiles, he had tears. An inventor, he knew how to profit by all that fell under his subtle hand; he knew how to borrow, how to seize. His first work, *Henry III.*, was filled with imitations which he knew how to render original. To sum up all in a single word, this man was made for success; he was success itself; he was the hero of whom it is said in the *Ars Poetica* —

"Under his fortunate hand the copper turns into gold."

"What enthusiasm, what ardor! What energy and what will! Always ready and never weary. He is over six feet in height, active of body, with an iron constitution. He writes as he speaks, and never a moment of trouble or hesitation or anything arrests him. He goes straight on over hedge and ditch, always advancing towards his goal, from which nothing can divert him, attentive only to what is passing in his romance or drama. He sees his characters, he knows them, he loves them, he hears them come, he makes them act, he make them speak, he animates them, he pushes them, he kills them, he resuscitates them at his will, according to his caprice; he is the absolute master in this imperishable world of his creation. . . . It is thus that he will never exactly know his real literary value, to what height he might have elevated himself by meditation, by self-criticism; and if from time to time this brain, or let us say this furnace,

had reposed in a sweet and tranquil idleness. He has never had repose, and will never have. For this incredible writer even travel becomes a new fatigue. He does not travel, he narrates ; he writes, he composes, he produces on his journeys ; and the Andalusian inns where the guitars are tinkling, and the Alpine glaciers from which the torrents fall, the strand where the Mediterranean expires on flowery banks, Florence and its marvels, and the fêtes of kings in palaces brilliant with a thousand lights—what shall I say?—beautiful women jealous of the salute of this fairy with the golden wand—nothing for a single day prevents this man from obeying the dragon bearing him off, and all at once he is at his work. Later, when it is placed at the summit of this pyramid of books and dramas, you may contest this renown ; you may reproach this improvisatore without example or equal with having a thousand times produced too much ; you may call him to account for many parts of his work where his habitual negligence is pushed beyond all limits ; but after all is said, you must recognise in M. Alexander Dumas the most astonishing literary organisation which has ever held its place and made its mark in the memories and the gratitude of the nation of idlers, fortunate people, careless people, lovers and newsmongers of this world below. The idle world owes him its finest hours of *far niente* and repose. He has amused as much as anybody, and more than anybody ; he has been the joy and pleasure of his generation. He has had the crowd on his side. It has followed him from his dramas to his books, and from his books to his dramas ; it has applauded all his daring ; it has approved all his innovations ; it has wept with his tears ; it has been pleased with his laughter ; it has pardoned him all the eccentricities of a vanity which had so much right to be proud ; it has loved him because he was prodigal and superb, and content with little for himself. As to the reproach that has been often made that he was not the only one attached to the triumphal chariot bearing Alexander Dumas and his fortunes, a single word will answer that. Wait until his co-laborers have made alone a book comparable to *The Count of Monte Cristo*, a drama approaching *Antony* or *Christine at Fontainebleau* ; then indeed you may recognise and proclaim in this work a necessary collaboration. Otherwise you must recognise in all these spoils the lion's paw which takes what it wills and finishes by monopolising the whole prey. For my part I do not believe in literary collaboration, and cannot believe in it unless you show me two minds perfectly identical which unite in the development of the same idea. By what right do you call me your co-laborer if I am more alert, more skilful, and more eloquent than you are ; if I furnish the passion, the idea, the style, the elegance, the poetry, the prose, the matter and the manner—all, absolutely all ? Yes, I acknowledge that one day you brought me, from idleness or impotence, from modesty or stupidity, the ten-millionth part of a drama, a romance, a comedy—the phantom of an idea. Yes, I agree—you fancied that there was, buried in this darkness, some work or other, and you said 'Search amid these brambles, this undergrowth, amid these ruins ;' and I have searched, and found ! I am the bloodhound that started the game, I am the hunter that killed it. When it is killed I have seasoned it with in-

gredients which belong to me alone. And, after all, you wish to call me your equal, your associate, your co-laborer. No indeed! You are too fortunate if I send you an invitation, when the entertainment is prepared, to take your seat at the end of my table, and—that is all you are entitled to! . . . The romances of M. Alexander Dumas!—ah! the romances of Dumas! If he were to tell me himself that he never wrote a single line of them I would not believe him. On the contrary, at each page, at each line, at each word you recognise 'this puissant individuality, this sword-thrust, this pen-thrust added to the blow of the paw, this ardent swagger which nothing arrests, this enthusiasm which burns and dazzles, and dies away only to be speedily renewed. Flame of a conflagration, flame of punch, will-o'-the-wisp of the Pontine marshes, burst of noisy passions lit by all inventions possible and impossible, but finally, really, always the true and fiery flame of Alexander Dumas! And then, when we are in the full flood of light, shall we say 'Many thanks!' to the good woman who amuses herself by emptying the oil of her little hand-lamp into this torrent of burning gas? . . . Alexander Dumas is a paradox, an abyss, a pygmy, a giant, now in the sky, then beneath the possible. His dramas are one-half granite and one-half sand; a shred of drugget attached to the purple; made up of impossible dreams, of truths and fictions. From the moment when he seized the pen at seventeen this indefatigable man has not quitted it; between his thought and his style he has found no other interval than the narrow space which separates the pen from the inkstand. Behold all his meditation, all his leisure! He writes when he is sad and when he is gay, when he is well and when he is sick; he writes night and day, on foot and on horseback he writes; he writes everywhere; in taverns, on the highway, in his carriage, on steamboats, on the borders of the forest he writes. He wrote yesterday, he writes to-day, he will write to-morrow. And for the accomplishment of this enormous task, to which he has with so much maladroitness condemned himself, all things serve him—virtue and crime and vice, lace and rags, the headsman on his scaffold, the priest in his parsonage, the robber in his cavern, the beggar on his path, the pretty maid who passes in the spring-time and disappears, lost in the sunshine. If he stops, he stops because the narrative suffocates him; if he goes on, he does so because the narrative pushes him. He obeys his narrative as one obeys the muse, and sometimes he carries it on, and sometimes it carries him on. Thus his youth and his life and his riper age have passed in obedience to his thirst for narration—that ogre which has devoured so many beautiful geniuses. Stories! and stories! and stories! Listen to the voice which resounds in his ears as in the middle of the celebrated period, the voice of Bossuet, which says 'March!'"

This criticism, if it may be called such, of the old romancer is bitter-sweet here and there; but, by way of completing Janin's portrait, read his monogram, "Alexandre Dumas, Mars 1871,"* after his

*ALEXANDRE DUMAS, MARS 1871. *Portrait à L'Eau-fort par Fleming. Paris Librairie des Bibliophiles MDCCCLXXI. Lire à 500 exemplaires sur papier vergé.* A little volume from the press of L. Jouast, such as the printers of New York and Boston seem unable to produce either in paper, press-work, or general appearance.

friend's death. It is altogether warm, loving, and enthusiastic, as a brief extract will show.

"The muses make you look for them, but Mnemosyne is the only one you find. These pages you are going to read were dictated in profound retirement, in the first moments of a natural grief. France was divided at the moment into dishonored parcels; each part belonged to a German *corps d'armée*, and it was a crime in the vanquished to stretch out the hand to his neighbor across the cannon and the guns of Prussia. We were a prey to every rumor. One day it was reported we had gained the greatest battles, another day that we had lost our last defenders. To-day they assassinated King William, and to-morrow Marshal MacMahon; and then came suddenly the announcement of the death of Alexander Dumas. We were weary of believing, and this blunt announcement added to our incredulity. How!—Alexander Dumas dead!—dead so suddenly, at this deplorable moment, without waiting for his friends and admirers to assemble and pay homage for the last time to this real genius, to this talent so rare and charming! We owed this courageous writer all the fêtes of death. No decorations were sufficiently splendid, and no multitude was great enough around this mighty coffin. But, ever repeated by those miserable sheets, the sadnesses grew and grew; and finally we finished by believing it, recalling, as a powerless consolation, all the labor of this long career. Dumas was the great amuser of our age; he lived among us, of our life; you met him everywhere, in all the paths of literature; he had his part, this immense, insensate dreamer, in all our histories! . . . We will not permit you to descend into the depths of the tomb, illustrious and charming writer, you who were so long the admiration of Europe and the dazzling glory of France—charming spirit, indefatigable in the art of enchanting the multitude and holding the crowd attentive to the passions of the writer. And now, after so many tumults and tempests, so many labors mounting to the stars, look how you disappear in the darkest hour from a land that is enslaved and mute at your name. Farewell then, Alexander Dumas, marvellous inventor, ingenious master of the drama and the romance, skilled equally to show us common things, and tragedy the most moving. . . . Good heavens! Is it possible? Shall we never see again this hero of invention, our hope, our pride, our friend? We never thought it possible for him to die, and suddenly comes death! He disappeared in the darkest moment of our history—this great revolutionnaire, surrounded by the sympathetic praise and admiration of the world. Invasion marches with this mighty coffin; the Prussian soldier takes the place of the academies and the writers of France at his obsequies. He goes, this glorious one, lost in the crowd of death. We shall never again see in this our day this charming mass of generous passions, of innocent vanities, of unequalled inventions, of graceful stories, of dramas without limit. We shall never more encounter this friend, this poet, this chevalier. He is dead without a struggle; the light goes out with a smile. *Apollo and Diana slew him with soft arrows*, Homer says, when speaking of the hero of the *Iliad*. 'And, last, dear Parmeno, you must agree that he who sees the sunlight and the ocean shining

on his death-bed has no more to ask of earth, and may then disappear, thanking the gods.”

These passages from Janin will exhibit his generous temperament—prone to enthusiasm and impulsive emotion—and his peculiar style also—a style spasmodic it may be sometimes in the mould of phrase, but nearly always earnest, pregnant, and if odd, still marked by a striking and puissant originality. To be new is so uncommon: let us try and pardon it. Many makers of books labor all through a lifetime and never can approach this bizarre “affectation,” as some call it, which stirs the pulse. Odd the style may be, but there is everywhere in these writings the nicest choice of words, the skill that expresses the most delicate shade of meaning, and the touch of the master. The reader who does not perceive this must be unaware of the elements which make the master in the hard art of writing. Janin seems to write carelessly, but he is as sedulous of finish in his composition as the master-workman who cuts with the chisel some fantastic piece of *bric-a-brac*. The word expresses his leading characteristic. His style is *bric-a-brac*, grotesque, and violating, you would say, all the rules of good composition; wanting lucidity, directness, naturalness; *affected*, apparently, and therefore offensive, as all affectation is in writing as in manners. Examined closer, it will not be found affected. Quaint and peculiar it may be, but it is singularly delicate—the natural and unforced expression of the genius of the writer. This queer *bric-a-brac*, broken into interjections, bristling with odd phrases, and surprising you at every turn, is the work of a literary Cellini, following his conception whithersoever it leads him, and carving after the fashion he thinks best to express his thought. We must concede, perforce, this liberty to an original mind, which chooses its own path, proceeds in its own way, and utters itself as the bird sings—not as we may wish, but as nature prompts it.

This grotesquerie is not seen everywhere in Janin’s writing, nevertheless. The light caprice and ironical wit of his style often give place to a grave and pathetic grace, as in the last pages of the work from which we have quoted.

“In speaking thus,” he says, “we seem to be attending our own obsequies and composing our own funeral oration. In vain do we choose the longest paths; we come at last to this oblivion—to silence, the abyss, neglect! Look around you. These festivals that we have sung—where are they now? These poems we have spoken of to listening crowds—where are the poems? Those famous actors who with their tears or laughter once rivetted the attention of the city and the world, have scarce an echo! Those actresses who marched abreast of any mortal divinities—behold them shrouded under brambles; their names, but lately written on all walls, on the frontispieces of all dramas, on the temples of poesy, swept from the borrowed marble by the rain and wind of the cemetery. Behold the vanity of dramatic art, and the vanity of our histories. O lamentable accusation of our labors! Just sentence of the Bible when it speaks of all these perishable grandeurs, whose very names have disappeared with the noise they made below—*Memoria eorum periiit cum sonitu!*

'Tis the law of our frivolous works. We spend upon them all our wit, our zeal, our style, and our invention; our life is attached to this ephemera; and scarcely the passing bird looks at it carelessly, the wind sweeps it off, and to-morrow effaces to-day. Do not be astonished then if the wisest and most able improvisers of the time abandon to the tempest, to the wind that blows, to forgetfulness, the pages worthy of a better fate. And yet, good people, look with favor on the writer who attempts to rescue from the gulf at least a portion. See how and why I have made these researches. I have found in an honest, assiduous, loyal labor of thirty years these first six volumes, which scarcely represent a part of my thought, of my labor, of every day. In these light pages which a breath would blow away, I have looked, not for what smiles and sparkles for an instant, but for the serious and active part: that is to say, for the admiration of some masterpiece; the personal delight of the critic when in all these daily trifles and caprices he meets with a man, a work, a fact, a style, an excellent form, a happy stroke which points toward the future. I have sought amid this nothingness for what has a right to live; amid these ironies for what deserves respect, among the strongest of these doubts for what resembles glory. I have sought for fidelity, honor, the zeal and devotion for ancient liberties, the gratitude due to the good old king, to the august queen, the illustrious family which gave us the liberal and glorious revolution of July, of which we are the children. . . . Here we pause, discontinuing the cruel work which has constantly brought back to us our beautiful years, the great artists, the loves, the fêtes, the romances, the poets that we weep. O youth, O force, inspirations, poesies, liberties of other days! Even the generation that read and loved us, protecting us with their words and glances—where are they, and what has become of them? What hands will henceforth be extended toward us, what consoling voices will sound in our ears and our hearts? All is dead for us, and our works disappear in silence. The fathers are dead, and the children do not know us—they are silent, or asleep! . . . O heaven! what is this book compared with the brilliant work I dreamed of! What a toil is still before me to complete this resumé of thirty years of struggles, of hopes, and of deceptions!"

Even in our poor translation, the pensive charm of these sentences will be conceded. There are not a few similar pages in Janin's works, and it seems to us incredible that M. Edmond About's estimate of the old feuilletonist, written since his death, can be a just one. There is certainly very little of the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* in M. About's criticism. Janin, he says, "achieved by stratagem the character of a wit. . . . For over thirty years he talked sense and nonsense quite at his ease before the most select public of France and foreign countries. . . . He quoted Horace in season and out of season, and took liberties with the Latin tongue, his knowledge of which was but indifferent. . . . His importance puffed him out visibly, like La Fontaine's frog. To the last year of his life he reigned absolute. . . . It was only last year that the editor of the *Débats* put him on the retired list, in consequence of the unanimous remonstrances of the subscribers. The most patient gave up deciphering that senile drivel. . . . The

heirs of the name of Janin are quite rich enough to reprint the thousands of feuilletons that he scribbled — they cannot get them read."

Thus, M. About. If we are to believe the writer therefore, Janin gained by trick the repute of a wit ; wrote senile drivel ; and by his trick and drivel reigned absolute for more than thirty years, as a critic, with the most select readers of France and foreign countries. The portrait seems contradictory, as the "select public" of all countries will not go on reading drivel for thirty years ; and a mere pretender does not continue to reign absolute to his death, in criticism. It is true that M. About draws the other side of his portrait — the personal character of Janin — in glowing colors ; conceding his kindness, honesty, contempt for intrigue, and warm love of letters. But the sting remains. "This critic without capacity, this writer without style, was a man of letters to the tips of his fingers, and that in the noblest sense of the word. . . . If he created a false school of writing, and leaves in his two hundred volumes only models to be avoided," &c., &c.

The future will determine, since every man or writer sooner or later finds his level. Meanwhile, everybody agrees that the death of Janin is like the fall of a lofty tree. Whether the tree had a right to grow so tall or not is another matter. M. About finds only or chiefly "nonsense," "stratagem," "a critic without capacity and a writer without style," in Janin. The writer of this page finds in him good sense, honesty, brilliant capacity, and a style so new, original and sparkling that his pages draw the reader back to them, again and again, with an ever fresh delight. So singular is the difference between human judgments !

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

UGLY PEOPLE.

METHINKS I hear the outcry with which the title of my little dissertation is greeted. Fair readers turn away in disgust, as they ever do from what is the reverse of themselves. They think ugly people have no right to be born ; or if they will force themselves into the world, are intended only as foils to their (the fair ones') beauty, a gray background to set off their brilliancy, as the sober darkness of the box sets off the gay parterre.

And my ugly friends, real or imaginary, drop the paper as if they had received a blow. Ugliness is a topic on which they never touch ; indeed, it is an understood thing that it is never to be mentioned in

their presence. If inadvertently a stranger unacquainted with their weakness introduces it, their self-consciousness is something painful to behold. They sit red and silent while the others are comfortably talking; they glance wistfully at the door, but dare not make for it lest their flight should be truly interpreted as that of conscious guilt; and if by chance they are directly addressed, what agonies of shame are theirs! Woe to the unlucky friend who dares to look conscious of their suffering! And as for the innocent cause of their anguish, he is a thing to be hated and shunned forevermore.

Yet why should we not speak of ugliness? It is not our fault, however much it may be our misfortune. I say *our*; for softly be it spoken, I am ugly myself. This being the case, let there be no secret between us. Confide in me, tell me all. Is it partial or total ugliness? Is it the imperfection of a single feature, so that people say, "She would be pretty but for that nose or mouth"? — or does your glass show you a *tout ensemble* of ugliness?

Of these two kinds of ugliness, the former is by far the more common. To the uninitiated this fact seems comforting; but the victim of ugliness will tell you that the ugly member insists on such undue prominence, she would just as soon be ugly all over.

There are very few people who will not, at some time or other, strike you as pretty. I remember falling in love (I am very susceptible) with a young lady who, when I saw her first, was ascending into a Fifth Avenue stage as I was descending therefrom. Learning accidentally that a friend of mine had the bliss of knowing her, I gave him no rest till he had promised to take me to the paternal mansion and introduce me. Oh, the delight of anticipation, the care I bestowed on the outer adornments, the nervous tremor of the inner man as I shook hands with a portly, red-faced individual, her parent, the wild idea I had of throwing myself at that parent's feet and asking with tears his blessing! Fortunately I did not. When my charmer appeared I did not know her. She had, so to speak, a two-story face: the ground-floor I already knew; but the "one-pair front," a dreary, windowless, very much pointed gable, which had when I saw her formerly been concealed by her hat, made me really ill.

If there is anything I cannot bear, it is a high-pointed forehead on a woman. It is superfluous to say "*on a woman*," for on a man I have never known such. Mrs. A. is wealthy, accomplished, a leader of society, and would be beautiful but for her forehead. Others admire her and it. I have heard creatures rave and quote:

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

As if Iphigenia ever had a high-peaked forehead!

Mrs. A. drapes her hair over her forehead in the style of window-hangings. The young lady who so egregiously deceived me arranged hers so as to fall in detached pieces from where forehead and hair met — that is, from the top of her head. Between the pieces the skin shone out; and at the end of each lock was a sorry twist. I know not which style to deprecate most. I have been thus particular in describing this species of ugliness, because it is capable to some extent of being remedied by a wig or section of a wig.

There are ladies with high, broad foreheads. I cannot admire them ; yet they are generally accompanied by a more than ordinary amount of brain, which I regard as a palliation.

Too low a forehead is an unusual defect among ladies. I have been told, indeed, in confidence, that some ladies shave a portion of the brow to add to its dignity ; and that if I would look closely at Mrs. B.'s brow, I would see the blueness caused by constant use of the razor. To Mrs. B.'s credit let me say, that whatever I may have planned beforehand, I have invariably found her so charming that I have forgotten to look above her eyes.

And apropos of eyes, how much they may add to beauty, or redeem ugliness ! It is almost a hopeless case when a woman has ugly eyes. There are small vicious eyes ; there are eyes whose whites are not white, but yellow ; and there are lack-lustre eyes, whose owner you instinctively suppose to be idiotic. Alas for the woman that has expressionless eyes ! Not for her is one of all the thousand sweet things that have been written to eyes black, and blue, and gray, and green, and rainbow-colored. She cannot look passion or tenderness or pathos ; she cannot flash an indignant glance, or tell her love without speaking it in plain English.

There are eyes whose beauty is marred by short, stumpy lashes. When I was a boy, my sister's bosom friend at school was a child half Italian and half English. From her mother she had a clear-cut English face, a complexion none too good, and a pair of steel-blue eyes ; from her Italian father, what my sister called "long, dark, drooping, exquisite" lashes, that lay heavy on her cheek when she wept, and would not rise till the tears had been wiped away. But in an evil hour Francesca listened to the promptings of her own vanity and a schoolmate's envy, and at what was supposed to be the right time of the moon to insure a new and more vigorous growth, cut off her beautiful eye-lashes, together with a pair of dark, delicately pencilled eyebrows. What after-years may have done for her I have no means of knowing, but a more ugly little minx than Francesca, when I saw her last, I never beheld.

Come we now to noses. I can write with feeling on noses. For my nose, gentle reader, has been the bane of my existence. But for it, I do not hesitate to say, I would have been good-looking ; with it, I have had my mortifications. But on my own nose I will not enlarge — the more particularly as Nature has done it so amply. Moreover, were I to describe my nose I should describe myself ; and I shrink from identification. And again, moreover, I am no egotist. Rather let me point my moral and adorn my tale with the nose of another — that other my unhappy cousin Madge.

If there is a star that exercises a malign influence upon noses, that star was in the ascendant when poor Madge was born. There are countless varieties of the ugly nose, but there is one that unites the worst features of many. That saddest of noses had my cousin.

Yet I never thought Madge ugly. I remember her — a white-faced, large-featured, ancient-looking child, who would have been all nose but that she was even more all brow and eyes ; a strange, pitiful creature, who jumped from moods of melancholy to moods of the

wildest glee. One moment she was our boon companion ; the next, she wandered, silent and sad, in a world of her own. In her melancholy moods we looked upon her with something like awe ; and as Madge, though a child, was a genius, had a vague suspicion that she composed poetry. I think now that in bitterness of soul she was pondering upon her nose.

I pass over the petty torments suffered by Madge, in common with all those who have noses (*par excellence*) ; the cruel innuendoes levelled at her by her companions, the impertinent glances she received abroad ; and hasten to relate how her worst foe was of her own household.

Madge was an orphan, and had for guardian an aunt, a maiden lady of unlimited means and most generous disposition. This aunt Madge could hardly remember, but of her existence she had most agreeable proof in the expense lavished on her education, an unlimited supply of pocket-money, and the pretty presents that were continually coming to her. Madge began to be regarded as an heiress ; and, but for her nose, would have been an enviable creature.

Miss C. had been for many years a wanderer, but in process of time she began to think of wandering no more ; and settling herself, maid and lap-dog, in a fine mansion, sent for Madge to spend her Christmas holidays with her. It was a somewhat untoward journey. The cars ran off the track, and though no damage ensued, much delay did ; so that it was full three hours after time when Madge was delivered up to her aunt's maid by the friend in whose care she had travelled.

Staines was a good creature, and as they rolled in a handsome carriage auntward, did much to increase Madge's self-importance. "There is your aunt !" she cried at last, as the horses were suddenly checked ; "I knew she would be anxious ;" and glancing upward, Madge saw an open door, a brilliantly lighted hall, and a little old lady peering anxiously out into the darkness. Madge was a romantic little creature, and this was a romantic episode in her life. It was like what she had read : her aunt, the fairy godmother ; herself, the young princess coming into possession. Her heart gave a great throb ; and, rushing up the steps, her natural reserve disappearing in the excitement of the moment, she murmured "My aunt !" and threw herself on that good lady's bosom.

To receive but a cold greeting. Miss C.'s eyes, though old, were excellent ; and as her niece advanced upon her, she had caught a glance of what was not to be looked upon but with stern disapprobation.

All ancient ladies have manias. Miss C.'s was on the subject of noses. She had a Grecian nose ; Staines had a straight nose — not so classic as that of her mistress, of course, for such would have been unbecoming to one in her station of life. Even the lower servants had respectable noses, those of the coachman and footman approaching the Roman type.

Madge partook of a late dinner ; her aunt sitting by, but eating nothing ; and Staines, by command, remaining near. "Where in the world did poor dear Madge get that nose ?" piteously asked Miss C.

when her sharp black eyes had gazed their fill. Staines, sympathising with the poor child, only shook her head ; but on the question being repeated in a more imperative tone, replied, " Indeed, ma'am, I don't know."

" It is a nose that my poor dear brother would not have liked to look at. She must take it from the other side of the house ; yet her dear mother had not a bad nose."

Here Madge's full heart sought relief in tears ; and her aunt, utterly at a loss to account for the turn affairs were taking, and quite unaware that she alone was the cause of the catastrophe, finally advised her going to bed.

It will be imagined that she neither slept well nor rose in good spirits. Her heart was heavy within her. She became prone to floods of tears, when, from time to time, the hateful subject was renewed. And both she and her aunt were relieved when the holidays were over.

Madge never saw her aunt again, though she continued to be the recipient of her substantial kindnesses as before. The old lady did not long survive her niece's visit. In her last days she was reconciled to a distant branch of the family, with whom there had long been feud ; and to them she left the bulk of her possessions. Staines was comfortably provided for, and a small annuity was left to the lap-dog ; but Madge's name was never mentioned. Miss C.'s friends believed that a settled life did not suit her constitution, and medical men were inclined to agree with them ; but Madge knew only too well what had been the death of her, and ever after looked upon her nose as a murderer.

And so my poor cousin went a-governessing, and the unfortunate member that lost her a fortune has continued to embitter her life. A few years ago I read of a governess who, while sitting with her young ladies in the twilight, was in the habit of placing a hair-pin on her nose to check its aspiring nature. But one evening she fell asleep, and the candles being brought in, revealed to her merciless pupils her secret. I have always suspected that that governess was Madge ; but I have had too much delicacy to ask her.

There is another kind of nose that I think even more objectionable than Madge's. I may term it the Roman nose, superlative degree. At other noses I may laugh or wonder ; that, in the feminine gender, I shun. Show me the woman with such a protuberance, and I will show you a woman in whose presence it would be wise to cross yourself and mutter an exorcism.

What makes an ugly nose so unendurable to its possessor is its prominence. She cannot hide it. If she wears a veil, the nose shows through. In the drawing-room she does very well with a company of one, for that one she looks straight in the face ; but should there be more than one, her profile must be turned to somebody, and that is misery. What is bad by day is worse at night, for then her nose has its double. I have at parties seen a lady with what I may now call a Madge nose, seat herself at the piano and perform strange feats, with a gusto that was doubtless heightened by the knowledge that her back was to the company and her nose from it. But suddenly there is a

break in the music. Her right hand has lost its cunning, her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth. She has become aware of a presence on the side-wall that is throwing back its head and opening its mouth and mocking her every movement. She had forgotten the proximity of the lamp, and umbra and penumbra are doubling and trebling the horrors of her nose.

I feel that I have exhausted myself on noses—not that I have written a great deal, but that I have thought much and felt deeply; so on mouths I will be brief. There is the mouth sensual—not common among ladies, I am glad to say; the mouth stupid; the mouth sulky; the mouth cruel, whose thin lips can say such harsh things. But for mere ugliness I will stake the projecting mouth, with large teeth and lips insufficient to cover them, against all the mouths in creation. How such mouths can ever have the heart to laugh I know not, but they are continually on a broad grin. And such a hideous grin! You think of the passionate kisses you have pressed on sweet, dainty mouths, and you wonder if lover or husband can press like kisses on theirs, so different. Ah well! if they can, why not? You would not care to do it yourself; but neither would you care to prevent their doing it.

It is a remarkable fact that an ugly mouth does not seem to blight its owner's existence as an ugly nose does. The cause of this I cannot determine. It may be a less sensitive organ; or it may be that the ugly mouth, happier than the ugly nose, is providentially accompanied by an imperfection of vision that prevents one's seeing herself as others see her.

At some future day, and when I have extended my observations, I may be inclined to touch on some other points, and particularly on chins. The chin impertinent I have reason to know, but to the other varieties of objectionable chins I have given but little attention.

One fact I may mention in regard to ears. As small ears are indicative of good blood, very large ones are said to indicate stupidity; and I am inclined to believe this, from the fact that the largest pair of ears I have ever known belonged to the dunce of our school. This was a boy who positively could learn nothing but what he sang, and none too much of that. No matter what the subject of his task—grave or gay, lively or severe—it had to be reduced to the measure of one or other of his doleful ditties; and as he had no voice, though so much ear, the effect was not pleasant. Brown had generally no part in our public exercises, but I remember his being detailed on one occasion to play Lochiel to my wizard. Every boy in school was exercised as to how Lochiel's part should be conned, and everywhere you heard "False wizard, avaunt!" being hummed to all manner of tunes from *Old King Cole* to *Dundee* and *Martyrs*. It was finally decided that *Old Hundred* was most in keeping with the genius of the piece, and by running together several syllables in each line might be made to answer. But it had been happy for Brown had no such tune been found. At first we were greatly interested in the performance, though sundry quarrels, resulting in blows, arose from a difference of opinion as to what syllables should be contracted. But we finally became disgusted with the unceasing bellow, and though I stood my

ground as being personally interested in Lochiel, the others, one and all, refused to stay in the room with him, and execrated him from the hall or glared in at him through the window. I am sorry to say that Lochiel was not a success. On the eventful day, when his hour arrived, he displayed none of the spirit of Campbell's hero, but opening his great mouth, gave a hideous bleat and fled incontinent.

There are certain ugly people who amuse me, while I pity them. They are the unconscious ugly ones, and they are generally ugly all over. They have no idea of hiding their light under a bushel. They fear neither light nor shadow. They shrink not from a full discussion of ugliness, but blush consciously if beauty is mentioned. They adopt the most extravagant fashions to draw attention. They sit in the amen corner at church, displaying to a wondering congregation a receding line of face and hair and bonnet and plume, forming one wonderful profile suggestive of something worse than a Cherokee. Well, when I think of my poor Madge I consider their ignorance bliss. If Heaven has mercifully closed their eyes, humanity forbids that I should open them.

I have spoken almost entirely of female ugliness, because to the sterner sex beauty is a secondary consideration. A moustache and whiskers will cover a multitude of disagreeable things. Further, the ugliest man, after all his mortifications, will have his adorers. Gwynplaine had his Dea who did not see, and his Countess Josiane who saw remarkably well; and we all know the stories of Vulcan and Venus, Beauty and the Beast. But for a woman who suffers from real unmitigated ugliness there is nothing left but to be a saint. In theory we all prefer goodness to beauty; but if goodness has a pointed forehead, or sickly eyes, or a Madge or double-Roman nose, or a horrid mouth, or a pair of Lochiel ears—O virtuous reader, what then?

HUGH LYND SAY.

THE PLACE OF THE MOTHER-TONGUE IN EDUCATION.

II.

BUT to pass from these heights of almost impossible imaginings back to the lower levels of experience, there is in history one great example of the good that comes to a people from the loving study of its mother-tongue. Into this example, as it gives us not only the results, but even the methods of such a study, I would fain ask

you to look with me carefully. I refer of course to the stupendous system of civil education by which the semi-barbarous Athenians of the time of Solon were changed into the civilised countrymen of Perikles and of Plato.

The system of Greek education as it was shapen at Athens is as well worthy, perhaps, as aught else that the Greeks ever did, of careful study by us moderns ; for in the modern world our systems of education are mere imitations of previously existing models, but the system of the Greeks was all in all original. In the modern world again the aim of teachers has been distraught by objects that are often incompatible ; but the aim of the Greeks was so simple, and their method so straightforward, as to throw even into the details of school-life the illumination of the Greek intelligence. Books were so rare as to be, even in the scantiest numbers, the prized possessions of the wealthiest. Outside of Greece there was no language that a Greek thought worthy of his study, no history and no science that he dignified with his attention. Thus, a thing almost inconceivable to modern teachers, the Greek teacher had to teach his boys without text-books in the hands of his class, and without a foreign language to be made the matter of his instruction. Yet, for all this, education began early, and it was carried on fully as long as in our greatest universities. So soon as the child began to speak, he was trained in the popular poetry of his household and his nation. He learned by heart those wonderful songs by which the worship of his gods was accompanied and the glories of his heroes handed down. Then at the age of seven he was sent to school. He was taught to read and to write by copying the letters and the words traced by his master's hand. So soon as this was done, the task of reading began. Passages from the great poets were picked out by the teacher and read aloud before his scholars ; they had then to write them down, to learn them by heart, and to recite them. These passages were explained and commented by the teacher ; they were engraven upon the minds of the young ; they became, as we can see in every page of Greek literature, the priceless treasure of the mind, a treasure upon which an Athenian could draw at will for argument or illustration. Upon the basis of great passages thus read and memorised, the habit of eloquent speech and of careful composition was securely rested. But, better than any purely intellectual gain, the heart of the boy was constantly directed upward to exalted models of greatness, of wisdom and of beauty. For the authors chosen for his transcribing and his conning were no Ned Buntlines nor Headleys ; they were Homer and Hesiod and Theognis. Thus at every step in his mental advance his soul was furnished for the exigencies of coming life, by the stores of simple wisdom and of manly feeling contained in the masters of his national poetry. His own life and the present of his country were brought into unbroken connection with the greatness of heroic times. His mind was habituated from early childhood to the processes of sound thinking, and to the charms of exquisite style. Thus when his mind came to its manhood, his own thoughts found their natural expression in that refined precision of language and of thought which was the glory of the Athenian commonwealth. Can you wonder

then that from such a schooling came forth the men that broke the might of Persia and built up the maritime empire of Athens, the men that piled the marbles of the Parthenon, and through their poets and their philosophers gave laws to the thinking of mankind? Yet, if you seek for the secret of this marvellous achievement, you will find what is greatest in the deeds of Athenians flowing from the study, the sole and exclusive study, of the mother-tongue.

Among the Greeks, indeed, in the simplicity of their old-time civilisation, it was possible to bring all the forces of education to bear upon the culture of their own great speech. But for us, pulled as we are a thousand ways by the needs of a more complicated life, the possibility of thus concentrating power has passed away for ever. Thus the mother-tongue, in all our modern schemes of culture, must take her place, not as the sole object of our study, but as only one among a thousand. Beside her, there must room be made for all the accumulations of man's learning, for languages, for sciences, for arts. Thus we teachers spread now for our scholars a banquet in so many courses that Aristotle himself would have stared at our very bills of fare. But if we cannot whet the appetite nor strengthen the digestion of our guests in due proportion to the riches of our table, then we may discover, as time goes on, that with all boasted progress in education, we are lowering more and more the powers of the individual mind by attempts at overfeeding. To avoid this danger, there must be in our labors a wise system running through and unifying all. There must be some one aim admitted as our common goal; we must make one branch of learning help on another; we must convert them from hindrances into allies, and force them to converge to some all-embracing purpose. It is thus, then, that I should like to see the study of the English wrought with care into the very texture of our schools. We cannot, indeed, study it as the Greeks studied their speech, exclusively. But we may hope, I think, to gain as great results indirectly; for if we are wise, we can make all knowledge pay tribute to the knowledge of the mother-tongue; and we can turn the mind that is strengthened by such a knowledge of its own language, with ten-fold might, to the mastery of other science.

Whatever may be the plans or the outlook of our scholars, whatever the life or the labors that they are called to, there is in the study of their own tongue a discipline and a preparation that are equally essential for them all. For a sound English education is, among an English-speaking people, the best basis in every rank of life, both for the mind's future growth and for the man's future usefulness. Now, in seeking to give this sound English education to our pupils, what are the practical ends to be fixed before our eyes? These are, I think, in the last analysis, two only:

- 1st. To form in the young the habit and the love of reading.
- 2d. To lead the young, both by practice and by theory, to simplicity and correctness in the use of language.

But, when I speak of correctness in the use of language, I mean a quality far higher and far rarer than slavish adherence to the laws of school grammars. For there is no lack of such priggish followers of Lindley Murray, the fellows that always say "will not" for "won't,"

that can even in a hurry exclaim "It's I" instead of "It's me." They are the men that have a lofty scorn for monosyllables, that pillage the Latin to find dignified expression for feeble thought. But the correctness and refinement that we need are of another kind, the refinement that can give just the right turn to careful thinking, and the correctness that throws off the gaudy incumbrance of long words to shoot with precision to its mark. Qualities like these, however, that are the very blossom of high culture, are not to be gained by any amount of work in parsing-books and grammars. They are the prize of thinking and of reading. They have to be acquired, not by learning rules out of books, but by the sustained and stimulated habit of close and careful reading. Thus the one of our two objects is found to be involved in the other ; for, in teaching the mother-tongue, we cannot even hope to lead our scholars to true refinement of speech unless we can lead them to the love of reading.

Here then we have to fight our battle for American education. The habit of reading and the love of good books — these ought to be the ultimate object of our teaching, for these are the only things that can lift our young people to purity of character and to soundness of thought. If education fail to result in this, such education is a failure ; for, in a few years, the scanty knowledge gained at school will be scraped off like veneering, and the soul be left naked against the world. Such was the thought in the mind of the Greek philosopher when he uttered his famous adage, that "the habit of using books is the instrument (*ὄργανον*) of education." For this habit lifts the mind above the contagion of vulgarity in language and in opinion. It lifts the soul above what is sensual or sordid in its surroundings. It strengthens the heart and the brain of the worker in his struggle for bread ; it enables him to do his daily work without losing the glow of his humanity. It is, in fact, the only means of keeping the young from the vulgar contaminations and from the ignoble rust of the world ; the only means of keeping alive a reverence for knowledge, the only means, therefore, of leading our people upward to true culture. Hence I should rather see a scholar of mine leave college with the habit of daily reading and with the love of good reading, than to see him, without that, decked with the sheepskin of all the faculties. In the formation, then, of such habits of reading I see the highest object of all unprofessional education, and of English education in particular. I shall ask you, therefore, to consider with me the means of English study by which we may reach this end.

First, then, as to the study of grammar. From the time that Ben Jonson jotted down his little English Grammar "for the benefit of all strangers," the size of our English grammars has gone on steadily growing. Now, when we take one in our hands, we find it a big and closely printed volume. It bristles with hard names. It is complex in its classified parts. It is sorely bewildering in its subtle rules. But whether these centuries of labor have been for anybody's benefit may after all be doubted. For each new grammar, in order to differ from foregoing ones, has had to strike out some new thing in classification, or to add some variation to a once familiar rule. Thus the result of all has been, to becloud every detail of our speech with con-

flicting views, and to impose upon the schools the burthen of an ever aggravated labor. In all this, as I feel sure, we and our forefathers have made a grievous blunder. For in the study of our mother-tongue, for practical or for literary ends, the technical grammar, as it is the most repulsive, ought to be made the shortest and the simplest portion. If the minds of children are befogged by the endless details of a disputed classification, if the simplicity of truth is hidden away in the depth of subtly worded rules, then for such unfortunates the study of English becomes an unavailing torture. Let us resolve, then, to limit our teaching of grammar to so much only as is needed for the practical work of reading and composition. For this, it is astonishing how little suffices. Thus among the Greeks, amid all the splendors of their literary art, the very existence of a technical grammar was unknown. Even the wise Aristotle had but cloudy notions of the difference between verbs and adjectives: for him, in his blissful ignorance, prepositions and articles and conjunctions were all the same. Yet Aristotle lived when the prime of Greek speech was over. Sophocles could not, to save his life, have pointed out the leading verb in one of his own sentences: Xenophon could not have construed a single sentence in his own *Anabasis*. They knew in fact no more about grammar than about phrenology. Yet they went on, despite their ignorance, having beautiful heads whose bumps they could not analyse; and they went on speaking and writing beautiful sentences that they could not parse. Yet human nature is the same for us as for them. Our schoolboys, like the schoolboys of Athens, must rise to the mastery of their native tongue, not by rules of syntax, but by practice and imitation. Thus the less of such grammar the better. To know the parts of speech so as to recognise their force in reading; to know by heart the few and simple inflections of our language, so as to shun the barbarism of false forms — this seems to me all that is needed of grammatical teaching. With this stock of knowledge, the child can learn how to read with intelligence, and how to write with correctness. Beyond this, all the stuffing of the average grammar, its Chinese puzzle of classifications, its endless rigmarole of discussion, its ingenious multiplying of rules and exceptions, is for a child a thing of unmixed evil. If, then, the study of English is to become in the highest sense productive, the first step ought to be the restriction of grammatical study to the narrowest bounds, and the devotion of the time thus gained to thoughtful reading and to disciplined writing.

But if the study of grammar ought, as I have said, to be made both shorter and easier, far greater stress than is common ought, I think, to be laid on the study of logical analysis. For our language now, by the strengthened tendencies of a thousand years, has, by the loss of inflections and by the surrender of rhetorical inversions, passed itself more completely than any other human speech from syntax into logic. Thus what are called the rules of English syntax are found, if we strip them of their repulsive nomenclature, to be in truth the laws of universal thought. The teacher of English wins, therefore, immensely in the power of elucidation if, giving up the time-worn technicalities of Greek or Latin grammar — technicalities that torture the free play of English idiom — he bases his discussion of the English

sentence on those logical laws that regulate both the process and the expression of men's thinking. Such a system of logic, as applied to the forms and contents of sentences, becomes a mighty lever in education. By means of it the teacher may strengthen his pupils to grasp the inner soul of the sentence ; he may teach them to discern the bearing of thought upon thought, to follow with intelligence on the trail of argument, and to distinguish with accuracy true thinking from false, bad expression from good. Nor is the process hard ; for the science of the logical analysis, from Aristotle down to Bain, has been built up into a form as perfect in its scientific precision, as useful in its scientific discipline, as the mathematics themselves. It may be taught by easy stages, and made plain by copious illustration. This is therefore what I recommend as the basis of the teacher's commenting upon all the authors read in class. For there is, I think, no system of study that more mightily develops the sinews of the mind, none that leads more surely to a firm and thoughtful grasp upon the power of words and the force of sentences. For to teach a child how to distinguish between the Subject and the Predicate, and between the Principal and the Subordinate Proposition, to make him feel how one statement is modified by another, and how the assertion depends upon its conditions — all these are mighty strides in his knowledge of thought itself, and in his power of thinking. This therefore seems to me just the training that is needed to qualify young men to read with intelligence and to write with clearness ; for he learns from it to feel the difference between wise and silly sentences, to extract the thought from its wrapping of words, to find out the blemishes in false reasoning, and to yield his mind to the power of truth. Thus, from my own experience, I may say that mastery of the logical analysis has in all cases that I have watched been followed by increase of mental power and by the awakening of literary tastes.

At the side of the analytical I venture to place, as co-equal with it in importance, the historical study of our language ; for the use of the historical method as applied to speech is, to my mind, the greatest of all the discoveries of our time. By means of it the world has been brought to see that no language can be studied by itself, in its existing forms, without reference to the past ; but that, on the contrary, our words and our very thoughts flow on indissolubly knit to the words and thoughts of foregoing generations. Thus the science of language has been recast on the all-pervading scientific principle that, to understand a thing in its developed stages, we must understand it in the stages of its genesis. As the botanist explains the tree by following the plant-growth upward from the seed, as the zoölogist unfolds the secrets of animal life by the microscopic study of embryos, so too all sound grammatic knowledge of what our language is, must be worked out by historical knowledge of what it has been in the past. Thus in our own language above all others each word stands linked to the past by an unbroken chain of history. Every form of our syntax, every idiom of our queerly distorted speech, can be carried back to the simple form from which it sprang. Nor is any knowledge either satisfactory or true that does not base itself

upon historical research. Without that, no word can be understood in the full richness of its meaning and associations; without that, our grammar is full of anomalies that seem absurdities, of strange, archaic forms on which unhistorical grammarians may go on breaking their poor heads forever. Hence, in order to make our grammar rational, we are bound to make it historical; for if we do not give the explanation of facts from history, we have to leave the facts, unclassified and unexplained, to litter up the brain.

But there flows, moreover, from this historical study of the English, a practical advantage that cannot be too highly reckoned. For, if our language be simpler than others in inflection, in syntax and in order of words, there is in the prodigious wealth of its exuberant vocabulary a difficulty that is almost overwhelming. But to arrange and classify all this wealth of words, to fix their meanings, and to fix their use, is a task that is possible for him only that understands their history. Thus in English the greatest charm of our greatest writers is found to lie, not as among the Greeks in the rhetorical construction of the sentence, but in their skilful choice of words. But, as the wide range of English diction gives to our great writers a power that is almost boundless, so to our vulgar it gives an intense vulgarity that other nations cannot equal. Put side by side the dedication of Tennyson's *Idyl* to the memory of his Prince, and a town-council's resolutions on the death of a colleague; put side by side a speech by John Bright and a sermon by Mr. Talmage. You will find, I think, between the best and the worst specimens of living English a discrepancy vaster than was ever seen in the use of the same language. Yet the difference does not lie in the syntax nor in the inflections. For a man, after learning all that a grammar has to teach him of English, may still write in a fashion that is more vulgar than the sparkle of false diamonds, more barbarous than the clickings of Hot-tentots. But the difference lies in the right or wrong use of words, in the fitness or unfitness of the use to the history of words. This, however, as to each separate word, is a question to be solved by a practical knowledge of the historical grammar. The student must be led to the sources of our language, must see the words in their origin, and be taught how to trace the meaning and the use of each. They must learn to feel the power of the Saxon vocabulary, and the splendid neatness of the Latin. Thus, by the union of analytical and historical methods, the student may gain such a knowledge of his mother-tongue as may clarify his thought and strengthen his expression.

A knowledge of inflections, a knowledge of grammatical analysis, a knowledge of historical grammar, these then are the three lines of study that seem to me, when carried out in their fulness, to make up the total of a sound education in English. But, here as elsewhere, theory, if it is to bear fruits, must be fertilised by practice. For every hour given to theoretical teaching, two should be given to practical application. Thus, in the study of the mother-tongue, the principles taught in text-books or in lectures ought, at every stage of study, to be applied to the critical reading of authors and to the careful practice of composition.

Foremost, therefore, among all the means of education, highest

among all the duties of the teacher, stands the pleasant privilege of reading with his classes the great English authors. For this, if skilfully managed, will serve not only to give solidity to young men's knowledge of their language, but also, what is even more weighty, to stimulate their love of reading and to shape their principles of taste. In doing this, or in failing to do it, lies after all the true criterion of education. With a love of books formed into the habits of his life, a young man, however small his stock of knowledge, goes into the world with his grasp upon all the possibilities. For him life becomes a long schooling in wisdom. Succeeding years, in spite of all their sorrows, will bring a deeper peace to his soul, a nobler outlook to his mind. But without this love of reading, all efforts at education are efforts thrown away, pearls before swine. If we cannot waken in our pupils love for the knowledge that lies in books, if we cannot guide that love to worthy objects, and lift the character by means of it into the regions of intellectual delights, then all our work is vain. For amid the distractions and the sensualities of life, the habit of reading is the only ballast of character. Teachers, therefore, must develop strength for noble living by love of noble reading. They must fight the influences of the present by weapons bequeathed from the past. They must match the charms of books against the charms of the world, the power that flows from the page of Shakspeare against the power that flows from vulgar men's wealth or from knaves' success.

For doing all this, the materials ready in our peerless literature are so ample as to leave only the trouble of selection. For every time of life, for every stage of moral or of intellectual growth, there lies upon the shelves of our libraries a talisman for exciting interest, for imparting knowledge and directing taste. Thus at every stage of English study, from the beginners in a school to the senior classes of a college, a large part, fully one-half I think, of every day's English recitation, should be given to the careful reading of some great author. In this work, let every sentence as the scholars read it be closely examined, both as to meaning and to form. Let all historical references and rhetorical figures be explained, either by scholar or by teacher. Let the remarks and commentary of the instructor be based upon the studies of the class. Thus, step by step, the young will be guided upwards from mere parsing to grammatical analysis, from the analysis to the history and the meaning of words, to the rhetorical construction of sentences, to the formation of paragraphs, to the connection of thoughts and the development of reasoning. Surely, if the teacher will apply some clear-headed method to such work as this, it will be at once the most useful and the most delightful task of education.

In coming now to the teaching of composition in English, I must avow my great embarrassment both as to theory and to practice. This is the bugbear that besets the English teacher, the burden that lies heavy on his life. On this subject there are indeed countless books that might perhaps be consulted with profit; but, so far as my knowledge of them goes, they may be let alone with greater profit still. Thus the teacher's best plan, in my opinion, is to study out the needs of his class, and to adapt his teaching to them. Yet in striving to do this there are certain clear principles to follow.

Force and correctness in composition are not, as is vulgarly thought, by any means dependent upon grammatical studies. Thus vigorous and refined expression may be found in men altogether ignorant of technical grammar, and feeble expression in men famous for grammatical acuteness. Hence we cannot hope that scholars may be trained in composition by any method of grammatical instruction. Such skill depends upon a different faculty—upon the faculty of imitation; the habit of sound composition can be won only by reading good books and by hearing good talkers. It is not a science, but an art—an art that cannot be acquired save by the close imitation of good models. Hence if we would foster composition, we must cultivate this faculty of imitation, and base rhetorical studies upon an imitative method. The correct use of words, the effective form of sentences, the force of picturesque expression, all these are things not to be learned by rules of grammar, still less by the inhuman torture of original compositions, but by the careful imitation of good writers' habits. This then seems to me the first principle in teaching the art of composition. We ought to reject all grammatical technicalities, and to follow the clue handed us by nature. Give your scholars the vigorous thought of a great writer in his own chosen words, and call upon them to reproduce it by imitation and from memory. Then, by comparing the imitation with the original, correct the faults that have been made, and explain the principles of style that are involved in each correction.

Again, we ought not to try to educate our pupils into eloquence or even grandiloquence. All we want is the clear and simple expression of sound and well-connected thoughts. Hence the tendency to bombast and inflation, to big words and foolish images, to all the forms of vulgar declamation, ought to be severely checked. The passages therefore selected for study and imitation should not be, as in the common run of school-books, chosen for pomp or gorgeousness, but for neatness and simplicity of wording. By this we shall educate men, not indeed to talk nonsense in high-sounding phrases, but to write good letters, to jot down real thoughts in a simple way, and to show an educated taste in the avoidance of finery. For the power of making a clear statement, like one of Grote's chapters or Mr. Gladstone's budgets, is the highest triumph both of good sense and of good education. Simplicity then, not eloquence, is the teacher's aim in teaching composition. Short words and common words, short sentences and clear thoughts, these are things more commendable than all the puffiness of an Everett. Amid all the pinchbeck eloquence of a wordy nation and a wordy age, the highest glory and the highest aim of culture is refined simplicity.

Such then is the outline of English study that, from long experience and from earnest thought, I would urge upon the schools as leading to the attainment of what we wish, to the power of correct expression, and to the habit of reading. That such a course would need a long time to complete it is not, I think, a fair objection. For at every stage such studies, unlike many others, are doing good even to those that cannot go onward to the end; and the aim of such studies is so supremely high as to make the years spent in them the best-spent

years of life. But, in order to carry out such a system, there ought to be a readjustment of our work — there ought to be a recognition of the English studies as those that are the basis of all. From the child's first entrance into school on to the young collegian's graduation, there should be no year nor month nor day exempt from the study of the English. Every scholar, from the lowest to the highest, should have his daily recitations in English. The English studies, in their successive stages, should be demanded equally of all ; they should form the very axis in the progress of education. Other branches of study, as the Greek or the higher mathematics, the girl's piano or the boy's book-keeping, may be varied or remitted according to tastes or talents ; but, in the matter of English, all should join in common work for common advantage. For, go where he will, become what he may, preacher or ploughman, rich or poor, there is never a pupil that will not be made happier and wiser and better by all the knowledge he can get of his mother-tongue.

Thus much I have dared to say upon the outline and the scope of English studies. But, as to the actual need of them, much as I have said, I cannot say enough to paint the extent of our necessities, or the greatness of our perils. Of more than a thousand young men that I have in late years known, I have found scarcely a dozen that, on entering college, were skilful in the use of their English, or even sound in the decepcies of grammar and spelling, and in too many I have found an ignorance of literature and a depravity of taste that were appalling. And this, unhappily, is the general experience of teachers. And comparing the present state of things with what I remembered of the young men of twenty years ago, by all this I have been forced to see that, for some strange reasons, in spite of all the outlay and the thought that have of late been lavished upon education, the study of the mother-tongue is fast going backwards. And it is the duty of all to whom the virtue, dignity and culture of our people are dear, to fight against the encroachments of this barbarism. Whatever else is taught, let the foundations of our teaching be laid upon a sound knowledge of the English. If we fail in that, we fail in all.

But laying the practical question aside, I will briefly state the motives that lead me, on purely scientific grounds, to assign so high a place to the philology of our English. And this conviction of mine is based on no underrating of classical studies. Nay, on the contrary, it has been through my life-long love for the culture of Greece that I was led to recognise the study of one's own tongue as the foremost element in intellectual growth. For, as I think, the philological method is the same for all philologies ; and the application of it to one language rather than to another, as the basis of education, is therefore to be determined, not by any universal rule, but by the special needs of every nation. But, in selecting a language for this purpose, there are, as it seems to me, overwhelming reasons for choosing the mother-tongue to be the chief vehicle of philological studies. For an English-speaking child, as is clear, brings to the study of the English tongue far more, and more useful, preliminary knowledge, than to the study of any other. Hence, as there is more knowledge to build upon, his mind may be lifted more rapidly into the

higher range of philological discussion. Take thus, for example, an average class in Latin. How many months, and even years, are occupied in fixing upon the mind, by dictionaries and by grammars, such purely preliminary things as the meaning of strange words, the significance of strange inflections, the elementary laws of a strange syntax! How few are they that ever raise themselves, through such a mist of abstractions, into the higher atmosphere of critical learning or of æsthetical enjoyment! But in English, from the very beginning, the meaning of most words is known, the inflection is understood, the facts of the syntax are imbedded in the consciousness. Hence time may be saved from grammars and dictionaries to be bestowed on thought. When once the opaqueness of the medium is removed, then the beauty of the artistic expression, the force of the metaphor, the build of the sentence, the juncture of thoughts, and the sweep of argument, may be unveiled to a class's intelligence. Thus it is in English, as it seems to me, that the highest results of philology may be won with the least expenditure of time.

But again, in all philological discipline, there ought to be not only a scientific, but also an artistic purpose. That is, we should study language, not merely to know what others have thought, nor how they have said it, but also to train our own power of thinking, and to better our own power of expression. Along with progress in scientific knowledge, there should go improvement in artistic form. Yet, in spite of all the study given to the Greek or Latin, how few are the scholars that, in modern times, have learned not merely to read but to write them? And, though the capacity to do this has been a transcendent triumph of human skill, how useless for all practical ends has been this display of intellectual strength! But composition in English, from the boy's first valentine to the philosopher's last essay, is an art used and prized by all. It rests, however, not on skill, however great, in any foreign language. Bentley's English was the laughing-stock of the age that glories in his Latin. But skill in English composition can be won only by the study and the imitation of English models. Hence it must be from English philology that we are to draw the means of teaching the practical art of English composition.

But again, the study of English philology is a thing to be valued not only as an end in itself, but also as the means to other acquisition. For, by means of the English studies, the mind may be so trained in philological methods, it may be so strengthened in its grasp over the facts of human language and the laws of human thought, as to make all other studies at once more rapid and more solid. He that knows his own language well, can learn another with tenfold rapidity. For in learning our own, we learn once and forever those principles of general grammar, those laws of sentence-formation, and those processes of reasoning that belong to all mankind. By learning these, then, when we can learn them most easily, we fit ourselves to overcome the difficulties of foreign speech.

But the study of English philology must not be limited to mere grammar-work. It must be founded broad and deep on logic and history. Let us be guided by the example of the greatest among foreign teachers, and instructed by those systems of education that

have been established in all the great countries of Europe to carry on the work of European civilisation. Let us build up the historical knowledge of the English by diffusing the study of the older languages of Saxon and of Gothic. What would you think of the Greek scholar who would shut out Homer from the range of his Greek reading? Yet Chaucer is even for educated men an almost unknown writer; and *Beowulf*, the noblest heroic poem out of Greek, would be more familiar at our colleges in Hebrew than in Anglo-Saxon. What would be your candid opinion of the Latinist who had founded all his knowledge of Latin upon the wisdom of foolish old Bullion's grammar? Yet the sole approach to English in many schools is the conning of English grammars as stupid as Bullion's. Let us do, then, for our mother-tongue what other civilised races are doing for theirs. Let us study the English in its historical growth, and receive from it, with open minds, all the stores of wisdom and of poetry that are borne down to us, as upon a mighty stream, from the far-off centuries of the old Teutonic time. There is no *Lycée* in France where French boys are not taught the origin of their words and of their syntax from that imperial Latin which was forced upon the Gauls, amid blood and shame, by the swords of Rome. There is no Gymnasium in all the learned lands of Germany where German boys are not taught to track their language, through century after century, back to the speech of those heroic barbarians that routed Varus. We then can no longer afford to take our language as a ready-made garment from the hands of Smiths and Greenes. Through the transitions of almost 1500 years, we must teach ourselves what our language is, by tracing it back to Shakspeare, back to Chaucer, back to the Saxons and the Norsemen, back to those Gothic warriors whom Alaric led to the gates of Rome, and Ulfilas to the feet of Christ.

THOS. R. PRICE.

HOW FRED CONYERS WON HIS WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

“LOOK here, Jack! I just put this to you; you're not a sentimental fellow—you're hard as nails, I know that—but I ask you, What would you advise in a case like this? Look at the photograph, and be serious—*do*, old fellow! I've been awfully spoony upon it for three months—no, it ain't three, it's but two and three weeks—and I am determined to find whose likeness it is.”

"Let me see," said Jack, taking the picture and pretending to recognise it. "Oh, yes! — that — that — a photograph of my grandmother, the Empress of Brazil! Nice old girl, isn't she?"

"Jack," said the other impatiently, "please be serious. You don't know how deeply I feel about this matter. I really am in love with this girl; and, if you can give me any assistance, why *do* it; but quit your nonsense."

"I tell you it's my grandmother," began Jack; and then seeing how annoyed his friend looked, he said: "Well, my dear boy, the fact is, I haven't any more idea who it is than you have. If I had thought you were going to make such a goose of yourself, I would never have given it to you. All I know is that I thought it was a tidy face, and bought it of some photographic chap in the suburbs somewhere, for a quarter."

Fred Conyers was bitterly disappointed, and sat down in a disconsolate way, still keeping hold of the photograph. He had almost rather have heard that the unknown girl was married, or out of his reach in some other way. It was the suspense, the absence of knowledge about her, that was so hard to bear.

The photograph he held in his hand was a wonderfully good one. The sun, glad to limn so fair a face, had done his work lovingly and well. It was the most beautiful, the most expressive face Conyers had ever seen. Dark hair, as far as could be told, a face classical in its perfection, lit up with eyes that seemed almost to have the power of speech as they looked at you. An exquisite mouth, small and not too full; while the curve of the chin, and the way in which the head was posed on the bosom, might have inspired a poet with a beautiful simile.

This was a case not only of love at first sight, but love with a photograph. Conyers had not thought his susceptibilities easily roused, but here he was in a fever of love about a small picture on a piece of pasteboard. He had found it in Jack Carroll's album some three months before, and had feloniously appropriated it.

Having made a long but vain search for the girl, he at last confessed his crime and his passion to his friend, in hope of obtaining some clue to her identity. * The result stunned him.

"Why, Fred, old boy," said Jack presently, "you look all knocked of a heap. You don't mean to say that you are in earnest, and really are spoons on that *carte*? Why, she may be the mother of any number of promising children. She may be a blessed barmaid! She —"

"Jack, please don't. I'm hard hit. I know I'm an ass, but I can't help it. I *will* find this girl if possible. Can't you remember where you bought the photograph?"

"No; upon my honor I can't. Somewhere in Old Town, I fancy. I was dining over there that day, I know; but I can't be sure."

"I may keep it, I suppose?"

"Certainly. But if you will take my advice, Fred, you will put it into the fire."

"Thank you. *I shan't do that." And Conyers placed the *carte* carefully in his pocket-book. "Now, good-bye. I'll look in again to-morrow."

"All right," said Jack. "But where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Well, I scarcely know. I think, however, I shall take a walk over in Old Town."

"You old ass!" was the complimentary rejoinder, and then Conyers took his leave.

An hour afterwards he was speeding towards Broadway, wrapped in the contemplation of his beloved photograph, and with no very definite idea of what course he was going to pursue when he reached his destination. His love was madness, he knew; but men had been mad before his time for love of a woman's face, and wiser men than he was had engaged in the mad tournament of olden times to win a smile from a lady that they could never dare to love.

Jack Carroll had given no clue whatever to the photographer. There would be a dozen on Broadway, and he was not even sure that his purchase had not been made in some street in the vicinity; so that to take the picture round to every photographer in the neighborhood seemed likely to be a very hopeless business, which would lead to no satisfactory result.

It was weary work, but he was determined to succeed. In a number of places where he made inquiries, his questions were met with a supercilious negative, one magnificently attired *artist* informing him that their work was "infinitely superior to anything like that." It seemed to him like sacrilege to be thus exposing the picture to vulgar gaze, but there was no help for it if he wished to discover who the original of the cherished portrait was.

But at last, after visiting scores of photographers, he began to think his search hopeless, and to doubt the wisdom of his proceedings. Not a very surprising thing, perhaps, when his situation was calmly reviewed. Here he was, rushing all over town after photographers, only to meet with perpetual disappointment; and even if he was so far successful as to find out who the portrait was, he might be as far off knowing her and winning her as ever.

He looked at the fair face, and the wonderful eyes that met his so steadily in the picture, and he was driven nearly mad by the thought that they might even then be smiling upon some one else; that some one with a good right to such happiness was even then caressing that sweet face. He placed the *carte* in his pocket with a sigh, and then looking up, found that he was in front of the famous gallery of "Burnet & Son," on Gay street.

He would try this one place yet, and then—he scarcely knew what.

The senior member of the firm, a suave, sedate gentleman, wearing a subdued smile upon his broad and somewhat sly countenance, immediately approached him as he entered, with an affable "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I scarcely know myself," replied Conyers, producing the photograph. "I wish to know whose likeness this is, and I thought maybe the picture came from here."

The smile upon Mr. Burnet's face expanded. He made a great and gracious courtesy, and extended his short fat hand. "Let me

look at it," said he, grasping it in his stubby fingers and holding it close to his bulbous nose. "Ah, yes; to be sure! Remember her well. Interested by her beauty, you know!" continued he, giving Mr. Conyers a sly leer and a knowing wink, very much to that young gentleman's disgust.

"Can you tell me her name?" said Fred, loftily, and inwardly rejoicing at his good luck, while at the same time he cursed the grinning photographer for his impudence. "I have certain reasons for asking, and I'll be greatly obliged if you can accommodate me."

Mr. Burnet now lowered the picture from before his face and glanced sharply at his visitor, running his eye from Fred's glossy hat down over his coat, and down one leg to his well-polished boots, and then up the other side until he reached the hat again, when, apparently satisfied with the investigation, he turned, and without another word began examining a large ledger that lay on a high desk in one corner of the room.

"Oh! ah!" said he, fumbling over the leaves and running his thumb up and down the pages. "Stykes — that's not it; Booney — nor that; Smith — nor that; Horpins — Hor — yes — no — not Horpins; White, Arnold, Higgins, Traney, Jones, Harvey. Ah! that's it! Alice Harvey; the last one — sure to be the last one; always the way when a man's in a hurry. I would swear to it. Shall I read the entry?"

"Yes, if you please," replied Conyers, anxiously.

Mr. Burnet, after having cleared his throat several times, and taking a very moderate sip of water, which he distributed over his lips, ingeniously using his tongue as a trowel, proceeded in a deliberate tone, and with an utter disregard of stops or punctuation, to read Miss Harvey's name and address, the date when the picture was taken, and several other items which he had deemed it necessary to record.

He had already begun with the next name, without being aware of the fact, when Conyers stopped him. "That will do," said he, turning to go; "I am very much obliged, and when I have anything in your line I'll give you a call." And before the other had time to utter a reply he had dashed through the door, and was hurrying up the street in the direction of the number he had so fortunately discovered.

The house in which Miss Harvey lived was a large, newly painted, three-story brick building, the two upper stories of which were used as a dwelling, and the lower, or ground floor, as a store-room. A sign over the entrance of the latter, representing an elderly lady with a bald head, a fat face, and a long nose, seated at a sewing-machine and glaring venomously at a lean little fellow with mazarine blue eyes and dimity small-clothes, who held in his hand the frame-work of a bonnet and a bundle of ribbons which he was supposed to be wishing to have made up, together with the legend "Mrs. Jane Jones" in one corner of the picture, indicated that this was a milliner's establishment, of which the aforesaid lady was the proprietor.

Conyers surveyed this respectable dwelling for a moment from the opposite side of the street, and then, crossing over, he entered and asked to examine a few samples of Mrs. Jones' large stock of ribbons.

A large purchase, quickly made and liberally paid for, opened that lady's heart and loosened her gossip-loving tongue. "So you have a tenant in the upper part of your house?" said Conyers presently, while tenderly handling a greatly beflowered bonnet as if with a view to becoming its purchaser.

"Yes *indeed*, sir," replied Mrs. Jones, in her most confidential manner; "and I *hope* — I do *indeed* — it may turn out comfortable all round."

Mrs. Jones usually spoke in low and significant tones, and with a mystery and caution worthy of deeper things than she often talked about.

"Why, is there anything unusual?" asked the young man curiously.

"Well, yes — a little. I haven't seen any of the family since they came here, excepting Miss Alice; not one indeed, sir. They are very strange. They never come into my store — not once since they came here. But, dear me! you know, sir, that might be, and yet everything as we could wish, mightn't it? Yes, sure; still you know people will be talking. It's a pity we don't mind our own business more, and let others be, isn't it, sir?"

"Great pity. But what's the matter?" urged Conyers.

"They haven't been here, you know, very long," murmured Mrs. Jones, earnestly.

"No, I *don't* know. I know nothing about it. How long?"

"Well, about five weeks — a little more — and no one ever saw the gentleman once. He's never been down stairs in the daytime since he came; never indeed, sir, not once."

"That shows his sense, doesn't it?"

"Ah, you will jest, I see, sir. But I don't think so; no, I don't indeed. His conduct is really most singular — never going out in the daytime, and always after night. He's a tall man, and holds himself straight like an officer. For people will be making inquiries, you know. And he has gray hair — not quite white, you know."

"How *should* I know?"

"Ah, ha! you are very funny. Yes indeed, but it *is* gray — gone quite gray."

"Well, and what about the ladies?" inquired Fred. "They're not gone gray *all*? though I shouldn't wonder much, living here."

"The ladies! Well, there's two, you know. There's Mrs. Harvey, that's his wife; and all the family accounts is opened in her name. Very regular she is, too. I have nothing to say concerning her. They don't spend a great deal, you understand, but their money is *sure*."

"Yes, of course. But you said, didn't you, there was something not quite right about them?"

"Oh dear, no, sir! I did not say quite *that*. Nothing *wrong*, no, sure, but very odd, sir, and very queer; and that is all."

"And that's a great deal, isn't it?" urged Fred.

"Well, it is something; it is indeed a great deal," Mrs. Jones emphasised, oracularly.

"And *what* is it? What do you know of them? or the people here, what do they *say*?"

"Well, they say, putting this and that together, and some hints from the servants that comes in for a little chat — for servants, you know, will be talking — that the family is *mad*."

"*Mad!*" echoed Fred.

"That's what they say."

"The whole family are *mad*, and yet continue to manage their affairs as they do! By Jove, it's a comfort to find that people can get on without heads on emergency!"

"They don't say, dear me! that *all* are mad — only the old man and young lady."

"And what is she mad upon?"

"Well, they don't say. I don't know; melancholy, I do suppose."

"And where did they come from?"

"We don't know. The servants don't know, they say. They were hired here by Miss Harvey, and never saw the old gentleman nor the old lady till after they come to this house. One night comes a carriage, after I had rented the rooms to the young lady, with a mad-house gentleman, they do say a doctor, in charge of the gentleman, and, poor thing! and so he was put in here."

"And what sort of lunacies do they commit? They're not pulling down the house among them, I hope?"

"Very gentle, very; I'm told quite, as you may say, manageable. It's a very sad thing, sir; but *what* a world it is! Yes indeed, isn't it?"

"Ay, so it is. I've heard that, I think, before."

"You may have heard it from *me*, sir, and it's long been my feeling and opinion. Dear me! the longer I live the more melancholy sights I see."

"What was the doctor's name that came here, do you know?"

"He comes here often, but, dear me! not often enough, I think. I saw his card one day, and the name was Jack Carroll. Queer name like for a doctor, wasn't it?"

For one moment Mr. Fred Conyers looked as though he had received a blow upon the head. "Jack Carroll, did you say?" gasped he.

"Lawk me! and do you know him, sir? Yes, sure; what a world it is! Jack Carroll, indeed, sir; and I says at the time to Matilda Jane, says I — Oh, dear me, there she is now!"

Fred turned quickly, following the direction of Mrs. Jones' startled glance, and as he did so the store-door opened, and Miss Alice Harvey entered the room. She turned her face full upon him, and then he saw in flesh and blood that wonderful portrait of Beatrice Cenci which had haunted him for three months.

CHAPTER II.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

For one brief moment the young girl's large eyes rested upon Fred with a glance that seemed to him at once haughty, wild, and shy; then, turning to Mrs. Jones, she attempted to tell her errand; but so rapid and broken was her utterance that she was perfectly unintelligible.

Conyers saw her excitement, and started towards her as if to render some assistance, but with a gesture she waved him back, and apparently recovering the power of speech, but in a hoarse voice and with a gasp at every word, she managed to utter:

"My father — come up quick — he is dying, I'm afraid!"

At the instant of speaking she turned and flew out of the room, and up the steps of the house as if carried along by the wind.

Fred and Mrs. Jones quickly followed, and as they entered the dwelling they could see her standing like a ghost at the head of the dark staircase.

Up the steps they hastened, and followed her into a quaint old-fashioned room on the second floor.

As they entered, Fred was so startled at the sight that met his eyes that he would have stepped back into the entry, if Mrs. Jones had not been so close behind him. Stretched on the bed, and covered to the chin with heavy bed-clothing, lay the skeleton of a man; his eyes glassy, his cheeks fallen, his jaws prominent, and lips shrunken, showing teeth like fangs. The thin, long fingers which clutched the coverlet more closely about him were like talons. He had evidently just recovered from a fit or spasm of some kind, for his brow was covered with drops of perspiration, and a white froth was oozing from his lips.

As soon as he saw Conyers he drew up the bed-clothes and turned his back toward him, at the same time asking: "Well, what do *you* want?"

"I am come to do what I can for you," replied Fred, approaching the bed, "and to ask what you need. You are very sick, and must see your doctor."

"Send for Doctor Owen," replied the sick man, raising himself on his elbow and looking sharply into his visitor's face; "he has been to see me before. I have had these attacks often, but none so bad as this. What do *you* think about me?" he continued, gasping for breath. "None of your lying!" he added angrily, as Conyers hesitated. "Tell me the truth. Will I get well, I say?"

"Yes — yes," said Fred in a hesitating tone, while he despatched Mrs. Jones for Doctor Owen; "to be sure you will. In a short time, I hope, you'll be quite strong."

"Will I?" exclaimed the sick man, sinking back exhausted. "Well, I'm dreadfully weak now."

"Oh, that won't last, I hope," replied Fred, wishing to cheer him, and scarcely knowing what to say. "In a short time you'll be well; and in a month ready to look after your wife and daughter again."

A sharp twitch, as of sudden pain, shot across the unfortunate man's face at this mention of his child. "It is only for their sake that I wish to live," said he, looking tenderly at the two women, who were standing by the bedside, wringing their hands helplessly and weeping bitterly. "They are two angels, if ever there was any," he continued; "and if it wasn't for them, I'd be lying here without a soul to give me a drink when I am mad with thirst."

Fred now approached the two ladies, and addressing himself to the younger one, said: "My name is Conyers, *Fred* Conyers; and

I'm a friend of Jack Carroll's. I was just speaking of him to Mrs. Jones when she informed me that he was your family physician — a mistake, I suppose, as Jack is a lawyer. I am afraid your father is very sick, and I'll esteem it a favor if you will allow me to be of any assistance to you."

Fred's manner, for his whole heart and a world of sympathy were in his voice, caused the young girl to look up. She looked straight into his eyes for a moment, her own swimming with tears, and then giving him her hand, said: "Thank you; I can trust you, I know."

The mention of Jack Carroll's name attracted the sick man's attention, and he signed to Conyers to come nearer. "Don't leave me," he whispered. "I would like to see Carroll, but I can send word by you. Wait and hear what the doctor says. It hangs like lead here," he continued, thumping his hand against his head; "here, *here*, **HERE**! And at times when I'm crazy with pain and fever, I have strange images whirling and dancing and twisting about me; and oftenest of all comes that old man Dalton, and his—" Catching a sign from his wife, who had advanced to the foot of the bed, and was gazing at him with an alarmed expression upon her face, he paused. "I'm afraid I say things that I should not," he presently went on; "once I caught the doctor looking at me as frightened as if I were the devil himself."

"I don't wish to hear any of your secrets," said Conyers, turning from the bed. "I think I had better stay a while yet," said he to Miss Harvey; "and you and your mother should leave the room while the doctor is here. Ah, here he comes now," he added, with a sigh of relief.

While he was speaking, a heavy step was heard in the passage, and as the ladies went out the physician entered. He was a short, stout man, with broad shoulders and keen black eyes. As he came in he cast a hasty glance about him, and without speaking, went directly to the sick man and took his hand.

Conyers watched him eagerly. "Well, Doctor, how do you find him?"

The doctor made no reply, but beckoning Fred to follow him, went into the entry and shut the door. "You're acquainted with this man?" asked he.

"No," replied Fred. "I never knew his name before to-day. I was below in the store when his daughter called me up. But you may consider me a friend of his."

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor, sorrowfully. "He's been sick off and on ever since he came here. He had a fit like this once before, and I told him then if he ever got another it would take him off."

"Why, won't he get well? How is he?" asked Conyers.

"He'll die. Nothing can save him," replied the physician, gnawing the end of a riding-whip, which he held in his hand. "But that's not all. He's had a hand in some devil's mischief which I'd like to sift if I had time. When he's in his senses he's close-mouthed enough; but in his crazy fits he has let out things that have made me start. If he sees to-morrow's sun —"

"Open that door!" shouted Harvey from the room. "What are

you whispering about? I am not going to die, am I?" said he, half sitting up in bed, as his request was complied with, and glaring at Conyers with eyes that made his flesh creep. "Am I going to die, I say? Why don't you answer me, instead of standing shivering there, with your teeth chattering as if you were frightened to death? Will I get well?" exclaimed he, turning to the doctor.

"Not if you go on in that way. Lie down and compose yourself, and we can judge better to-morrow."

"Because you'll find me dead! *That's* what you mean!" said Harvey, with a ghastly grin which made them shudder, while the doctor with gentle hands tried to force him down on the bed. "Get away, both of you!" he screamed. "Curse you all! You would murder me! Out of my sight! And you!" exclaimed he, shaking his attenuated hand at Conyers, "and *you*, you Dalton slave!"

The doctor turned to the young man and surveyed him from head to foot, as if the meaning of the words of his patient might be more fully explained by this investigation.

"What does he mean?" demanded he.

"He's raving. He doesn't know what he's talking about," replied Conyers.

"Don't I!" shouted the sick man, "don't I! Out of my sight!" and he shook his fist at them, gnashing his teeth. "Out of my sight, liar! coward! Away with you!"

"We are increasing the violence of his paroxysm by remaining here," said Conyers, nervously. "Let's go; Mrs. Jones will watch him."

The doctor looked once more at his patient, and giving the woman some powders, followed out of the room. Conyers waited at the door and listened.

Crouching like a wild beast, and with the bed-clothes gathered tightly about him, Harvey remained in a state of stupid fear after their departure. Every sense was concentrated in the single one of feeling. He did not dare to draw a long breath lest it should snap the cord which bound his wretched body to life. Every sharp throe that shot through him sent a pang of mortal fear to his heart. He stretched out his long bony arm and fancied how it would look when the grave-worm was battenning upon it. He seemed to feel his frame decaying in the grave. He felt the close, stifling air of the coffin. The thought drove him to madness, and with a frantic effort he rose to his feet on the bed, and uttering a laugh of mingled terror and frenzy, hurrahed until the room echoed, and then fell exhausted back on his pillow.

When he recovered, Conyers was again at his side, and he was a long way nearer to his grave.

"I am glad you have come back, Mr. Conyers," said he, faintly. "I have had a bad turn since you left me, but am better now. Send that woman out of the room."

Mrs. Jones gladly did as she was requested, and then Fred seated himself at the bedside.

"I didn't mean to insult you," said Harvey, speaking in a whisper; "but this secret is dreadful. It's taking away my very life. I

wanted to tell Carroll myself, but you must tell him. Mr. Conyers, if you could but look into this bosom and see its bitterness, you would shudder. There are moments when it seems as if all the devils in hell had taken possession of me. I have strange fits of weakness too, and then I'm afraid of death; but now—ha, ha!" He laughed such a bitter, fiendish laugh as made his visitor quail as from the glance of an evil spirit.

"Alice knows nothing about it," continued the sick man with a sigh. "Poor thing! I've kept my secret well, that not even she should know it. I told you before that it was about Dalton, didn't I?"

Conyers nodded.

"Well, I lived with him many a long year ago, when he was young—before he was married. A gay young fellow he was, too; ay, and I was at his wedding—a runaway match; his friends never knew it. There was I and Joseph Surry, poor fellow! But he's dead and gone, and the parson's gone, and Dalton's dead, and his wife's dead—all dead but me. It's very strange! But my turn has come. Well, they were married, and shortly afterwards I went away, and was gone nearly twenty years. When I came back, things were greatly altered. I was changed myself: I was married and had a child. Alice was just ten years old when I returned. For all that it did look very strange to come back and find it so changed, and the faces of all about you changed, and no one whom you knew—all dead or gone off, very few left. God bless me, how full the churchyard was! For old acquaintance sake he took me with him again, and I became his confidential agent. His two sons were but boys then."

He paused for breath. Fred had been listening with the greatest eagerness. "Go on—go on!" exclaimed he, striving to repress his excitement. "You found employment with him, when you came back—what then?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other, with a ghastly chuckle. "I startled you, did I? Well, I thought I would."

The man's garrulity nearly drove Conyers wild, so deeply interested was he. His fingers clutched nervously into his hands, and he bit his lips fiercely in his efforts to restrain his eager impatience. It had become very plain, too, that Harvey could not last much longer. His recollections of the past were exciting him, and another paroxysm was imminent.

"Well, I'll tell you," he repeated, his eyes growing wilder and his utterance more rapid and indistinct each moment. "There's not a soul knows about it—not one. Let me see! Yes, I went to see him that night. And he," speaking now half to himself, "was a man one didn't like to be alone with; and it was a dark place that he lived in; and he *did* look so strangely when I spoke to him about it—indeed he did! He was so white, and his hands shook, and his voice was husky, and his eyes glassy. No, no! it wasn't *all* fancy; and he slunk off with a slow, stealthy step, like a cat when she steals on a mouse. When he came back, *she* was with him; and oh! how scared she looked. Hist!" exclaimed he, suddenly rising up in his bed, and staring with blood-shot eyes at the door. "Hist!" he repeated, so sharply that it made Conyers start in alarm.

Plainly, Harvey was again a madman, and once more he was enacting some scene through which he had passed years before.

"Some one is coming!" he cried wildly. "It's the very man! — the old fellow! the witness! the only witness!"

His black eyes dilated till they seemed on fire, his lips quivered, and he trembled from head to foot.

"It is he! He's in the other room — *alone!*"

He paused, and looked cautiously around.

"Sit still, both of you!" said he, in a hoarse whisper. "Don't stir on your lives — neither of you. I've often risked my life, and, by Heaven, I'll do it now! Your dirk; but no! — no blood; a blow will be better."

He made a motion as though to get out of bed, but he was too weak. He fell back at full length. "I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, in agony.

Presently he brandished his arms wildly. "Talk to him! *talk* to him! *only* talk to him!" he muttered. "Back, back, I say! Keep the door shut; tight — tight! Ask no questions; see nothing; hear nothing; and don't come in that room, or I'll cut your throats!"

The intense excitement was too much for him; he strove to get up, struggled violently for a moment, and then fell back exhausted upon his pillow.

Just then his daughter entered, and, with a piteous cry, ran to him and took his head in her arms. By degrees he revived, and the straggling rays of intellect seemed to concentrate. Presently he raised himself again, and pushed the hair back from his face.

"Alice," said he, with returning consciousness, "is that you?"

She only pressed his hand.

"You're a good girl; God bless you! I'm going, Alice, and I have much to tell you. Send for your mother."

Mrs. Harvey was quickly brought, but it was too late. The cloud which for a moment had been lifted, again obscured his mind, and he sank back on his pillow. The look of intelligence which had brightened his face disappeared, and was succeeded by a blank, idiotic stare.

Suddenly his respiration became deeper and more labored; then came one long, rattling, gurgling breath. His daughter pressed his head close to her breast; another deep, deep breath came; a pause; then one sharp, convulsive, quivering gasp; his head fell back; and all was over.

CHAPTER III.

A PROPOSAL.

On the evening of the next day, Jack Carroll was seated in his office in his easiest arm-chair, tranquilly engaged in the consumption of sherry and seltzer, and smoking an enormously long wooden pipe. He looked up as Fred Conyers entered, and said, "Ah! the photographic maniac; and how are we and the picture to-day?"

"To-day," said Conyers, in a tone of triumph, "I've just come from seeing her!"

A look of trouble came into Jack's face at these words ; he sat for a moment in deep thought, but presently resuming his light manner, calmly said : " Indeed, then sit down and have a pipe ; there's plenty of seltzer in that cupboard, so mix and be happy."

" You don't even ask who she is."

" Ah, excuse me ! Who is she ?"

" Miss Alice Harvey ; and she is perfectly glorious !"

" Oh ! glorious, is she ? And what are you going to do now ?"

" That's just what you must tell me — I don't know what to do next. I want your advice."

" Throw yourself before the wheels of her chariot, and when the hoofs of her haughty steeds are trampling out your heart's best blood, tell her how you love her !" And Jack, as he spoke, waved his pipe dramatically, and then leaned back in his arm-chair as if the effort had been too much for him.

" You know what the poet says, Jack : ' Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in — '"

" Hush !" interrupted Jack, springing to his feet in mock indignation. " That'll do ! Never you repeat poetry to me ! Your cursed infatuation about that picture comes of reading the poets ! Cursed mischief-makers ! I wish the whole tribe, from Virgil to Shakspeare, and from him along a gradually descending plane of laureled madmen, to the foot of the hill, where old Billy Barlow — the author of that absurd Columbiad — stands ; and from him down a steep precipice of inanity to the flat bottom of Cant and Drivel, where Martin Farquhar Tupper stretches his dainty length at ease — I wish the whole race were *parboiled* !"

" And a very pretty sentiment that is, too — *very* pretty ; but don't you really believe that it is more than half owing to too much sherry ? I do. But, seriously now, I've had a most wonderful adventure. I'm the luckiest man — and, by the way, Jack, why did you deny knowing Miss Harvey ? Why did you deceive me about that picture ?"

Jack, who was already earnest enough at heart, became grave in a moment.

" I deceived you for your own good," said he, shortly.

" What do you mean ? How for my good ?"

" When you come to know old Harvey you'll find out," answered Jack.

" But I do know him. I saw him *die*."

" Die !" Carroll uttered the word with as much horror in his tone as if he had heard the news of the death of his best friend. His pipe dropped from his trembling fingers, and his face became ghastly pale. " Saw him die !" he repeated, with white lips — " when ?"

" Yesterday," replied Fred, greatly moved by his friend's distress ; " and an awful death it was too. There is some mystery about these people, Jack, and I wish you would tell me what it is. I intend to set to work to win that girl for my wife, and I think I ought to know."

Jack's face was buried in his hands, and apparently he had not heard the other's words, for he made no reply.

" Do you want to hear how I found them ?" asked Fred.

" Yes," replied Carroll, without looking up.

In low, earnest tones, that were sometimes triumphant, sometimes sad, Conyers told all the story. "Wasn't it just the luckiest thing you ever heard of?" he concluded. "And I've been asked to attend the funeral — think of that! A friend already, you see. All morning I have been at the house, rendering little services and that sort of thing, and I've secured a pretty firm footing, I tell you. Come now, Jack, what is it? Was that old man only raving, or what? Mrs. Jones said he was *mad*."

Carroll now raised himself in his chair, and, leaning towards Fred, he took his hand, and said: "Fred, old fellow, I'm a friend of yours, you know that. I'd tell you this man's story if I dared; but would you ask it? Remember that I received it under a promise of secrecy. You shake your head — that's right, old fellow; you don't expect it of me. Now, look here. I've tried to keep you away from that girl, but you seem to have the devil's own luck. But, Fred, don't go near her again — don't do it! Didn't you hear enough at that death-bed to drive you away from her? What sort of a mate would the daughter of a man like that be for a Conyers? I put it to you now as a man of the world, and as a man of sense. I tell you you will bring ruin on yourself if you don't give her up," he continued earnestly; "nothing but ruin. I love you as a brother, Fred; and I tell you it will be ruin. Think of your family, and of its stainless name! Would you knowingly graft shame upon it?"

"Shame!" ejaculated Fred, his cheek burning like fire. "Where and what is the shame? I would stake my life upon Alice Harvey being as pure as an angel!"

"Fred, Fred, beware! You do not *know*, you *cannot* know, what it is that you propose to do. The girl *is* what you say. She is pure and good, she is handsome and rich, she is everything that would make a good match for you, except — and that is insuperable — except in *name*. What you heard at that death-bed is partly true. That old man has cast a stain upon her name that nothing can wash out. *Your* wife's name and lineage *must* be spotless. It is an old friend who is speaking now, Fred; and he speaks for your good — give this girl up — tear her out of your heart! Surely the love of a month cannot be so strong!"

Fred had now arisen and grasped his hat. "You *are* an old friend, Jack; but, being that, you should have told me *everything*. As you refuse to do that, I refuse to hear only a part." He spoke like a man whose mind was made up, and who could not be turned from his course. He turned towards the door, and as he opened it, he stopped and said: "You laughed at my earnestness once before, Jack, and you may laugh now; but I solemnly affirm to you that, if that girl will have me, I'll make her my wife to-morrow, even though I knew her father was a *murderer*!"

"Fred! Fred! Come here! Come —" But the door had closed, and Fred was gone.

It had indeed come to this, that he was ready to sacrifice *everything* that he held most dear — himself, his family, his pride, his name, for this girl whom he had known but two short days.

There are few of the impostures we commit more amusing than

that which we habitually practise upon ourselves in assigning the highest moral motives for doing what pleases us best. Fred, as he hastened along the street in the direction of the Harveys' dwelling, easily argued his fierce passion into a heroic devotion. "There is something wrong about them," he said to himself; "that old man was a drunkard for one thing, but I think no worse than that. He *had* some dreadful secret though, I'm afraid; or maybe that was only delirium. No, there *is* a secret; Jack knows something. Well, there's not many fellows of my position would be as true to that girl as I am, that's certain. There'll be a deuce of a row at home though; but I love the girl, and why should I sacrifice my chance of happiness for the sake of a 'name' or 'influence'? No, I'll be hanged if I do! Every man ought to consult his affections, and to make his home the centre of them. How can you love your children if you don't love their mother — if you hate her, by Jove — as I know fellows do who married for 'name' and 'influence'? Will anybody pretend to say this match was not made in heaven? Why, look at it. It *couldn't* have been blind chance that showed me the photograph, and led me so wonderfully until I found her — no, *sir*! It was a special Providence — that's it; and I'll marry her, by Jove, no matter what her father was!"

In this vein was his contemplation — and even more unworldly and virtuous as he proceeded — in the elation of the happiness of the future he saw before him. Troubling his visions was no thought of failure in his pursuit. He felt sure that his good fortune, so wonderful thus far, would not desert him; and, at least, he would do all that man could do to win success. The first step had been attained; already he was looked upon as a trusty friend, and now as he drew near the Harveys' home, he felt sure of a warm welcome.

The next day the funeral took place, and Fred superintended all the arrangements. Indeed, so useful did he make himself to this now almost friendless family, that they soon grew to depend upon him as though he were a son and a brother.

The days now flew by and grew into months, and each one of them found Fred, for a portion of the evening, in attendance upon Alice Harvey. It was nearly spring, when, one evening, he might have been seen sitting in the parlor with Alice and her mother, his face white and his manner constrained with the weight of a contemplated proposal.

The two ladies are busily sewing, and Fred has been trying to entertain them with a little familiar gossip; but presently he lapses into a moody silence, and the women, noticing his abstraction, go on with their work in silence. In a little while, Mrs. Harvey arose and went out of the room. No sooner had the door closed upon her than Fred, who had evidently been studying his part, drew his chair closer to Alice, and taking her photograph from his pocket, held it towards her, and said: "Do you know whose portrait that is? It is so pretty, that as soon as I saw it I was tempted to steal it."

The girl took the picture, and a deep blush stole over her face as she replied: "Yes; where in the world did you get it? Did you steal it from me?" She handed it back, as she spoke, as if she wished him to keep it.

He touched the fingers she extended ; took them in his hand, and held them with gentle force. "For one moment allow me to hold your hand ; don't take it from me yet, I *implore*, only while I say a few words, which you may make, almost by a look, a farewell — my eternal farewell. Alice, I love you as no other man ever will love you. I found that picture in Jack Carroll's album four months ago, and I have loved you from that moment. For three months I searched for you ; and when I was in the store that day I had just found you. You may think all this but the madness that young men talk. But what I say is desperately true ; no madness, but sad and irreparable reality. I never knew love but for you — and for you it is such idolatry as I think the world never imagined. You are never for one moment from my thoughts. Every good hope or thought I have, I owe to you. You are the good principle of my life, and if I lose you, I am lost myself." He spoke rapidly and earnestly — the light of a deathless love in his eyes, and deep passion in his voice.

This was not a conventional young girl. She did not drop her eyes, nor yet withdraw her hand, but left it in his, it seemed unconsciously, and looked at him with eyes of melancholy and earnest inquiry.

"It is strange," she said, in a dreamy tone, as if talking with herself. "I thought it strange long ago, for I knew that you loved me ; but you do not and cannot know me."

Her manner and tone, more than her words, warned him of what was coming ; but the very thought of losing her made him all the more earnest.

"Yes," he answered, "I *do* know you — intuitively I know you. If you are thinking of what I heard *that* day, I swear before heaven that can make no difference. Oh, Alice ! will you shut me out forever from the only chance of good I shall ever know ? Can you ever, ever like me ?"

There was a little silence, and she said, very low, "If I *were* to like you, would you love me better than anything else in the world ? Could you bear for my sake what the world would say ?"

"I love you better than all the world ! You are my world !" he reiterated, and she felt the hand of this young man of fashion, of ambition, of proud family, who had often with his bachelor friends sneered at all romance, quiver as it held her own.

A tear trickled down over her cheek, her bosom rose and fell as if surging with some great emotion she was trying to conquer, and with her head bent down, she sat quite still for a little while. Presently, as if beginning to see her way more clearly, she looked up full into his face. "If I were to allow any one to love me," said she, softly, "I would say to him, you must know what you undertake. You must love me with your entire heart ; heart and soul you must give yourself altogether up to me. I must be everything to you — your present, your future, your happiness, your hope ; for with me as a wife no man could expect anything from the world."

The hot passionate blood surging up from his heart to his brain left no chance for him to reason. He only saw that he was about to lose her, and he felt he could sell his very soul to prevent it. "I

need make no vow," said he, "but my life is already what you describe. Nothing can tear me from you. I cannot, cannot give you up, for I adore you. Oh, Alice! *can* you like me?"

Then Alice Harvey answered, and in a tone the most sad that ever spoke, and to *him* the sweetest and most solemn; like distant music in the night, funereal and plaintive, the cadences fell upon his entranced ear.

"If I were to tell you my story now, and ask you to go away for three days that you might think over it, would you be satisfied?"

"Oh, Alice, darling! say you *do* love me *now*, and then I can wait for years if you wish."

"Here is the truth," she said, placing both her hands in his. "I *do* love you, but not well enough to bid you go, as I should. There must be uncertainty in all things, I believe, and faith in those who love us; and so blindly — *almost* blindly — I say that I will be your wife if you wish it after I have told you all. I need to whisper but one word, and then you must go; and oh! promise that you will come back, that you will always love me as you do now, and never change. If you love me, I shall love you *always*; and if you change, I shall *die*. Oh! won't you promise?"

Poor fluttering heart! The bird that prunes its wing for the untried flight over the sea, in which to tire is to die lonely in the cold waste, may feel within its little breast the instinct of that irrevocable venture, the irresistible impulse, the far-off hope, the present fear and danger, as she did.

Promises! What are they? Who can answer for the follies of the heart and the mutations of time? We know what we are; we know not what we may be. Idlest of all idle words are these promises for the affections, for the raptures and illusions, utterly mortal, whose duration God has placed quite beyond our control. Kill them, indeed, we may, but add one hour to their uncertain lives, never! A single word may lay them out cold at our feet.

What Fred Conyers swore, and all the music he poured into those little listening ears in that mad, passionate hour, it is needless to tell. When he had finished, Alice Harvey gently placed one soft white arm about his neck, drew his head down close to her lips, and whispered in his ear these words: "My father was a — a *convict*." Then she kissed him lightly on the forehead, and before he could recover from the stunning force of the words, she sprang away from him and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

When Fred Conyers made his appearance at Jack Carroll's office on the morning after his interview with Alice Harvey, he was so pale, his face so ghastly, and his eye so bright and black, that it struck even the lawyer's clerk, a young gentleman not usually struck with anything appertaining to the office.

During the whole of that long night his mind had been on the rack. His brain was teeming with cases similar to his own, with stories of young men sent to mad-houses while they had their senses, and shut

up with gibbering idiots and men stark raving mad, by relatives who were opposed to their marrying girls beneath them ; of others sent into the world by indignant families — beggars. Hundreds of cases of this sort sprang up in his memory so fast, and yet so vividly, that he wondered where he had heard them all. He had endeavored to sleep, but his slumber was the continuation of his waking thoughts, and when he awoke it was still the same.

Wealthy and independent, he had nothing to fear from his family; and yet the thought of their scorn and indignation, should he persist in marrying this convict's daughter, was a constant terror to him. What was he to do? In the obscurity in which Alice Harvey now lived, the scorn of the world never reached her ; but would it not be far otherwise if he should make her conspicuous in society as his wife? Yes, undoubtedly. And would it not be a cruel wrong in him to do so? His coward heart said that it would.

Why had he not taken Jack Carroll's advice? Oh, why? He felt that he was about to do a cruel, cowardly thing. He knew that having persisted in winning the poor girl's love, he was a scoundrel now to throw her off. But what could he do? He could not, even to himself, excuse his treachery, the treason he was about to commit, by the plea that he had not known of the stain that was upon her name. That awful death-scene had told him enough ; but in the heat of his passion he had refused to know or to believe. He remembered now that he had thought of all this before, and had forced himself to believe that the sick man's story was but the raving of delirium. He gnashed his teeth and cursed himself for his folly, but still the question would intrude, "What was he to do?"

Jack Carroll, when he came in and saw his friend's misery, pitied him from the bottom of his heart, but was unable to give any advice. "You would not listen to me," he said, "and you must lie upon the bed you have made for yourself."

"Is it as bad, Jack, as she made it out to be?" asked Fred, with a vain hope.

"I'll tell you all about it," replied Jack, seating himself near his friend. "Harvey gave you a true history of himself up to the time when he returned to Dalton's. He had made a great deal of money, and had invested it under Dalton's direction and advice. Shortly after his return he took to drink, and soon became a confirmed drunkard. One day he quarrelled with Dalton about the money, and in the heat of passion struck him with a chair. He had not intended to kill the old man, but the blow had that effect nevertheless. I defended Harvey on his trial, and got him off with a light sentence — two years, I think. Before going to prison he made over all his property to me in trust ; and when he came out, his love of drink being as strong as ever, he continued the relation between us. I have learned to love Alice as my own sister, and knowing what I know, I tried to prevent your becoming acquainted with her. This is the whole story, Fred ; and now you must decide for yourself. I cannot ask you to marry the girl unless you are prepared to brave the scorn of your family and acquaintances. And I must say, old fellow, that you should have thought of all this before you taught her to love you."

"For God's sake don't, Jack!" exclaimed Fred, his features becoming convulsed with pain; "I suffer enough as it is. Good-bye! I'll come again to-morrow." And then he went out and walked off towards his hotel.

Once in his room, he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. There were two more days left him in which to determine what he would do; but already he knew what his decision must be. He had thought that he could stand up manfully against the world for this girl, but brought face to face with that one terrible fact—that she was a convict's daughter—and his courage had all departed. He felt that he was a coward, and he called himself a scoundrel, but he knew that he could not make her his wife.

Hour after hour passed, and still he sat there wrapt in his gloomy, despairing thoughts. Night came, but he did not move. Presently the deep tones of a neighboring church-bell tolling the hour of midnight rolled through the air, sounding in the stillness of the night like a knell. He straightened himself up and counted the strokes. "One, two, three, four—five, six, seven, eight—nine, ten, eleven, twelve!—midnight!" said he, drawing a long breath, and looking stealthily around the room, "and not in bed yet." He went to the window, and raising the curtain, looked out into the street. The night, which was clear at first, had become damp and misty, and the pavement was covered with a slimy mud. No one was stirring. The shops were all shut, and the street was pitchy dark, except in the immediate vicinity of a lamp, which diffused a sickly yellow light. He turned from the window, and going to the bed, threw himself upon it and endeavored to sleep; but the last loving look of Alice haunted him. He thought of their first meeting, of the kind and ever-bright heart which she had given him, of her misery when she should know that he had won her only to cast her off. When he closed his eyes, the lids seemed to scorch his eye-balls, and after tossing about for hours, he sprang up and walked rapidly up and down the room in the vain hope of ridding himself of the fever of his thoughts.

He attempted to strike up a jovial song, but the sound of his own voice startled him into silence. Now the idea occurred to him that it must be near morning, and he went to the window and looked towards the east in hopes of seeing the daylight glimmering in the sky; but all was dark. He listened for the striking of the clock. Never did time move so sluggishly; but at length it came: "One, two, three—three o'clock! Three good hours till daylight! I can't sleep," he muttered, looking at the bed. "No, curse it! I'll not lie there and be haunted by her. *Her!* I wonder if she is sleeping? *Can* she dream of what is coming? She must expect it. She didn't think I could marry her. She knew that I wouldn't have asked her if I had known—" He paused, for he knew that he lied. He felt that he was a villain. He struck a light, went to his glass, and perused his face to see if a curse were not branded there. He gazed and gazed, until he fancied that he could trace the impress of his treachery stamped upon it as with a fiery seal in characters which none could mistake. He grasped his hat, blew out the light, and passed out of his room, and presently out of the house.

With head bent down and scarcely knowing whither he went, he strolled down Light Street as far as the wharf, and then turning to the left, he struck into that portion of the city notorious as the abode of crime and infamy. Everything about him bore the marks of corruption and decay. Houses with unglazed sashes, unhinged doors, roofless and crumbling away beneath the hand of time, were leaning against each other to support themselves amid the universal ruin. Early as it was, crowds of miserable objects, the wrecks of human beings, were loitering about the dismal holes which they called their homes. Some, shivering on the sidewalks, were nestling together to steal warmth from each other's bodies; some, bloated and half-stupefied with hard drinking, went muttering along or stopped to brawl with others like themselves. Miserable and wretched as he was himself, Fred shuddered as he hurried through this gloomy spot. Presently he came to a more quite street, and the shrill scream of a locomotive told him that he was near the Philadelphia depot.

It was almost daylight now, and he knew that the night express would soon be coming along. He was dreamily conscious of this, and of a desire to see who might get off when the cars stopped. Impatient and restless, he soon became tired of waiting, and started to walk a little way down the track. The station-master observed this dangerous proceeding and called out to him to be cautious. Fred looked back at the man with dreamy eyes, as if not understanding the words, and then kept on his way. Just ahead of him was a sharp bend in the street along which the track ran, and beyond it the express was thundering along at lightning speed. There was a sharp screech of the whistle and a loud ringing of the bell as it reached the curve, and the engineer reversed his engine on the instant, but all without avail. Fred, walking along in a dream, his senses all wrapped up in his great trouble, heard no sound until the whistle blew right in his ear. He looked up, saw the great bull's-eye of fire gleaming just above him, saw the great iron monster rushing so swiftly towards him, and instantaneously sprang towards the side of the track. Too late! too late! One of the great iron cylinders struck him in the side and hurled him nearly to the sidewalk.

Alice Harvey and her mother were sitting in the parlor at their own home, the old lady busy sewing, the younger one staring vacantly out of the window. The latter looked pale and languid, as well she might. "Have I done right?" and "Will he come back?" she asked herself over and over again as she looked out at the dull leaden sky and the wet, slippery pavements. Two spirits were fighting over her soul, and she had lost the power or the will to bid them cease and be still. Was it real love, indeed, the wild throbbing that shook her, the doubt that held her in thrall? To have him, to give up all for him, to be pressed close to his heart for one moment — then — no, no! — bring to him her soiled name. She sickened at the thought of the scornful fingers that would be pointed at him and at her. He had so much of the world, and could she take it from him? And yet — to lay her heart in his hand — a hundred times she had said it to herself during the past night; to bid him hold her, take her, keep her — he

was her master, already she felt it. If—if—yes, if after all he should come back to her—and why should he not? Why should she send him away? “The poor boy loves me so,” she muttered; “*should* I send him away? Oh, no, no!”

Presently a servant came to the door, and announced that Jack Carroll was at the door and wished to see Mrs. Harvey alone. That lady arose and went out, and Alice sat still, wondering. An indefinite dread took possession of her. Could it be anything about Fred? In a moment or two she heard his name mentioned in an excited tone. Then she got up quietly, walked to the door, and opening it, looked out and listened. A step came along the passage, and Jack Carroll, deadly pale, came up to her.

“What is it, Jack?” she asked, steadily.

He took her cold hand, and said, “Come in here. I have something to tell you; your mother thinks it best.”

“I have lost him,” she said, half aloud, in a hard tone; “I have lost him!” and yet she scarcely knew what she meant by her words.

He led her back into the parlor, and seating himself beside her, told her in a few words of the accident. Her face was deadly pale, and her lips tightly compressed; but she bore up bravely, and when he had finished, only asked, “Is he dead?” She shivered at the last word as with a deadly chill.

“No; he is alive, but insensible. He calls continually for you, and the doctor says you must come to him—it is the only chance. If you are engaged to him, Alice, as I believe you are, it is your duty to go.”

She sat for a moment in deep thought, and then without another word arose and prepared to go.

It was late in the evening a few weeks after the accident, and the stars were just beginning to come out one by one. Fred’s window-blinds were open, and he quietly lay looking up at the deep blue of the sky, so far off and so beautiful, envying the deep peace that seemed to hover there, when his door opened and a light footstep approached his bed. He turned his head feebly and saw his sister. “Helen,” he whispered, “I’m *so* glad you have come. You have told me everything except—tell me now, Helen. Who was it that has been here so faithfully by my side? In all my dreams I could see a fair face hovering over me, and feel soft hands touching my hot forehead—was it you, Helen?”

“No, Fred; it was Alice Harvey. You would have her here, and so Jack brought her. You talked dreadfully about her in your delirium; and I have often seen a look of pain and suffering on her face when you did so, that would have moved a dumb brute to pity. But she would not leave you until you were out of danger, and then she went away. She and her mother have moved from the city; Jack says they have gone to Westminster to live. Oh, Fred! what have you done to that girl? She is an angel.”

He made no answer, but only turned his face to the wall. What a change the near approach to death works in us all! How insignificant the greatest among men are made to feel! In Fred Conyers’ heart

there was a great calm and peace, but he felt abased to the dust. He saw now—now, when it was too late—how light are the scoffings of a vain, foolish world; how light are the petty ambitions, the small strivings of man, when weighed in the balance with the deathless love of a pure, sweet, noble woman. How strange it seemed to him that he should ever have thought of throwing away such a love! How incomprehensible that he had not prized it above all his earthly possessions! Well, it might not be too late even yet if he could only be well; if he could only go to Alice and show her his contrition, and plead with her once more.

The summer sun was shining, and the summer birds singing overhead, when he again was able to leave his room. As soon as he felt well enough to travel, he took the morning train that ran steadily on, without stopping at way-stations, to the country home of the Harveys.

Near the little city is a quaint, old-fashioned cottage sitting in a ring of mighty oaks. In the rear is a flower-garden, crimson and golden with color, and a large pond stocked with gold and silver fish. Here by the side of the pond one evening stood an old lady, throwing in little bits of bread to the fish that floated and flitted like shadows this way and that as the crumbs sank in the water, when she heard a well-known voice near her, which made her start.

"Good heavens! Mr. Conyers! *you* here?" she exclaimed, with such utter wonderment, her little bit of bread raised in her fingers, that Fred, though in no merry mood, could not help smiling.

"Yes, here indeed; and after all, is it quite so wonderful?" said he.

"Well, of course you know, Mr. Conyers, I'm very glad to see you. Of course you know that; but I'm very far from being certain that you have done a kind thing or a right thing in coming here, and I don't know that under the circumstances I *ought* to be glad to see you."

"No, not a *wrong* thing!" cried Fred. "I've been very miserable—so miserable that the worst certainty which this visit might bring me would be almost a relief compared with the intolerable suspense I had lived in. I have come to beg *her* to be my wife."

"I wish you had written to me before coming," said Mrs. Harvey, after a little pause. "I think it would have been wiser, and I should have talked to Alice; that is, of course, if she had allowed me, for I can't in the least say that she would even hear me on the subject."

"Well," replied Fred, with a sigh, "I have come; I am here, and go I cannot without seeing her. I cannot; and you, I think, are too kind to wish that I should. Yes, Mrs. Harvey, you have been always a true friend, I have heard, throughout this—what shall I call it?—wild and terrible dream; for I cannot believe it real. I wonder at myself. What a fool and a scoundrel I have been!"

It was sunset by this time. A red and melancholy glow, rising from piles of western cloud, melted gradually eastward into the deep blue of coming night, in which the stars were already glimmering. Along one of the paths cut through the garden, Fred, at this moment raising his eyes, saw advancing with bent head the fair girl of whom he was in quest.

"She is coming, Fred," said Mrs. Harvey, speaking low and quietly.

Conyers made no reply. He saw Alice approach, and while she was yet a good way off, suddenly stop. She had seen them, and was startled. For one moment she looked towards them eagerly, and then she turned and walked back.

Strangely did Fred Conyers feel. He had long known that she had discovered while at his sick-bed, from his own delirious words, his intention of casting her off, and had felt that it would be hard for her to forgive him; but surely she would allow him to explain if he could.

The beautiful, cruel girl! What could she mean? How could she treat him so? Could anything be more stony and cruel? His pride was wounded, but with a yearning that amounted to agony, he sprang forward in pursuit. "Alice! Alice, darling, one word!"

She turned suddenly and faced him. Under the thick folds of her chestnut hair her features were pale as marble, and for a time it seemed to him he saw nothing but her wild, beautiful eyes fixed upon him. Still as a statue she stood confronting him, one little foot advanced, and her tiny hand closed and pressed to her heart.

"Alice," he said at last, "you would not let me go unheard? No, darling, you *could* not! Wild as my words may sound in your ears, you will listen to them, for they shall be few; you will listen to them, for you are too good to condemn any one that ever loved you, unheard."

She had sworn to herself never to look upon or listen to him again. Where now were her vows? The man she had loved stood before her, looking humble, wretched and ill. Oh, inexhaustible fountain of pity, and beautiful mutability of woman's heart!—in the love avowed, so often something of simulation; in the love disowned, so often the true and beautiful life.

"Alice, will you hear me?" he pleaded.

To her it was like a voice in a dream, and a form seen there in that dreamland in which we meet the dead, without wonder, forgetting time and separation.

Mrs. Harvey, watching at a little distance, saw the talk—at first belonging altogether to Fred, at last begin to divide itself a little. Then side by side they walked a few steps, and then paused again. The next moment Fred held out his arms, and with a little faint cry, Alice sprang into them. As she saw this through her tears, she muttered to herself: "All, at last, as I wished it. God bless you both!"

I. EVERETT PEARSON.

ON THE HUERFANO.

(Pronounced *Warfno.*)

THE sun sank low in the golden west,
 And the moon peeped out behind yonder peak :
 'Twas in the cañon called "Traveller's Rest,"
 Close by where the trail crosses Huerfano Creek.

There were fourteen in all, stalwart men ;
 We met by chance on the Indian trail,
 And camped together. You know, just then,
 Union was strength, with the Reds thick as hail.

It's been twenty years, and times are changed :
 We are quiet in Colorado now ;
 But then, when the bloody Redskins ranged
 These hills, we had to look out for a row.

There were traders bound for Santa Fé,
 And gold-seekers prospecting from Pike's Peak ;
 Hunters and trappers ; and two or three
 Were aimlessly roaming—a wayward freak.

We gathered around our camp-fire bright,
 And chatted and joked, with our tongues unbound :
 Men speak their thoughts with their pipes alight,
 And death lurking close in the woods around.

A singular fact—now, wasn't it? All
 Were unmarried men, from old Gray Beard down ;
 And each professed to have had a call
 To fancy the border and hate the town.

"The women live there," said Red-haired Dick,
 "And I hate a woman worser than snakes ;
 My gal turned out false, so I got sick
 Of the whole durned sex, and I pulled up stakes."

"And your head's level!" cried Handsome Will—
 As the Pride of the Border he was known ;
 "I've tasted sweet love and got my fill,
 And wish Father Adam had kept his bone."

"Yes, curse the sex!" echoed Dandy Jim ;
 "A treacherous lot from the time of Eve :
 Man fills the cup of love to the brim,
 And his whole heart says, 'I trust, I believe.'

"I loved a girl in the Empire State —
 We had even fixed on the wedding-day.
 It came, but the parson had to wait,
 For the bride to be had flitted away

"With a nice young man whose dad was rich;
 She had known the fellow about two moons;
 But I was poor, and there was the hitch.
 Since then I've taken no stock in spoons."

Then Wild-riding Bill and Curly Head,
 Brave Quick-Trigger Jack and the Frontier Pet,
 Hard Fist, Fearless George, and Honest Ned,
 Spoke up, as did all of that sturdy set.

And so each fellow his story told;
 In that crowd women had no more show
 Than a powder-horn, brimfull, would hold
 In one of the furnaces down below.

At length, while the scornful words flew thick,
 Old Gray Beard got up on his feet, and said:
 "Excuse me, boys. When I was a chick,
 I too learned the sight of the sex to dread.

"You may curse the crowd; I've not a word
 To say when you're railing at the others;
 But now, keep still; let my toast be heard."
 Here his hat came off—"God bless our mothers!"

All standing around that camp-fire dim,
 And each bowing low, a band of brothers,
 They wafted up where the cloud-ships swim
 The prayer of true men—"God bless our mothers!"

A singular thing, now, wasn't it? Well,
 The boys have met with diversified fates:
 Some under the blows of Redskins fell;
 Some went farther west, some back to the States.

My fate? That's my ranch just over there,
 Close by where the trail crosses Huerfano Creek.
 Come, stop over night; I've well-cooked fare;
 Your horse needs resting, he's weary and weak.

A sweet-faced mother will welcome too,
 With her olive-branches, many a limb.
She calls me husband. And what shall you?
 Why, the same that the boys did — Dandy Jim.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

NANTES AND HER PROCONSUL.

LAMARTINE, in his eloquent History of the Girondists, thus prefaces the introduction of Robespierre: "There are abysses that we dare not sound, and characters that we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness, too much horror." How truly are these words applicable to the subject of this sketch; for amid the long catalogue of crimes through which one must wade in tracing the career of Carrier, there is not even the single redeeming feature of great genius to encourage him.

Carrier's abilities were mediocre; his actions, save where made lurid with the blood he shed, common-place. Still, for two months he transformed a beautiful and populous city of France into a hell; and if the words be true, "by their fruits ye shall know them," his position among that terrible band who organised and sustained the Reign of Terror, is a prominent one.

Jean Baptiste Carrier was born in 1756 at Tolai, a small village in the province of Auvergne. Having received a mediocre education, he adopted the law as his profession, but in it he exhibited neither genius nor talent. He had the soul of a pettifogger, and in his native village and the neighboring town of Aurillac he grubbed along, his heart hardening by the daily practice of a miserable chicanery, his temper souring by the daily squabble over wretched technicalities. To all men, however, whether possessed of talents or not, and to lawyers most of all, a new and boundless field was opening, in which each one might have full scope, where erelong boldness was to take the place of genius, and he was to be the most successful who most nearly regulated his conduct by Danton's motto, "l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace." The States General had been summoned; the first act of the French Revolution was about to begin.

The year 1789 found Carrier still settled as an attorney among the sturdy mountaineers of Auvergne. Isolated somewhat in race and manners, the Auvergnais, though in the heart of France, did not so soon feel the electric thrill which was flashing through the country from end to end, and Carrier at first pronounced himself in support of the throne. As the tide rose, however, he too plunged in; and once in, strove to move faster than the current itself. In his native province there was no fiercer opponent of monarchy than he. His extreme views, and the boldness with which he expressed them, led to his election to the National Assembly, where he appeared in 1792 as deputy from Cantal (one of the two departments into which his old province had been divided).

Once in the Convention, he never appeared in the tribune save as the denouncer of aristocrats and the advocate of every harsh and cruel measure. The *Moniteur* of March 11th, 1793, records his name as making the original motion for the appointment of the Revolutionary

tribunal which for more than a year compressed in its iron grasp the heart of France. He voted for the death of the King, demanded the arrest of the Duke of Orleans, and took an active part in the events of the 31st of May, when the Girondists, the last remnant of moderation left in the Assembly, were overthrown.

Paris, however, was too cramped a field for Carrier ; he wished a place where he might work his own will, where he might be free from the trammels of the law ; for, bloodthirsty as the government of the Terror was, it still had laws, which in some slight degree mitigated the horrors of its executions. Women with child, and children under thirteen years of age, were not to be guillotined — laws which in the provinces were more frequently violated than obeyed. Carrier therefore sought for and obtained a commission to Calvados and Caen, in Normandy, where the scattered party of the Gironde had taken refuge, and whence Nemesis had come, in the person of Charlotte Corday, to smite the Revolution in the person of Marat. The envoy of the Convention made short work with Normandy. He arrived at Caen on the 2d of August, and on the 11th we find him once more in the bosom of the Convention.

Pleased with his alacrity, the Convention decided to let him loose against Nantes, where the Vendéan insurrection, blazing high, needed a rain of blood to quench it. At last then, as Proconsul of the Republic, one and indivisible, he reached Nantes (Oct. 8th—Vendémiaire 17th, 1793), and commenced that wild career of foulness and blood which has never been surpassed in the world's history. His first words on his arrival were prophetic, and struck like a knell on the ears of the unhappy citizens: "I would rather make this part of France a desert, than not regenerate it."

Washed by a river which traverses France for a space of above 600 miles, at the confluence of three streams which drain the wide plains of Brittany and Vendée, and situated but a few leagues from the ocean, the city of Nantes united all the conditions which give earnest of the acquisition of commercial relations on a grand scale. From a very early day — some say even in the time of Cæsar, and certainly during the Middle Ages—she possessed a considerable commerce. But it is from the early part of the sixteenth century that we must date her maritime splendor. Then commenced the era of discovery and colonisation, and Nantes, facing the shores of the New World, became the recipient of the riches which poured back thence to the mother-country. As time went on she became the *entrepôt* of San Domingo, which, cultivated by slave labor, was the pearl of the West Indies. The other colonies in the East and West Indies sent her their products ; while the slave trade, in which her citizens were largely engaged, helped to bring to its zenith the growing commerce of Nantes. The long course of the Loire and its tributaries furnished her with exports ; she shipped to northern ports brandies, wines and silks in almost boundless profusion, while she distributed throughout France the products of the Indies. The rich stuffs of the East, tea, coffee, sugar, spices, rich woods, ivory, filled her warehouses. She built her own ships, and carried on, in her own bottoms, a foreign commerce which at the outbreak of the Revolution amounted to 140,000 tons.

Nantes, like all commercial centres, had early espoused the cause of the Revolution. When in 1792 the cry, "the country is in danger," rang through France, no city furnished to the army more of her sons in proportion to her population than Nantes. At the same time she had a bitter struggle to maintain at home with the Royalists; and at the very time of Carrier's arrival a long and doubtful battle under her very walls, in which the determined valor of her National Guards prevailed at last over superior numbers, alone saved her from falling into the hands of the Vendéans. All this, however, went for naught with the new ruler. Royalist or Republican, he seemed not to care; and the victory of Savenay was principally a source of joy to him from the large number of prisoners which it threw into his hands.

The city already possessed a Revolutionary Committee (a copy of the celebrated Committee of Public Safety at Paris), who took naturally to murder and made a sport of fortune and of life; but their machinery did not move fast enough to satisfy the Proconsul. Soon after his arrival he wrote to them: "How is it your Committee does not work? Twenty-five thousand heads should fall, and I do not yet see one." He then took affairs in hand himself, reconstituted the Committee, joined to it a Revolutionary tribunal, and appointed Philippe Troujolly president.

The defeat of the Vendéans had thrown many prisoners into his hands, but they were not enough to satisfy his lust for blood, and at a secret session of the Committee he had a decree passed, subjecting the citizens to arrest on the most frivolous pretexts, of which the following, taken from the records of convictions actually on file in the archives of Nantes, are samples: "Having baptised his child aristocratically;" "having in his house a waistcoat embroidered with fleur-de-lys;" "having been the friend of a rich counter-revolutionist;" "having accepted office without a certificate of civism;" "servant of one formerly an aristocrat;" "monopolist;" "forestaller of provisions." A word, a look, which could by possibility be tortured into a suspicion of aristocratic leanings, was enough to ensure arrest. The manager of a theatre was cautioned for having advertised a piece called "The Devil's Château,"—the *title* savored of aristocracy.

Nantes had possessed for some time a Jacobin club (called the Club of Vincent de Montagne), where Carrier appeared immediately after his arrival. He debated sabre in hand, and pressed for the formation of a body of sixty *sans-culottes*—ragamuffins, the scum of Nantes, swindlers, forgers, robbers, and to them was entrusted the making perquisitions and arrests. This was what is since notorious as the "Company of Marat," so-called from the oath declaring their devotion to Marat and his principles which they took on their appointment. They were subsequently increased by the union of other bands with them, and were then called the Army of Marat. Unclean in person, foul in speech, wearing the red woollen cap, symbol of liberty, they became the terror of the unhappy citizens, who soon felt that life and fortune lay alike at their mercy. They became the executors of all the infamous decrees of the Proconsul and the Committee, and from their character we may well conceive that they did not much mitigate the harshness of those decrees.

Ever dissatisfied at the rate at which the arrests were made, growling out that the "Revolution moved like a tortoise," Carrier had recourse to the time-worn pretence of a conspiracy against the Republic. On the 12th of November the *générale* was beaten and the tocsin sounded from the bell-tower of Bouffay; the troops stood to their arms, and with a strong force of artillery preserved order while the company of Marat patrolled the city. Ere morning dawned three thousand of the best and the richest citizens of Nantes had been dragged from their homes and imprisoned. The different prisons, and every public building which could be used for the purpose, were now choked with prisoners, and the various tribunals, although sending one hundred and fifty a day to the guillotine, could not relieve the pressure. It was therefore suggested to the military commission (then sitting) to execute by wholesale, but this proposition was more than they could stomach. When Carrier heard of their refusal his rage knew no bounds; he raved like a madman, and sending for the president of the commission, an old man of seventy, rushed towards him on his arrival, roaring out in his hoarse voice, while his blood-shot eyes glared in a drunken frenzy, "It is you, then! you! you old ———, who dares to resist me. If the Entrepôt (a large warehouse used as a prison) is not empty by night, I will guillotine you and your committee." This outbreak was too much for the aged president; he staggered home bereft of reason, and died in a few days, shrieking incessantly, "Ah! Carrier—ah! beggar—ah! wretch." The same evening the Proconsul burst into the Club, reeling and stumbling under the effects of a heavy debauch, his dress in disorder, his dark hair hanging in a tangled mass over his head. Sabre in hand, he made his way to the tribune, and thus addressed them: "Citizens, we must have no more foresters, merchants, federalists, monarchists; we must chop off their heads (*f—la tête en bas*). Arise, oh people; take thy club; exterminate the merchants. Everywhere (looking around the hall) I see men in rags, and abundance is around us. If the people fail, I will find out how to make heads roll on the national scaffold. Is not the river there?" At the horrible suggestion contained in this last sentence, even that fierce assembly hesitated; a gloomy silence greeted the outbreak. Furious at not meeting the applause he expected, the drunken orator, with a great display of intrepidity (he was as cowardly as he was cruel), made a furious assault with his sabre on the candles, which he soon overturned; the hall was cleared, and locking it up, he took away the keys.

His threats and importunities at last had their effect, and on the 27th of November, one hundred and thirty-two citizens of Nantes having been arrested by him as Girondists, were ordered to be shot. Carrier however had changed his mind; "they are too much for one mouthful," said he; "let us send them to Paris." Our space will not allow us to recount the sufferings they underwent; suffice it to say that it was the disclosures made public at their trial which hastened Carrier's own fall.

The seeming hesitation of the Proconsul to executing so many at once by a public fusillade did not by any means arise from a change

of heart. Ere this he had made up his mind to dispense with the assistance of his tribunals if they did not do as he bade them, and had concocted a plan the execution of which gives to Nantes a dismal pre-eminence amid those unhappy cities which groaned under the oppression of the Reign of Terror. On the evening of the 16th of November, eighty priests who were imprisoned at Nantes under sentence of transportation, were informed that they would be embarked — “for Belle Isle,” said some — and were silently marched to the river bank. There was moored a “gabarre,” a flat-bottomed Dutch-built coasting craft, and on this they were placed. It was dark when they embarked at 11 o’clock, for it was the third night of the new moon. Silently and slowly they floated down the river till about a mile or so below the city. There bolts were drawn, a number of trap-doors which had been arranged in the hull, flew open, and precipitated the unfortunate priests into the river. This was the first *noyade* (or drowning), and Carrier, in a letter to the Convention, alludes to it as an accident. “An unfortunate catastrophe has precipitated these priests into the Loire; one would say that a fatality attends them, as it does the nobles. *What a revolutionary stream this Loire is!*” Elsewhere he says that “the sentence of deportation against the priests has been executed *vertically*.” This idea of the boat with a trap-door was not a new one. It had been used by Nero in an attempt to destroy his mother, Agrippina, and some say that it was suggested to Carrier by a tool of his, one Lambertye; others again attribute the suggestion to a favorite mistress of the Proconsul; others say that a perusal of Tacitus first drew his attention to it. Be this as it may, in copying the idea he made it pre-eminently his own, for Nero sought the life of only one person, and, if we may believe the Roman historian, felt for the deed as much remorse as his nature was capable of; whereas Carrier used it wholesale without the slightest compunction.

With this first *noyade* all restraint seems to have been thrown off, both by the Proconsul and the different tribunals, and for the few weeks that he remained in power the butchery that went on at Nantes is without a parallel. Three modes of destruction were employed — steel, lead, and water. The guillotine was established in the Bouffay square — an open space in front of what was once the Castle of Bouffay, of which only one tower (used as a belfry) then remained, and to which were joined the different public buildings. Hither were brought the citizens of Nantes in undiminished companies — sometimes thirty, sometimes sixty, sometimes one hundred and fifty a day. The foul odors arising from the blood which was daily spilled rendered dwelling-houses in the immediate neighborhood uninhabitable. In ceaseless crowds, in many cases without a trial, brought from dungeons whose loathsomeness as depicted by eye-witnesses cannot be read of without a shudder, the unhappy citizens were brought to “Saint Guillotine.” The last consolations of religion were denied them; for on his arrival, Carrier had, on the demand of the “Mountain Club,” prohibited all exercise of religious worship, and as a bitter mockery of their dying agonies it was ordered that the chime of bells in the tower of Bouffay should play the revolutionary air of “*Ça ira*” while the guillotine was at work.

One scene only we will relate, among the many recorded by contemporary writers, as having been witnessed on the scaffold at Nantes. One day there was brought to the guillotine, among a squad of fifty-two, four young girls remarkable for their beauty — the youngest was eighteen, the eldest twenty-six. They were recognised at once as they stood at the foot of the scaffold in their white robes, for they were well-known in Nantes for their personal beauty and blameless lives. Agreeably to his instructions, the executioner began with the other forty-eight; and as the axe fell on one after the other, the blood spirted over the white robes of the four, as, locked in each other's arms, they raised their voices loud and clear in the notes of a favorite hymn. It seemed as if an appeal to heaven were ascending from that pool of blood. The attending crowd grew much excited, and an unwonted agitation affected the executioner, used though he was to this daily butchery. The scaffold seemed to reel before him, and in more than one instance he cut his victim's head in two instead of severing it from the body. At last came the turn of the four young girls. The executioner trembled, hesitated, and turned pale, but glancing around, he beheld the Proconsul on a balcony surrounded by the usual crowd of debauched companions. His pitiless look gave the sentence from which there was no appeal. The executioner advanced towards one of the sisters, when many voices cried out, "They are too beautiful to die." "Nothing is too beautiful for heaven," replied the youngest, as she placed herself on the fatal plank. Once more the hymn arose, now raised by four voices — now by three, — now by two — till, as the last strain died away, the soul of the eldest mounted to heaven. As the axe fell for the last time, the executioner sank exhausted on the scaffold, and was carried home in a raging delirium. "The d——d fool!" said Carrier, "he don't know his business."

But the guillotine could play but a small part in the wholesale slaughter which the Proconsul had instituted, and the terrible *fusillade*, already inaugurated at Nantes, was introduced. The victims who were doomed to this death were mostly prisoners (Vendéans) taken in battle. On the 27th Firmaire (Dec. 17th) twenty-four of those captured at the battle of Savenay were taken to the plain of Gigot, and there shot down by the company of Marat. Two days later, twenty-seven more unfortunates shared the same fate. Eighty horsemen, who had voluntarily surrendered themselves under promise of amnesty, next fell upon the bloody plain. One day in the garden of the prison de l'Eperoniere fifty were shot, and their bodies stripped of their clothes, were piled in heaps, in view of the remaining prisoners. Eighty-six horsemen who surrendered (under promise of amnesty) at eleven o'clock, were shot at twelve.

Hitherto the fusillades had been directed only against men, but a new horror was to be added to them. Eighty women were shot at one time, and their bodies remained for three days unburied, scattered as they fell on the plain of Sainte Maure. Amid these incessant butcheries, there is one which stands out pre-eminent. One day five hundred children of both sexes, the oldest fourteen years of age, were led out to the bloody plain, and drawn up in regular order before their butchers, many of them ignorant of what was to take place, and

pleased, child-like, with the sight of soldiers. A volley was poured into their dense mass ; but unaccustomed to train their pieces against such puny antagonists, many of the balls flew too high. Breaking from their ranks, the unfortunate infants threw themselves at the feet of their murderers, clasping their knees and turning towards them their faces full of innocence and fear. Nothing could make an impression on their executioners, who slew them at their feet. Others tried to flee from these battalions of death, but the bullets soon rolled them over in the dust. Those nearer by were despatched with the bayonet and the butt-ends of muskets. The helpless innocents shrieked aloud for father and mother, but alas ! they were powerless to save—in fact, had long ere this shared the same fate. The least manifestation of pity was promptly checked. A soldier fainted at the horrible spectacle ; the bayonet made his sleep eternal. An officer dared to raise his voice for mercy ; he was placed in the centre of one of the groups of children and shot to death with them. All these corpses, stripped naked, they piled up, and called the heap a “mountain,” out of compliment to the radical portion of the National Assembly, which from occupying the highest seats in the hall had acquired this *sobriquet*.

The numbers who fell in the fusillades during the reign of Carrier cannot be fixed, but some idea may be formed of the amount when it is remembered that 300 men for six weeks were employed in filling in and covering over the vast and deep ditches into which the corpses had been thrown. The putrescent mass of human flesh which was heaped up on the plains of Ste. Maure and Gigot, poisoned the air, and a pestilence broke out. The dogs of the city, banqueting daily on human flesh, went mad, and most of them had to be shot.

Horrible as are the details of the fusillades, they are eclipsed by the more terrible *noyades*. At first boats were adapted to the special purpose ; next the victims enclosed in boats were sunk, boats and all ; finally, the sacrifice of the boats being regarded as a needless expense, they were thrown overboard. Posted on the shore or in adjoining crafts, the ever-present company of Marat plied their guns on whoever succeeded in floating. The noise of musketry and the songs of the soldiers stifled their cries, but the dwellers on the banks of the Loire heard the dropping shots night after night, and turned uneasily in their beds, in doubt as to what fresh horror was impending over their devoted city, for the earlier *noyades* took place at night and with precautions for secrecy. To celebrate the first *noyade*, Carrier gave a banquet on board of one of the trap-door boats, which had served the night before for his first “vertical deportation.” Listen to a description by one of the guests :

“I descend to the bottom of the hold. I see a table with fifteen or twenty covers ; I ask what the dinner is for—what this boat is where I find myself. ‘It is the great cup of the priests,’ replies Laloï ; ‘and as Lambertye has gotten up the expedition, Carrier, to mark his approval, gives this banquet.’ At last all were seated at table, Lambertye on the right, Laloï on the left. . . . The dinner was very gay. Lambertye gave an account of his expedition ; he said he made his victims come out two by two, that he searched them, bound

them, made them enter the boat, and described in a humorous manner their precipitation into the water. His assistants were not backward in their applause. Those who had taken part in the expedition were pointed out to Carrier. He became gay (*folle*); he said to Robin, 'Sing, Robin, sing the *Song of the Mountain*.' Robin sang, and the guests clinked their glasses as all joined in the chorus."

And here, that we may take a nearer look at Carrier, we will quote from another eye-witness an account of his personal appearance: "Five feet seven inches in height, thin and bony, very round-shouldered; his complexion yellow and swarthy as a creole's; straight black hair falling over his shoulders; high cheek-bones, a large mouth and sunken eyes, gave him a physiognomy more vulgar than ferocious."

Although Carrier had described the first noyade as an accident, in his letter to the Convention, the truth was well-known at Paris, and had been alluded to in the pages of the *Moniteur*. Seeing that no action was taken or objection made by the Convention, he was emboldened to drown his victims in the day-time, and allowed his satellites to throw off all restraints. Stripped of their clothes, slashed with sabres or stabbed with pikes, sometimes with their throats cut, and sometimes with limbs bound to insure their sinking, the miserable prisoners were tossed into the Loire. Sometimes two individuals of opposite sexes, bound together by their hands and feet, were thrown in: these were called "Republican marriages"—the noyades generally "Republican baptisms." The most frightful obscenity, the most infernal cruelty were daily exhibited on the boats which bore the unhappy citizens to their doom: On several occasions Carrier himself, in a barge, accompanied by his debauched companions, male and female, gazed on the scene, and a smile lit up his swarthy and saturnine countenance as he witnessed the agonies of the dying. One day his pity was besought for some children who were destined for the noyade. "Wolf-whelps," he said, "they would grow up to be wolves." Many scenes of self-devotion and some few instances of pity were exhibited on the banks of the Loire.

Mlle. Cuissard attracted the admiration of a young officer, who spent two hours endeavoring to persuade her to save herself by a flight, which he could protect; but as he could not promise to save an aged relative of hers, she refused, and was drowned. Mme. de Jourdain was taken to the Loire, with her three daughters; a soldier wished to spare the youngest, a beautiful girl, but she sprang into the water upon the bodies of her mother and sisters. It was a shallow place, and she cried, "Oh! push me in, I have not water enough." They complied. Agatha de la Rochejaquelin moved the pity of even the hard-hearted Lambertye; he concealed her on board of one of the boats, where she nightly heard the horrible sounds of the noyade.

As there was no limit to the number of victims the Loire could swallow, they were drawn indiscriminately from the prisons. So little care was exercised that they drowned all the officers of a British ship, who had been taken prisoners of war. On another occasion, Carrier, in a fit of virtue, had three hundred women of the town drowned.

It is impossible to fix the exact number of those who perished by the *noyades*, in the short space of six weeks from the 14th of December, when the second took place, until the close of January, when Carrier was recalled. In December Lambertye showed the Loire to some of the Republican Generals, and said, "It has already exceeded 2800." They asked Carrier what he meant, and he replied, "2800 have taken the national oath." As the *noyades* did not commence in earnest till after the second one on December 14th, there is a large margin left for conjecture. Some have placed the number as high as 15,000, but this seems exaggerated, for it is well settled that there were only twenty-five *noyades* in all, and the two largest are one of 800 and one of 500. If we allow an average of 300 to each *noyade*, which seems to be borne out by the evidence, we will make up a death-roll of 7500, a wholesale destruction which we can hardly realise. The pictures drawn by eye-witnesses, who testified on the trial of Carrier, will give us a better idea of the terrible reality.

Encumbered by the mass of corpses which it bore on its bosom, the Loire rolled towards the ocean, like the Ganges disclosing every moment to the gaze of those who navigated its waters some new corpse in a more or less advanced stage of decomposition. At one time a violent westerly storm prevailed for two or three days. The heavy swell from the ocean checked and turned back the sluggish waves of the river with their ghastly burden. A mass of corpses half-devoured by the fishes was heaped up under the walls of Nantes. Immense eels thirty feet long, and shoals of uncouth-looking fishes, denizens of the deep sea, made their way up the Loire in pursuit of their escaping prey. Flocks of birds of prey, attracted by the smell of carrion, were unable to perform the herculean task of scavengers for this mass of corruption, and although it was midwinter, pestilence broke out. The authorities of the city had to prohibit the use of fish and of water drawn from the river.

At last, however, an end was reached. One Julien, son of a deputy of La Drôme, who had had one or two altercations with the Proconsul, wrote letters to Paris, giving such a description of affairs at Nantes as induced the Committee of Public Safety to have Carrier recalled. He reëntered the bosom of the Convention, and there gave an account of his proceedings at Nantes, except the fusillades and *noyades*. In the pages of the *Moniteur* we find him opposing a motion to give indemnity to the Vendéans. He also assisted in the reorganisation of the Revolutionary Tribunal under the celebrated law of 24th Prairial (12th of June, 1794).

When the Revolution of 9th Thermidor (July 27th) overthrew Robespierre and the Reign of Terror, Carrier united himself with the successful party, and played his part as a Conservative. He insulted Robespierre expiring in agony in the Rue St. Honoré, and applauded what he called a legitimate execution. His own bloody renown had not yet penetrated to the masses; the papers had been comparatively silent in regard to his acts. The first disclosures were made when the remnant of the 132 Nantais whom he had sent to Paris the year before were brought to trial. They were acquitted, but the facts made public on their trial caused Carrier himself to be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

His trial was long, and he defended himself with all the expedients with which his early career as a pettifogging attorney had supplied him. An immense mass of evidence proving all the crimes mentioned in the preceding pages, was produced, and he was condemned to death December 16th, 1794.

For the details of his execution let us quote the words of Sanson, the last of a family who for seven generations fulfilled the duties of public executioner at Paris:—"The news of his approaching execution spread through Paris with unaccountable rapidity. My grandfather told him of his fate before the formal order of execution arrived. The whole city had a holiday air, as at the news of a victory. My grandfather went to the Conciergerie at two o'clock. The condemned were brought into the ante-room to make their toilette. Grandmaison appeared first. He trembled, turned pale, and breathed with difficulty. . . . Pinard was in a fury of delirium. He attacked Carrier. . . . Carrier preserved all his *sang-froid*; he seemed firm and resigned to his fate. While his hair was cutting he talked of his honesty while in power; said all he had to leave his wife was a farm of ten thousand livres; that he was confident posterity would do him justice. While in the cart on his way to the scaffold, the rage of the multitude which surrounded him had no effect. He bore the fierce looks that were fixed on him, heard the terrible imprecations that were hurled at him, without lowering his head. . . . Carrier was executed last. He mounted the steps calm, cold, impassible; but when Desnouest laid a hand on his shoulder to place him in position, in the midst of the solemn silence of twenty thousand suspended breaths was heard the shrill sound of a clarionet which played the air of '*Ça ira*.' Carrier turned quickly to the side whence the sound came. His look was threatening, but his face became discomposed; and forgetting that he himself had insulted with the same air those whom he had sent to the guillotine, he was heard to murmur: 'Vile people! how I regret having served you!' A minute afterwards his head fell in the basket."

Thus died Carrier. In the account we have given of him we have rejected much which is laid to his charge, as founded on insufficient evidence. The horrors related above rest on proofs too strong to be resisted. The inner nature of such a man, who, commonplace under ordinary circumstances, could yet when possessed of unlimited power develop into such an incarnation of cruelty, would be a curious psychological study, did we possess the materials for investigating it. One circumstance with regard to it is known. His wife (with whom he had always lived happily, and whom at the outbreak of the Revolution he left at Auvergne while he hurried to the capital), when she heard vague rumors of some of his excesses, exclaimed: "Poor Carrier! it is impossible; he would not hurt a lamb."

E. H. L.

JOACHIM AND THE JOACHIMITES.

Multaque per terras vates oracla furente
Pectore fundebant, tristes minitantia casus.

— CIC. *De Consulatu Suo*. II.

And it shall come to pass that when any shall yet prophesy, then his father and mother that begat him shall say unto him : Thou shalt not live, for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord : and his father and mother that begat him shall thrust him through when he prophesieth.—*Zechariah* XIII. 3.

THE biography of Abbot Joachim presents a simple, sincere, earnest life, free from all intentional deception, though subject to such hallucinations as pious but weak minds are apt to entertain in every age. His aberrations and extravagances tempted others, often professing to be his followers, into deliberate imposture, and supplied the text and the example which, for a long series of years, convulsed Italy and the adjoining countries with fierce religious strife, and diffused immorality under the pretence of exaggerated piety throughout Christendom.

The most potent and portentous of Joachim's pronunciations — the one which, for a century at least, continued to breed discords in religion and in society, and to generate formidable heresies and vagaries of all kinds — was his Apocalyptic vision of the future, and of the complete religious reformation which he pronounced to be imminent. This sprang from that fertile source of delusion in all Christian ages — the study and confident interpretation of the Book of Revelation. To this study and to this interpretation Joachim had given his deepest thoughts and the most of his years. The result was a dream, which occupies a large space in ecclesiastical and general history, under the name of the Everlasting Gospel. No book with this precise title seems ever to have existed, but the doctrines ascribed to it are to be found, in germ or in bud, in the acknowledged writings of the Calabrian Abbot. The designation popularly attached to this body of wild imagination is transferred from the language of Revelation xiv. 6-7 : "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people : Saying with a loud voice : Fear God, and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come." The scheme which Joachim announced and yearned for was intimated by vague and disconnected touches in three of his books : Book I. *Liber Concordiæ Veritatis* — the Book of the Concord of the Truth ; Book II. *Apocalypsis Nova* — the New Revelation ; Book III. *Psalterium Decem Chordarum* — the Psalter of Ten Strings. These treatises are filled with nebulous rant, with vague vaticinations, and with intricate and unintelligible frenzies. But they are the genuine works of Joachim, though they may have been corrupted and in parts transmuted by the audacious interpolations of later visionaries. The Everlasting Gospel, which was reluctantly

condemned and suppressed by Alexander IV., and committed to the flames, and which was also stigmatised by the Council of Arles, was not this collection of Joachim's, but a much bolder and more arrogant production. By this name is usually understood the Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel — *Introductorium in Evangelium Æternum*. It was composed by John of Parma, third General of the Franciscans, or by Fra Gerhard, who endured imprisonment for eighteen years rather than renounce the sentiments and opinions of Joachim. The fact, but not the authorship, is rendered certain by the explicit testimony of St. Thomas Aquinas: "The Gospel, which is spoken of, is a composition introductory to the books of Joachim, and has been reprobated by the Church, as has also been the doctrine of Joachim, according to which, as is said, the Gospel of Christ is changed." It is rendered equally certain by the language of Guillaume de Saint Amour, in his treatise *De Periculis Novis*, circulated in 1255, that the Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel was merely a development and exaggeration of the dogmas of Joachim. He says that "for fifty-five years some have been striving to substitute the Eternal Gospel for the true Gospel." As these fifty-five years reached back to the close of the twelfth century, and as Joachim died in 1202, the propagation of the new evangel is asserted to have commenced before the death of the prophetic Abbot.

What then was the Everlasting Gospel or the new revelation of Joachim? To his enthusiastic fantasy, the annunciations of the Apocalypse and its mysterious menaces appeared to indicate the near approach of the divine vengeance. The manifold oppressions and crimes and vices; the cruelties, exactions, sensualities and avarice; the wealth, worldliness and luxury of the Church and of churchmen; the miseries of the laboring and destitute classes; the wars and the rumors of wars among Christians and Infidels; the commotions among Turks and Tartars, and the frequent "pestilence which walketh in darkness"; all seemed to correspond with the great woes and with the other portents which were to usher in the fearful revolutions in our earthly condition unveiled to the vision of St. John. The mystical number 1260 flamed like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, and might be easily deemed by the fevered imagination of an apocalyptic visionary to be the long foretold date of the termination of the existing order of human affairs. Hence, Joachim announced, with the unhesitating assurance of the interpreters in prophecy and believers in dreams, that the great change was already in preparation, that the beginning of the end had commenced, and that, after the turn of the century, would occur a complete revolution in the condition of humanity, a total change in the spirit and action of Christianity, and a thorough reformation and reconstruction of the Church and of the world. He intimated that the Divine Spirit would employ as the agents of this renovation the weak and the foolish, the humble and ignorant; that new orders of devotees would arise, which would renounce pomps and vanities, the allurements of dignity and the seductions of riches; and that, by their preaching and prayers, and self-abnegation and charities, their destitution of possessions and goods, and their incessant ministrations to the needs of the souls and

bodies of the poor and wretched, the grand conversion should be brought about, and "the weak things of the earth should confound the proud." It need scarcely be mentioned that these startling predictions did work themselves out into something like accomplishment — though in far other modes than had been vaguely contemplated by Joachim. Nevertheless, the Franciscans and Dominicans, who assumed their organisation within a quarter of a century of the death of the prophet, plausibly represented his vaticinations as foretelling both their establishment and their office.

With these presignifications, which must have fallen with astounding effect upon the multitudes of all ranks who regarded the reformer of Flora as a saint, were combined sundry fantastic notions well calculated to attract the regards of the fevered dreamers and fanciful speculators of that anxious and perplexed period. Joachim was an earnest believer in the mystical significance of the number Three; and like the Cabalists, like John Pico di Mirandola, and like numerous other ingenious manipulators of riddles, he recognised the latent virtues of the "triple cord," and of all other triplicities, and regarded the whole process of existence — in creation, in constitution, and in development — as regulated and governed by trines and by an elaborate scheme of "ternaries," as he termed them.

"In physicis tria prima, Deus, mundus, data forma :
Terminus omnigenum, genitor, genitrix, generatum.

Ter bibe. Tres numerus super omnia : ter Deus unus."

Of course these mysterious implications were grafted by Joachim on the threefold unity of the Trinity, and may have originally grown out of it. Hence he may have been led to that tritheistic confutation of "the Master of Sentences" which was reprobated by the Council of the Lateran. But a much more important consequence with relation to the present subject, was his ternary exposition of the progressive evolution of revelation, which grew into the audacious speculations of the later expositors of the Everlasting Gospel, and into the follies and brutalities and horrors of the most advanced of the Joachimite sectaries. According to Joachim, each of the three chief Apostles, Peter, Paul, and John, was the type and representative of a distinct phase of progressive Christianity; and each phase corresponded with and was under the special presidency of one of the three successive persons of the Trinity. The ultimate form of the revealed religion was to be that of which the beloved disciple was the model, and the Third Person of the Trinity the inspiration and guide. It was to be a system purely of love. All law, all secular and ecclesiastical authority, were to be abrogated under the reign of universal charity and all-compassing affection. Perfect love was to cast out all fear, and every one was to be the law unto himself. As in Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's hypocritical pietism, religion was to be love, and love was to become religion. The philanthropy of the French Revolution was preceded by the abounding and gushing love of the thirteenth century; and Proudhon might have received instruction from the Fratricelli and Apostolicals of that age. Both schemes eventuated in enormities

and sanguinary violences at which the world still grows pale. These, however, were the issue, not the project of Joachim. That saintly abbot declared only that all earlier dispensations should be abrogated and absorbed by the new Gospel of the Holy Ghost—the Gospel which was not for a time, but for all time; the Gospel which should not pass away, but be the universal and the Everlasting Gospel, and which should surpass in splendor the Gospel of the twelve previous centuries of Christianity as much as the radiance of the sun surpasses the pale, cold, unvivifying light of the moon. This comparison is constantly repeated in the expository, polemical and popular literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and found its way both into the *Romaunt de la Rose* and into the English version and abridgment of that celebrated French poem which has been so long erroneously attributed to Chaucer and published in all collections of his works:—

Fut baillé, c'est bien chose voire,
 Por prendre commun emploire,
 Ung livre de par le Déable,
 C'est l'Evangile pardurable.

Là trovast par grant mesprison
 Mainte tele comparaison.
 Autant com par sa grant valor
 Soit de clarté, soit de cholor,
 Sormonte li solans la lune

Tant sormonte ceste Evangile
 Ceux que li quatre Evangelistres
 Jhesu-Christ firent à lor tistres.

As the ancient French may be unfamiliar to most of our readers, we give the passages in the English translation ascribed to Chaucer:—

Suche ben the slinking Prophetis:
 'Nis none of hem that gode prophete is,
 For thei through wickid entencion
 A thousand and two hundred yere
 Five and fiftē, ferther ne nere,
 Broughte in a boke with sorie grace,
 To yeven ensample in common place,
 That sayid thus, though it were fable,
 This the Gospell pardurable,
 That fro the Holie Ghost is sent:

There might he se by grete traisoun
 Full many a false comparisoun.
 As moche as thorough his grete might,
 Be it of hete, be it of light,
 The sunne ysurmoundeth the mone,
 That troublit is, and chaungith sone;
 And the nutte kerneill dothe the shell,
 I skorne nat that I you it tell.
 Right so withoutin any gile
 Surmounteth this noble Evangile
 The worde of any Evangelist,
 And to ther title thei toke Christ.
 And many soche comparisoun,
 Of whiche I make no mentioun,
 Mighten men in that boke finde,
 Who so could of hem havin minde.

It was only indistinctly prognosticated, though it was the logical consequence of the premises, that the Pope should be displaced and overthrown, and that the whole hierarchy and system of the Roman Church should be annulled. It was also necessarily implied that emperors and kings, and princes and magistrates, and government and law, and social restraints of all kinds, should be rendered nugatory ; and that the whole human family should dwell in the New Jerusalem without check or coercion, under the law of perfect love, and the unrestricted license of a perfect community of all things ; all that could be required would be the instruction, the example, and the guidance of the new religious orders of mendicants. The doctrines of communism, of free-love association, and of all recent social heresies, were already promulgated, and were not long in being realised in forms more extravagant and pernicious than have yet been exhibited by Owenists, or St. Simonians, or Fourierites, or Shakers, or fraternities after the pattern of the Blythewood romance. The fundamental dogma of the exclusive reign of the Spirit and of the descent of the Paraclete was strangely revived in the current century by the Messianism of Hoëné Wronski, and by analogous follies of other social reformers.

In Joachim's writings all these extravagances were only in the germ ; they soon attained an overshadowing growth and a vast and poisonous fruitage. His followers, successors, or imitators, who have been loosely grouped under the designation of Joachimites, continued, for a century and more, to add to, to expand, and to apply his obscure auguries. The real danger to society, to morality, to law, and to religion scarcely displayed itself till the nebulous matter of Joachim's ravings was systematised, advocated, and disseminated, with a fatal increase of more pernicious reveries, and with the fury of immediate application, by the "Introduction" of John of Parma or of Gerhard, and by the rabid enthusiasm of the Franciscan spiritualists.

At this time the mendicant orders were rapidly declining from their original professions, and were coveting houses and lands, and popular favor, and the spiritual domination which ecclesiastical corporations seek from such favor. The Franciscans were divided into two factions ; the one shamelessly renouncing the poverty, humility, unselfishness, and laborious service of the sick and the lowly which had animated the founder of the society ; the other, under the name of Spiritualists, or Fratricelli — Little Brothers — pushing to the most absurd and demoralising excess the abstinences, austerities, and other-worldliness of their original chief.

Among the latter must be included the Celestinian fraternity, whose original institution repeats with aggravated extravagances the career of Joachim and of St. Francis of Assisi. The commencement of the Celestinian order was due to one of the queerest personages to be encountered in secular or ecclesiastical history, though the Church, like the torrid clime of Africa, has always been prodigal of monsters — *leonum arida nutrix* — the dry nurse of lions. But of all strange incidents, one of the strangest in the history of the Roman or of any other church, is the fortune of the parent of the Celestines ; and it is

intimately associated with the enthusiastic commiseration of the weak and the poor and the wretched which Joachim had done so much to rekindle and to cherish ; with the expectation of the imminent destruction of the world as the sole check for its sins, which he had so confidently proclaimed ; and with the asceticism which should prepare the scanty number of the elect for the great consummation.

A simple-minded, unworldly, fanatical brother, Pietro Morrone by name, sought a holy solitude, and flattered himself that he had found it on the summit of a rugged mountain in the Abruzzi, overlooking the Val di Sulmona. Here he scratched a hole with his own hands, under a huge rock, crawled into it, fastened the aperture which served as a window with iron bars, and lived with lizards, toads, scorpions, newts, and other unclean beasts. He could neither stand erect nor stretch himself in his living grave. His only sustenance was coarse bread and water, with a few weeds or herbs for his Sunday's repast. His dress was of hair-cloth and cold iron. Such mortifications attested his sanctity ; and his sanctity being bruited abroad, attracted multitudes of enthusiasts, many of them smitten with a similar craze, to whom he distributed his oracles and dark sayings through the grated window of this new cave of Trophonius, into which no mortal but himself was or could be admitted. Such numbers flocked to him, and squatted round him on the mountain, that his cavern became the parent cell of a cellular order of anchorites.

A sudden and startling concurrence of accidents, with the collision of priestly ambitions, drew the aged and half-demented ascetic from his filthy burrow and seated him on the Pontifical throne. The venomous rivalries of the hostile factions of the Colonnas and the Orsinis had frustrated for more than eight months the efforts of the meagre College of Cardinals to elect a successor to Nicholas IV. Charles the lame, the Angevin King of Naples, had been rudely rebuked by his arrogant subject, Cardinal Benedetto Gaëtano, for interposing his exhortations to terminate the contentions and to give a head to the Church. All was unsettled and in confusion when Cardinal Malebranca entertained the assembly with a report of the saintly virtues of the hermit of the Abruzzi, and with the visions and supernatural communications which had long been vouchsafed to him. Time wore on without approaching a decision. Malebranca spoke again, and mentioned an oracular announcement received lately by a holy man, probably Pier Morrone himself, which prophesied fearful chastisements to the Holy College if the chair of St. Peter was left untenanted beyond the approaching Day of All Saints. The conclave burst into an acclamation, and, as if inspired, unanimously elected Morrone Pope. He is known in the annals of the Church as Celestine V. Did he assume the name with any latent reference to the establishment of the celestial Jerusalem upon earth ? Certainly, his immediate followers and the several Franciscan sects anticipated such a result. Yet the heavens did not fall, though the salt seemed to have been successfully laid on the tail of the bird.

The delegates appointed to convey the intelligence of his election to the new Pontiff found him in the darkness, squalor, misery and confined circumstances of his subterranean cell. After they had ob-

tained this pleasing view by painfully clambering to the top of the rugged mountain where he had sought the prospect of heaven, they unfolded the purpose of their mission. He resolutely repelled the proffered dignity, truthfully alleging his ignorance, his rusticity, his incompetence. But the hopes of the intriguing, the ambition of the ambitious, the wild fervor of the populace, and the spiritual wisdom of the College of Cardinals, were all opposed to any renunciation. The haggard old man, with unkempt locks, shaggy brows, long tangled beard, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, emaciated limbs—unearthly, though coated with soil and smelling of earth—could not be permitted to decline the honors of the Pontificate. The envoys enforced the authority of the Church; his brethren urged him to submit to the will of heaven, so signally manifested; the neighboring rustics tried to force compliance. He escaped and fled; he was apprehended and brought back. At length, yielding to entreaty, kindly violence, and superstitious delusions, he consented reluctantly to accept the ecclesiastical supremacy of Christendom. Riding on an ass, and supported on one side by Charles, King of Naples, and on the other by Charles's son, the King of Hungary, he entered the beautiful city of Naples, and took up his abode in the royal palace. He contrived, however, to convert his apartment into a hermit's cell, by blocking up the windows, shutting out the light of day, and excluding visitors of all sorts, as far as was practicable. Joachim's prophecy of a thorough reformation or renovation of the Church, by the new orders and the sectaries, and the co-operation of the secular power, seemed in a fair way of accomplishment. The accomplishment of the oracle was curiously frustrated.

At the summit of earthly honor and of spiritual power, Celestine was wretched, and sighed for the ease and comfort, and tranquillity and dignity of his abandoned hole in the ground. The Pontifical robes and the royal residence, and the *entourage* of the tiara, were to him a sorrowful change from his rags, and *cilicium*, and pit, and dirt, and squalid sanctity. With the best intentions, he was impotent for good, and produced only mischief. To such distorted ends proceed the wild imaginations and devices of men for more than human excellence. The importunities of the greedy, the aspiring and the corrupt; the complaints of the jealous and the disappointed; the impatience of all, and the obligations of his high position, furnished him with a bitter and irritating experience, which recalled his former disinclinations, and confirmed his worse apprehensions. A profound sense of his utter incapacity to guide or govern the Christian world filled him with morbid despondency. Nothing would satisfy him but the abdication of the tiara, and a prompt return to the peaceful seclusion of his mountain hollow among his ignorant but venerating flock. These dispositions were converted into a fixed determination by the artifices of Benedetto Gaëtano. Breaking a hole in the wall of his darkened chamber, he introduced a small tin-trumpet, and in the night conveyed to the startled ear and inflamed conscience of the visionary Pope the commands of heaven to surrender the Papacy. King Charles and the lazzaroni of Naples opposed the design in vain. Celestine resigned, and returned to the Abruzzi as simple Pier

da Morrone, for which simplicity he was placed in hell by the fierce scorn of Dante. Benedetto Gaëtano adroitly persuaded the rival factions of the Colonnas and the Orsinis to leave the nomination of the next Pope to him. He disgusted both parties by nominating himself, and became the terrible Boniface VIII., of whom his humble but prophetic predecessor was believed to have foretold that "he would steal into the Papacy like a fox, would reign like a lion, and would die like a dog"—"*ogli entrerebbe nel Pontificato qual Volpe, regnerebbe come Leone, morrebbe come Cane.*" Surely this was a remarkable and just characterisation, even if it were a prediction manufactured after the event!

Celestine returned to his underground hermitage, and resumed the rugged simplicity of his former ascetic life, but not its security. A discrowned King and a discrowned Pope can never regain tranquillity and obscure ease. Morrone was haunted by fears that he might be summoned to Rome. There were reasons for other apprehensions. He was carefully watched by the emissaries of Boniface. He eluded his spies, and hid himself in the woods. He was discovered and reclaimed. He fled again, and tried to escape across the Adriatic to Dalmatia. His vessel was driven back by a tempest to the shore; he was captured and conveyed to Anagni by order of Boniface. He was afterwards confined in a cell or dungeon at Fumone, as narrow as that which he had dug for himself near Sulmona. He was strictly guarded, but was treated with an habitual reverence which was the most flagrant species of mockery. What respect or regard could the haughty Pontiff now reigning have for his imbecile predecessor, who had confessed his ignorance, rude manners, and foolishness which unfitted him for the high post which he had deserted, and whom he had frightened from his supreme station by a childish trick, addressed to his childish superstition? The captive did not long survive. Within two short years Pier da Morrone was hermit, Pope, hermit again, prisoner, and a corpse.

The prophecy of the reformation of the Church by the mendicant orders, or by other means, was not achieved, and Joachim's oracle expected future realisation.

Other dreams and other schemes for the rejuvenescence of the Church and of society were abroad, and filled the air with premonitions of change and confusion. In all such fantasies the inspiration of Joachim was predominant. It perplexed and excited generation after generation. It divided the great fraternities into contending sects, and utterly disorganised the great brotherhood of St. Francis.

To dwell upon these discords, and upon the various extravagant and often hypocritical projects of religious and social regeneration which were entertained by different bodies of Franciscan religionaries, would be to enter deeply into graver subjects than can be fitly contemplated in these papers, and to rewrite the long and intricate ecclesiastical history of the perplexed generations during which these vagaries were in the ascendant.

There are many episodes of singular interest and of surprising character in the long and changing story. Some are disgusting, some amusing, some pathetic, some heroic, and all are sorrowful. All the

quaint antics of Millerites and other millenarians ; all the trick and charlatany of modern miracle-mongers ; all the savage recklessness of communists and other branches of iconoclastic fanatics, may be found in the chronicle of this mental and moral malady. The literature of popular prophecy wanders into strange places and through scenes of incessant variety. A few examples from the history of the Joachimites may be welcome here, and may furnish useful hints for the construction of a new class of tales and novelettes to the countless family of story-tellers who must frequently be at as great a loss for a subject as Lord Byron was for a hero.

After the turn of the thirteenth century, and the death of the excommunicated Emperor, Frederick II., but before the melancholy close of the Hohenstauffen dynasty on the scaffold at Naples, Gerard Sagavelli, one of those reputed to have been the author of the Everlasting Gospel, was refused admission into the Franciscan order on account of the extravagance of his views. Nevertheless he pursued the vocation which he presumed himself to have been appointed to by divine commission. He went about preaching poverty and repentance—the extremities of want, the excesses of self-accusation, and penitential suffering. Few regarded and many denounced him. He was ridiculed, hooted, pelted, and persecuted by vulgar priests and heartless mobs, while some of the ignorant and weak and curious listened, admired, and venerated him. In his danger and destitution he was received and protected by the contemptuous pity of Obizzo Sanvitale, Bishop of Parma, the nephew of the revengeful Pope Innocent IV., who had excommunicated the Emperor Frederick II. at the Council of Lyons, and pronounced his deposition from the Imperial throne. When deprived of this powerful protection, the crazy enthusiast was subjected to renewed and increased persecutions. He was seized and burnt by the Inquisition in 1300—one victim out of many sufferers by the same delusions and the same passions in those sorrowful years of wild imaginations and wilder fury. The story, doubtless invented by his adversaries, was circulated among the people that when the flames encompassed him, he cried out, “Help, Asmodeus!” and that the fires were extinguished. Thrice this happened. The fourth time Asmodeus was defeated by the presentation of the Host. When summoned by his inflamed votary he failed to assist him. A melancholy wail filled the air, crying out, “One stronger is here!” Sagavelli was the founder of the heresy of the Apostolicals.

About a year later than the execution of Gerard, a woman perished at the stake ; for these unregulated and pernicious attempts at impracticable and corrupting reforms were not confined to the sterner sex. The religious and social fermentation was universal. In such seasons the weaker and more excitable vessels of infatuation press forward to the front and claim their supposed rights by violent participation in all extravagances and mischief. A German spinster, Wilhelmina by name, revealed herself suddenly in Northern Italy. She professed herself to be the daughter of Constance, Queen of Bohemia, with the same rash effrontery which induced Sarah Wilson, in 1773, to invite the support of the disaffected in South Carolina by

alleging herself to be the Princess Susanna Carolina, of the royal house of Hanover. Her pretensions, however, very far transcended those of Sarah Wilson. She claimed to be the Holy Ghost, the expected spirit of the predicted reorganisation, incarnate in the form of woman. Her revelations were restricted to a small circle of discreet confidantes. She died in peace, and in the odor of sanctity, leaving behind her, as her vicar on earth, or the pope, her friend and attendant, Mayfreda. Her successor and representative had not an equal gift of reticence, but promulgated her doctrine and pretensions, and Mayfreda was burnt as a sorceress.

To this same period, and to the pontificate of the arrogant and unscrupulous Boniface VIII., when both ecclesiastical and secular affairs were thrown into turbulent perplexity by his contentions with the equally arrogant and unprincipled Philip the Fair of France, may be referred the potent ascendancy of John Peter Oliva, General of the Franciscans, a prophet in popular estimation, and the reputed father of a school of prophets. He is usually credited with the composition of the Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel, but the language of St. Thomas Aquinas renders it almost certain that it must be assigned to an earlier author. The expositions of the Apocalypse, however, which he promulgated among the spiritualistic brethren of his order, and disseminated among the eager, atrabilious and fanatical Franciscans of Provence and Northern Italy, were in the most intimate accord with the dim vaticinations of Joachim, and with the strange promises of the Everlasting Gospel. Oliva discovered in the seven seals, which have been so often broken by unauthorised hands, and broken only to beguile—in these seals Oliva discerned seven successive states or stages of the Church: the ages, I. of the Apostles; II. of the Martyrs; III. of the Doctors; IV. of the Anchorites; V. of the Monastics; VI. of the Renovation of the Primitive Church; VII. of the New Jerusalem on earth. The sixth age according to him had already commenced, and was indeed considerably advanced. St. Francis had reenacted the rôle of Christ. When we remember the sacred stigmata on the body of St. Francis, we may estimate the approach which was made by some of his followers to the substitution of their founder and chief for the divine founder of Christianity. It is difficult to treat the prophetic fantasies of the thirteenth and opening fourteenth century without becoming graver and more erudite than these papers permit, or without being betrayed into a levity wholly unbecoming the sanctity of the names which are unavoidably introduced. We pass lightly over the subject that we may escape an unbecoming tone. The Franciscans were the self-commissioned missionaries for the restoration of the pristine purity and simplicity of the Christian Church, and like all such reformers, soon ran into worse vices than those they assailed, and furnished a provocation and a pretext for still worse vices on the part of other pretenders and other tribes of anarchists. It was no wonder that they and the other mendicants excited so much odium in the fourteenth century, as is shown by the whole literature of that age, from the indiscriminating antipathy of a revolted public sentiment.

This strange series of fantasies, springing out of the reveries of the

Abbot of Flora and extended by the institution of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, finds its fitting close in the romantic attachment of Dolcino and the fair Margaretta, in the socialistic frenzy of their projects, in the stern and brilliant resistance of Dolcino to more numerous and equally fanatical assailants, in the massacres which signalled the failure of the Dolcinists, and in the Indian resolution and endurance of both the prophet and his rich and beautiful devotee in their fearful execution at the stake. It may be suspected that Robert Browning derived some hints for his powerful dramatic delineation of "The Last of the Druses" from this striking and touching episode in theological warfare. He had the quaint learning and the taste for recondite analogies and illustrations which might have made him familiar with the story, and might have disposed him thus to turn it to account.

The desperate struggle of Dolcino in his last fastness, not far from Vercelli; the military skill and fertility of resource displayed by him; the pertinacity with which he held out against violence, seduction and treachery, throughout the multiplied agonies of a rigorous winter; the prolongation of the contest despite of storm and destitution, and aggravated starvation; are commemorated in Dante's *Inferno*. Mahomet, in his torment, sends back by the pilgrims of the Tartarean realm a message to the unyielding chief of the last of the Apostolicals:

This warning thou
Bear to Dolcino: bid him, if he wish not
Soon here to follow me, that with good store
Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snow
Yield him a victim to Novara's power:
No easy conquest else.

Is it commiseration; is it the admiration of genius for heroic fortitude, or is it sympathy with the antagonism to Kaiser and Pope, that thus infuses an air of gentle concernment into the utterances of the great exile of Florence?

Famine compelled the closely invested heretics to surrender after every device of human ingenuity had been desperately tried, and tried in vain. The captured Dolcinists were mercilessly slaughtered. Dolcino and Margaretta were taken and reserved for fiercer and more deliberate vengeance. Margaretta, despite her youth, her beauty and her wealth, was burnt at the stake; while he, for whom she had gladly sacrificed everything, was compelled to look on helplessly, and to witness the uncomplaining agonies of his *bella donna* — his fair, sweet poison; which he regarded with stoic firmness and unflinching resolution. It was the prelude and example of his own fate. He, too, was committed to the flames. He bore the fiery torment with the same unwavering spirit with which he had borne the sight of his loved companion's fearful end.

The story of Dolcino and Margaretta is recorded with diverse brevity and varying sensibility by the ecclesiastical historians, and by the general chroniclers of the time. It is most fully given in the *Life of Dolcino*, preserved in the ninth volume of Muratori's great collection of Italian Monuments. If any one desires a minute ac-

quaintance with the theological heresies espoused by him, he may be referred to the cumbrous tomes of the Ecclesiastical History of Baronius, which we have inspected without consulting. We have carefully kept aloof from everything that was not directly connected with the forms and fortunes of popular prophecy.

We have rather indicated than either narrated or discussed the results of Joachim's prophetic visions. We have not had the time, nor was the occasion suitable, for the exposition of their details. Enough has been said to show that much matter of interest, and frequent subjects for romance, may be exhumed from the Acts of Councils, the Acts of the Saints, the History of Heresies, and the History of the Church — volumes which are usually passed by with a shudder of repugnance. We have also, we hope, shown the infinite variety of development assumed by the prophecies current among the people, and the strange modes in which they become implicated with the fortunes of society.

Unde infinita videres
Et rerum genera, et generis cujusque creata
Corpora.

Such then is the long and devious story of the Abbot Joachim and his multifarious succession of acolytes. The predictions fathered on him by popular invention and popular credulity were of less transitory fame than those devised by his real or pretended disciples. They were of greater uncertainty and obscurity, and of very limited influence, deriving their acceptance almost entirely from his eminence as an interpreter of sacred prophecy, and from his authority with the mendicant orders, and with the heretical sects that arose from their bosom. We would refer those who seek an acquaintance with the *ipsissima verba* of this large body of oracles to the curious collection published at Venice in 1600: JOACHIM ABBATIS *et* ANSELMI EPISCOPI MARSICANI *vaticinia sue prophetiæ*.

It will be recognised that this topic — popular prophecy — is worthy of more serious study than has usually been bestowed upon it; that it is of much greater range and diversity than at first sight appears, and that it connects itself as a pervading inspiration or as an obstructing folly with the most solemn transactions. With changing times, and changing systems and changing creeds, it passes through nearly all the forms that human delusion and human fraud can assume; and reveals to us secret frailties and temptations of the human heart, which are too often disregarded under the vain supposition that they

NOTE.—Nothing more surely indicates the wide diffusion of a legend, or the popularity of a character than the occurrence, in remote times and places, of a name thence derived as a nickname or mocking designation for imaginary personages of kindred temperament. We may thus judge of the prevalence of the credulity in regard to the prophecies ascribed to Joachim from finding in Butler's Hudibras the attendant of Sidrophil called Whachum.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law.

We are not concerned at present with determining whether Whachum stood for Tom Jones or Richard Green. The name seems to be taken directly from Joachim. In the age of Elizabeth the intercourse with Spain, for the most part hostile, produced a marked influence on English literature. The Spanish pronunciation of *Joachim* would accord very nearly with *Whachum*, and it does not seem a forced inference to derive the one from the other.

were the rare aberrations only of distant and ignorant ages. The outward shapes of things are continually transformed, but man remains always essentially the same, and all the extravagances of man's weaknesses and passions continually return, and will forever return.

Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.

G. F. H.

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE project of establishing an interior sea in Algeria continues to be actively discussed in the French Academy of Sciences. It has encountered its most important critic in the person of M. Edm. Fuchs. This gentleman having recently made, by invitation of the Prime Minister of Tunis, an exploration of the eastern end of the so-called Saharian depression, finds himself unable to share the brilliant anticipations of Captain Roudaire. The conclusions to which he has been forced are these:—

1st. There has been no direct communication within the historic period between the waters of the Mediterranean and those of the Saharian depression. The latter have always, on the contrary, formed a salt lake (Lake Triton of Herodotus) whose origin is identical with that of all similar lakes (chotts and sebkhas) in that region. They have been and are still separated from the ocean, not by a sand-bank as Captain Roudaire believes, but by a solid barrier more than twelve miles broad, composed of hills of sandstone and limestone.

2d. These hills, which form the isthmus of Gabès, have experienced a recent elevation of some forty feet. This must have had slight influence upon the drying-up of the lake.

3d. The presence of water in the Saharian depression has coincided with the existence of great water-courses in the same region. Like these, it dates from a period of great atmospheric humidity, and in general to an assemblage of climatic conditions different from those which now exist.

4th. This alteration of climate, connected with the general disappearance of forests, has been a cosmical and not a local phenomenon, and has produced in a vast zone reaching from the Sahara to Persia, and met with again in the north of Chili, similar effects of drought, and transformed into deserts regions previously renowned for fertility.

M. Fuchs further says that Captain Roudaire's estimate of the size of his new sea is erroneous. It will not be more than three-fourths of the extent assigned by him. On the other hand, if the canal be wide

enough and deep enough to keep the sea filled and to prevent the accumulation of salt at its base, the cost will not be less than three hundred millions of francs, instead of twenty millions as computed by Captain Roudaire. M. Fuchs does not deny the possibility of creating the sea, or its ultimate value to France. Nor does he believe it would work any injury to the climate of Europe. But he believes that its advantages would be too slowly realised to remunerate capitalists for so enormous an outlay.

M. Cosson also opposes the new project. He differs from M. Fuchs, however, in regard to the extent of Captain Roudaire's sea. Instead of being smaller, he fears it will be far larger than it was expected to be by that officer. His own observations on the spot, fortified by the opinions and results of other explorers, convince him that the proposed sea would submerge or cover with saline incrustation, not only the great basin of the Chott Melghir, but following all the windings of its borders, and penetrating the innumerable depressions communicating with this basin, would invade and convert into salt swamps many valuable oases, and destroy the artesian wells which have been dug or repaired by the French government. It would cover many of them, and contaminate by infiltration others near its shores. These wells can be successfully established, as experience has shown, almost anywhere in the eastern portion of the Sahara, and wherever dug, soon convert, by the water they supply, the desert into a garden. The chief industry of that region is the cultivation of the date. Wherever these wells are made a grove of date-palms is soon seen. The annual yield of a full grown tree is worth from fifteen to twenty francs. The actual destruction of millions of these trees would be a fearful price to pay for the future and contingent advantages of the interior sea.

If it be replied that the sea will change the climate and create in that region oases far more extensive than all it covers or destroys, M. Cosson points out the fact that the date-palm requires a great amount of heat in summer, clear skies, infrequent rains, a dry atmosphere and sufficiently moist soil. As the Arabs say, "the date-tree, father and king of the oasis, must plunge his foot into water and his head into fire." The frequent fogs and rains expected from the interior sea would put an end to the culture of the date, almost the only article of exportation from that region, and destroy the very foundation of its industry.

Nor does he believe that the caravans would be diverted from their present route to the French ports of the interior sea; if deflected at all, they will most likely be turned to its eastern shores, which would, like the countries they trade to now, be under Mohammedan control.

Captain Roudaire did not, of course, quietly submit to these criticisms. The gallant officer receives the asserted facts of M. Fuchs with grave doubts. He opposes to the statements of the latter those of Shaw, Duveyrier, and Pricot, as well as the references in Pindar and Herodotus, and the minute description of Scylax, who says that vessels could not get into Lake Triton at low tide.

To M. Cosson the Captain replies that the assumed immense extent of the new sea is wholly visionary. The measurements of M.

Ville, confirmed by his own, make it quite certain that there would be no such invasion of the oases as is asserted. The apprehended spoiling of adjacent wells by infiltration of salt from the contiguous sea, is shown to be groundless by the fact that wells in the vicinity of the chotts show no signs of contamination during the season (winter) when they are covered with salt water. Nor does he believe that the date-trees would be injured by the vicinity of a salt sea, since good dates grow quite near the Mediterranean now.

The Saharian sea would favor the creation of new artesian wells by facilitating the transportation of the heavy and bulky apparatus for boring them. The French might thus start from the interior border of this sea, and take up their march toward the centre of Africa, staking out their route with wells. Such a route would inevitably attract the caravans. Captain Roudaire well says in conclusion, that the contradictory opinions expressed by distinguished men with reference to the interior sea demonstrate the necessity of a thorough examination of the basin of the chotts.

The French Assembly voted, we are informed, only ten thousand francs for this object—a sum which, in this country at least, would be quite inadequate for the purpose.

—A memoir upon the equivalence and transformation of chemical forces, pronounced by a committee composed of Dumas, Berthelot, and H. St. Claire Deville, to be “a great and beautiful work,” has been presented recently to the French Academy by M. Favre. It is a collection into a single volume of M. Favre’s numerous and valuable papers upon the correlation of forces, with additional details concerning methods, apparatus, &c. In 1853 the author solved the following problem: “Is the heat developed by the passage of electricity through the conductors joining the poles of a voltaic couple, subtracted from the heat which corresponds to the chemical action generating the current, or is it not?” He determined by experiment that the heat in the conductor and that in the cell are always complementary, and therefore answered the above question affirmatively, thus converting an anticipation of Joule’s into an established fact. He afterwards proved that the oxidation of the zinc in the cell was not the sole cause of the effects produced by the current, but that we must also take account of the heat of combination of this oxide with the acid. He explains the impossibility of decomposing water with a single zinc-platinum couple plunged in diluted sulphuric acid, while the addition of nitric acid permits the decomposition. In a second memoir he extends to the battery these conclusions about a cell. In his hands the pile became a calorimeter, which was of invaluable service to him in determining the heat of combustion of a great number of metals not attacked by acids.

Many experiments have led him to conclude that calorific motion and electro-dynamic motion may be produced simultaneously in the circuit without either of them influencing the transformation of the other. Indeed, whatever be the temperature of the circuit, the quantity of heat which returns to the pile is always equal to that which the pile sent forth into the circuit in the electro-dynamic state.

M. Favre's memoir will receive the honor of publication in the *Recueil des Savants étrangers*.

—The invention of Herr Hirn, known as “teledynamic transmission,” whereby power can be transmitted with little loss and at moderate cost to considerable distances, is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. Velocity can be transmitted far more conveniently than force. Exchanging force for velocity, by the known principle of virtual velocities, at the locality of the given power, this velocity is transmitted to the desired point, and there re-exchanged for force. Thus the slow-moving but powerful water-wheel is made to give a rapid spin to a light large pulley. A slender endless cord connects this pulley with a similar one placed at the locality to which the power is to be transferred. The latter pulley revolves, of course, as fast as the former, and its motion is by wheelwork easily reconverted into a slow but powerful rotation. By this invention the water-power which now runs to waste in inaccessible or inconvenient places may be transmitted to our manufacturing centres or to other points where it is greatly needed. It is calculated that 120 horse-power may by this method be transferred 22,000 yards with a loss of only twenty-five per cent., while the transmission of the same power by shafting would require an expenditure of nearly 800,000 horse-power.

The teledynamic process has been employed with great success in numerous instances. Conspicuous among these are the works at “la perte du Rhône,” where the river disappears under the rocks, and at the rapids of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, whence the hitherto useless water-power is now carried by cables to a great distance up stream and distributed to various factories. The Saone is damned several miles above Freiburg, and the waters, led by a canal cut through the rocky left bank, are made to form a cascade nearly forty feet high. Here by the aid of turbines a power of three thousand horses is appropriated, and then transmitted by Hirn's cables through an inclined tunnel pierced through the mountain to important manufactories situated at the terminus of the railway in the plain beyond. This water-power, by reason of the narrowness of the gorge in which it is confined, would be otherwise wasted.

M. Resal, a mathematician of eminence, who has recently been enriching science by numerous interesting researches, has now taken up this “teledynamic transmission” as a mathematical problem, with the view of establishing for it precise rules in place of the empirical and somewhat doubtful ones employed by Hirn and Reulaux.

M. Resal remarks that the price of coal tends constantly to increase, and foresees a day not distant when France will find herself in this respect in the condition in which Switzerland is now. Like her, she will have to look then to other sources of power than steam. She possesses very considerable capital in water-power now unused. Thus the department of Doubs possesses a water-power of 191,251 horses, of which in 1864 only 9666 horse-power had been appropriated.

The problem attacked by M. Resal is a very pretty one in a mathematical view. It is to find the form and tension of the catenary curves between the supporting pulleys, the cable moving with a given uniform

velocity. To simplify the problem, M. Resal assumes that the axes of the pulleys are in the same horizontal plane, and that the slope of the cable where it quits the pulley does not exceed thirty degrees. He also supposes the cable to be reduced to its axis and to form part of the circumference of the pulley where it touches it. His analysis is not yet complete. He has reached, however, the novel conclusion that the parameter of the catenary is independent of the velocity of the cord. The completion of his researches will be looked for with interest by mathematicians and engineers. It is another example of the manifold and often unsuspected connections between the scientific labors of different men, that M. Resal's results have a most important bearing upon a totally different inquiry which the present writer has been prosecuting, and which he hopes to complete shortly.

F. H. S.

REVIEWS.

Essays in Military Biography. By Charles Cornwallis Chesney, Colonel in the British Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Engineers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

OF the ten essays which make up this volume, five relate wholly to American subjects, and a sixth, while chiefly directed to Lord Cornwallis's eminent services as Governor-General of India, also touches upon the unfortunate issue of his Southern operations in our Revolutionary War; two treat of the military system and campaigns of the Great Napoleon, and one is a graceful memoir of the not very eventful life of a brother Engineer officer. The tenth narrates an episode in late Chinese history — 1863-4 — wherein another English engineer, lent to the Flowery Kingdom to command a force composed of native soldiers officered by Europeans and Americans, called the "ever-victorious army" (synchronous with the "finest army on the planet"), accomplishes with it "one of the most wonderful series of successes that military annals record." Further, it was a campaign —

where the enemy was vastly more numerous, the powers of the commander more limited, the supplies scantier, the support more uncertain, the reward, oh! how infinitely less than in the case of Abyssinia. And the issues! who shall compare the punishment of the drunken tyrant of Magdala and the rescue of a dozen British captives from his grasp; or even the assertion of the greatness of British power, of the reality of our Eastern resources, and, best of all, of our moderation — with the accomplishment of a task which restored tranquillity to an empire whose population outnumbers that of Europe, repaired her desolate cities,

and gave her toiling millions of peasantry the longed-for peace, waiting for which in vain, they had ceased to till their paternal lands lest they should but be offering fresh temptations to the spoiler? And in accomplishing this great achievement a greater still was wrought. The victories of the young Engineer-General of China shook to its fall the foul fabric of a blasphemous religion which at one time had threatened to take rank in importance with those of Buddha and Brahma.

Interest is warmed to sympathy by such an exordium, and this feeling does not fail to be justified by the author's summary of the miserable condition of affairs which preceded Gordon's appearance upon the scene, and the clear, concise narrative of his brilliant actions. Yet, curiously enough, we are told that the missionary element perversely took up the Taiping side, that prayers were offered for the impostor's success, and that his cause was lost in China before it was wholly abandoned by fanatics in Great Britain.

But the countrymen of Lee, Grant and Farragut will first turn to the essays of which those names are the texts, and naturally, the vanquished with greater interest than the victors, because the flush of success makes the side which has won more indifferent to the voice of impartial history, or perhaps leads it to anticipate with assurance a flattering decision as to the manner of the superiority by which its triumph was gained. Of discriminating criticism, however, there is not nearly so much in this book as of generous eulogy; and if the Southern reader expects to find, besides a hearty appreciation of the military genius and high qualities of his own people, a corresponding depreciation of their adversaries, he will be so far disappointed. We quote for instance from the preface a passage addressed to European readers:—

There is a disposition to regard the American generals and the troops they led as altogether inferior to regular soldiers. This prejudice was born out of the blunders and want of coherence exhibited by undisciplined volunteers at the outset—faults amply atoned for by the stubborn courage displayed on both sides throughout the rest of the struggle—while if a man's claims to be regarded as a veteran are to be measured by the amount of actual fighting he has gone through, the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of that conflict. The conditions of war on a grand scale were illustrated to the full as much in the contest in America as in those more recently waged on the Continent. In all that relates to the art of feeding and supplying an army in the field the Americans displayed quite as much ability as any Continental power; while, if the organisation and discipline of their improvised troops were inferior, the actual fighting was in fact more stubborn, for no European forces have experienced the amount of resistance in combat which North and South opposed to each other. Neither was the frequently indecisive result of the great battles fought in America any proof that they formed exceptions to the ordinary rules of military science. These actions were so inconclusive, first, from deficiency in cavalry, and next, because the beaten side would not break up. The American soldiery in thus refusing to yield to panic when losing the day, retiring in good order and keeping a good front to the victorious enemy, displayed, let us venture to believe, an inherited quality. In order to pursue there must be some one to run away, and to the credit of the Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic. Hence partly the frequent repetition of the struggle, almost on the same ground, of which the last campaign of Grant and Lee is the crowning example. Nor have those who study the deeds wrought by Farragut and Porter, with improvised means, any reason to hold American sailors cheaper than our own, or to think lightly of the energy that raised the fleets they led.

But there are sufficient evidences that Colonel Chesney holds very

positive opinions respecting the relative merits of different armies and their leaders, and upon proper occasions he does not hesitate to institute comparisons. Lee he considers incomparably the greatest general of the war, and not only so, but great among the great commanders of history.

In strategy mighty, in battle terrible, in adversity as in prosperity a hero indeed, with the simple devotion to duty and the rare purity of the ideal Christian knight, he joined all the kingly qualities of a leader of men.

Speaking of the campaigns of 1862-3:—

Lee crowded into the next two years as much personal glory as has ever fallen to the lot of a commander within the same time. Overthrowing one opponent after another by brilliant strategy, wielding an inferior force, applying with unsurpassed skill to each new purpose the special resources of the country he defended and the personal weakness of his adversaries, he failed only when attempting for political reasons an offensive beyond the means of his force. While elsewhere ill success on the side of the Confederacy became disaster, and disaster grew into ruinous defeat, the defence of Northern Virginia was never shaken. Only when a general advanced upon it whose resources in men and material were practically unlimited, and who used them deliberately in what Union historians such as Dr. Draper have exultingly called the "process of attrition," wearing down his adversary's numbers gradually by the free sacrifice of his own, was Richmond once more seriously threatened.

No Southern writer could have penned a more loving and enthusiastic memoir, doing justice to every side of his character, and we refrain with difficulty from quoting at greater length.

Of praise of the Army of Northern Virginia also, he never tires; and the latter part of his sketch of Grant's military life, as well as the memoir of Lee, are constant tributes to its glories. There is a very remarkable account—suggestive of comparison—of the brief but bloody action at Cold Harbor, June 3d, 1864, when Grant, after a month's "continuous hammering," ordered another assault along the whole line. Quoting from Northern writers—

There was a rush, a bitter struggle, a rapid interchange of deadly fire, and the army became conscious that the task was more than it could do. . . . The action was decided in an incredibly brief time in the morning's assault. Rapidly as the result was reached, it was *decisive*; for the consciousness of every man pronounced further assault hopeless. The troops went forward as far as the example of their officers could carry them; nor was it possible to urge them beyond; for there they knew lay only death, without even the chance of victory. The completeness with which this judgment had been reached by the whole army was strikingly illustrated by an incident that occurred during the forenoon. Some hours after the failure of the first assault, General Meade sent instructions to each corps commander to renew the attack without reference to the troops on his right or left. The order was issued through these officers to their subordinate commanders, and from them descended through the wonted channels; *but no one stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent yet emphatic, against further slaughter.*

Would such have been the response of that other army which, at a critical moment in the Wilderness, ordered "Lee to the rear" as the condition of its own advance upon the enemy?

The author thinks that Lee was not entirely faultless as a commander, although the blemishes which he attributes to his military character are chiefly in the nature of errors of omission, and said to spring from the one flaw of his too yielding generosity. The breaking down of the commissariat was indeed a sad reality, which in the present state of information upon the subject we must think might

have been remedied, to a partial extent at least, by the decisive use of his great authority in so vital a matter. But we have never shared the low opinion of the discipline of the Army of Northern Virginia which it has been rather the fashion to express. On the contrary, our observation was that the infantry and artillery at least were in quite a fair state of discipline from the beginning of 1863 to the end, as exhibited by their conduct in camp, on the march, and on the field of battle. We knew less of the cavalry, but there certainly was a widespread impression in the South that this arm of the service did not equally improve in this respect. The failure of Southern resources, however, told upon this branch with more than double effect; add to this that the horses were the private property of the men, difficult to replace when killed or worn down, which would be sufficient to demoralise the best cavalry that Europe ever saw.

But while it is true that the Confederacy was finally overcome by the weight of vastly superior numbers and material resources, it must also be remembered that the task gave room for the development of great military talent on the part of Northern generals; and the greatest example Colonel Chesney finds in the remarkably successful career of Grant. With the estimate of his abilities we agree on the whole, while differing as to many particulars. It was our own Albert Sidney Johnston who wrote, "The test of merit in my profession with the people is success. It is a hard rule; but I think it right." Judged by this criterion, Grant must stand highest on the list of Federal commanders. And not only so, but a fair criticism of his operations, from first to last, besides giving him credit for tenacity of purpose and other bulldog qualities, must, we think, ascribe to him the possession of strategic and tactical abilities, which we are too prone to claim to have been displayed exclusively by our Southern leaders.

We should like to speak of many other matters suggested by these essays, but space does not permit, such as the organisation and admirable equipment of the later Federal armies, the increasing efficiency of its cavalry — which we felt to our cost. A discussion of the number of routes towards Richmond which were at the enemy's undisputed choice suggests the weakness of the South in being so surrounded by the sea, and not, so to speak, having its back against neutral nations. Colonel Chesney offers several reasons why Grant in this campaign selected the overland route instead of one by water, which would have brought him, like McClellan, unopposed to the very gates of Richmond, and which had been recommended by Grant himself in earlier days. We think there was another reason more controlling. The Northern cause elsewhere was at that time on the tide of success, and if Grant had marched his army from the interior position in which he found it, the abandonment of the line of operations and withdrawal from the very face of the adversary must have had a most discouraging effect upon his men and the people of the North.

Colonel Chesney's account of the infamous Dahlgren raid, which is, strangely enough, selected as an instance of the romantic side of the war on the part of the North, will be read with less satisfaction than any other article in the volume. A moralist so severe, who bitterly condemns the cruises of the *Alabama*, *Florida* and other Confed-

erate cruisers as "an ignoble piracy, legalised in default of provision made against it by jurists," should have found stronger language to censure an attempt, "under the blessing of the Almighty," to turn loose upon the Southern capital a body of released prisoners, with the exhortation "to destroy and burn the hateful city, and not allow the rebel leader Davis and his traitorous crew to escape." H.

Gunnar : A Tale of Norse Life. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. J. R. Osgood & Co.

Is it the restless craving for novelty, so characteristic of this intense age of ours, that leads us to turn as never before to the literature of other lands? Or is it that the philological studies and researches of our scholars, pushed further of late years than ever heretofore, attract them into paths and give them new interest in phases of life, which their sympathies move them to share with readers at large, through translations? Or is it that the brain-work of our Norwegian and Swedish and Russian and Provençal authors commends itself to English-reading people by its own intrinsic merit? Be either or all of these the true reason, there can be no question that Scandinavian literature especially has come very much into vogue among us. Thirty years ago Harriet Martineau and Mary Howitt introduced us to the domestic life of the North—the former by her pleasant little volume, *Feats of the Fiord*,—the other by her translations of Frederika Bremer's Swedish novels. Since then there has been an ever-increasing interest in Northern story and song. We have Tegner's *Saga* made familiar to us in our own tongue. We have the Danish Hertz at command; the Russian Turgénieff—though not Scandinavian—is in all our serials; Bjornson's idyllic tales every cultured reader knows; Matthew Arnold and Morris go to Norseland for their themes; and (not to take into account Auerbach and Freytag and Spielhagen and Heine and Lessing and the whole host of German poets, together with many other foreign writers), Northern European literature begins to fill an important place in our libraries. We hail this as a good, wholesome sign; it argues a broadening of our humanity—a widening of sympathies, which in time may come to be able to accept the two-hundred-volumed Japanese novel, and the limitless History of the Central Flowery Kingdom.

We have had great pleasure in Bjornson's fresh, simple tales of Norse life, particularly as giving us insight into the habits, customs and scenery of Ultima Thule. Nevertheless we have not found them as stories informed with the interest that gathers round this latest beautiful picture of Norwegian life, reproduced for us by Boyesen in *Gunnar*. The modest little volume is dedicated to the Russian author Turgénieff, or as he gives the spelling, *Tourgúneff*—a name, by the way, which, according to Byron's test, is not likely to be handed down to posterity, through the inability of Fame to pronounce it. As the author is now a resident of our country, filling as he does a professorship of Scandinavian literature in an American college, one need not be greatly surprised at the book being written in English; but then it is such pure, clean, idiomatic English that we still confess to a sort of wonder.

The initial chapter of *Gunnar* is, in itself, a pretty prose poem; and indeed throughout the story there is an atmosphere of delicate poetic coloring which gives to all its pictures that sort of glow which the author claims as a characteristic of his rarefied Norwegian air. With an artist's skill and tact he has woven into the fabric of his story many of the wild legends of his native land, and made them as thoroughly subservient to his end as if he had invented them for his purpose. As, for instance, the superstition of the Hulder (which indeed is the thread on which the fortunes of Gunnar hang), the Necken, and others not less strange and poetic. The characters of the story stand out as clear-cut as the Northern pine against the snow-covered *Yokul* behind it. See how vividly the Grandmother, so rich in her wild, legendary lore, is portrayed. Observe how strong the *chiaroscuro* in the picture of the Widow of Rimul is, and how unique and individual the silent Thor. No novel of the year has given us so sweet and fresh and wholesome a maiden as the lovely Ragnhild, whose unworldly ignorance of our complicated civilisation is most beautifully set forth, leaving the reader quite under the spell of a new sensation. If Mr. Boyesen has in reservation any more stories like *Gunnar* we bespeak for him a wide circle of readers, for anything more original, or touched with a purer sentiment or a tenderer fancy, has not fallen into our hands for many a day.

M. J. P.

THE GREEN TABLE.

ON reading the account of the Dahlgren raid, given in the Historical Society's transactions, one can not repress a feeling of abhorrence at the utter fiendishness of the plot so happily frustrated. And yet the avowed object of both combatants in the war was to inflict on the other as much injury to life and property as possible, under certain arbitrary limitations, that the question of strength might be most speedily settled. Had President Davis and his Cabinet fallen under the bullets of sharpshooters while riding along the lines, or had a village been destroyed because it lay in the line of fire when a great battle was raging, we would not think nor speak of it as an outrage.

Or take a stronger instance: suppose an inventor produced a rifle of such transcendent qualities that the ball never failed to pierce the heart of the enemy aimed at; would not such a weapon be instantly adopted by all the civilised powers? Yet if another inventor offered a ball impregnated with a subtle poison, the slightest scratch from which caused instantaneous painless death, the invention would be stigmatised as barbarous and diabolical, and any nation adopting it fall under the immediate reprobation of civilised mankind. Yet both would be designed to effect the same object — the killing of armed enemies; and of the two, the poisoned ball would be less cruel in its operations. We remember how some years ago a great outcry

was raised against the officials of some district in the south of Europe — Calabria, if we are not mistaken — who ridded themselves of a gang of most cruel and outrageous bandits by letting them capture a mule laden with poisoned provisions. Now had these officials planted a battery of mitrailleuses on an adjoining bank, lured the miscreants by stratagem under its range, and blown them into promiscuous fragments, it would have been praised as an energetic blow for the welfare of society.

The fact is, war, natural, right and indispensable as we believe it to be, occupies in this world an anomalous position, leading to anomalies and inconsistencies all round. The great energies of the age being directed to the preservation and prolongation of life, the increase of the means of living, the production of material wealth, an art whose professed object is to undo the work of all the others, to destroy life and property, finds itself, as we have said, an anomaly. And yet this anomaly is not only unavoidable, from the very nature of mankind, but is necessary to the existence and development of the arts of peace. So to make a sort of reconciliation of the incompatibilities, certain arbitrary limitations have been set. "Thou shalt murder mechanically: thou shalt not murder chemically." "Thou mayest lie and deceive in certain ways, not in certain others," — and so on, the professed object being to avoid needless bloodshed and suffering. A good instance of this principle is seen in the old rule of war, that a garrison which persists in defending an untenable position, may be put to the sword when the place is carried.

Now why might not this principle be carried a little further, and so comply with the spirit of the age? In chess-playing, when one of the players has so great an advantage that his victory is certain, it is considered bad manners and bad play for the antagonist to insist on fighting it out, in hope that the other may make some blunder. Why might not battles be fought in the same manner? Why might there not be a committee of neutral umpires, carefully trained for the purpose, to accompany all military expeditions, and decide results in advance?

For example: two armies in fine discipline, high courage, and provided with all military appliances, after days of manœuvring, have taken positions for a great battle. One of the generals will open the engagement by shelling the enemy's right wing. The umpires after viewing the position, decide that said shelling, kept up so long, would put so many men *hors du combat*. The other general replies by ordering a charge to capture the batteries. The umpires decide that such a charge would result in the taking and spiking so many guns, but that it would be repulsed and the position held, with so much loss on either side. The guns are therefore spiked, and the prescribed number of men withdrawn. The attacking general then orders a charge upon the enemy's wing, now in disorder, and the umpires rule that such a charge would put it to flight. In this way, detail by detail, the battle would be fought, without loss of life, until a point was reached at which the umpires could declare decisive victory for one side or the other. The beaten army would retire: so many men, considered killed, would be discharged for the war; there would be so many wounded, of whom such a proportion, sure to die in hospital, might be discharged at once as killed, and the rest have an average furlough of so many weeks; prisoners (supposed taken) could be exchanged on the spot, and the remainder paroled, and so on. A few such battles might decide a war; and in the decision the beaten party would be pledged to acquiesce. Is not this better than the present irrational system? We submit the suggestion to the Peace Society, confidently looking for the highest honors they have it in their power to confer.

PROF. TYNDALL, in his Belfast address, rests a strong part of his argument for the non-existence of an immaterial soul, upon the real or supposed phenomena of unconsciousness. He refers to the familiar cases in which

pressure on the brain, or a strong electric shock, seems, to the patient's after-perceptions, to have blotted him out of existence for the time; and he asks "Where," during this interval, "is the perceiving power? Men who have recovered from lightning-stroke have been much longer in the same state; and indeed in cases of ordinary concussion of the brain, days may elapse during which no experience is registered in consciousness."

The Professor, with his usual candor, is careful to use the word "registered," since it is not in his power to prove that there is no consciousness during this state, but only that there is no *registry* of consciousness in the memory. And it is precisely on the question of consciousness—not of memory—that the whole argument turns. Still, had we but this class of facts to go by, the proof would rest on those who assert the break to be in the memory, not in the consciousness, had we not another and more familiar class of experiences to refer to in the phenomena of dreams.

All are aware that there is every shade of gradation in dreaming, from the dream that we vividly remember on awaking, which seems almost a real experience, to the dream scarcely remembered, to the mere shadowy consciousness that we have dreamed, we know not what, and finally to that state in which we can not on waking remember that we have dreamed at all, our whole sleeping-time leaving no "registry" in our waking consciousness. This last is a case quite analogous to those cited by Professor Tyndall, and might equally be adduced in support of his thesis, but for the fact that the regular gradation we have mentioned in dreaming, from the most to the least-remembered dream, fully justifies us in holding, until the contrary be proved, that the apparently dreamless sleep is only one grade lower, leaving no recognisable impression on the memory at the time of waking. (We say "at the time of waking," because there seems a probability that these unremembered dreams afterwards occasionally recur in memory, and are the source of many of those puzzling and shadowy recollections which we can never reconcile with experience.)

If then this be conceded, that apparently dreamless sleep, is sleep in which we can not afterwards remember to have dreamed, analogy justifies us in holding, until the contrary be proved, that other states of apparent unconsciousness are only breaks in memory. And indeed he sees the weak point here, and continues: "You may say that I beg the question when I assume the man to have been unconscious; that he was really conscious all the time, and has simply forgotten what had occurred to him. In reply to this, I can only say that no one need shrink from the worst tortures that superstition ever invented, if only so felt and remembered."

But this is no reply at all. Our continuity of memory makes our continuity of life, and a breach in memory makes a breach in life. The fact that a small section of our life, by reason of a breach in memory, seems to form no part of it, and therefore adds nothing to our entire sum of happiness or misery, has nothing to do with the argument. Patients who undergo torturing operations under the influence of anaesthetics, often give the most unmistakable signs of suffering, and yet are afterwards not conscious of having suffered pain. Many surgeons hold that the sufferings in these cases are real, but that no memory of them remains, and that thus they are stricken out of the conscious life of the patient. It is certainly true that we need not shrink from the direct tortures "if only so—remembered" ["felt" must have slipped from the Professor's pen by an inadvertence, since the question whether they are felt or not felt is the very point at issue]—but this, as we have said, is no answer to the objection. And as demonstration is here, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible, and as the argument from analogy is against him, we think it rests with the Professor to prove that his assumed cessations of consciousness are not simply breaches in memory. Failing to establish this, we must consider that so much of his argument as rests on this postulate, must fall to the ground.

These will remain on the north bank and move down with the force on the south bank, not getting ahead of them, and if the communication can be kept up without giving an alarm, it must be done ; but everything depends upon a surprise, and NO ONE must be allowed to pass ahead of the column. Information must be gathered in regard to the crossings of the river, so that, should we be repulsed on the south side, we will know where to recross at the nearest point. All mills must be burned, and the canal destroyed ; and also everything which can be used by the rebels must be destroyed, including the boats on the river. Should a ferry-boat be seized, and can be worked, have it moved down. Keep the force on the south side posted of any important movement of the enemy, and in case of danger some of the scouts must swim the river and bring us information. As we approach the city, the party must take great care that they do not get ahead of the other party on the south side, and must conceal themselves and watch our movements.

We will try and secure the bridge to the city (one mile below Belle Isle,) and release the prisoners at the same time. If we do not succeed, they must then dash down, and we will try and carry the bridge from each side. When necessary the men must be filed through the woods and along the river bank. The bridges once secured, and the prisoners loose and over the river, the bridges will be burned and the city destroyed. The men must be kept together and well in hand, and once in the city it must be destroyed, and *Jeff Davis and Cabinet killed*.

Pioneers will go along with combustible material. The officer must use his discretion about the time of assisting us. Horses and cattle which we do not need immediately, must be shot rather than left. Everything on the canal and elsewhere, of service to the rebels, must be destroyed. As Gen. Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm.

The signal officer must be prepared to communicate at night by rockets, and in other things pertaining to his department.

The Quartermasters and Commissaries must be on the lookout for their departments, and see that there are no delays on their account.

The Engineer officer will follow and survey the road as we pass over it, &c.

The Pioneers must be prepared to construct a bridge or destroy one. They must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning, which will be rolled in soaked balls and given to the men to burn when we get in the city. Torpedoes will only be used by the pioneers for destroying the main bridges, &c. They must be prepared to destroy railroads. Men will branch off to the right with a few pioneers and destroy the bridges and railroads south of Richmond, and then join us at the city. They must be well prepared with torpedoes, &c.

The line of Falling Creek is probably the best to work along, or, as they approach the city, Goode's Creek, so that no reinforcements can come up on any cars. No one must be allowed to pass ahead for fear of communicating news. Rejoin the command with all haste, and if cut off, cross the river above Richmond and rejoin us. Men will stop at Bellona Arsenal and totally destroy it and anything else but hospitals ; then follow on and rejoin the command at Richmond with all haste, and if cut off, cross the river and join us. As General Custer may follow me, be careful and not give a false alarm.

PROGRAMME OF THE ROUTE AND WORK.

The following is an exact copy of a paper written in lead pencil, which appears to have been a private memorandum of the programme which Dahlgren had made to enable him to keep his work clearly in mind :—

Saturday. Leave camp at dark (6 P. M.). Cross Ely's Ford at 10 P. M.

20 miles—Cross North Anna at 4 A. M. Sunday—feed and water—one hour.

3 miles—Frederick's Hall Station, 6 A. M.—destroy art'y, 8 A. M.

20 miles—Near James river, 2 P. M. Sunday—feed and water 1½ hour.

30 miles to Richmond—March towards Kilpatrick for one hour, and then, as soon as dark, cross the river, reaching Richmond in the morning (Monday).

One squadron remains on north side, and one squadron to cut the railroad bridge at Falling Creek, and join at Richmond—83 miles.

Gen. Kilpatrick—cross at 1 A. M. Sunday—10 miles.

Pass river 5 A. M. (resistance).

Childsburg — 14 miles — 8 A. M.

Resistance at North Anna — 3 miles.

Railroad bridges at South Anna — 26 miles — 2 P. M. Destroy bridges — Pass the South Anna and feed until after dark — then signal each other. After dark move down to Richmond, and be in front of the city at daybreak.

RETURN — In Richmond during the day — feed and water men *outside*.

Be over the Pamunkey at daybreak — feed and water, and then cross the Rappahannock at night (Tuesday night) when they must be on the look-out.

Spies should be sent on Friday morning early, and be ready to cut.

A GUIDE FURNISHED.

The following paper was enclosed in an envelope directed to "Col. U. Dahlgren," &c., at Gen. Kilpatrick's headquarters, and marked "confidential." The letter is not dated.

Colonel DAHLGREN, &c.—

Dear Colonel:—At the last moment I have found the man you want—well acquainted with the James river from Richmond up.

I send him to you mounted on my own private horse. You will have to furnish him a horse.

Question him five minutes, and you will find him the man you want.

Respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN C. BABCOCK.

On the margin of the letter is written: "He crossed the Rapidan last night, and has late information."

These papers were forwarded to Mr. Benjamin, who was then Secretary of State of the Confederate States, and by him ordered to be photographed by the Engineer Department; and the copies were made under the immediate supervision of Albert H. Campbell, in charge of the Topographical Department, and they are exact copies in every respect.

And yet, after all these things, we have seen the Northern press proclaim that they "feel proud in being able to say that their soldiers conducted themselves as becomes soldiers, only doing that which they are allowed to do by the recognised rules of war by all civilised nations"—while their trail from Dover Mills to Atlee's Station is marked, as we have shown, by devastation as complete as time would allow. "In the neighborhood of Atlee's they seized and destroyed everything that could sustain the life of man or beast. We will mention one case which may be taken as a specimen of their wholesale plundering and barbarous cruelty. Wm. Chesterman, an old man with five children, a carpenter by trade, lives near Atlee's water-station, on the Central Railroad. They came to his house on Tuesday evening, took every mouthful of his small stock of provisions, every grain of his corn, every fowl; ripped up his beds with their sabres and threw the feathers into the road, tore up every stitch of his children's clothing, actually taking them off his children for the purpose, and broke up his carpenter's tools before his eyes. On Wednesday the old man had to go forth to beg bread for his children, he being left dependent on the charity of the world, the very implements on which he relied for a livelihood having been destroyed."

Kilpatrick's force continued toward the White House Landing. They crossed the Chickahominy river, and after doing so, the rem-

nant of Dahlgren's command which had retreated from Captain Pollard's force, overtook the main force, and for the first time heard of the death of Colonel Dahlgren and the capture of Major Cook and half of their men.

The voice of the press of Richmond was indignant against these raiders, and expressed the feelings of the people at the time upon the question, What should be done with them? The *Sentinel* says: "Stoneman, Spears, Kilpatrick, ride when they please up to the fortifications of Richmond, robbing the houses and hen-coops, stealing the very spoons and clothing, and carrying off at their pleasure horses, mules, slaves. Some of the thieves are apprehended, but what care they? Their officers are conducted to the Libby and used with distinguished consideration. The private thieves are sure of the treatment of honorable enemies and prisoners taken in battle." The *Examiner* says: "The means by which their soldiers are desired 'to write their names in ineffaceable letters on the hearts of their countrymen' are by rushing at night upon a populous city, burning it down with turpentine and oakum in 'soaked balls,' turning loose some thousands of ruffian prisoners brutalised to the deepest degree by acquaintance with every horror of war, who have been confined on an island for a year, far from all means of indulging their strong sensual appetites — inviting this pandemonium to work their will on unarmed citizens, on the women, gentle and simple, of Richmond, and on all their property — in a word, to sack, with the usual accompaniments attending that operation — to kill Jefferson Davis and his mutinous crew, and slip away as they came; to burn not only houses and bridges, but everything else which might be of use to the rebels — barns, boats, stores, provisions — and to slaughter all horses and cattle which they could not carry away with them." The results, indeed, of this tremendous intention of ravage and butchery were contemptible. The picked command, selected from brigades and regiments, for the thieving and murdering expedition was not quite up to the mark. "The braves who were to have swept through Richmond failed to accomplish their purpose, and their balls of oakum and turpentine, instead of hissing and flaming in our dwellings and amidst terrified women and children, as was expected, had to be thrown into the Pamunkey for the present." The *Whig* says: "Are these men warriors? Are they soldiers taken in the performance of duties recognised as legitimate by the loosest construction in the code of civilised warfare? Or are they assassins, barbarians, Thugs, who have forfeited and expect to lose their lives? Are they not barbarians redolent with more hellish purposes than were ever the Goth, the Hun, or the Saracen? The consentaneous voice of all Christendom will shudderingly proclaim them monsters, whom no sentimental idea of humanity, no timorous views of expediency, no trembling terror of consequences should have shielded from the quickest and the sternest death."

Dahlgren himself was shot while in command of a hostile force destroying whatever fell within their route, and the death-dealing ball was sped by men protecting their own homes and families. He was killed in the night by his pursuers, and some of the curse he came to

bestow fell upon himself, inflicted by avenging Southern bullets. In a few days the body was boxed up at Walkerton and forwarded to Richmond for the purpose of positive identification, and to establish the fact that the foregoing documents were found upon his person. By the General then in command, it was ordered to be removed to Oakwood Cemetery, and to be buried there in the midst of the Federal dead. It was removed in a wagon drawn by four mules, accompanied by six attendants, of whom the driver of the wagon was one, and buried according to orders. On the 2d day of April, 1864, the body was clandestinely taken up in the night, by Union sympathizers, examined and found to be clothed in a blue uniform coat and pantaloons, was then placed in a metallic coffin by them, and that coffin in a plain pine box, and carried thence in a wagon by the Brook turnpike to the neighborhood of Hungary Station on the Fredericksburg Railroad. To enable those engaged in the removal to elude the Confederate pickets, a number of peach and apple trees prepared for being transplanted, were placed over the box in the wagon. It was then reinterred at that place. After the termination of the war, information was conveyed to his friends of these facts. The body was then delivered to them for such marks of respect as they desired to bestow. By order of the Government at Washington it was conveyed in a special train on the railroad to that place. This minute detail has been given to the writer by the principal actor in the original burial and subsequent removals.

GENERAL ELZEY'S CONGRATULATIONS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF RICHMOND, }
March 8, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. 10.

The Major-General commanding congratulates the troops upon their completely successful defence of the city of Richmond, and its rescue from the ravages of the invader.

The enemy was gallantly repulsed on the north side by Colonel Stevens' command, and on the west by Brigadier-General G. W. C. Lee's troops. Their conduct is entitled to the highest praise and credit.

To Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, and the officers and soldiers under his command, the thanks of the Major-General are especially due for the prompt and vigorous manner in which they pursued the enemy from Beaver Dam to Richmond, and thence to the Pamunkey, and down the Peninsula, making repeated charges, capturing many prisoners and horses, and thwarting any attempt of the enemy to charge them.

The Major-General commanding begs leave to tender to Major-General Hampton and his command his sincere thanks for their co-operation in following up the enemy, and their gallant assault upon his camp at Atlee's Station on Tuesday night, in which the enemy's entire force was stampeded and completely routed, leaving in the hands of General Hampton many prisoners and horses.

Lastly, the conduct of the Home Guard of King and Queen county, and of Captain Magruder's squadron of the forty-second battalion Virginia cavalry, which, in conjunction with small detachments of furloughed men under Captain Fox and Lieutenant Pollard of the

cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, attacked the retreating column of Colonel Dahlgren, killing the leader and capturing nearly one hundred prisoners, with negroes and horses, deserves public acknowledgment.

By command of

Major-General ELZEY.

T. O. CHESNEY, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

The exhortation "to the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city" could not be made. Custer did not follow, Kilpatrick "fed and watered outside," and General Butler was not up to time. The time for the fall of Richmond had not come.

G. W. M.

THE "VIRGINIA" AND THE "MONITOR."

An article in the *Army and Navy Journal*, June 13th, entitled *The "Monitor" and the "Merrimac,"* is one of the very choicest specimens yet produced of the Northern mode of manufacturing history. A grand victory is claimed for the *Monitor*, whereas a more palpable, undeniable defeat was never recorded in naval history. The proofs are being prepared by those who were actors in the drama, who will produce facts and figures, chapter and verse, bearings and distances. In the meantime here is a brief statement (written hastily and from memory), by a Confederate soldier who, from a safe position, saw the fight. It is intended only as a light four-pounder rocket; several 200-pound chilled bolts, conical, will follow. We must *now* settle all disputed questions and reach the facts, for it is time that the great fight should pass into history.

And first, a few words as to the *Virginia*. The Federals, previous to their flight from Norfolk, had burnt all the United States Government vessels; and we, taking from the mud the hulk of the frigate *Merrimac*, built over it a roof of iron plates, and cleaning up the hull and overhauling the engines, we formally named the new craft the *Virginia*, as we hauled her out of dock; and that model sailor and gentleman, the gallant Buchanan, took command. She was put up in the roughest way; but the fatal defect in her construction was, that the iron shield extended only a few inches below the water-line. A shell or two amidships, between wind and water (she had no knuckle) and her career was closed. She drew 22 feet of water, was in every respect ill-proportioned and top-heavy; and what with her immense length and wretched engines (than which a more ill-contrived, spraddling and unreliable pair were never made, failing on one occasion while the ship was under fire), she was little more manageable than a timber-raft. The quarters for the crew were close, damp, ill-ventilated and unhealthy; one-third of the men were always on the sick

list, and were almost always transferred to the hospital, where they would convalesce immediately. She steered very badly, and both her rudder and screw were wholly unprotected. Her battery was magnificent, of course, for Catesby Jones had planned and equipped it; and that, in his grade, he had no peer in this branch of his profession (ordnance) I believe that every fair man in the old navy will concede.

After the *Virginia* had annihilated the Federal fleet and beaten off the *Monitor*, our people, who, outside of naval circles, knew nothing whatever of her construction, expected her to accomplish all manner of impossible absurdities. She was first to take Washington, then New York, and after raising the blockade of the Southern ports, she was to rival the splendid career of the *Alabama*. The truth was that the ship was not weatherly enough to move in Hampton Roads at all times with safety, and she never should have been moved more than three hours' sail from a machine-shop. The wildest suggestions were gravely urged upon the Navy Department; but I remember that the *Monitor* was never considered the smallest obstacle to her movements, inland or seaward. We considered *her*, as she proved to be, *hors du combat*.

This huge unwieldy make-shift, then, without the slightest trial or experimental trip (for we had only warped her from dock to dock), officered with the very cream of the old navy, and manned by as gallant a crew as ever fought in a good cause — Southern born almost to a man — steamed out on that beautiful Saturday morning, freighted with the prayers and hopes of a whole people. Every man and officer well understood the desperate hazards of the approaching fight, the utter feebleness of their ship, and the terrible efficiency of the enemy's magnificent fleet. Most of them had taken, as they supposed, a last farewell of wives, children, friends, and had set in order their worldly affairs. All the lieutenants (Catesby Jones excepted) had several weeks previously partaken publicly of the Holy Sacrament.

It had just gone three bells, and the vessel having passed the obstructions, Buchanan addressed his crew:—"Sailors:—In a few moments you will have the long expected opportunity for showing your devotion to our cause. Remember that you are about to strike for your country, for your wives, your children, your homes, for the right. Beat to quarters." And now we are at Newport News. The frigate *Cumberland* is struck below the starboard forechains; she reels, rolls, and goes down. And now the flag of the *Congress* comes down by the run, and soon she will make a brilliant bonfire to illumine the Roads. And now for the *Minnesota*. But just here a precious hour and more is lost through a distressing error on our side; and the pilots, nervous and timid in the absence of all lights and buoys, insist upon bringing the ship to anchor while yet the daylight lasts. Our anchor is down under Sewell's Point, our ship *unscratched by a pin*, and in the hope that all's well with our noble old wounded captain, the night wears tranquilly away. The fire of the *Cumberland* had killed two men and wounded five, and had also carried away the muzzles of two guns, but we never ceased firing them, and the damage was wholly immaterial.

In the early morning we land our Admiral, sorely stricken, but cheery and game as a lion, and as soon as the barge of the *Patrick Henry* returns from the duty, with our ship in "inspection order," Jones gets under weigh to finish the *Minnesota*. Next comes the *Patrick Henry* (once *Yorktown*), commanded by Admiral John Randolph Tucker; and next in the *Jamestown* comes our own gallant Barney, Baltimore born; and hovering about us are our dashing little mosquito fleet, under Webb and Parker and Alexander. We soon descry a strange-looking iron tower sliding over the waters towards us, and we dash at it. It is the *Monitor*, which, during the previous night, had come in from sea, and which, by the light of the burning *Congress*, had been seen and reported by one of our pilots. Com. P's account of this engagement is substantially correct. Nearly two hours have passed, and many a shell and shot have been exchanged at close quarters, with no perceptible damage to either. The *Virginia* is discouragingly cumbrous and unwieldy. To wind her for her broadside fire, each fire, fifteen minutes are lost; while, during all this time, the *Monitor* is whirling around and about like a top, and by the easy working of her turret, and her precise and rapid movement, elicits the wonder and admiration of all. Jones now determines to waste no more time with his guns; she is evidently invulnerable to our shell, and we had no solid shot on board, except about twenty nine-inch, of great windage, which were intended to be used as hot-shot for wooden vessels. Our next move is to run her down. A tedious manœuvring for position; now "back the engines"—now "go ahead"—now "hard a-starboard the helm"—now "hard a-port"—weary, weary minutes—an eighth of a mile of the Red River raft, with plenty of sweeps, would be more lively in handling. At last we have way on her, and we ram her with all our force. But she is so flat and broad that she merely *slides* away under our stern, as a floating door would slip away before the cut-water of a barge; all that we could do was to *push* her. At sea and in smooth water, provided she chose to remain still, we could no doubt have run over her. It required a full mile, under full steam, to get full headway on the *Virginia*; we never had one-half the requisite space, and consequently the blow was weak and inefficient. We could not knock a hole in the *Monitor*, for our prow, which, with inconceivable stupidity, had been made of cast-iron, had been knocked off, of course, when we opened the bowels of the *Cumberland*. Jones now determines to board her; to choke her turret in some way, and lash her to the *Virginia*. At last the enemy is dead ahead, and we see by the bubbles which dance past the ports that we are getting way on her. Faster and faster, and we are all excitement, for within twenty minutes the Confederate colors shall fly from the *Monitor's* peak. Faster and faster, and nearer and nearer, and the blood is rushing through our veins, while the shrill pipes and hoarse roar of the boatswain's call, "boarders away!"—but, lo! our enemy has wheeled in flight, has turned tail and fled, and ignominiously seeks refuge on a mud-flat; or, to speak perhaps with more euphony and elegance, has "hailed off into shoal water," where she is as safe from our ship as if she were on the topmost peak of the Blue Ridge. Ten feet draught of

water against twenty-two. The flying foe is moving two feet to our one, but rapidly firing; we chase her until we have no longer an inch of water under our keel — we have been brought up, all standing, by the shoal.

From the commencement of her flight the *Monitor* had made no reply to our fire, and now her nimble heels have secured her a place of safety miles distant, on Hampton Shoals. Although the great distance made it a waste of precious ammunition, yet, by way of emphasising our victory — putting it in Italics, as it were — we fired five more shell at her. As well as we could distinguish, three of them struck, but the last two, though fired from our pivot-gun, could not reach, and to none of them did we get any reply. Let this fact be specially marked, to wit: that the *Monitor*, seeking safety in flight, and anchoring where she could float and where we could not, made no reply to the last eight guns fired on that day. When she wheeled to fly, she had fired the last hostile gun at the *Virginia*, which a short time afterwards drove her again from the field when she was bombarding our batteries. A little later still she was severely beaten at Drury's Bluff, principally by the crew of the burnt *Virginia*; and then, leaving Hampton Roads to take part in Butler's fire-works at Wilmington, she went to the bottom, handsomely, off Cape Hatteras, and this was the end of her glorious career.

But the *Monitor*, now on the shoal, had once before run out of the fight, for the purpose, Commodore Parker tells us, "of hoisting up her shot, weighing 168 pounds" (a most remarkable proceeding for a full manned war-ship); and in the hope that she may return once more, the *Virginia* waits for about forty-five minutes. But she clings to the flat and makes no sign; and having thus beaten her fairly, squarely and absolutely, the *Virginia* goes on her way rejoicing. Commodore P. admits that the *Monitor* ran off, but that "finding her injuries not so serious," she "turned her head towards the enemy," who "turned" his head towards Norfolk, and "left the field, pursued by the *Monitor*." Now the *Monitor* was a long way off, nearly three miles, and we cannot gainsay the assertion that she "turned" towards us; but that she "turned" and came out into deep water to give battle, or that the *Virginia* "turned" in consequence, or that the *Monitor* ever "*pursued*" her an inch, or pretended to pursue, or that by firing a gun, or in any other way she ever gave the slightest indication of a wish to renew the fight, I wholly and utterly deny. Much "turning" there may have been, but there was no pursuit. There are five thousand credible witnesses of the fact, that when we left Hampton Roads that day there was *nothing in sight to fight*. True, the colors of the *Minnesota* were still at her peak, but she was so thoroughly beaten that, as every Northern man knows, Van Brunt was with great difficulty dissuaded from abandoning her, by the influence of outside spectators. She was aground and entirely at our mercy, and it seemed merciless to fire another shot at her. We no more considered her a hostile element in the fight than if she had been a toy-ship. And just here I would note an incident. While the crews of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* were struggling to reach the shore in boats and by swimming, a few charges of grape and canister would have swept

them from the waters—not a man would have reached the shore alive. By Buchanan's peremptory order, not a shot was fired.

But the *Monitor* is now, admittedly, on the shoal to examine her wounds; the onus is on her to *prove* that she came off it to *fight*. *Wanted* the bearings and distance of the *Virginia* when the *Monitor* "pursued;" and wanted *more*, said bearings and distances and *soundings* when she turned from that "pursuit" to play that "defensive rôle." The issue is just here, and it is in a nut-shell, and there is no dodging it. We charge that she never left the shoal for an instant to give battle, and that *she was never again that day within three miles of the Virginia*, or in four fathoms water, while a Confederate vessel was in sight or outside the bar. The smoke of one signal-gun from the *Monitor* and we would have wheeled to fight her although within one hundred yards of our dock. We sailed our ship to *fight*, and not to "protect vast interests by a defensive rôle."

The *Monitor* being beaten off, in what more impressive manner *could* Catesby Jones "show his fealty to the cause which he had espoused"? (his devotion to which is the pride and joy of his life, as it is to all of us.) No respectable man on board the *Monitor* will deny that the *Virginia* fired the last shots, or that the *Monitor* ran off into shoal water, where our shell could not reach her. If, at this instant, the victory was not ours, whose was it? or how long was it to be in abeyance? Six hours? or six weeks? or six years? By way, however, of putting a clinching nail in this mythical "pursuit," if the *Monitor*, leaving the flat, was really looking for a fight, why did she not find it during the ensuing six weeks, when the *Virginia* was roaming about the Roads, using every possible effort to coax her into a struggle, but in vain? "Discretion" was "the better part of valor," and *we never met her again*. "He that fights and runs away will live to fight another day," but that "other day" never dawned for the *Monitor*. To make our appeal the more impressive, to shame her into a fight as it were, Barney, in the *Jamestown*, ran over to the Hampton side and cut out three vessels under her very nose; but she was not to be coaxed from her earthworks; she was inexorable, and Tatnall was in despair. At last he determined to capture her by stratagem, but the plan was found to be impracticable. He could only taunt her, by the daily display of the Confederate colors and a daily invitation to battle. And so much for the "pursuing" *Monitor*.

But to the story. It is now about 12 M., and as there is no enemy to fight, we turn to the *Minnesota*. We have knocked a hole in her large enough to admit a wagon and four horses, driving four of her ports into one, and the carnage in and about her had been dreadful, and we considered her sufficiently destroyed, a crippled bird on the ground which we could bag at pleasure. If it was all to go over again (it is *so* easy to be wise *after* the event), I suppose that we would have delayed a few minutes and burnt her with hot shot, in spite of the pilots. The pilots insist on immediate departure, the alternative being that they can not otherwise take the ship over the bar until noon of the following day. To cross on the midnight high tide is impossible. The *Minnesota* is on our port-beam, about a mile off, for

although she drew about the same water that we did, the pilots could never (on account of some peculiarity of the channel) place us closer. If we could have used the hot-shot gun on the port side the *Minnesota* would undoubtedly have been ablaze in a few moments. But the *Cumberland* had shot away its muzzle. To turn the ship and fight the starboard gun was impossible, for heading up stream on a strong flood-tide she would have been wholly unmanageable. We *must* hold her head to tide. "Shift that starboard gun to the port side," Jones orders, and now it will take the better part of an hour to get the *Minnesota* well ablaze, and then we will lose this tide and the next. We head for Norfolk, and this was the way in which the *Cumberland* saved the *Minnesota*.

The *Virginia* had so lightened up forward that seven or eight inches of the hull below the shield were plainly exposed, and why the enemy took no advantage of this is one of the mysteries of the fight. To us it could easily have been turned into a fatal calamity. To bring her down by the head at least a foot, to replace an anchor which had been shot away, and which we never missed until ordered to be "let go," and to replace our broken prow, were important provisions for our struggle to-morrow with the *Monitor*. And so, as the crew have been fighting for two days, as his wounded chief is only a few miles off, and as his senior officer, Commodore Tucker, is almost alongside, Jones steams off for Norfolk, and the great fight in Hampton Roads is over. In a battle which, revolutionising as it did in an instant the whole science of naval warfare, is more memorable than any sea-fight of history, more pregnant of consequences—in a battle which will be remembered to the latest posterity as the prominent naval event of our times, our ship has come out victorious.

With that last shot at the *Minnesota* closed her fighting career. The *Patrick Henry* and the *Jamestown* follow. On the previous day, at the first sound of our guns, they had come booming down the river from Mulberry Island, and had rushed into the fight in the most gallant and effective way. The *Patrick Henry* has received a shot through her boiler; one of her engines is disabled, and she has lost more men than all the rest together. In the hottest of the fire the *Virginia* grounded for a few moments, and both ships dashed in to her aid, and how they ever survived that fire is another mystery of the action. While fighting the men-of-war and shore-batteries they managed to find time to blow up a transport steamer, to sink a schooner, and to capture another. They were large side-wheel passenger steamers, with double walking-beam engines, and were vulnerable almost to a pistol-shot. Never were two beautiful ships more gallantly handled. We are off for Norfolk. Barney, who happened to be the last to quit the field, has fired the last gun. It was a weather-bow gun, and the enemy—"they heard the sound, its meaning knew." And did the *Monitor* fire a blank cartridge to windward that day? and if not, why not? Was it an accidental omission of glorification?

Well, the smoke from that triumphant gun was yet floating lazily away when Catesby Jones remarked to the writer, "the destruction of those wooden vessels was a matter of course, but in not cap-

turing that iron-clad I feel as if we had done nothing." "And yet," he added, "give me that vessel and I will sink this one in twenty minutes." And every watch-officer of our squadron would engage, under forfeiture of his head, with a *Monitor* to sink a *Virginia* every thirty minutes from dawn till dewy eve. And this is said in no spirit of boasting. It only means that they would know the fatally weak point of the *Virginia*, which Worden could scarcely be expected to know by inspiration. Considering the terrible prestige of our ship, and that his junior officers were volunteers (as I suppose) and therefore inexperienced, Worden fought his ship with plenty of spirit. After being temporarily blinded by Jno. Taylor Wood's gun, his responsibility ceased. In other days I knew him for an amiable, honorable, conscientious man; and never having seen his official report, which, strange to say, was not made till '68—six years after the fight—am wholly unwilling to believe that he has given his sanction to this preposterous claim of pursuit and victory. He would never, I am sure, lend himself to the meanness of claiming unearned laurels. While he could fight, he fought gallantly; but he was beaten thoroughly, and it was a novelty in other times for defeat to be rewarded by promotion. In the political exigency of the hour, which forbade the acknowledgment of defeat by his Government, he was fortunate. A Nelson or a Collingwood, finding the enemy's upper works invulnerable, might have tried the lower ones; they certainly would have done something with the divine inspiration of genius to make the best ship win. But then, Nelsons and Collingwoods only appear every century or two.

I have said that the *Monitor* was fought with plenty of spirit. She was also fought with a plentiful lack of judgment and common-sense, and ordnance-sense. The great radical blunder was in failing to concentrate her fire. In two instances a second shot striking near the first weakened our shield and caused the backing to bulge inwards, and made it very manifest that a third or fourth shot would have gone through. In these cases the shot were delivered upon the strongest part of our roof; if they had struck her at the water-line, where there was no protection whatever for the hull (for be it remembered that she had no knuckle), they would have gone through her as if she had been of paper. A fighting, wide-awake seaman makes the enemy's water-line his first target, and that proving invulnerable, the guns and the guns' crew the second. Now the enormous weight of her shield and battery kept the *Virginia* all the time just hovering between floating and sinking; a very few tons of water through the hole made by two, or even one, well-aimed shot from the splendid eleven-inch gun of the *Monitor*, and the *Virginia* would have gone to the bottom in five minutes. With such a gun, and at such short range, it would be no great feat for an intelligent side-boy to plant his shot every time in the space covered by an ordinary straw-hat. The *Virginia* was so large a mark that almost every shot struck her somewhere; but they were scattered over the whole shield on both sides, and were therefore harmless. To point her gun in our direction and fire on the instant, without aim or motive, appeared to be the object. The turret revolving rapidly, the gun disappears only

to repeat in five or six minutes the same hurried and necessarily aimless, unmeaning fire. She could assume and keep whatever position she pleased, for with her short keel and fine engines she could play around us like a rabbit around a sloth. Once during the fight she took such a position that we could not bring a single gun to bear on her. Why did she not with common-sense keep it, and with perfect security deliberately plant her shot where she pleased almost to an inch? She fired, all told, during the fight forty-one shots (taking her time, about one fire in six minutes), and any three of them properly aimed would have sunk us, and yet the nearest shot to the water-line was over four feet. Our rudder and propeller were wholly unprotected, and a slight blow from her stem would have disabled both and ended the fight. Every time the *Virginia* went to cruise in the Roads under Tatnall we bade her an affectionate good-bye—we never expected to see her again. In short, considering that at noon on the 8th of March, '62, the *Monitor* was by immense odds the most formidable vessel of war on this planet, and that our ship was comparatively a ship of glass, and that doing us no harm and wholly unharmed herself after four mortal hours of battle she runs away and gives us the fight, it is impossible to conceive in what manner she could have been more inefficiently fought.

We are now at Norfolk, and will any one ever forget that Sunday afternoon ovation to our glory-covered sailors—a whole people wild with delight? Or can any one ever forget the scene aboard the *Virginia* on the following Tuesday, when all hands were assembled on the quarter-deck to return thanks to Almighty God for this great victory and deliverance; the tears and sobs of both officers and men; or the burning words of the eloquent divine—Quintard, as well as I can remember, the present Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee—after Bishop Polk, our soldier-bishop (it was not, I remember, the present Bishop of Louisiana)? Or can we forget how our President announced the glad tidings in words of fervid eloquence, or how Congress voted thanks and promotion? Or can we forget how our victory sent a thrill of gladness through the hearts of our people—then staggering under so many reverses—such as was not exceeded by any single success of the war?

But our ship now draws twenty-three feet forward again, has a new anchor, a new wrought-iron prow, a new set of boats, the two port shutters repaired, and plenty of solid shot and bolts; and as soon as her new captain reaches her deck (Commodore Tatnall—I never think of the gallant old chieftain without mentally “presenting arms” to his memory), she is off to find that “pursuing” *Monitor*. That pursuing *Monitor* was nowhere to be found. Where was she? A brave boatswain’s-mate, who worshipped at the shrine of the wide Water-street muse, and was the classic poet of the fo’castle, irreverently wrote—

“Supra mud-flattibus,
Monitoribus combattibus,
Non est come-atibus
Per Merrimackibus!”

While roaming about the Monitor-less Roads in triumph, the *Virginia*

was a powerful support to Magruder at Yorktown. I have often heard my gallant chief say that she was his right wing, and was equal to five thousand men. It was largely, if not chiefly, owing to her material and moral support that we kept McClellan in check — eight thousand men against a splendidly appointed army of one hundred and twenty thousand men. It gave us time to concentrate our forces around Richmond, where so soon after we beat them so terribly. What were those “vast interests” which the *Monitor* was protecting in her “defensive rôle”? And how did they weigh when compared with the actual, positive, tangible damage which the *Virginia* was doing their cause? If that splendid invention, as we freely admit she was for smooth water, had been fought as she ought to have been, it might have saved them fifty thousand men. Engaging our handful with a few brigades, McClellan might have walked past us to Richmond with the rest of his army almost any morning before breakfast.

Having accomplished our object of checking McClellan, our armies fell back from Yorktown and Norfolk, and all our light-draught vessels went to Drury’s Bluff. Possibly we might have taken the *Virginia* as far as Harrison’s Bar, but such action would have been absurd from every point of view. As the enemy occupied both sides of the river above, we could neither coal nor provision her, and would have been compelled to destroy her in a few days, if she remained so long uncaptured. Her officers and crew were more usefully employed than in holding in a narrow shoal river a ship which required an inland sea to move in. It was suggested that we abandon her to the enemy, and after they had indulged in a sufficient amount of exultation, that Taylor Wood (our young Nelson) should slip out late some afternoon and sink her with the *Torpedo* or *Teaser* (one-gun tugs); but it was regarded as a species of ingratitude to allow the flag which she had done so much to humble, to float over her for a single moment.

And now the narrative is drawing to a close, for it is the 10th of May, and one mile distant W.S.W. bears Craney Island.

“This was her journey’s end
And very sea-mark of her utmost sail.”

Here was she to receive her death-blow and burial at the hands of her own people. And so landing the crew, whom we marched to Drury’s Bluff through Richmond (where a few days later they beat the *Monitor* off again), then and there, on the very field of her fame, within sight of the *Cumberland’s* top-gallant masts all awash, with her laurels fresh and green, we hauled down her drooping colors, and with mingled pride and grief we gave her to the flames.

“Then louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery”—

the slow-match—the magazine—and that last sullen, mournful boom has rolled to the very sympathising stars and in muttered thunders told her fate; and it told her own people, now far away on the march, that, unopposed by the touch of the hated foe, our gallant ship had passed away.

Virginia, not *Merrimac*, was her name. She fought under Confed-

erate colors, and her fame belongs to all of us; but there was a peculiar fitness in the name we gave her. In Virginia, of Virginia iron and wood, and by Virginians was she built, and in Virginia's waters she made a record which shall live forever. Of her officers a large proportion were Virginians. From Maryland were Admiral Buchanan, Lieut. John Taylor Wood, and Chief-Engineer Ramsay; and well may we be especially proud of the contribution of our dear old State, our Maryland. From Georgia were Commodore Tatnall and one of the assistant-engineers—I regret that I cannot remember his name. From Mississippi one of the best of her lieutenants, J. R. Eggleston; and from Virginia were Catesby Jones, Charles Simms, Hunter Davidson, Robert Minor, and Walter Butt, lieutenants; Paymaster Jas. Semple, Surgeons Dinwiddie Phillips and A. S. Garnett; Marine Officer Reuben Thom; five out of the six assistant-engineers; Signal Officer Lieut. George E. Tabb, and all five of the pilots. Of the nineteen officers who fought her through her *Monitor* fight, fifteen were of Virginia. Well may the old State be proud of the record of her sons. On the sea as on the land their Confederate loyalty and zeal were conspicuous, and especially does every valley and hill-top on the battle-scarred bosom of their political mother tell, trumpet-tongued, of their filial valor and devotion. Honored and respected in life, in death their ashes shall repose among their well-loved people, and their names be cherished in affectionate remembrance through generations yet unborn.

By what process of reasoning Commodore Parker extracts such a quantity of sentimental semi-religious sop out of the fight, I can not comprehend. The quality is much to be envied. Extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers is nothing to it. But if there ever was an exception to the rule that "Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions," this was it. The *Monitor* only appears upon the scene after we have been on a rampage for a whole day; have cleared out everything in the Roads—men-of-war, transports, traders,—and have done the enemy all possible injury, material and moral. Stocks fall ten per cent. in an hour, gold rises faster, and such a panic prevails as was never known before or since. And then when we come next day to fight the *Monitor*, we beat her off undeniably, thoroughly and for ever, of which fact the French and British men-of-war were witnesses.

Commodore Parker thinks that "what injuries the *Virginia* sustained will probably never be known." He can learn the truth from hundreds of witnesses; there never was any secret about it. They were almost nothing, and she was ready for action within five minutes after reaching her dock. There was much abrasion of the wood-work about the stem where she had rammed the *Monitor*, a number of dents in the shield more or less deep, and in one or two places the iron was ripped off, and the smoke-stack riddled. These and the injuries named were wholly immaterial as regards her fighting capacity; whether great or small she was always ready for action, and the greater her injuries the less excuse for the *Monitor* to decline the daily-proffered battle.

With regard to the rhetorical flourish as to what "Earl Russell

thought," and "Europe thought," "the political significance of the victory," &c., this is all *vox et preterea nihil*. At the time the most "trooly loil" claimed no victory; not even the *Monitors* themselves. Every man of them knows in his secret heart that his ship was whipped. It was an accepted defeat. The public prints, contemporaneous literature, the stock and gold markets, all prove it. True, the enemy managed to find some solace from the survival of the *Monitor*, but it was after this manner, to wit: that *if* there had been no *Monitor*, that *then* the Virginia *might* have achieved that terrible career aforesaid. The most puerile and vapid of *non sequiturs* of course, but it was all the extractable comfort at the time. Even if the *Virginia*, sailed by idiots or traitors, had been run seaward past Cape Henry, the *Monitor* would have been no hindrance—no greater than a Portuguese man-of-war. For she was playing a "defensive rôle," (to absolute perfection) and the approved mode of playing it is to swing to your anchors in two fathoms of water. You can not play a "defensive rôle" and a fighting and a "pursuing" rôle at the same time. It was only gradually that the story of the fight was woven into Northern school-books as a "drawn battle." In this article for the first time I have seen it claimed as a Federal victory. With great pomp and circumstance the muster-roll of the *Monitor* is held up to the admiring gaze of their countrymen. If there is a man among them who does not blush at the false position assigned him in this article, at being thus pilloried as a mock hero, then must the modesty of such man be under very splendid command.

Earl Russell most probably neither thought nor cared about the fight. The British neutrality policy had been determined upon long before; and assuming that he had been humbugged into the belief that the *Monitor* had not been thoroughly beaten, the affair had not a feather's political weight one way or the other. The English were thoroughly informed as to military operations on both sides, but in this case they had special means of knowing the exact truth. I cannot remember distinctly whether or not the British man-of-war was in the Roads on the 8th March, and with her own eyes saw the *Monitor* run up on the shoal and stay there (I know that the Frenchman saw it all and so reported), but she was certainly there early in April, for I remember this incident. Barney's prizes, cut out in the hope that in very shame the *Monitor* would come out and fight us in the channel, were passing near the British ship *en route* to Norfolk. Entirely ignoring their neutrality obligations and all the pretty proprieties, unable to restrain their generous impulses, from the captain to the side-boy they cheered our gunboat to the very echo. To a man the British army and navy were with us, and not having the fear of the Yankee before their eyes, lost no opportunity of publicly showing their sympathy and respect. But they saw, alas! that Barney's gallantry was thrown away, and that the *Monitor* with her steam up still hugged the shoal and utterly refused the gage of battle so handsomely thrown down. Now the "political significance" of this "victory" of the *Monitor* could scarcely have so overwhelmed Earl Russell. And again, early in May a magnificent Federal fleet (some of them expressly fitted to destroy the

Virginia) is bombarding our batteries at Sewell's Point. Dashing down comes old Tatnall on the instant, as light-stepping and blithe as a boy. With such terrible odds they will surely fight us now; though we could not have survived the shock for sixty seconds, either from the fire or from the ramming. But the *Virginia* no sooner draws into range than the whole fleet, like a flushed covey of birds, flutters off into shoal water and under the guns of the forts. *Every vessel runs, and we can not fire a single shot.* We chase until we can almost hail the gunners on the Rip Raps, and a few lengths of the cable will put us ashore. *Pari passu* the squadron retreat and are far beyond the range of our guns. But they are now huddling together between the forts, and are only waiting to make a grand combined onslaught. Vain hope! the weary hours roll by; the crew are yawning at their guns and sighing for the roll to grog, and we rest like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." "Tucker," said the old Commodore, in a tone of the deepest disgust, and relapsing into his rheumatic limp, "it's of no use, they'll never fight us. I'll go up in your ship and examine my morning's mail." This "victory" of the *Monitor*, as seen and reported by the British ship, could hardly have so stunned Earl Russell with its "political significance." Nor could it have been her victory at Drury's Bluff a few days later, when with the *Galena* and others she dashed up against our batteries only to be hurled back utterly beaten and discomfited. What victory was it then that frightened all Europe from its propriety by its "political significance"? Not that it has, even if true, the remotest bearing upon the question at issue (which is, which vessel whipped, the *Monitor* or the *Virginia*?); but if it shall turn out that the whole paragraph is mere dashing assertion, mere "wild and whirling words," why then—*ex uno disce omnes*. The allusion to Earl Russell appears to be unfortunate. If rumors be true, his humiliation at the back-down of England in the *Alabama* case is the sorrow which is clouding his few remaining years. But what Europe really did know was that we fought long and well for our country; and we know that we were true to our convictions; that all our own military renegades can be counted on the fingers of one hand, with one finger and a half to spare; and we in Maryland know that, hooting at "pardons" and glorying in "disabilities," we shall remain consistent and true and faithful unto the end. And we know how earnest we were, for we read every day the United States Quartermaster's advertisement for "head-boards,"—and by this we know that we have filled 300,000 graves.

To conclude. "In every Federal account of the operations of the war, an antidote should accompany the poison page by page, line by line." To this effect was the language of Mr. Wallis to the Southern Historical Society; and could there possibly be a clearer illustration of the truth and wisdom of the words than in the necessity for this reply to the article "Monitor and Merrimack"?

WILLIAM NORRIS.

THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

LETTER OF JUDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

BALTIMORE, *August 6th, 1874.*

My Dear Sir:—The enclosed papers will serve to explain a portion of the history of the Confederate States, and are sent to you for that purpose. The “Memoranda of the Conversation at the Conference in Hampton Roads” was made shortly after my return from that place, with the expectation that Messrs. Hunter and Stephens would prepare one similar. This does not profess to be full or particular.

In reference to the origin of that Commission I have no special information. Mr. Benjamin requested me to go with him to the house of the President (Mr. Davis), and in going, told me of the Commission and the names of its members. At the President’s house we heard from him a detailed, well-considered statement of the objects of the mission, and that we must leave forthwith. My conjecture was that the arrangements had all been made through Mr. Francis P. Blair. We were furnished with a letter from President Lincoln to Mr. Blair, stating that he was willing to receive overtures of peace from any person in authority in the Confederate States upon the basis of peace in “one common country.” This letter was furnished to us as the passport to be recognised, and as adequate to take us through the Federal military lines and to the Federal capital. But our own commission was to make peace between “two countries,” and our instructions were to make no agreement or treaty providing for the reconstruction of the Federal Union. Mr. Benjamin, in his speech at the African Church at Richmond after our return, stated the fact of the prohibition correctly.

The Commissioners did not find their passport available. At Petersburg there was detention; so at City Point, at the headquarters of General Grant, the military authorities denying all knowledge of the matter and awaiting instructions from Washington. Finally there came an officer from the War Department of the United States, bearing a copy of the same letter of President Lincoln to F. P. Blair, which was handed to us as a passport to Washington, and we were inquired of whether we were going on the mission that letter contemplated. In answer we produced the commission which authorised us to make “peace between two countries.” The General commanding (Grant) and the officer decided that the discrepancy was fatal, and that we could not go. In this condition General Grant sent a telegram to the President advising a reception of the Confederate Commissioners, and on the following day we were sent to Hampton Roads, where we found President Lincoln and Secretary Seward.

There are some facts in relation to this delay which came to our knowledge afterwards. The Commission was appointed and announced the 27th day of January, 1865; on the 3d day of February, 1865, the conference took place. In that interval the Thirteenth

Amendment to the Constitution of the United States passed through Congress by the requisite vote. In one of the papers of the time (Pennsylvania *Inquirer*, I think) it was stated that Secretary Seward and Chief Justice Chase were on the floor of the House of Representatives of the United States urging the adoption of the measure, and that the Secretary said he desired to use it at a conference with the Commissioners; also that he took the amendment to Annapolis, procured the Governor to submit it to the Legislature, and caused it to be adopted within an hour, and then took passage to Hampton Roads to meet the Commissioners.

It will be seen from "the memoranda" that President Lincoln disavowed all knowledge of the object of Mr. Blair's mission to Richmond, and all connection with that mission in any form. My information from other sources is in direct contradiction of this statement.

The second paper I inclose is a letter written by me to the Hon. Wm. A. Graham, of the Confederate Senate. There were a number of the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives who desired to open negotiations for peace in February, 1865. The answer to them was: "President Lincoln offers no terms save only the restoration of the national authority and the abolition of slavery. There is nothing besides to negotiate about." Senator Graham requested me to address him a letter in answer to that precise objection. I prepared the letter, of which a copy is enclosed, and this letter and these memoranda of the conference were examined by Senators and Representatives.

There was that sort of hesitation, timidity and dread of responsibility prevalent which resulted in inaction. My opinion was that there was enough disclosed in the conference to warrant the expectation that terms of peace could be settled which would avoid some of the evils of conquest and subjugation. My opinion was that there were no resources for another campaign, and that without the settlement of terms of peace there would be conquest and subjugation. The grounds of this opinion were submitted to General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, a few days after, when I was advised by Senator Graham that the President would not send another commission to negotiate for peace.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

G. W. MUMFORD, Esq., *Secretary Southern Historical Society*, Richmond, Va.

[COPY.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, *February 24th, 1865.*

Hon. WM. A. GRAHAM, Senate of the C. S.:—

I understand the position of Mr. Lincoln to be, that he will not make any treaty or agreement with the Confederate States, but only that he will treat or confer with individuals resisting the national authority, and will declare to them the terms on which he will make an adjustment. I do not consider that this position of his will prevent the settlement of the conditions.

In any event the action of Congress (U. S.) might be required to carry into effect the stipulations, and whether these are informally agreed to or are formally made, it is presumed, will not make a wide difference in the final result.

The stipulations that the President can settle under his powers as President it is material to consider. He is the commander-in-chief of the army, and has exercised a large share of power as such. He has the power of pardon by the Constitution, and the Acts of Confiscation provide that "the President may by proclamation extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion, in any State or part thereof, pardon and amnesty, with such exceptions and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare."

The Act of Congress of the United States of the 16th day of July, 1862, embodies the principal of the provisions that have been made relative to confiscation. This Act provides that "to insure the speedy termination of the present rebellion, it shall be the duty of the President of the United States to cause the seizure of all the estate and property, moneys, stocks, credits and effects of the persons mentioned, and to apply the same and the proceeds thereof to the use of the army." The proceedings are to be *in rem* in any district court of the United States or in the District of Columbia, and the property is to be sold under decrees of condemnation.

There is another Act on this subject upon condemned and abandoned property, and provides for its sale, &c., &c., and that the party interested may reclaim the proceeds after the war upon proof of loyalty:

I think the effect of the amnesty would be to relieve all property from the operation of the law of confiscation. My impression is that it would have the effect to destroy the judicial sales made under it. These sales were made before any conviction and without service of process on the party, and it is difficult to realise how the Act can be supported against one claimed to be a citizen, and whose loyalty is vouched by a Presidential pardon. In this connection all fines and penalties incurred by any violation of revenue laws would have to be considered, and a release from arrears of taxes and duties.

A clause in the Act of 7th June, 1862, is to this effect: "That the title of, in and to each parcel of land upon which said tax has not been paid as above provided, shall thereupon become forfeited to the United States, and upon the sale hereafter shall vest in the United States or in the purchasers at such sale in fee simple, free and discharged from all prior liens, incumbrances, right, title and dues whatsoever."

There are some conditions precedent to the operation of this section of the Act, which perhaps have not yet been fulfilled; but another section imposes a lien upon the lands which does not depend upon any condition. The arrears of taxes for three years and the stringent conditions of the Act will occasion the forfeiture of a large amount of property for taxes if the collection of the arrears is insisted on.

The legislation upon the subject of slavery consists of Acts of Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in

the Territories, forts, arsenals, and the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Acts. Besides these there is an Act to liberate all slaves in places captured by the United States, and the penal provisions of several of the Acts of Congress provide specially for the emancipation of slaves of the owner.

Western Virginia was admitted to the Union in December, 1862. It purports to have been done upon the consent of the people of that section, and of the Legislature of the State.

In a number of the States the public lands have been appropriated by the State, as Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas; and in others a portion of the public money of the United States was seized.

I suppose that arrangements as to these will be required.

The Commissioner being empowered to settle the terms of peace upon the recognition of the national authority, would have to consider very carefully the laws that have been made since July 1, 1861.

Besides these arrangements, the disbanding of the army, the adjustment of the public debt, the disposition of the public property, the admission of the States into fellowship, the suppression of governments that have grown up during the war, and affairs connected with the internal police of the States, should command attention.

I cannot see myself that order can be fully restored without a long interval between the decision to reconstruct the Union and the consummation of that act. I question whether this will be agreed to, but wise statesmanship clearly indicates that it would be better that this should be adopted as the mode of procedure.

Very respectfully,

[Signed.]

J. A. CAMPBELL.

MEMORANDA OF THE CONVERSATION AT THE CONFERENCE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

The conference was opened by some conversation between Mr. Stephens and President Lincoln relative to their connection as members of a committee or association to promote the election of General Taylor as President, in 1848. The composition of the association, the fate of different members (Freeman Smith and Mr. Toombs, and others), the time that the parties had served in Congress together, when Mr. Hunter and Mr. Seward became members of the Senate, and other personal incidents, were alluded to. After this the parties approached the subject of the conference. At a very early stage in the conversation Mr. Lincoln announced with some emphasis that until the national authority be recognised within the Confederate States, that no consideration of any terms or conditions could take place.

Mr. Stephens then suggested if there could not be some plan devised by which that question could be adjourned, and to let its settlement await the calm that would occur in the passions and irritations that the war had created; that it was important to divert the public mind from the present quarrel to some matter in which the parties had a common feeling and interest, and mentioned the condition of Mexico as affording such an opportunity.

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THE ODD TRUMP.

BOOK II.—THE GAME AT BEECHWOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DORA'S GHOST.

THE dinner at Beechwood was positively charming. This was the judgment of Mrs. Wailes. There was not much attempt at display, and not a confusing succession of dishes, but the cooking was superb. The waiter, clad in spotless linen, with ebon visage, was prompt to anticipate each want of the guests, moving about the dining hall with the tread of a fairy. It was unanimously decided that tea should be served under the double beeches; and while Memnon deftly served them, Mrs. Wailes watched him with great curiosity.

"This entertainment reminds me of some of the Arabian Nights' stories," she said, when Memnon had made his final bow. "Where did you get your African, Mr. Clinton?"

"By inheritance, Madam."

Mrs. Wailes started. Trumpley explained. "*Agamemnon was a slave, mother. But he is free now, of course.*"

"Have you any others, Mr. Clinton?" said Mrs. Wailes.

"Only my cook, Ma'am. She is Memnon's wife. As for the slavery, I have belonged to them from infancy. They call me 'Master Clint,' but it is a hollow mockery."

"Will you pardon my curiosity if I ask for an explanation of your

words? You know we are accustomed to regard slavery as the last relic of barbarism."

"Yes. It is abolished now in my country also. I shall not discuss the question of its evils or advantages. I believe you only desire to hear my individual experience?"

"That is all. But do not tell us if the subject is at all disagreeable to yourself."

"On the contrary," said Clinton, "I am very glad to find you interested enough to listen. I lost my mother so soon after my birth that I don't remember her. My first recollection of motherly care and protection is connected with Phillis. But you have not seen Phillis?"

"No."

Clinton took a whistle from his pocket and sounded two notes. Phillis appeared in a minute. She quietly approached them and waited.

"Phillis," said Clinton, "Mrs. Wailes says your bread was inimitable."

"Yes, Mars Clint. Dat is because de yeast ain't like Vaginny yeast. Can't make good bread wid dis yeast."

"But she says it was good."

"Does she?" answered Phillis, delighted. "Come agin next week, Missus. I done got some hops now, and will hab ra'al yeast next week."

"I confirm the invitation very cordially," said Clinton. "Phillis, how old was I when you took charge of me?"

"Why, you was jist borned, Mars Clint. I nussed you when your mammy died. Don't you remember?"

"Well, I cannot say that I do, Phillis. But I do remember that you have taken care of me all my life."

"'Cept when you was over yonder, larnin' Dutch," said Phillis, viciously. "Don't see no good in it, nohow. Next time you go, I'm gwine wid you."

"Very well, Phillis."

"What you whistle for, Mars Clint?"

"Oh nothing! I wished Mrs. Wailes to see my cook. I told her you and Memnon used to belong to me, but that you were free now."

"Me and Memnon belonged to old missus, and she done gone to heaben. Don't see how you gwine to sot us free widout axing her."

"The law, Phillis, the law."

"Got nuffin to do wid de law. You can't sot us free if we don't want to be free."

"What will you do when I die, Phillis?" said Clinton.

"You is younger dan us. We'll die fust," and Phillis waddled back to the house in disgust.

"I told Agamemnon that he was free," said Mr. Clinton, "when I went back to America, a year or two ago. I also announced my intention of returning to England, and gave him a week to decide what he would do. He answered on the instant, 'Done decided, sar! Whar you go, I'se agwine.' So I brought him and his wife with me.

He knows, of course, that he is entirely free, but the rascal also knows that I am not. He is a most valuable servant, but I should be obliged to keep him if he were worthless. It is certain that both of these ex-slaves resent any allusion to their new freedom as a personal affront. It is probable that this feeling is partly due to the fact that very few free negroes were in our neighborhood in the old time, and they were shiftless and improvident. And they doubtless have some vague idea that they inherited *me* and my protection. I am sure that I have no friends on earth who love me so tenderly as these."

"It seems that your servants are an exception to the rule. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which I read with great interest, presents a different picture."

Clinton laughed. "If you have no more trustworthy historian, you will never learn the truth about the abolished institution from Mrs. Stowe. Baron Munchausen is veracious in comparison with her."

"You are prejudiced, of course."

"Perhaps. It will avail nothing to discuss the question. I am very glad, personally, to be delivered from the responsibility of ownership. The pecuniary loss to me is imaginary. I should never have sold Memnon or his wife, if I had been starving, and the expense of keeping them is not changed. I allow them liberal wages, and pay them regularly, but they are improvident and reckless, and accumulate nothing. Memnon has two watches, which get wound about once a month, and also an expensive violincello."

"Does he play?" said Trumpley.

"Not a note. I gave him a banjo many years ago, and tried diligently to teach him to play. All in vain; he has no music in his soul. Wailes, will your kind mother allow you to smoke? I have some Lynchburg tobacco and half-a-bushel of pipes."

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Wailes. "You can bring your pipes out here and talk while you smoke. Trump used to smoke in Germany, but has relinquished the habit, I believe."

"What induced you to give up smoking?" asked Clinton, as they approached the house.

"Economy was the principal motive," replied Wailes, promptly. "My income has never been very extensive, and I concluded to cut off unnecessary expenditure a year or so ago."

"But you can smoke so cheaply."

"Not very. Are you going upstairs?"

"Yes. I want you to see my room. Here are the pipes, and here is the tobacco. Now listen. This tobacco cost me one dollar a pound — say four shillings. These pipes — unglazed clay, with common cane-stems that cost nothing, cost two shillings a dozen. If you like the tobacco upon trial, I will sell you a pound and a dozen pipes, and you will have six months' moderate smoking at a shilling a month."

"You are a thorough good fellow, Clinton, and I will accept your offer, with thanks. But when this pound is gone —"

"My dear fellow, I have twenty pounds in this box, and a supply besides among my stores. And I can get any quantity you want at

any time. But let us go out and try it. We must get to leeward of your mother. You will understand, of course, that you have to pay me the six shillings! I would like to present you with a few pounds, only I fear the burden of obligation would break your back."

"Do *you* like obligations?" said Wailes, quietly.

"Ha! I have not thought of it. Among friends the interchange of gifts should be easy enough. If I knew you better, or rather if you knew me better, I think I could accept favors from *you*. I know I could take any gift from your mother. How good she is to let us smoke!"

They met Mrs. Wailes at the door. The night was growing cooler, and she proposed a *séance* in Mr. Clinton's smoking-room. There had been some changes made since the reader saw this apartment last. The bed was banished to an adjoining room, and the walls of the smoking-room were ornamented with pictures, ancient weapons, foils and masks, and some outlandish curiosities which Clinton had gathered up in vagrant fashion in his wanderings. On the table, in the centre of the room, the long Toledo reposed, between a pair of revolvers. There were two comfortable lounges, and the great chair with reclining back. This was drawn to one of the windows, and Mrs. Wailes, protesting that she enjoyed the fumigation, bade the young men light their pipes.

"What does this warlike array mean, Mr. Clinton?" said Mrs. Wailes, when they were all seated.

"I forgot the weapons, Madam, or I should have hidden them before you came. When I took possession of Beechwood, I thought there might be some substantial intruders, and therefore arranged my defences."

"And you have not needed them, of course?"

"No, Ma'am."

"But you have seen and heard some unsubstantial intruders, I suppose?"

Clinton silently smoked, while she waited for his reply.

"You do not answer me," she said at last.

"Excuse me, Madam," said he; "I was trying to think what answer would be proper, and I cannot decide."

Trumpley and his mother looked at him with amazement.

"If you are as thoroughly skeptical as all other sensible people," said Clinton, "perhaps you will not mind watching with me an hour or two. I think it quite probable that you will be able to appreciate my inability to answer your question."

"What have you seen or heard?" asked Mrs. Wailes.

"Nothing very terrible. Let us wait. It is half-past eleven o'clock; a half-hour will reveal either sights or sounds, perhaps. And I will be happy to spend the time in listening to your promised sermon."

"Instead of my sermon, I have an extract from—a book—not yet published. I thought of your Beechwood stories this morning, and I copied the passage. Shall I read it?"

"If you please, Ma'am," said Clinton, placing the candles on a table near the window. "Is the light sufficient?"

"Quite," answered Mrs. Wailes. She took a roll of paper from her pocket and began to read:

"There is something in humanity that sympathises with the supernatural; and probably this attribute, if I may so call it, is specially variable in individual cases, and specially invariable in some of its manifestations. The variation is in the degree of credulity. The similarity is in the total disregard of probabilities, where the credence is once yielded. Thus, a ghost with three heads is as readily believed in as a ghost with one. Some of the most monstrous delusions I have met with have been in this direction. I know a gentleman of undoubted scholarship, entirely sane upon all other topics, a man of high scientific attainments, who subjects all natural phenomena to the most rigid scrutiny, skeptical upon many matters of common belief, yet a firm believer in the ghost of a calf with six legs. He has seen it repeatedly, without the slightest trepidation, he avers; and he actually has some family legend that accords with his monstrous experience. I have bestowed great labor upon the examination of this case, and am compelled to yield entire credence to his story, while I utterly disbelieve his facts. It may be that time will reveal the secret of his delusion and dispel the hallucination. But at present the matter is inscrutable.

"And it is just to notice another point. While the deniers of inexplicable visitations complacently put the burden of proof upon the ghost-seers, and boldly avow the doctrine that optical delusion, warped imaginations, unsoundness in body or mind, may be safely predicated in all such supposed visitations, it is certainly true that the *testimony*, in so far as testimony has value, is all on the other side. You demonstrate no proposition when you assert that you have never seen, or that a thousand other men have never seen, the sights that have stricken terror into the hearts of two or three witnesses."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Wailes had laid a sheet of her manuscript on the table, and was smoothing out a second sheet, when the laugh floated into the apartment. At the same moment the hall-clock, after a premonitory growl, struck twelve.

"Proceed, Madam," said Clinton, coolly; "we are much interested."

"Did you hear that laugh?" said Mrs. Wailes.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Have you heard it before?"

"Oh yes. Several times. You will hear it again, presently."

"If you have no objection, pray tell me your experience."

"There is but little to tell. On the first night—that is after I left Rose Cottage ten days ago—I heard this same sound. I was sitting where you sit now, and it seemed to come in at the window, and through the opposite hall at the same time. I have heard it every night since."

"It comes from the conservatory," said Mrs. Wailes decidedly. "I remember this room, and remember many pleasant hours spent in it; and like the whispering galleries we read of, there is a distinct echo here of sounds made in the conservatory. I have tested it many times. I think there are some leaden pipes connecting the rooms."

Clinton listened with absorbed attention. "We will investigate this to-morrow," he said.

"I feel entirely satisfied," continued Mrs. Wailes, "that all mystery connected with the transmission of the sounds will be dissipated —"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Let us go to the conservatory now," said Trumpley. "How can you sit there so coolly, waiting for to-morrow! Come, mother!"

"Not I! You young gentlemen can go if you please. What is that?"

She pointed eagerly out upon the darkened lawn, and the two youths sprang to the balcony. A tall figure in dark attire moved from the double beeches, just visible in the dim light of the stars.

"Not Phillis, certainly," whispered Mrs. Wailes. "Do you see the white hair?"

The apparition glided over the ground, slowly. It reached the conservatory wall, and while they looked, it disappeared. Clinton caught up a candle, and followed by Trumpley, rushed rapidly through the corridor, down the staircase, and into the conservatory. There was only one door leading from the house, and that was in the great drawing-room. The conservatory was empty. No possible hiding place was left unexplored. A tall lemon-tree in a box near the south wall was swaying to and fro as if moved by a gentle breeze. When they returned to Clinton's room, Mrs. Wailes informed them that the figure reappeared just as they started away, and it seemed to move round the south wing.

"Did you notice the cadence in the laughter?" said Mrs. Wailes.

"Yes. It is always the same."

"Well, it is the chorus of a song I have heard here a hundred times. I never admired it particularly—but she sang it constantly."

"She? Who?" said her listeners, in a breath.

"Dora Lennox! And if that white hair had been golden, I should have said that Dora Lennox moved out there on the lawn."

CHAPTER XXV.

MEMNON'S MEMORIES.

Mr. Podd was busy in the conservatory on the following morning, after Mr. Clinton and his guests had left Beechwood. Trumpley walked to Gloucester, and Clinton drove his ponies, dropping Mrs. Wailes at Rose Cottage, and proceeding to Merton Park for another lesson. The gardener was very much interested in the collection of plants, and his present business was merely to take as many cuttings as he could get away unseen, of such as were specially rare. Like a wise man and philosopher, as he was, Mr. Podd walked quietly round the spacious room, making his selections, intending to do the "conveying" just before he left for his noon meal. His ostensible work was all outside of the walls, and he had only slipped into the conservatory when Clinton drove away, because he could not resist the opportunity and the open door. Mr. Clinton and Mrs. Wailes came out through the conservatory, and entered the phaeton there, leaving the door ajar.

The liberal politics of Mr. Podd had an expansive platform of

principles ; and one cardinal doctrine of his creed pronounced all ownership of any valuable, robbery of the worker. His efforts to carry this principle into practice were somewhat obstructed by the operation of effete laws and customs which met him at every turn, such as penalties attached to trespass, and the nefarious habit of locking up places and things by the robbers who owned them. But having the conservatory to himself, he was not disturbed by such contemptible considerations, and was, for the nonce, monarch of all he surveyed.

This part of his rightful dominions Mr. Podd had secretly longed to explore since he began his labors among the flower-beds on the lawn. But the door was always locked ; and with the modesty that ever accompanies greatness, Mr. Podd had refrained from trying to get into the conservatory through the house, lest he should stumble against some abominable 'ristocratic rule that excluded gentlemen of his class from drawing-rooms. He could probably have overcome his repugnance to break the abstract rule, but he was not at all certain that some miserable slave of a footman would not encounter him in the passage, and enforce the rule with violence and contumely.

Filled with these reflections, and calculating the probabilities of getting slips to take root and grow, and fixing in his mind the prices he would demand, the names he would give to the plants, and the very patrons who should buy them, the liberal philosopher made a mental list of such plants as he would appropriate on this occasion. A geranium on a high shelf attracted his attention particularly, both by its wealth of bloom and odor, and stepping lightly on the frame below, he plucked a twig of it for closer observation.

"Musn't tech nuffin !" said a husky voice behind him, and Mr. Podd, turning with easy grace of manner, though with perturbed spirits, beheld Agamemnon, squatting on an inverted flower-pot and half concealed behind a gigantic cactus.

"Musn't tech nuffin in dis room !" said the African, rising and approaching the gardener. "Mars Clint gib strick orders. He says dese flowers are not his'n."

"Oh ! Ah !" said the philosopher. "And who may you be ?"

"Agamemnon Jehoshaphat Washington Blox !" answered the other, composedly.

"And do you belong to the house ?" said Mr. Podd, somewhat awed by the *pronomina* of his interlocutor.

"No, sar ! I belong to Mars Clint. Gib me de flower you done broke off. Mebbe it will grow agin. Mebbe you'd better git out now ; Mars Clint would play de debble wid you if he cotch you in here."

So saying, Mr. Blox took the poor fragment of geranium, and spitting on the fractured stem, he stuck it carefully in the earth by the root of a lemon-tree that stood near in its box. Mr. Podd accepted the invitation to walk out, and Memnon following him, pulled the door after him, which closed with a snap. There was no knob on the outside.

The gardener returned to his recognised occupation, trimming a hedge of boxwood surrounding a flower-bed on the lawn. Memnon

stretched himself lazily in the sun near him, and watched his proceedings. Mr. Podd felt an antagonistic spirit reviving within his bosom, partly because the African had caught him in the act of stealing, and partly because he assumed a delegated authority over him, as the representative of the blarsted 'ristocrat who paid him his wages.

"If them flowers don't belong to Clinton, whose are they?" he asked, sullenly.

"Who do you mean by Clinton? Gempleman like Mars Clinton 'ally hab handle to his name."

"He calls me Podd," answered the gardener. "Why should I not call him Clinton?"

"Podd werry good name for you. Him call me Memnon too. But when you wisits me, you must ax for Mr. Blox. When I returns your wisit, I'll ax for Mr. Podd."

"And when I visit him I'll call him Mr. Clinton," said Podd, sarcastically.

"Better do it when you ax for your wages too," said Memnon. "I 'spec you needn't mind wisitin' him. Mebbe he wouldn't be at home. But I'm home all de time."

Podd gazed at the innocent black face, and wondered if his companion was making game of him. Memnon bore the scrutiny with undisturbed gravity.

"Who owns the flowers in the glass-house?" said Podd, after a pause.

"De ghosses, I s'pose," replied Memnon.

The gardener snipped the leaves from the boxwood while he meditated. Analysing his colloquy, he could not find any part of it that was satisfactory. While he entertained a profound contempt for the negro, who lay blinking on the grass, there was an uncomfortable conviction on his mind that Memnon had rather the better of him. The reference to ghosts was peculiarly offensive, because the philosopher had recently been frightened out of his philosophy by a couple of black apparitions, one of whom, he concluded, was broiling himself in the sun within reach of his arm. There was an element of cruelty in the character of the man that fell naturally into the grooves of his communistical theories, and he cast furtive glances, full of malignity, upon the comfortable African, who seemed more than half asleep.

"There's two of you niggers here?" said Mr. Podd.

"Two culled pussons. You nebber seen a nigger, 'cept you seen de debble!" This was said with severe dignity.

"What?" said Podd, harshly.

"I say you nebber seen a nigger, 'cept you've bin in torment! 'Spec you're gwine dar—den you'll see him, sho' nuff!"

This was satisfactory, and looked like progress. Memnon was evidently insulted, and Podd felt better. Moreover, it opened the way for argumentation upon radical topics, and this was always pleasant and profitable.

"I meant no offence," he said apologetically. "My notion is that all men are equal. I don't know any difference between white and

black, rich and poor, lords and laborers. Some men own land and houses and hosses and cows, but they haven't any right to 'em. No man has any right to anything he don't work for."

"Den why don't you take dis house, and let Mars Clint trim your flowers?" said Memnon, raising himself upon his elbow.

"Because the 'ristocrats that rule this country have made laws against the workingman. I've as good a right to this house as Mr. Clinton."

"Mars Clint pay de rent. S'pose he pay de rent for one year? Is you got right to turn him out befo' de year is done gone?"

"He had no right to pay the rent. He had the right to take the house if he wanted it, without rent. Rent is robbery. There is no rent in heaven, if there is such a place."

"I reckon not," answered Memnon. "Don't pay rent up dar! Is you gwine dar?"

"Don't believe in no such place," said Podd.

"I reckon not," said Memnon again. "Now I'll tell you how 'tis. Men ain't all ekal. Dares three kinds. Fust, de gemplemans, like Mars Clint and Mr. Wailes. Den de culled pussons dat behave demselves. Den de po' white trash. Sometimes gemplemans git drunk and cut up all kinds o' tricks, but, mind you, dey still gemplemans. Culled pussons git drunk sometimes, and dey jist play de fool, and if dey don't git licked — all de better. But when po' white trash git drunk — den —"

"What?" said Podd, as the orator paused.

"Why den he jist same as a hog rootin' in de ground! Him tolable good pison when he sober, but when he drunk he's all de same as a hog! Only he ain't good to eat. Yah!"

The concluding interjection was so expressive, so full of disgust and contempt, that Podd was stunned. The oration proceeded.

"It ain't de money, mind you. When Mars Clint was little infant, his mammy died, and my wife nussed him and fotch him up. He didn't had no money hardly. Some was lef' to him to pay for him to go ober yonder to larn Dutch. But he was jist de same gempleman. Me and Phillis kep' de farm goin'. Mars Clint hab uncle in New York, but he nebber disturb us. Befo' he done larnin' Dutch de war come, an' we kep' on plantin' corn and sellin' a little, and raisin' hog meat. Wen Mars Clint come'd home, war was done over, an' he tell me and Phillis dat we was free feller-citizens. Plenty people done told us same thing. Den his uncle died and leave all his money to Mars Clint. Den he tole me and Phillis he was gwine to come to dis mis'able country, whar de corn won't grow; and he tole us we was free, and he gib us de ole farm, and de hog-meat and corn and mules. Hosses all done stole in de war."

Another rhetorical pause. The gardener was greatly interested, but wisely waited for Memnon to resume his discourse. The negro preserved his calm exterior, but was evidently excited by the old memories he was recalling.

"Befo' uncle died, mind you, Mars Clint was done busted. Jist de same as a punkin when mule kick it wid his fore-foot. De money dat paid for larnin' Dutch was all gone, an' all de hands he hab on de

farm all gone too. Only me and Phillis wasn't gone. We hab hog meat and hominy—plenty of it.' Mars Clint stayed home purty nigh a year, and try to farm a little. He was jist de same gempleman when he was straddlin' along behind de plow, mules goin' ebberry way—plow jumpin' out ob de furrow, and Mars Clint sprawlin' along jist same as a culled pusson dancin' a hoe-down. Rale gempleman, mind you! Den de uncle died, and Mars Clint put crape on his hat, and he tole me and Phillis dat he hab plenty of money now, and was comin' ober here, and we was free feller-citizens, and mought hab de farm."

Here Memnon raised himself up on his haunches, and squatting opposite the Radical, looked intently at him as he concluded his narrative.

"Den we up and tole him dat we raised him from de time he was borned. Dat we didn't want no farm, dat we didn't want no wotes. Ef he couldn't lib in Ole Vaganny—no more we couldn't. Dat we belonged to his mammy, and she was in heaben, and hadn't made nary 'mancipation papers, and we jist wanted to know whar de debble he could go dat we couldn't go too. An' my ole woman—dat's Phillis—tole me if I didn't git Mars Clint to take us, she woud scald me de fust time she got hold of a gourd full of bilin' water! She'd a' done it too, mind you!

"Den de rale gempleman showed out! Mars Clint jist cried like a baby, and Phillis cried, and Mars Clint shook hands wid us, and said 'Werry well,' and we knowed it was all settled. And I 'spect I'd a cried too, only I was busy tellin' Phillis if she didn't shet up her howlin' I'd git a cowhide and gib her somethin' to cry about.

"Now if Mars Clint had bin po' white trash, you s'pose he goin' to be bothered wid us? No, sar! He'd jist a sneaked off by hisself, and tole us to go to de debble."

"I s'pose you are worth all you cost him," said Podd with a sneer. "It would cost him a pound or two a month to get others to wait on him, if you were not here."

"Dere's de po' white trash agin!" said Memnon. "Here is my wages! My mont' up to-day, and Mars Clint pay me dis mornin' befo' he go."

He held out his black hand with four shining sovereigns in the palm, glittering in the sunlight, and they seemed to Mr. Podd to be about the size of half-crown pieces. To this day he is not certain of the denomination of the coins, and as he watched Memnon's retreating form until he disappeared within the house he muttered: "Who would have thought that a blarsted nigger could be a 'ristocrat! I'm blest if he hasn't got the same swagger that his master has! And he calls hisself a 'culled pusson,' and me 'white trash'—cuss his black hide!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAYING THE GHOST.

When Mr. Clinton's phaeton re-entered the gates at Beechwood, the sun was sinking behind the western horizon. Agamemnon met

him at the door, and invited him into the conservatory, where he had a discovery to relate.

"You see, Mars Clint," he began, impressively, "when you done druv off this mornin', I squatted down dar on dat flower-pot. I seed dat ole Podd poking about de winders afore to-day. So I conclude to watch him a lilly bit. Sho' nuff he come slinkin' in. You lef' de do' open. Den he walk round, gapin' at de flowers, and sniffen, fust one, den another. I keep my eye skun, and purty soon he climb up on de frame yonder, an' broke off a piece of geraniment. Den I riz up, and tuck it away from him, and tole him he better walk out, and I stuck de geraniment down here in dis box.

"Well, sar, I went out dar, and laid down on de grass while he work at de flower-beds. He kep' on talkin' purty nigh all de mornin'. Talked a whole heap of Fourth o' July talk. He says you don't own nuffin, widout you work for it; and if you do work for it, and any oder po' white trash want it, den you don't own it nohow."

"What is all this rubbish about, Memnon?" said Mr. Clinton impatiently.

"Hole on! You'll see bime-by, Mars Clint. When he done talk about two hours, it make me sick at de stomach, so I went in to Phillis and got a lilly bit fat bacon. Den I come in here, and tho't I'd see how dis geraniment was gittin' along. So I kneeled down here, and leant up agin de box—dis way—and—jist look for yourself!"

As he spoke, the tree-box glided along the floor, and the wall opened behind it. Clinton saw the clump of beeches out upon the lawn, and the waving ivy around the secret door-frame. Then the African pulled the box back to its original position, and the wall closed, shutting out the view. Bidding Memnon stand aside, Clinton repeated the operation himself. The box slipped noiselessly and easily. All the machinery was hidden under the floor, and when the door was shut there was nothing to indicate such an opening. Broad battens on either side concealed the joints, and no one would have suspected the existence of this passage-way.

"Have you mentioned this to any one, Memnon?" asked his master, as they left the conservatory by way of the drawing-room.

"No, sar. Keep my mouf shet tight!"

"Have you told Phillis?"

"Phillis! Law, Mars Clint! ef Phillis know'd about dis do', and couldn't find somebody to tole about it—she would a-bust by dis time. No, sar! I jist wait till you come, and tole nobody."

"Very well, Memnon. Here! this is half-a-crown. If it is not big enough to keep your mouth shut, I'll find another."

"Sho! Mars Clint!" replied Memnon, taking the coin and pocketing it. "I don't want no money to keep my mouf shut. Must I nail up de do'?"

"Certainly not. Is the outer door closed?"

"Yes, sar."

"Well, I'll just lock this one, and take the key. And I will be ready to dine in half an hour."

Late in the evening Mr. Clinton drew his chair to the balcony, and

smoked and meditated. He had spent several hours after dinner in reading old letters, of which he had a huge package. The reader need not apprehend their reproduction in this narrative, as the story they suggested, in fragments and hints, will be told in more coherent fashion in due time. But as readers have the power of divining the very thoughts of the shadowy people flitting across these pages, some of Mr. Clinton's musings may as well be recounted.

"It is odd that I should have been drawn so suddenly to Mrs. Wailes," he thought. "Those German dreamers would have a psychological explanation, no doubt. It was odd, by the way, that I never saw her in Germany. She was always within reach of her boy, and I might have known her easily. And now it has happened, just in the crisis, that she has cleared away all my doubts, and unravelled all my mysteries. The whole business is plain now. I did not tell her, lest I should be mistaken after all. But I cannot be mistaken. The letters, the stories I heard at Baden, and the hints from Mrs. Wailes filling all the gaps, all converge to the certain conclusion.

"How still the night is! There is not even the whirr of that elephant-bug that has been sailing in and out here for a week or more. I wonder how he employs himself by daylight?"

"I must put on my moccasins. Hi! there goes the old clock."

With noiseless tread he passed through the hall, down the stairs, through the long corridor and into the drawing-room. Producing the key, he cautiously opened the conservatory door, and after listening a moment, stepped lightly down among the flowers. Some faint gleam of light came in through the roof, from the starry heavens; and when he reached the opposite wall, the lawn was dimly visible through the closely-woven network of wire that covered the windows.

A narrow space between a great cactus and the wall, and an inverted flower-pot that he found with his foot as he crept along. This was the spot he had selected by daylight, and seating himself where Memnon sat when he watched Podd, he waited.

The lemon-tree nods gently as it glides away from him. A tall figure passes near him, with black skirts trailing over the floor. Long white hair, floating over her shoulders, and no audible footfall. Through the screen of leaves he sees her eyes, open and devoid of expression. "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes!" thought the watcher.

Then the apparition, with low tones, gradually increasing in volume as the song progressed, began to sing:

"Sing, oh sing!
To her who weareth the golden wing,
Sing, sing, sing!
And who may this fair maiden be?
Joy! Joy!
The mother of mirth and glee!
And time shall be
Like an evergreen tree,
While we both sing so merrily.
Then laugh, oh laugh and sing,
Then laugh, ha! ha!
Then laugh, ha! ha!
Then laugh, oh laugh and sing,
Sing tira la, la, la, la, la,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The last line was given with considerable vigor, and the ghost abruptly retraced its steps and disappeared behind the lemon-tree. Looking through the window, Clinton saw it approaching the rustic seat under the beeches.

It was not strictly according to ghostly etiquette, yet the figure sat down under the trees, still murmuring the chorus of the song, while she combed her long tresses with slender fingers. As Clinton decided to go out upon the lawn, the figure suddenly rose, and flitted away to more remote coverts of the broad enclosure, visible only now and again, as her white hair appeared through openings in the bushes.

"I must wait here," he thought. "If I go out now I may lose her. She will return without doubt."

And gliding along the hedge, then to the double-trees, and then to the conservatory, the ghost came. He slunk back against the wall as she passed him again, going to the farther end of the conservatory. She stood here, and again began her song. She had a marvellously sweet voice for a ghost, who by rights should indulge only in sepulchral accents. As she concluded with the refrain, she waved her hand, as if dismissing her attendants or visitors, and came sailing down towards the lemon-tree. But Mr. Clinton, pressing the box back with his foot, stood suddenly before the apparition, holding out his hands.

She moved nearer, looking at him with vacant eyes, and would have passed, but he threw his arm around her waist and held her back.

"Awake!" he said, sharply.

She shuddered, and endeavored to extricate herself.

"Awake!" he repeated.

"What is it? Where am I? How dare you!"

"Ah! You are awake! Do not be alarmed. You have been sleep-walking—that is all. You are in the conservatory. See! here is the lemon-tree. Now I open the door—now I close it. Do you see?"

"Yes! Allow me to go out;" she spoke with cold composure.

"Out! Go out! Nevermore!" he answered, tenderly.

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean you to come with me, here through the drawing-room."

"Who are you?" said the ghost tremulously.

"I? Do you not know? I was sure you would know me when I wakened you."

"I do not know you!"

"I am De Witt Stratton. Come away!"

BOOK III.—THE BANK'S GAME.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GOSSIP.

Browler Brothers had been a respectable firm a century or more. The Browlers were Gloucester people, living in the city, and always preserving an air of comfortable solidity. Fifty years ago, Mr. Adam Browler, a bachelor of sixty, and his nephew, Mr. Adam Browler, Jr. (a married man with half-a-dozen daughters), composed the firm. Anthony Grippe was errand-boy, the type of Chunk; and by regular gradations worked his way first to the counter and then to a desk. Adam Senior had fits of asthma. So had Grippe. Adam Senior was methodical and exact. So was Grippe. Adam Junior liked to take a sly risk on the Derby. Grippe had a spasm whenever any sort of risk was suggested. Adam Junior played a good game of *ecarté*, and won twenty pounds one night from Captain Twizzle of the Gloucester Fencibles. Grippe paid Captain Twizzle's cheque for the amount the next morning, and while Adam Junior chuckled and rattled the sovereigns in his pocket, Grippe rolled up his eyes in horror.

And so it came to pass that Grippe got a higher step in the bank, and a lower desk. That is, he was promoted from the stool to the arm-chair. Adam Senior gradually put weighty interests in his charge, and after signing "Browler Brothers" by procuration a year or two, Mr. Grippe became a regular junior in the firm.

Twenty years of steady application had made the young partner master of all the details of his business. And while he was on the best terms with Adam Junior, in spite of the latter's erratic habits, he was the mainstay of the bank in the estimation of Browler Senior.

Some complications in accounts between the bank and their correspondent in Marseilles made a trip to the continent necessary. Adam Junior thought he would take a daughter or two, run over to Paris, then down to Marseilles, and "fix matters." The girls wanted the jaunt, poor things. So he went, with the understanding that he would remain in Paris until the accounts were forwarded from Gloucester. A day later, Adam Senior despatched Mr. Grippe with the accounts in his pocket, and with instructions to find the Marseilles people and settle.

This was the turning-point in Mr. Grippe's fortunes. He was absent a month, but when he returned he had the full settlement of the Marseilles account. He had followed his debtor to Baden, and after various vexatious delays, obtained the money. A year later, he bought Adam Junior's interest in the bank. Everything seemed to prosper with him. And before Adam Senior departed this life, Mr. Grippe had also bought his interest, although the old gentleman was retained as a sort of Professor Emeritus of Banking, and actually went off finally in the bank parlor, in a fit of apoplexy. Mr. Grippe

went into mourning; the bank shutters were put up on the day of the funeral, and Mr. Grippe was chief mourner, as Adam Junior was on the continent.

Halidon had passed into Mr. Grippe's possession very soon after his return from Baden. His partners supposed he had made the purchase in behalf of some client, as no one thought him possessed of such substantial wealth as the ownership of Halidon would presuppose. Mr. Grippe rather encouraged this view of matters, as he habitually referred to his proprietorship as temporary. But the years rolled on, and there was no transfer of title, and the surrounding world gradually accepted the banker as one of the lords of the soil. Once in each year he gave a dinner, and each recurrence of this event showed an improvement upon former entertainments. The guests were selected with great skill, and everybody met precisely the most congenial company in the neighborhood. No expense was spared at these annual feasts; and as Mr. Grippe lived very frugally three hundred and sixty four days after each entertainment, it is very probable that his yearly income was not materially impaired. There was more or less solemnity about these parties, which was due to their rare recurrence, and the want of real intimacy betwixt host and guests.

It would not be possible for any single gentleman in England or any other civilised country to live as Mr. Grippe lived, without exciting the compassion of some unmarried ladies. His solitary life weighed down the spirits of twenty maidens and widows within five miles of Halidon. He needed constant nursing with his perpetual asthma; he required female society to cheer him in his stately home; artful minxes might catch him in some unguarded moment and marry him out of hand; the servants at Halidon were making ducks and drakes of his money, with no watchful mistress to keep them in check; having no youthful forms at play in the wide grounds, he was squandering a fortune in flowers and other adornments, which nobody saw; his life was altogether abnormal, and society was bound to regulate it. Uncles and brothers-in-law and mammas presented these and similar arguments, again and again, and Mr. Grippe coughed and choked, but made no satisfactory response. He kept steadfastly on, making money, growing richer and more asthmatic, until the date of this history, when a vague rumor spread over the neighborhood, to the effect that the Old Brute had been receiving wasted sympathy through twenty years, as he had, without warning, brought a grown-up daughter from foreign parts, to inherit all the wealth of the eminent firm of Browler Brothers.

The most aggravating part of the business was the total ignorance of the entire community as to the marriage of Mr. Grippe, and his present condition. Nobody knew whether Mrs. Grippe were still alive or no. Nobody had spoken to Heloise, and very few had seen her. She had been at church once only, and that was on the first Sunday after her arrival, and before the news of her advent had reached everybody. On the second Sunday Mr. Grippe was in his pew with a young lady, but she was veiled so closely that nobody could give a satisfactory description of her. She was not the "other one" however. Perhaps the wheezing old Turk had two daughters.

Then another rumor got out. Mr. Grippe had not been married at all. Indeed, Mrs. Flamingo, who had a brother in London and two single daughters in Gloucester, and whose pew was just behind Mr. Grippe's, had a letter from her brother, in which he informed her that he had met the banker at Charing Cross Hotel, and had learned from him in a lucid interval that the lady in question was his "adopted daughter." The banker was still open therefore to honorable competition. The adopted daughter — poor, motherless girl! — ought to have a woman's tender care. How would Grippe know the wiles of the wicked world? Who was the other young lady? Grippe kept her so close and was so silent that he was probably thinking of "adopting" a wife. It would be a pretty business for the old hunks to marry a slip of a girl like that! Nothing more likely. The slip of a girl sailed down the aisle with so majestic an air that she probably already considered herself the mistress of Halidon. She looked very quiet and demure, but as sly as a cat. Her name was Miss Cram. Nobody knew whence Grippe had picked her up. James, who knew more of Halidon than any one else, was stolid and stupid, and could or would give no information except that Miss Cram was a lady "hevery hinch of her." She had only been at Halidon a few weeks, yet she had managed to get the good-will of Mr. Grippe's confidential servant.

And there was young Wailes! Gone into trade; or at least into banking, which was the same thing. Why didn't he go into the army or something? He walked all the way from Rose Cottage to Gloucester, and back again in the afternoon, every day. He knew no end of languages, and did the foreign correspondence. But he was after something, of course. Probably Grippe's daughter. Bless you, the Wailes had next to nothing! They lived in a very plain way indeed. Oh, he had a good place in the bank, and said he got a great deal more salary than he was worth. He was an odd creature anyhow. Grippe told somebody that he was a regular treasure. But the grand mystery was, how a young gentleman with no business training whatever could take charge of the complicated affairs of so immense a concern as Browler Brothers'. Wailes was a good fellow, though, if he was odd. If his uncle had not been such a wretch, Wailes would have had Halidon. Grippe bought it for a song — ten or twelve thousand. It was worth twenty. After all, it would be a sort of poetical justice if Wailes got the daughter, and through her the inheritance. Nobody knew what Grippe was worth, but he spent nothing, and was accumulating all the time. He must have a big lot of money — immense!

This Mr. Clinton, who had taken Beechwood, was another mystery. Talking of money, *he* had enough! He tried to buy Blondel Farm, but there was some trouble about the entail; Mrs. Flamingo's brother was negotiating now. It was sixteen thousand pounds, and Clinton had the money in Grippe's bank. He and Wailes were great friends. Clinton was an American — not a Yankee; he came from South America, where they had that dreadful war. He brought two of his slaves with him. Africans; black as a coal. He was giving a dinner at Beechwood. The Mertons were invited. They said he had

laid the ghosts at the old place, and had renovated it completely. Grippe was invited, and was going. Clinton drove down to Merton Park every day. Shouldn't wonder if he supplanted Radcliffe Merton. Family? He was altogether eligible. Sir Henry Walton had been attaché or something at Washington, and knew all about him; most respectable young man, and highly educated. Lady Walton vouched for him. He had lived abroad nearly all his life, somewhere on the Continent.

Really it was impossible to find out whether Radcliffe Merton was paying serious attentions to his cousin or not. The estate would go to him when the Squire died. It was not probable that he had much besides, as he led a gay life, and was altogether dependent upon his mother. Oh yes, he had his dog-cart and team, and he owned Rose Cottage; but the revenue from the last did not pay his groom's wages. Mrs. Merton kept him strictly to his allowance, it was said, and some ill-natured persons hinted that the young gentleman was considerably in debt. The girls would have moderate fortunes, but the Squire did not live economically, and was probably spending all his revenue; and when Mr. Radcliffe took possession, he would, no doubt, cover the broad acres with mortgages. He was very polite and agreeable, played croquet charmingly, but was thoroughly selfish. He and Wailes were fast friends formerly, but they did not appear to be so cordial of late. Wailes was a handsome fellow, and Radcliffe might perhaps be slightly jealous. The Squire was very fond of Wailes, and called him "The Odd Trump."

The foregoing is a fair sample of Gloucester gossip so far as it related to the actors in this story. Like all gossip, it had running through its warp and woof certain fine threads of truth, and this delicate network served to give vitality and coherence to the rest. It is one of the beneficent provisions of nature that makes an unadorned falsehood fall to the ground by its own gravity. It tends downward. But give a little coloring of verity, a spot here and there, and fables float upon the surface of society like the winged seeds of certain plants, finding lodgment and taking root in odd corners, and bringing forth fruit after their kind. It is another beneficent provision that lays upon humanity the task of separating between fact and fable; and certainly, the worthiest of the race, in their efforts in behalf of the race, employ their best powers precisely in this direction.

With this small fragment of philosophy, more valuable because of the rare appearance of philosophy upon these pages, the gentle reader will enter once more upon the action of the story.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DORADO MINE.

There was a letter enclosing a prospectus of a certain silver mine in Nevada, that was placed upon Mr. Wailes' desk, among the foreign letters, one morning. It did not belong to his department, but Mr. Grippe had written "H. T. W." in pencil on the margin as an indication of his desire that Wailes should write the reply. It was from

the chairman of the board of directors, dated in London. After disposing of the foreign mail, Wailes took up this document, and read it carefully. The letter was merely an invitation to Browler Brothers to invest in this "desirable property," calling attention to the date of allotment of shares. A stamped envelope, bearing the address of the chairman, was pinned to the letter. The prospectus described the property, its exact location, the extent of operations already going on, and the estimated yield of ore, with some analyses of samples. The report of a mining engineer was appended, which was confusing rather by reason of the magnitude of the figures than from any other cause. Wailes took the lowest possible yield as set forth in the paper, and found that it promised fully ten per centum per annum upon the total cost of shares. After two or three perusals of these documents, Trump was slightly bewildered. Clearly, the only safe course was to get Mr. Grippe's ideas upon the subject before he ventured to answer this glowing epistle.

Taking his portfolio in his hand, he went into the banker's office. Mr. Grippe glanced at the foreign letters rapidly, and affixed his signature. At the bottom Trump had placed the mining prospectus, which Mr. Grippe took up, turned over and replaced, handing the portfolio back.

"You have not answered Mr. Tyrrell's letter, I see," said he.

"No, sir," said Wailes; "I thought I would ask you—"

"Oh, don't ask me anything about it. Find out all you can, write a proper reply, and I will sign it. No hurry. Take your time, and get what information you need. Any time to-day will do."

This was refreshing. Here was an entirely new case. The information he required was not within reach. He sat down at his desk, and methodically wrote out a list of the points upon which he needed enlightenment.

First: The honesty of the promoters of the scheme.

Second: The trustworthiness of the statements recorded.

Third: The possibility of failure.

Fourth:—Who is that? Chunk, ushering in a gentleman. Mr. Clinton. Wailes closed his portfolio, and welcomed his visitor.

"Come out for a walk, Wailes," said the American. "You must be pretty well stewed in this hot room."

"It is luncheon time," answered Wailes; "come with me and get a chop."

"Agreed! Do you go at this hour usually? Well, to-morrow I will call for you, and we will lunch at Beechwood. I can drive my ponies there in nine minutes. I timed them yesterday."

"This is according to my doctrine—"

"What do you mean?" said Clinton.

"Why, you take my chop to-day, and return me a chop to-morrow."

"Exactly! And I will make a mental memorandum of the dimensions of your chop, so as to give you the same quantity. Where do you go?"

"In Queen street. It is not the most popular place, but they cook them delightfully, and they let you select your meat. I found the place by accident a week or two ago."

They were shown into a little stall with a red curtain over the entrance. The mutton was produced, inspected and approved ; and while it was broiling Clinton took some letters from his pocket, which he looked over, apologising to Wailes as he did it.

"Hum!" said he, handing one across the table, "here is a chance to make a fortune. Just look at these flattering figures."

It was a duplicate of the mining circular. The letter was also an exact copy of the one that Wailes had left in his portfolio, the only difference being in the address. Trumpley read the letter, and returned it without comment.

"Now this Mr. Tyrrell will 'place' the whole of the stock within a week," observed Mr. Clinton; "you Englishmen are made to be sold."

"Sold?"

"Certainly! Do you know where Nevada is?"

"Of course," answered Wailes, slightly confused—"that is, I have a vague knowledge on the subject."

"Well, how nearly can you locate Nevada? Bring your vague idea to definite proportions, and tell me what it is."

"Nevada," said Wailes, "is a country somewhere near Mexico. I do not remember latitude and longitude, if I ever knew. But it is somewhere out West, in America—nearer the Pacific than the Atlantic."

"Very good. The description is accurate enough. What is peculiar about Nevada?"

"It is said to be rich in metals—"

"Who says so?"

"I don't remember the authorities. That circular you showed me refers to it as a well-known fact."

"Of course," said Mr. Clinton; "what else could the circular say? If you want a mine you must go to a metalliferous country. Now I never heard of the 'Dorado Mine' until this moment, and it is possible that the description here given is true."

"How much of it do you believe?" said Wailes, much interested.

"Not a solitary word," replied Clinton, coolly.

Wailes was shocked. There was something diabolical in the American's prompt and wholesale rejection of the Dorado Mine. While he mused the chops came, done to a turn. There were two roasted potatoes, two small slices of bread, two little pats of butter, and two mugs of beer.

"*Waes hael!*" said Wailes, taking his mug in hand.

"*Drinc hael!*" responded Clinton, imitating him.

"I am not certain as to the exact meaning of the words," said Trumpley; "but I have a profound veneration for everything Saxon, and I suppose this is a courteous salutation and response."

"I also venerate the Saxon," replied Clinton. "We have a common ancestry, and mine has been very largely in the Saxon line."

"On my father's side, my strain is pure Saxon," said Wailes.

"Then you would not be fooled by so shallow a fraud as the 'Dorado,'" replied the other. "Your Saxon, if of gentle blood, lacks greed, which is the first element in the character of a victim. You prefer earning to winning."

"That is true," said Wailes, thoughtfully; "yet I am eager enough to gain money to incur some risk."

"Very well. Buy a hundred shares or so of Dorado; I will lend you the money. If you have pluck enough to sell out at a moderate profit, you will be tolerably certain to get it. The difficulty is in the increase of greed. When you have a few hundreds assured profit, you want a few thousands; the devilish appetite grows by that it feeds upon."

"I am perplexed about this matter," said Trumpley. "Somehow I recoil from the adventure, yet I am anxious to make the gain if lawful. Of course I do not think of accepting your generous offer. I have some small capital."

"Heed your instinct, my friend," said Clinton, with impressive earnestness. "I will analyse it for you. If there is such a thing in existence as the Dorado mine—"

"Do you really doubt it?" interrupted Wailes.

"Indeed I do. But there may be such a mine, and it may be a silver mine, and it may be productive. Now, if so, do you not think there is capital enough in New York to take it up?"

"Certainly."

"Then there would be no need to seek English capital. That is the first point. And if it should prove bogus at last, after you had comfortably disposed of your shares, somebody would be sorely bitten. How would your few hundreds burn your pockets if you knew some widow or orphan had invested in the identical shares that you sold!"

"I would not touch the stock," said Wailes, with a shudder.

"This Tyrrell has been promoter of sundry questionable schemes," observed Clinton. "I should not have doubted this one so promptly but for his connection with it. He manages to get some respectable names on his prospectus, and is never caught with unprofitable shares on hand. In America he is called a shyster."

"A what?"

"A shyster. The word means a slippery fellow, a rogue, a false pretender, a sucker, a whelp."

"You have a redundant vocabulary," said Trumpley, laughing, "but all your terms are expressive. As for Dorado, I'll none of it! Will you have more chops?"

"I thank you, no."

"More beer?"

"No more; I am going to dine at Merton Park. I wish you were going also."

"Perhaps I may be there. The Squire has given me a standing invitation, courteous and hearty. I feel authorised to go at any time, and am sure of a cordial welcome. My friend," he continued, suddenly seizing Clinton's hand, "you have done me great good, and I am grateful. You have infused into my mind a horror of all speculation. Henceforth I am invulnerable, and you have furnished my armor of proof."

Clinton was touched by the other's earnestness. As they left the chop-house he took Trumpley's arm and walked to the corner.

"This is my theory, Wailes," he said, as they parted "stealing is

a mean business, begging is meaner, and gambling is meanest. When you steal you incur a certain risk ; when you beg, your almsgiver knows what you are doing ; but when you gamble, if you win, it must be by inflicting certain loss somewhere. Most men will reverse the order of offences, but I have adopted the gradation after careful study of the subject. I am truly glad if I have made you think with me. Good-bye !”

An hour later Mr. Wailes laid his answer to Mr. Tyrrell upon the banker's desk. Mr. Grippe read it, his sharp eyes twinkled a little, and he affixed his signature without comment. The letter was very short, running as follows :—

“*Dear Sir* :—We have your favor of yesterday, with enclosure, and beg to say that we decline the investment proposed.

“Very truly yours,

“BROWLER BROTHERS.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HALIDON DINNER.

The guests gathered at Halidon on Mr. Grippe's annual day early in September. The house was formally handed over to a certain major-domo from London, who had arrived the day before with a large following of cooks and waiters. The banker's system was wise. He furnished this dignitary with a list of the company as soon as his invitations were accepted, and a statement of the condition of larder and cellar. He was expected to provide a feast, and was not limited in his outlays. Mr. Dipperly felt his responsibility. His character was at stake, and he was equal to the emergency. There were occasions upon which the honor of England was committed to his hands, when some noble lord in official position dined a foreign Excellency at his club and gave Dipperly no word of instruction except to “provide becomingly.” But the caterer really dreaded the Halidon dinner far more than any London entertainment, because Mr. Grippe was emphatic in his antepandial orders to spare no expense, and extremely irritating in his postprandial examination of “hitems,” as Mr. Dipperly called his list of outlays. And each year as Dipperly returned to London (in a smoking-carriage, where he tried various brands of cigars that Mr. Grippe had provided for his guests), he assured himself that the ten-pound note he received from the banker hardly paid for the worry of settlements for his vicarious expenditures. “Hitems” were his abomination, and they were Mr. Grippe's delight.

Heloïse was presented to each guest as “Mademoiselle, my adopted daughter,” and a brief apology offered for her lack of English ; and then in the same sentence Mabel was introduced as “her friend, Miss Grahame.” The girls were dressed alike, Mr. Grippe having astounded Mabel on the same morning by presenting her dress with a rapid enumeration of his reasons for wishing them similarly attired, and beating back a torrent of objections by falling suddenly into a

fit of asthma that threatened his life. Mabel fluttered around him, horrified at his evident agony, and strangled with the fumes of stramonium, until he gasped out, "My dear, if you don't wish me to die, run away to your room! We can discuss this matter to-morrow." And as soon as the gentle girl left him, the banker recovered sufficiently to drive to Gloucester, where he remained until it was time to dress for dinner. Mabel spent the intervening time in writing to her father about the gift, and in meditating upon the kindness and effrontery of the donor. It may as well be noted here that the return mail brought an answer from the Reverend Edward, in which he derided her scruples and called her a goose. It is also as well to note that this was a pious fraud, as Mr. Grahame really objected as much as his daughter to this gift, which was fully equal to a year's salary.

Mr. Grippe offered his arm to Lady Walton, who outranked the rest, being an earl's daughter as well as the wife of a baronet. Sir Henry took Heloise down, speaking French like a practised diplomat. Next, by Mr. Grippe's arrangement, Mr. Algernon Walton, aged nineteen, with a stunning necktie, recognising "Cousin Mabel" as a former playmate at Grahame Manor, and as niece of Sir Philip Grahame, M. P., Castleton, Sussex, took that lovely maiden down, turning the gentle dove into a regular lioness for the nonce, and causing sundry young gentlemen to regret that "puppies were not drowned when they were littered"—Mr. Trumpley Wailes, for example, who escorted Miss Merton, the Squire preceding him with Mrs. Wailes. And Mr. Clinton, who followed with Sybil, passed his hand over his great beard and noticed the lack of hirsute adornments on the amiable countenance of the future baronet; and Mr. Radcliffe Merton, arriving a minute late, of course scowled malignantly at the voluble youngster opposite, as he slipped into the vacant seat beside Mr. Thorne.

"Ah, Mr. Merton," said Mr. Grippe, "you know the inflexible law of punctuality at Halidon, yet you have transgressed."

"Train half-an-hour late, sir," answered Radcliffe. "I came from London. Glad to see you looking so well, sir. Sir Henry, I bring you a message from Sir Philip Grahame. How d'ye do, my lady? Mrs. Wailes, I promised myself the pleasure of handing you down to dinner. Uncle, did you take my place?"

"Yes, Rad. By-the-bye, the lady opposite you is the niece of Sir Philip. Miss Grahame, my nephew, Mr. Radcliffe Merton; and Mr. Clinton next to her."

"And my adopted daughter, Mademoiselle Heloise," said Mr. Grippe, pointing to Sir Henry's lady. "Grace, Mr. Thorne."

There were six or seven devout people at the table, who did not hear a word of Mr. Thorne's grace.

First—Mabel.

Circumstances conspired to make her very uncomfortable. She felt out of place in her magnificent dress. She had prepared her simple white muslin that had done service once or twice at Grahame Manor, and did not know how gorgeous she appeared until she looked at Heloise in the drawing-room five minutes before dinner.

Then she was confused and bewildered when Mr. Trumpley Wailes was presented by the banker, as she had given him another name. Then she was astounded by a remark of Mr. Clinton, who said he was rejoiced to meet her "at last!" with so significant an emphasis. Then she resented the evident attentions bestowed upon the "niece of Sir Philip," which plain Mabel would not have received. Then she was conscious that Algernon, who was an uncouth young cub when she knew him in Sussex, was now quite a man in his own esteem, and that he had fallen over head and ears in love with her, as his admiring looks plainly showed. And the bluff Squire's introduction of his nephew, and the identity of the latter with the "ugly man on the road," were the culminating causes of distraction. Over all her emotions, however, there swept a wave of joyful thankfulness, as the mistake she had made became clearer to her apprehension, and she unconsciously darted an eloquent glance at Wailes—remorseful, deprecating, distressed, and grateful, all at once.

Second—Wailes. For he caught the glance and analysed it rapidly. Instead of hearing Mr. Thorne's monotone, he heard the music of the spheres. He closed his eyes piously and revelled in dazzling sunlight shot into his soul out of violet orbs, now hidden under drooping lids.

Third—Heloïse. For she only heard the harsh accents of the curate without understanding the words. And she also caught the swift look of recognition passing from Radcliffe's feline eyes, once when he saw Mabel, and again when he saw her; and the first pangs of jealousy entered her bosom, while she mentally deplored her stupidity in making Mabel so attractive. For the dress was ordered by Heloïse, who had resorted to various pretexts to get possession of an old dress of Mabel's to send to Paris, ensuring the fit of the new one. It was not the dress, though, that attracted Radcliffe.

Fourth—Radcliffe. Here was a nice business: a three-cornered war, with a charming damsel at each point of the triangle—Heloïse, Sybil, Mabel. Was ever man so unlucky? Sybil had been set apart for him from infancy, though there had never been any love-passages between them. Heloïse—ah! he had written some infernal nonsense to her in Paris. But she would have a lot of tin when Grippe died. But Mabel, with the heavenly eyes and the look of thinly-disguised repugnance that shot from them! So far from repelling him, that glance made him more determined, and there floated through his vacillating mind half-a-dozen crude schemes by which he hoped to win her.

Fifth—the Squire. Opposite to him was a mirror, and in it he saw reflected Mr. Dipperly, who was tasting the soup which a waiter held up in the hall behind him. The door was ajar, and the Squire could see Mr. Dipperly, who was adding a little salt, with his head very much on one side. Mr. Merton thrust his napkin into his mouth to repress a guffaw.

Sixth—Mrs. Wailes. She knew Mabel. The darling! She saw the cold aversion in her eyes as she returned Radcliffe's courteous bow. She saw Clinton's steadfast scrutiny of the late-comer, sedate and hostile. Mischief brewing!

Seventh — Miss Merton. Her eye was in the corner, and she also saw Mr. Dipperly, and detected an astounding resemblance in him to a cock-sparrow with its head on one side inspecting a doubtful worm.

As the dinner progressed everybody became more comfortable. Algernon, in spite of his manhood, retained his boyish appetite, and was speedily engrossed in the discussion of dainties. Clinton seemed intent upon French, lugging in French phrases so constantly that his English appeared to get broken. He sat between Sybil and Mabel, and addressed an occasional remark to the latter touching the rarity of the Beechwood flowers, the convenient walking distance from Halidon, and at last with an innocent manner, though he had been artfully leading up to the point, hoped that she and Mademoiselle would renew their visit, "now that they were conventionally on speaking terms." And before Mabel could answer, he suddenly asked her if there was not a "South Terrace" at Halidon.

"I will ask you to show me the terrace, Miss Grahame," he said; "I have heard of it, and have a strong curiosity to see it."

"The library opens upon it," she answered.

"Ah! Well, you will have to show me the library. But the chambers above — are they occupied?"

"No. They are furnished and ready for occupation, but I believe they have not been used for many years."

"There is certainly some peculiarity about Gloucestershire," observed Mr. Clinton, turning to Sybil, "and it affects the houses. When I took Beechwood, there were certain chambers and corridors that were like Blue Beard's halls. I was quite bewildered for a week, trying to remember what doors to avoid."

"Have you learned your limitations yet?" said Sybil.

"*Ma foi!* yes. I have cut the Gordian knot by exploring every nook and corner of the house; and when you ladies visit me, which I hope will be shortly, I intend to take you all over the mansion."

"And your ghosts?" said Mrs. Wailes, who overheard his last remark.

"They are laid, Madam. But I intend you to hear the story first, and therefore will say nothing about them now."

"This is extraordinary claret, Mr. Grippe," said the Squire. "I retain the memory of it from one September to another. I hope you have a good supply of it."

"Yes. I got it the year I bought Halidon. But it does not see the light except on the rare occasions when you dine with me. Maguire restricts my potations to bitter beer."

"When you retire," said Clinton to Mabel, in a low tone, "these men will stay here imbibing. May I come to you in the drawing-room?"

She looked at him, surprised at the question.

"Do not look so shocked," he said, laughing. "I am not a drinker; like Mr. Grippe, my potations are confined to beer. But when you depart, they will bring on some Burgundy, and while they are stunned by its exquisite aroma, I can easily slip out. I have a word to say to you — important to you and to — another, and you will have to listen. Miss Sybil, what is the rule when the Burgundy comes?"

"One glass to each lady ; then you are expected to open the door for our departure, and to express great regret —"

"It is only *au revoir*, however. How shall I know when it comes?"

"Oh, Mr. Grippe will call for it — 'Maison Rouge !' "

"Ha !" said Clinton, with a start, "Maison Rouge !"

"What is the latest sensation in London, Radcliffe?" said Lady Walton.

"Nothing, my lady ; London is a Sahara. There was not a living soul left this morning. Sir Philip, who has been detained on Parliamentary business, went to Sussex last night."

"And the town is totally deserted !" said Mr. Grippe. "Yet I had several letters this morning from correspondents who expected replies to be sent there."

"Oh yes," said Radcliffe, unabashed ; "I did not mean the city people. By-the-bye, Mr. Grippe, London is agog with a new enterprise, in which everybody is taking shares."

"Indeed ! A new railway, I presume ?"

"No ; a mine — a Yankee mine — and for a wonder it seems to be an honest investment. Sir Philip is a director, I think, or going to be."

"Dipperly, bring the Maison Rouge," said the banker. "Ladies, I have reserved the toast for this wine. Mr. Merton assures me that I may violate the doctor's orders with impunity, and I venture upon one glass to drink your health. 'The Ladies,' gentlemen, in a bumper of Red Burgundy !"

And amid the clatter of glasses Miss Merton, Mrs. Wailes and Lady Walton nodded to one another and to Heloise, and a rustle of silks announced the simultaneous movement of the better half of the goodly company as they swept out of the room ; and while Clinton and Wailes stood at the door as the silks swept through, they both overheard the question and answer :—

"What is the name of the mine, Rad ?"

"Dorado, sir. And it's a stunner !"

"WITCHED."

WE lived about two miles from Allanville, Va., and this fact made it difficult to keep servants, for the country negroes were soon attracted by town charms, and the town negroes soon wearied of rural quiet. Despite this difficulty, however, Aunt Cynthia,

our cook, having such a terrible temper, I never was so glad of anything as I was to get rid of her, except — to get her back again ; for my husband frowned, and the children cried, and the thought of her bread became like "recollected music ;" but after I had dismissed her with a flourish of trumpets, and Mr. Smith had beat the drum and the children had sung a hymn of victory, what was to be done ?

But Mr. Smith continued to frown, and the children cried louder than ever, and our psalm of life began to be chanted in such mournful numbers that the burden of it became intolerable, and I said so, faintly adding that I wished we had Aunt Cynthia back ; whereupon Mr. Smith evaded dyspepsia, but preserved his dignity by saying that I must do as I liked, the selection of a cook was my personal affair, all he had to do being to pay her wages and eat her bread.

The recent appearance of our table had broken my spirit and destroyed my self-respect, and I was perfectly willing to sacrifice dignity and ignore pride and bow again beneath Aunt Cynthia's yoke, that I might once more see a loaf of bread which it would not be ludicrous to place beside a bouquet, or a cup of coffee that I was not ashamed to offer my husband ; so I gladly accepted his indirect consent to her reinstatement, and set to work to find her. As on inquiry I found she was still "out of place," I had no hesitation in sending for her to come to me.

She had been a family servant, and our late unpleasantness was soon cast into Lethe ; but I had to pay for the concession made by sending for her. In the first place she demanded double the amount of her former wages, and in the second, refused to do any portion of the washing.

"But ours is such a small family, Aunt Cynthy, and we are so regular in our habits, you would not be occupied half your time," said I.

She had seated herself with her elbows on her knees, her chin in both hands, her variegated turban seeming about to topple from above her shining black brow as she shook her head in positive refusal.

"I don't keer, chile ; I aint strong like I were. You has too much flutin' done too. Look at dat apun you got on. I wouldn't mind havin' it myse'f. A nice apun is a gret condishun to folkeses looks."

I agreed that some one else should preside in the laundry and she left, but returned to say that she must request an advance of eight dollars, as she wished to join a society. "What kind of society ?" I inquired.

"Hy, Miss Rose ! S'maritan sitey, o' course ! De one what buries folks, an' goes out in a regaly, wid fedders on de huss," said she.

"But, Aunt Cynthy," I mildly ventured to remonstrate, "I cannot possibly allow you to be buried unless you die first, and in that event I shall be forced to employ another cook, so I really do not think it would pay me to advance the money for such a purpose. Have you any special desire to be buried ?"

"Lor, Miss Rose ! 'Course I aint speckin to git buried lessen I die fus ; but ef de cop'rashun buries you, dey jes hauls you out fus thing in de mornin', wid nobody but dem an' you, an' has de dirt trampled down on you 'fore de nex' man knows you's dar. When I

gits to hebben an' looks back, I don't want to see dat ragged old huss trottin' away from *my* grave! No, my lor."

Then as a question of finance I propounded the interrogatory whether it would not be cheaper to repair the hearse.

Aunt Cynthy threw back her head and placed her knuckles on her hips. "Now, Miss Rose, ef you think I dat big a fool, how you spec me to make bread fitten to eat?"

Immediately the wildest apprehensions took possession of my soul, and I hastened to assure her with every blandishment of voice and gesture, that my admiration of her cookery was excelled only by my respect for her intellect.

"Cos," she continued, "cos I got to be 'fore I fix up a huss at my own spense, an' den have de fus nigger dat kill hisself eatin', goin' out in it. Hy, my lor! spos'n I was to live five year! Dis ole huss would be wore out 'fore dat, an' den I spose I got to fix up anoder, or go out like a cop'rashun nigger at last!"

This struck me as so exquisitely funny that I screamed with laughter, and might never have stopped had not Aunt Cynthia, to my great surprise, dropped into the chair behind her and burst into tears, raising her voice in a wail which shocked and distressed me.

She was not only an old woman, but as I have said, had been a family servant, and had made me biscuit-pigs and dough-ducks when I was no higher than her knee; and regularly in the oven had she placed a little figure with very long legs and splay feet, which she would lay on top of the plate of biscuit with the remark, "Now, honey, go orn in to supper. Dat's your little husman what you's gwine to marry some o' dese days, less you eats him up fus." To my everlasting disgrace be it recorded, that owing to the idiosyncrasies of a childish appetite, all my little "husmans" came to grief; but that was not Aunt Cynthia's fault, and I held in such grateful remembrance her efforts for my matrimonial advancement, that I would have wounded any fine lady I knew sooner than the black friend of my childhood, around whom clustered so many pleasant and affectionate memories; so throwing down my work, I went up to her, exclaiming hastily:

"Oh, Aunt Cynthy! please don't cry. I would not hurt your feelings for anything in the world! You may have this apron that you like so much," taking it off and pressing it on her lap. "I wasn't making fun of you. I think it is splendid not to be afraid to die. It shows anybody is a real Christian. I am as afraid as can be. I would give anything if I did not have to. Please stop crying; it makes me feel so badly!"

"Go long, chile! You aint got nothin' to do wid it," said she.

"Did not my laughing make you cry?" I asked.

"Do pray hishe, Miss Rose! What I keer 'bout you laffin?" asked Aunt Cynthy, wiping her eyes on her blue cotton apron.

"Well, take some whiskey and you may feel better. Here is some that must be very fine; Mr. Smith says there is a sledge-hammer in every teaspoonful."

It is yet to be verified, the instance wherein a negro refuses whiskey; so Aunt Cynthia accepted my proposal, and soon becoming

more demonstrative, rolled back her sleeve and stretched forth her arm.

"Look at dis ere arm! Don't you know how fat I were?" she asked.

"Yes, I see you have grown thin, Aunt Cynthia. What is the matter?"

"Witched, honey: witched. Kunjud!"

Then she rocked her body to and fro and shook her turbaned head from side to side, and again lifted up her voice in a wail so long and loud that neither of us heard Mr. Smith when he came in, though his step is not that of a fairy.

"Charles," said I, after she had left, "perhaps we had better not employ Aunt Cynthia again. She seems to have some nervous fancy about being bewitched, and may give us trouble."

"My dear," said he, with an amused smile, "it seems to be a matter of difficulty getting a good servant, owing in part no doubt to the disadvantages of our present location, and in part perhaps to the—a—the emotional nature of a prominent member of the domestic circle—"

"You mean yourself and your own horrid temper, of course," I interrupted; "but we won't mind about that now."

"No, we won't mind about that now," said he, laughing; "only I was about to remark that while I seriously doubt the fact of Aunt Cynthia being conjured, I am certain she is drunk; and unless you intend giving her mean whiskey, I see no objection to employing her."

Then he put a cigar in his mouth and his head in the air, and walked out under the oaks, like—well, like any other man. I say it with a vicious vim, and as if it were the worst I *could* say—like any other man who thinks he has settled a point by laughing at anybody, and goes off to enjoy his filthy tobacco that the person he has laughed at would not condescend to—to look at. A man with a good cigar is provoking and self-satisfied enough to drive anybody into a lunatic asylum.

So Mr. Charles being satisfied that Aunt Cynthia was only intoxicated by the whiskey I had given her, our engagement was ratified, and she came again and went to work, but so unpleasantly that at the end of ten days my patience was exhausted and I went into the kitchen. There she sat, with an elbow on her knee, her cheek on her hand, her eyes on the floor, and near by sat two sable sisters gazing at her in solemn silence. They rose and made me two solemn bows, then again curiously fixed their eyes on Aunt Cynthia.

"Aunt Cynthia," said I, "why did we have soda biscuit this morning?"

"Cos I warn't able to make beat biscuit," without raising her eyes.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"No'me."

"If you are, I will send for the doctor, and for the sake of old times, pay your bill whatever it may be; but if you are dissatisfied, say so, and let me get another cook. I can stand a fit of passion, but I will *not* submit to the sulks. I had as lief any member of my family had the small-pox."

"I aint got de small-pox, nor de sulks nother," said she slowly, almost indifferently.

"Why do you look so cross then? I hate to see people look cross."

"I aint noways cross, Miss Rose."

"What *is* the matter, then, Aunt Cynthia?" I asked, impatiently.

"Do pray say at once and have done with it."

"'Taint no use sayin'. I done sont for de doctor."

"Dr. Clayton?"

"Uncle Jube."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, with disappointment.

"Uncle Jube is mighty prone to witches," said Aunt Cynthia, and the explanation was evidently satisfactory to all but myself.

I was about urging her to employ an educated physician, but reflecting that her disease was purely nervous and would be soonest cured by the one she had most faith in, I said nothing on that point; only on going out remarked that I should like to be present when Uncle Jube came, if she had no objection, and as she said she had not, on his arrival I was sent for. Aunt Cynthia had gone to bed, and was so frightened that she seemed already to have gone through a spell of illness.

It was nine o'clock at night, and the little log-cabin was illuminated by pine-torches, which flickered and flamed and threw their fitful glare over the gay patchwork counterpane, beneath which Aunt Cynthia lay with eyes distended and quickened breath; over the frightened negroes who had assembled to see Uncle Jube "kunjur;" and over Uncle Jube himself, the conjuror. He was a lean, lank negro, about seventy-five years old, with small black eyes and yellow eye-balls; with a toothless mouth, and grizzly wool combed straight up from the back of his neck and ears in pyramidal shape, till at length it formed a clearly defined peak. The collar of his tan-colored woollen coat rose above his ears, and the tail thereof dangled around his heels, and across the breast of his yellow cotton shirt he wore a string of charms composed of hog's teeth and lizard's feet and other attractive specimens of natural history, while one little snake lay coiled around his wrist, and another made itself unpleasantly conspicuous by dropping now and then from his shoulder to the floor. On the threshold lay a black chicken with its neck wrung, and before a little pine table by the bedside sat Uncle Jube (who should have had his own wrung also). At his right hand, on the table, stood a glass vessel filled with blood; on the left, one filled with water; and between them crawled laboriously an immense black beetle. Presently the thing reared itself on its hind legs against the vessel of water, but being unable to retain its hold, slipped down and crawled toward the glass of blood, when Uncle Jube exclaimed sternly: "Shet yo' eyes!"

Aunt Cynthia closed her eyes, and he set fire to something under the table, filling the cabin with fumes of sulphur, while the pine-torches smoked and flamed, and his weird figure looked weirder still in their red uncertain glare, and the crowd of black faces appeared grotesquely solemn in the shifting light and shadow. He bent down, fixed his eyes on a corner of the cabin, and seemed to listen. Silence,

dead silence. He put his hand to his ear, and we held our breath, till he suddenly shouted a wild "yah-hoo!" which gave us all a nervous shock, and caused some of the audience to spring up in the air. "I knowed it, I knowed it," muttered Uncle Jube. "Somebody is washed your cloze, aint dey?"

"Yes, sir, when I was sick," said Aunt Cynthia.

"How long ago were dat?"

"Five weeks come Saddy."

"How many pieces was dey?"

"Nine."

"An' you been a perishin' eber sence."

"I was sick, an' I aint nebber got well."

"Taint same sick. Dat gal had a spite gin you, an' she iunned your cloze wid a red-hot iun 'fore she eber put 'em in de suds."

"Lord! lord!" groaned Aunt Cynthia, and "Lord! lord!" echoed her friends in subdued tones; and no wonder they did, for it must be a terrible thing to have your clothes ironed with a red-hot iron.

"She was a tall brown ooman," said Uncle Jube.

"No, she warn't; she were a chunky yaller gal," said Aunt Cynthia.

"Dat's jes what I say — a chunky yaller gal come for 'em, but a tall brown ooman sont her," said Uncle Jube, angrily.

"Her name was Sary Jane," said Aunt Cynthia, timidly.

"Warn't I jes gwine to say how her name was Sary Jane? It don't take you to tell me dat. I don't want no more o' your jaw."

Uncle Jube spoke severely, being undeniably disconcerted by his little mistake about the tall brown woman. In fact the severity of his succeeding sentence was no doubt due in a great measure to a feeling of mortification and resentment in connection with it.

"You say how dere was nine pieces. Werry well. You ain't got to eat but nine mouffuls a day tell de nine weeks is out sence she took 'em, an' dat won't be tell nex' Saddy four weeks. Durin' of dat time you got to find de gal an' make her drink nine drops o' black cat's blood; an' ceppin you do dat, you gwine to die nine hours by sun de day de nine weeks is out, certin."

"Nobody wouldn't dar to kill a black cat," said the old woman, hopelessly; "an' de gal wouldn't eat none o' its blood ef dey did."

"Don't I know better'n to talk 'bout killin' a black cat, nigger? Can't you git de blood outhen her tail dout killin' of her? An' you got to 'tice de gal frenly like, an' giv it to her in lasses or coffee, or sech likē. Course she ain't gwine to eat it ef she know it."

Saying this, he dipped the beetle in the vessel of blood, and setting him down, left him to wander about. Presently he stopped, and Uncle Jube exclaimed, "Dar! He lookin' wes'! De gal gone wes'!"

"That is north, Uncle," said I. But as conjuror Uncle Jube was my superior, and oblivious to the claims of position, so he regarded my suggestion with quiet contempt, and shutting up his beetle in a glass jar, told them to hunt toward the west, and warned them not to eat the chicken that lay on the threshold; "an' not to let nuffin else git hold of it dat dey keered 'bout livin'." Then he took himself off, the old villain.

Before noon the next day Aunt Cynthia's cabin and the adjacent yard were crowded with negroes, come to see the woman who was "witched." They came from the town and they came from the country; they came from the east and they came from the west; they rose up out of the gullies and seemed born of the corn-fields; every foot of earth seemed to have sent its representative, and every mistress in the county must have been despoiled of her domestics.

I had Dr. Clayton several times to see her, and he declared she had no organic disease whatever, but that she was surely dying from starvation and the influence of imagination. He was willing to undertake the case, but she would not submit to his treatment, and neither threats nor persuasion could induce her to take more than the quantity of food Uncle Jube had prescribed. Day by day, almost hour by hour, her strength decreased.

Volunteer scouts scoured the country in all directions, and a score of mulatto girls were brought for Aunt Cynthia's recognition; but none proved the one who had ironed her clothes with a red-hot iron. The people around her prayed and sang all day and all night. As one party left off, another commenced. It was terrible. It unfortunately happened that my husband was absent, and I remained passive during the excitement, for I really had not the courage to breast such a mad torrent of fanaticism; but at length he came, and I asked what could be done to get the people away. He answered that he would see, and went to the cabin.

"There is nothing to be done," said he on his return; "she is nearly dead already from fright and hunger, and is sustained only by excitement. The fools should never have been permitted to come; but were they to leave her now she would die in two hours. Confound it! I believe she wants to die."

Aunt Cynthia's cabin stood in a yard heavily shaded by aspen trees, and was approached through a lane formed by a rail-fence on either side, with blackberry bushes straggling along the edges, and "Jimson weeds" in the corners. The cabin-door faced this lane, and Aunt Cynthia had had her bed placed so that she could keep her eyes fixed on the little gate connecting it with the yard; her great black eyes that had grown hollow and wild searching ever for her foe, seeking ever one who came not, though so many thronged the rugged little lane. Her cheek-bones had become high and sharp; her skin had assumed a dull ashen hue; her fingers were long and thin, and the palms of her hands wore that blue-white complexion which gives them such a strange expression.

It had been our desire to deceive her in regard to the hour, believing that if she lived beyond the "ides," she might recover; but that proved hopeless, for neither she nor the rabid multitude around her had failed to remark that "nine hours by sun," the fatal hour, his rays entered the cabin-door.

The girl who had done Aunt Cynthia's washing could not be found, and the day of doom drew near. At length it came, and the night which preceded it beggars description — the wailing, the howling, the inexpressibly sweet singing; the wild, weird chanting; the praying, with its strange mixture of pathos and absurdity, its odd mingling of

fine fancy and unmitigated nonsense. But as day broke and the gray mists of dawn fled beyond the mountains, and the sun's rays slanted across the wheat-fields, the excitement became too intense for utterance. Cabin and yard and trees and fences were filled by a crowd that only watched and waited, and not a sound was heard save the singing of the birds that flew from tree to tree, and the rustling of the aspen-leaves around the cabin-door.

Slowly the sun's rays slanted across the wheat-field, and stole through the corn and sought the cabin-door.

Slowly, slowly they crept up the steps, and the sick woman's gaunt face and hollow eyes were turned away from the gate through which she had hoped to see her foe return, and followed his burning track and tried to shrink away; and the silent negroes watched and waited, and the aspen-leaves trembled and whispered, and the gaunt face grew ashier, and the poor terror-stricken eyes more pitiful in their look of imploring horror.

Slowly, slowly the sun crept up the steps, and slowly, slowly stole across the threshold.

But the gate never swung on its hinges, and "nine hours by sun" Aunt Cynthia died.

JENNIE WOODVILLE.

CIVIS ROMANUS SUM.

EVERYTHING human is liable to abuse. We live in an age of extremes, of reaction against the past, of feverish grasping after Utopias. Like the animals celebrated in fable, we often drop the meat for the shadowy joint at the bottom of the water, and let fall the cheese, that we may sing our own immature praises. Unripeness is indeed one of the characteristics of the day; we want to force open the bud, and enjoy the full-blown rose an hour after we have planted the slip. Life is too short for development; we must have spontaneous and instantaneous perfection — Pallas ready-armed against all comers. We have nothing to learn from the past; the thinkers and law-givers of old were a set of benighted old fogies, looking at human nature through the spectacles of prejudice, and lowering human dignity by swathing it in moral and social obligations. Every man who, in the intervals of his work, reads the newspaper, is competent to give his opinion, nay, pronounce judgment on the greatest questions — not only of the day, but of eternity. Tradition is nothing; the accumulated philosophy of ages is nothing; history itself is nothing. It

holds no example, no precedent worthy to be followed by intelligent, self-governing men, and is only a chronicle of the intrigues of priests and the tyrannies of kings. Its very facts are doubtful, for there were no newspapers and no reporters in those days ; and as to the testimony of statesmen, of course no reliance can be placed on that ! We suspect every man who comes to us as a teacher, for we have broken with the past and its superstition. We want no leader, no staff ; have we not our own ears and eyes to trust to, our own feet to carry us, our own hands with which to defend ourselves ?

Well, here is perhaps the greatest abuse of our age. We have taken self-reliance and made a monster of it. In one sense it is the direct road to knowledge and to happiness ; but its exaggeration, such as we see it every day, is, on the contrary, arrogant, unlovable and barren. The self-reliance which the world applauds is a perpetual state of doubt and mistrust, an ignoring of everything not proved by personal experience. In this chaotic life, this hurry of unripe existence, it is impossible to build up a fixed system, an organisation of any consistency, proportion, or beauty, whether national or social.

Who suffers from this ? Every one ; even those who have brought about this aggressive and unnatural state of society. Life is turned into an armed neutrality, a state in which every one stands on the defensive, watching for an opportunity to benefit himself and carry out his private Utopia, regardless of the effect it may have on the interests of his fellow-man. As a private individual, every one feels aggrieved at the attitude of hostility manifested by his neighbor ; as a theorist, every one passes his life aggrieving others, whether knowingly or unknowingly. Perhaps he takes a malicious pleasure in reprisals, as school-fags are known to do when they come to the dignity of fag-owners. Perhaps, on the other hand, he goes on remorselessly, never dreaming that every step he takes crushes a competitor, and every word he utters kills an aspiration. He would be shocked if you called his rule of life brutal. He believes himself essentially civilised. He wears good clothes and fine linen — or at least the semblance of them ; and you can generally foretell his near approach by the jingle of gold chains and a waft of perfumed air. He is eminently "respectable," and if he knew anything so old-fogyish as a dead language, he would tell you proudly : "*Civis Romanus sum.*"

In everyday life (to reduce our observations from a fresco to a cabinet picture) there is no one that does not know several varieties of this genuine modern product. Society is as full of them as a bridecake is full of plums. In fact it is almost made up of them, for they prey upon one another, to that degree that they force the few victims they might otherwise have had to take up the same policy in self-defence. But, thank God ! there *are* still some who prefer to remain victims rather than take up weapons so foreign to their nature.

It is undoubtedly a great thing to belong to a great nation. The Romans knew it, and embodied this sentiment in the words "*Civis Romanus sum*," which came to be the greatest boast that a man could make. The whole glory of the immense Empire was thus magically brought to adorn and protect the personality of the Roman citizen. He had privileges and immunities of which, like the priestly character,

nothing, not even crime, could ever rob him, and he was clothed with an inherent authority that made him greater than the native dignitaries of his birth-land. For Roman citizenship was not confined to the men of Rome itself ; it was an honor bestowed on foreigners and barbarians, whether for valor or for learning. Subsequently, when the Empire began to totter, it was conferred for power, as a peace-offering to the mighty chiefs in whose hands, foreigners as they were, lay the fate of the Empire. There is a counterpart to this in modern times — a power whose territory is larger than the Roman Empire, and who welcomes citizens not born of the soil, and confers honor, wealth and authority upon them. In other respects the parallel fails, but the relative dignity of citizenship in both these nations is the same in principle. True, the universality of the dignity somewhat destroys its value, and impairs the likeness between the two powers ; but that is not the point at issue. The practical working of the feeling of pre-eminence, born of that citizenship, and its effects on the common social system, are the things to be considered. That it has begotten certain evils in our day is incontestable ; and first of all, it has allied itself to the carping, self-sufficient modern spirit, and destroyed the feeling of Christian charity — nay more, of Christian equality. Here again is the pure and simple abuse of a thing noble in itself. *Civis Romanus sum*, if coupled with the higher right of sonship by which we call God “Abba — Father,” is a proud motto ; shorn of that, it is no more than the title of Roman Consul, with which Caligula invested his favorite horse.

The aggressive spirit of our day, from the growth of unbelief on the one hand, and overweening State-worship on the other, has permeated every channel of common life, and colored the bearing of every man towards his neighbor, even in the most trifling relations. Some one has called politeness the oil that anoints the wheels of the social car. Now politeness especially has suffered in our day ; it has well-nigh disappeared. Perhaps the blunt Anglo-Saxon race has less natural tendency to it than any other. We instinctively avoid the flowers of speech, lest they might be supposed to hide a trap. But it is not so much the flowers whose absence we regret, for cabbage-tops may be offered with as good a grace as roses ; and it is not the high-flown words, but the courteous tone which we miss in our utilitarian age. Wealth, unaccompanied by good breeding and a refined education, naturally inclines to insolence ; it knows that it can buy anything, that in all arguments it has the world on its side, that it can afford to snub the multitude because the multitude dares not retort. But in a state of society where wealth is so precarious that it may at any moment change hands, and where the prospective millionaire is — ten to one — to be found in the hard-headed, business-like clerk, working at a common trade, at ten dollars a week, rather than in the studious, æsthetic-minded lad who can trace his ancestry to some scholar or divine of the old world, those who are yet on the lowest round of the ladder of wealth are naturally inclined to practise beforehand the insolence which they recognise as a badge of their future success. They imagine that off-hand and cavalier manners are a gauge of their high aspirings, and proclaim to all comers the

fact that the individual before them will in a few years be able to "buy them all up." They have learned that to assert themselves is to gain the respect of others, but they have forgotten the comment on this lesson, that to be able to assert himself truly a man must respect himself. Now boasting and fast-living do not induce *self-respect*, much less the respect of others. They presuppose miscellaneous companionship, of which the homely old proverb says that "familiarity breeds contempt." No man who cannot live his own life in himself and hold his tongue can respect himself, or claim the respect of others. Therefore the noisy self-importance affected by the whole tribe of prospective rich men must in the end fail to attain its object, and have no other ulterior effect than to prepare for them a crew of blood-suckers in case of the candidate's success, or of scoffers in case of his failure.

"Smartness" is the great enemy of solid moral progress. It is neither wit when it clothes itself in words, nor prudence when it is shown in deeds. In the first case it is slang; in the second, dishonesty. But for all that, it is the idol of the hour, and the goal of the young. From infancy it is fostered and admired. The child who can give a sharp and "slangy" answer at four years old, or strike back when it is legitimately chastised, is a model and a hero. Its sayings are repeated in its presence; its spirit commended. Insubordination to all authority is thus early instilled, and an aggressive feeling takes root, of which the expression, if conveyed in words, would be, "I am as good as you, and know as much as you." The natural veneration of childhood for persons placed in authority—above all, for parents—is the basis on which the moral reverence for principle is built; if the former is wanting, the latter cannot exist. For how much lawlessness is not this want of early training responsible? The grace of childhood is lost with its innocence, and the unnaturally wise, "smart" boy, who reads the newspapers and talks with the most off-hand air on all questions, local or political, may be a wonder indeed, but a wonder rather of the monstrous than of the beautiful. Two-headed calves are a wonder too; but who would prefer a herd of two-headed calves to the normal, innocent, staring-eyed calf of tradition? An old head on young shoulders is as lamentable a sight as a painted and enamelled *belle* of sixty. The "smart" beginnings of such children bear speedy fruit; the young forehead is soon wrinkled with care, and the brain clogged with speculations long before the boy should have given up thinking of base-ball and marbles. We have heard of a boy of ten who at a watering-place hotel knocked at the door of an attaché of one of the foreign legations at Washington. The gentleman cried "Come in!" and in walked the puppet as demure as a judge.

"Well, my little man, what do you want?" said the attaché.

"I am collecting stamps, sir. Could you spare me any?"

"Certainly," said the gentleman, as he searched among his envelopes and plunged into the waste-paper basket. In the meanwhile he amused himself by asking the boy a few questions.

"What is your name?"

"George Davenant, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I am cash-boy in Mr. Smith's wholesale store, sir."

"Indeed! And how much do you get a week?"

"Eight dollars, sir."

"I suppose you buy candy with it, don't you?"

"Oh dear no, sir!" says George, highly indignant. "I board myself and invest the rest."

The gentleman laughed good-humoredly. "*Invest!*" he said.

"Where? At the pastry-cook's?"

"No, sir, indeed," says the mite, looking offended; "*real estate.*"

"Real estate! Why, where?"

"Illinois, sir. It's a growing country."

The astounded attaché held his tongue. The future millionaire had "posed" him. He gave him the stamps, and felt relieved when the young speculator left him to his own less momentous "investments."

So the boy carries his smartness to the shop or the office — the two worst theatres for this species of mushroom growth. Who does not know the misery of timid women walking into a shop "of the period"? A lion's den would be nothing to it. The shopman eyes the new-comer all over till she grows nervous under the steady, insolent gaze. He is taking her commercial measure, mentally adding her up, calculating how much a yard that dress cost, and turning up his nose at the outlay which the wearer of such a costume can probably afford. She asks meekly for three yards of ribbon or five yards of flannel, while the magnificent individual behind the counter leans back indifferently, as if he thought it really too much trouble to hand the ribbon across to her. A comrade, lolling much in the same position, tosses over a glance of understanding, and the poor woman looks up, waiting patiently until it shall be the pleasure of the august being to take notice that she has made her choice. For a customer of another kind he has another variety of impertinence. If she is pretty and wears rich furs and dainty gloves, he is all attention, all eagerness; but he plays with his chain, draws out a perfumed handkerchief, or absently passes his fingers through his hair. He thinks he has made an impression — which he assuredly has, but it is one of insufferable presumption. An elderly or matronly woman he will handle jocularly, recommend this or that as *his* choice, what *he* buys for his wife, or what *he* thinks will suit the lady better than what she has asked for, and which he happens not to have at hand. Men are no better treated. You go in to order a new suit of clothes, and seeing the man who fitted you last time, tell him what you want. He loftily waves his hand and calls an underling, as if he were a Lord Chamberlain summoning a page, and says with labored nonchalance, "I no longer attend to these things myself." He has been promoted since you were there last, and with an increase of wages has assumed an increase of insolence. He will scarcely vouchsafe you a civil look if you buy the very finest broadcloth sold in the establishment, or the very newest English improvement in "swallow-tails." He does not forget that princes are often met in disguise, and that millionaires come out of very small eggs. He bears *Civis*

Romanus sum stamped on his whole manner, but he does not remember that if he did not sell plenty of twenty-five dollar business-suits he would have very little claim to what after all is the only thing that gives this motto weight.

Drug-stores are peculiarly infected with the "smart" species of the *genus homo*. There is a flavor of a "higher calling" about the young men who make up prescriptions, a tendency to strain after a superior social standing than that which belongs to other trades. They are mostly be-ringed and be-jewelled youths, very pert or very languid, with a certain condescending and supercilious air, which says plainly enough: "I am none of your common shopmen. I know Latin and understand science. I am in fact a doctor who consents for the good of mankind to choose the more popular walk of his profession, and forego a high position for the sake of his poorer brethren." Some men attain their ideal of good manners by a swaggering off-handedness, a free use of slang, and a sharpness of retort born of contact with shallow intelligences. Spurious coin always rings sharper and falls lighter than genuine. Others climb to their ideal of high breeding by an assumption of indifference, a laziness of motion, an inattention to what is said to them. The former, with their hail-fellow-well-met air, call themselves men of the world; the latter, with their unbecoming nonchalance, deem themselves what is best expressed by that most hateful of words, "genteel." It is superfluous to say that both are egregiously mistaken, and that a caricature is not a copy. The boisterous is always in bad taste, and nothing but extreme youth can excuse it, in whatever station in life it is found; while as for the *nil admirari*, it is a disease of the modern mind, not at all a natural attribute of the higher classes. There is only one kind of behavior which is entirely unobjectionable, and that is to *be yourself*. There is only one which is gentleman-like in whatever rank it is found, and that is self-possession. So as far as social success is concerned, the future millionaire and actual "smart" man has as yet many a mile to walk before he can turn his "smartness" into high breeding.

Book-stores and music-stores are also peculiarly afflicted with this kind of satellite. You go in and ask for a book, and some one—generally a youth under twenty—listlessly informs you that you may find the thing you require "over there—second row to the left." Sometimes if the customer himself looks youthful, he will be addressed as "young man." If he asks to see a particular person, or has called to deliver a special message, he will be cavalierly told: "Guess Mr. So-and-so will be back in half-an-hour." The sting of the behavior is of course less in the words than in the glance and tone, and so to a great extent cannot be expressed on paper; but many a man, especially a man of culture and not over-affluent circumstances, will recognise this sketch of the reception he has met in shops where he was a stranger.

Music-shops, in the metropolis at least, are the worst of all. A slim, womanish-looking dandy stands behind the counter and invariably makes it a point to know nothing. You may not be sure of the name of the piece you require, but he will not help you. You ask

his advice or appeal to his memory, he is exasperatingly stony. He very probably has a cigar in his mouth, and only reluctantly lays it down while he pretends to look for the music you require. Unless he happens to be disengaged at the moment of your entrance into the shop, he will not even attend to you at once. Most of these establishments are more or less connected with some theatre, and a certain clique of actors, singers, &c., frequent them; not the great artists, of course, but the "bouffe" tenor, the negro-minstrel, the orchestra horn-player, and so on. These fine gentlemen lounge in, and keep up, in the intervals of cigar-smoking, a gossiping conversation with the clerks and shopmen, engrossing their attention to the detriment of customers. The negro-minstrel or the "crack" music-hall singer on a "starring" tour, is telling some green-room joke, and the shopman thinks it shows an ineffable superiority to glance at the person waiting to speak to him, and affecting not to notice him, give ear leisurely to his theatrical friends. After a while comes a guffaw of laughter, and then only does the clerk turn with a stare to the patient customer, as if that moment suddenly recognising his existence. There are exceptions to this rule, and in some music-shops (as in many stores of other descriptions) you will find courtesy and respectful *empressment*. One such we particularly call to mind, but there the *employés* were foreigners.

It must not be supposed that it is only the male attendants in shops that take this aggressive mode of reminding you of the famous rule, "I am as good as you, *and better too*." Since this is an age of "woman's rights," it would be unjust that women should not make the most of such a splendidly irresponsible position, through which to make the "pride of office" felt at the expense of their less favored sisters. Girls are quite as "smart" as boys, and at fourteen or fifteen are perfect nuisances. That is another daily experience of shoppers. Of this species the smaller stores, on the different Avenues in the less fashionable neighborhoods, have a quasi monopoly. *Civis Romanus sum* is unconsciously at the bottom of all their airs and graces. They are not going to dress plainly and talk in a low voice because they are obliged to earn their living by daily labor; oh no! they can have their hair dressed half a yard high, and go to balls a dozen times in the season, as well as Mrs. X, the merchant's wife on the Avenue. They have "gentlemen" to take them out sleighing in the winter, and to the Park in the summer, and to give them ice-cream and supper-tickets. This is a free country — ay, so free that there is not a man in it who is not bound to the wheel, and forced to grind his brains into bread, if he cannot his muscle!

But how comes it that with all this giant self-assertion, this scrambling of the little to hold on to the skirts of the great, this perpetual realisation of the fable of the ox and the frog, there is so little *true* equality? The Christian ideal of equality is that before God one soul is as precious as another. But how is that realised in our day? Do not the newspapers cry out against the abuse of the churches of all denominations being merely meeting-houses for the rich and fashionable? For whom does the fashionable preacher care? Who has the best pews? Will the beggar and the millionaire

kneel side by side? Whose family does the minister visit oftenest, the one that needs his spiritual comfort, or the one that supplies his temporal support? It is not so in Italy, the so-called benighted land of superstition; there pews are not sold at auction, and the descendant of the Colonnas, the Medici, and the Este, kneels on the marble floor beside the ragged peasant and the deformed beggar.

Again, the judicial ideal of equality is that before the law one man has the same rights as another. Have we kept to that? Does the rich man's money never shed a softer light on his offence than would fall on the crime of a poor man? Is not wealth practically justified in despising the Decalogue and disbelieving in the incorruptibility of human nature?

There remains social equality, the only fallacy among the three, and strangely enough the only form of the principle which the world obstinately persists in grasping. Ask our *Civis Romanus* if he cares about kneeling in the best pew or being shut up in a carpeted cell, and his interest in the question will be at best but lukewarm; but ask him if he aspires to drawing-room honors, to French mirrors, velvet carpets, carriages and plate and Lucullian dinner-parties, if he would like to see his son the comrade of a stray Prince, and his daughter the wife of a Viscount, and you will find that this is precisely the goal of his ambition. This is the game for which he has fostered their infant "smartness" and sharpened his own wits; this is the end of his toil, the realisation of his dreams. Social equality is the *Ultima Thule* of the prospective millionaire, perhaps because it is just the most impossible to attain. He forgets that society is not a State, and is not ruled by an act of Legislature; it is a Masonic brotherhood, and has its own signs, its own grades, and bows to none but rulers of its own choice. It is simply the most inaccessible and at the same time intangible thing in existence; the most arbitrary and the most exclusive. It is perfectly irresponsible to outside authority, and lives its own life with a triple Chinese wall guarding its sacred enclosure. It is very little use trying to scale the paddock or surprise it, and a social position when violently usurped by one party or reluctantly tolerated by the other, is very apt to prove a thorn in the side of the intruder.

To return to the subject of shop grievances, and the premature "smartness" imparted to the mind of the young by the fallacious rendering of the proud motto *Civis Romanus sum*. The lower order of stores presents just as objectionable features as the higher. "Groceries" are peculiarly disagreeable, and tea-shops hardly less so. The former are often—we have the type in our mind and could mention its whereabouts—presided over by a man in a tall hat and a worsted "jersey," walking consequentially up and down, not aiming at fashionable languor, but at an equally provoking expression of the underlying boast *Civis Romanus sum*. He is the independent working-man, the product of a Connecticut common-school, the self-making man, who knows that what he sells is good and speaks for itself, so that politeness is entirely superfluous. You go in and ask for a little vinegar, and complain that you can nowhere get vinegar of a particular reddish shade which you affect. The man in the tall hat—lank and

gritty as to his outer man — takes you up sharply, and says “you may go where you like before you find as fine vinegar as that.” You faintly object that it may be very fine but it is not what you want. “Wal,” he answers tartly, “guess you’ll not find what you want. I raise my d—d vinegar myself.” Is not that the quintessence of the self-assertion of the age? What is *his* must be the best; do you think he is not every bit as good as you, if he does “raise” vinegar from an apple-orchard and sell it over the counter? And who are you, pray, who don’t come for *barrels* of vinegar, but only for a pitiful ten-cents’ worth?

Bakeries and confectionaries are far less offensive; the dame is often round and buxom and motherly, the master a good-natured barrel on two legs, with a jovial face that only wants the holly-wreath to be the image of old Father Christmas. He is a foreigner, and he has not yet got rid of his old-fashioned manners. See the yellow-headed urchins at his door, though; they are “smart,” and in a few years will want to walk straight from the oven-room into Wall Street.

In the country, shops have the same drawbacks without most of the advantages of city stores. The superciliousness of the youths employed is often worse, because more clumsy and more incongruous. They have perhaps spent a month in the neighboring city and bought a frock-coat there. Of course this passes for a graduation in fashion and *savoir-faire*, and the youth becomes the observed of all observers, the pattern and the hero of his set. Certain shops become local gossip-clubs, where agricultural novelties are hotly discussed, and scandal mixed with discussion almost as skilfully and with quite as much relish as in higher circles. Even in the most remote districts, where money is scarce and improvements unknown, the aggressive spirit of the day has subtly made its way and ferments in the farmer’s mind. Every one you meet has, with all his familiarity, a reserve stock of feeling in the background, which, put into words, would come to the same formula — *Civis Romanus sum*; a moral drawing-up of oneself, and an inquiry, “Who are you that dare know better than we do?”

Besides the shopman, there is the office-clerk, who is a bright and shining light of the worship of self. The “smartness” of these gentry is almost beyond description. If you knew nothing to the contrary, you would imagine each individual to be the head of the establishment. They invariably judge a man by the coat he wears, and are more or less insolent according to the measure of his apparent means of defence. There is nothing for it but to stare them down and “give as good as you get.” Inquisitiveness seems their inherent attribute. They are so accustomed to judge and decide for others, that they consider themselves to have a natural right of cross-examination. It never strikes them that you may prefer not to speak of your private affairs with the first stranger that accosts you, and in whose company you may accidentally be obliged to sit for ten or fifteen minutes. This questioning mood is pure habit, and just as unconscious and unbecoming as picking one’s teeth or whittling a piece of wood. Indeed, either of these habits is generally the accompaniment of a fondness for cross-examination, and the result is that

if the innocent victim is entrapped, and believes the questions to be put through Benevolence rather than unmitigated impertinence, he will soon be hurt and offended at the unconcerned restlessness of his confidant's fingers. It is said that the great social charm of the late Emperor of the French was simply this, that he seemed when talking to any one, high or low, to be utterly absorbed for the time being in the subject under discussion. It was as if nothing and no one on earth had the slightest interest for him save the person to whom he spoke and the matter on which they conversed. With our modern "smart" youths it is precisely the contrary. They make a point, and consider it ultra-fashionable too, of looking at anything and everything except their interlocutor, and of answering with feigned absent-mindedness, as if their thoughts were taken up with the affairs of the nation, and they had no time to waste in attending to such an insignificant conversation as yours.

You enter a large shipping-office and inquire for Mr. Z. "He is not in. What is your business?" "I want to see him in person. How soon will he be in?" "In a quarter of an hour, possibly." You sit down to wait. The clerk fussily stalks up and down his little pen of walnut and ground glass, putting away papers, opening and shutting drawers, and producing a general impression of high responsibility. Presently he comes out, cigar in mouth, and loftily inquires if he can do anything for you. No; you want to see Mr. Z. "What about?" says the dapper little man. His curiosity will not stand this suspense any longer. "That is my business," you answer. Presently the door opens, and an Irishman in poor but clean attire comes in. He is tall and stalwart, but he looks timidly round at the unaccustomed surroundings. The clerk retreats behind his rampart and appears at the little window. He does not help the man by asking a civil question, but stares stonily at him.

"Is this Mr. Z's office, sir?" hazards the big man.

"Yes," curtly says King Clerk. "Whose else should it be?"

"I want to know about the boats and the fares."

"Well, where do you want to go to?"

"I'm not quite sure of the way, sir, and I'd be glad if you'd tell me a little something about it."

"If you don't know where you want to go to, I can't help you, my good fellow," and the clerk pushes forward a list of boats, fares, destinations and connections utterly bewildering to the man, and which he knows very well is all Greek to him. Helplessly the latter gazes at it. The "gentleman" behind the glass opening gives him a look that is enough to freeze any further question on his lips, and saunters away to the window, ostentatiously paring his nails.

The man grows red and fidgets with the useless list; then getting desperate, he calls again, "Sir!"

The supercilious young dignitary lifts his eyebrows as high as he can, and with exasperating coolness slowly comes up and bestows another freezing glance on the outsider.

"I can't make it out at all. I want to get to the nearest seaport town to 'Masonville, Georgia'" (he reads out the name slowly from a card he has drawn from his pocket), "but I can't make out this confounded lot of names."

"Oh, why didn't you say so before?" mildly inquired the autocrat behind the screen, with a sneer so palpable, and a look at the man's coat so evidently insulting, that the poor fellow dashes down the paper and cries out:

"I've heard there were pigs in this country, but, be jabbers! you're just the very old sow herself."*

The *Civis Romanus* is taken aback. It is well for him that he is not outside, for the man's powerful arm might teach him a lesson he would not forget for a long time; and we incline to think that it is a great pity he does not get it, for he wants it worse now than he ever did the rod when he was at school. That Irishman works harder for his bread than the dandy who sits paring his nails and reading the newspapers in Mr. Z's office, and only those who work hard for their bread know how much bitterer an uncivil answer makes their lot. To toil without ceasing is bad enough, without having a comparative idler look down upon you and answer your civil question by an undisguised sneer. An extra two hours' work would be less hard to undergo; a blow on the head would be more welcome.

This episode over, the clerk again practises his hand on the former visitor, who had watched the scene with unfeigned disgust; but he no longer finds him so patient. The latter soon gets up and leaves the office, and Mr. Z never knows that he has been there. Such scenes are frequent enough, and the younger the clerk the more insufferable he makes himself. But even older men may ripen and bear about the same warp in their social demeanor. Here is an instance, also a fact:—

A young lady enters an office of a peculiar kind, in the very heart of the business district. The arrangements are as luxurious as those of a Pullman car on the Pacific Railroad, and the various offices bear indeed a great likeness to the upholstered cells of the dining-room car. This is a place where great and not always safe speculations are hatched. The business of the visitor has nothing to do with money, but with an appointment connected with a fashionable church. The speculator is a vestryman, and has the double power of interest and wealth. But it is not with him that we are concerned; he is not in, and the lady is invited to wait. Presently up comes an ancient *Civis Romanus*, evidently a subordinate clerk, whose keen inquisitive looks betray the inveterate questioner. Perhaps he thinks that his ripe age gives him a prescriptive right without impropriety to address young girls; but we believe that he must have been born with a point of interrogation in his mouth, instead of the traditional spoon.

"You want to see Mr. Y?"

"Yes."

"Is it on business?"

"Yes."

"Guess it's about the church?"

"Yes" (unguardedly).

"Is it for yourself?"

"No" (reluctantly).

Here there is a pause. *Civis* evidently perceives that he is not

*A fact.

encouraged. But that is a trifle. So after a few steps forwards and backwards, and a remark that he guesses Mr. Y won't be long now, he returns to the charge.

"Are you an American?"

"No."

"A German?"

"No."

"An Irishwoman then?"

"No."

He retires into his shell, puzzled both by the lady's reticence and her threefold denial. After another pause, he deliberately sits down opposite her on the office arm-chair in Mr. Y's own *sanctum*, and taking out a cigar, observes:

"You don't object to smoking?"

"No," says the lady, untruthfully, but glad to purchase his silence at any price. He puffs thoughtfully for five minutes, after which Mr. Y comes in, and *Civis* paternally introduces the girl to the notice of the man of wealth.

In the great city-hotels the same spirit of "smartness" distresses and bewilders you. Every *employé* seems to wrap himself in his own stateliness, and to bear a label on his forehead: "I serve because I choose, not because I am obliged." Not one would go a step beyond his beat, for fear of compromising his dignity. The office-clerk is a mighty personage, and awes you by his gaze of conscious dignity. His outward man, much bejewelled, is a cross between the third-rate actor and the broken-down ward alderman. We had occasion one day to try the amenities of one of our most sublime hotels, and found but one civil man among the whole staff of referees, and that was the porter.

There is a peculiar growth of *Civis Romanus* more aggressive, more representative, and withal more amusing than all these—a real native product, impossible in any other state of society—and that is the newspaper reporter. He is the very acme of self-sufficiency. To him privacy is non-existent; he does not recognise the right of statesmen and judges to have and keep official secrets, any more than the right of obscure individuals to grieve or rejoice in the bosom of their own families. He does not even *ask* for your opinion, he demands it. He is the incarnate inquisition of our day. You are not bound to confess your sins in secret to a minister of God; that is out of date, says the world; but we offer you instead an opportunity of confessing your inmost thoughts to a minister of the press, and through him to the body of the nation, for the amusement, not the edification, of mankind. The reporter considers himself, not only a *Civis*, but a public censor, an all-powerful being. No benighted European can take from him the glory of having invented his profession, or can outdo him in the exercise of it. It is all his own, a personal creation. With imperturbable good humor he pokes his brazen mask into every assembly, heeding no rebuff, never confessing himself beaten, even if by chance the good taste of a person whom he attempted to interview has got the better of his vanity and sealed his lips. He is never at a loss, but coins where he cannot copy, invents

where he cannot report. When the historical "seventy" sat one night in secret conclave, discussing reform in municipal matters in New York, the irrepressible *Civis* of a free country, determined to circumvent such mediæval secrecy, climbed up the water-pipe and looked in through the chinks in the shutters. The next morning, as any one may remember, there was in one of the great "dailies" a partial report of the meeting, and a full one of the writer's exploit.

The ingenuity of interviewers is endless; they are as full of resources as a sailor. If they were not so many, a few might be tolerated as "originals;" but the fun has grown to be exasperating, now that they swarm in our cities, and that no man's house can any longer be called his castle. The Vienna Exhibition could boast no more genuine, unique product of the civilisation of the new world than an "interviewer." It is said that in Germany there is such a calling as "wine-tasting": if this is true, it is the only calling to which that of a first-rate interviewer can be likened. This system, odious, though amusing, is but the expression of another phase of that "smartness" which we might rather call by its right name, irreverence. It is a frothy and an ornamental phase, true; but it is none the less mischievous. A tendency to sap the reverential spirit of a people is a sure sign of moral decay. What a man has ceased to respect, he cannot care to preserve. Sooner or later everything will appear to him a gigantic joke, and family, fatherland and religion will all seem to him as so many soap-bubbles burst. His "smartness" will have left him stranded, without one hope to cheer him, one affection to comfort him. And of a nation of such units what can be expected? There is a very serious side to this growing self-assertion, this lofty severance from all tradition.

It might be well if the proud motto, the perversion of whose meaning is ruining so many young souls, were applied in a different sense and under different circumstances. The man who so pompously struts abroad in the knowledge of his status as a *Civis Romanus*, has a convenient knack of sinking his dignity when it suits his passions to do so. He does not consider his freedom as imposing duties upon him, but as absolving him from the bonds of any duty. Now this is a fatal mistake. Freedom does not lie in the absence of all bonds, but in the deliberate choice of certain bonds. If you are proud of a distinction, honorable in itself, you will not dishonor it by making it the pretext of vice and license. A man distinguished by an order of knighthood would scarcely carry his blue or red ribbon into the lowest haunts of vice, that is if he had common decency left. *Civis Romanus sum* should be the expression of a status as noble as that of a Knight of St. John. It ought to include the spirit of that other motto, *Noblesse oblige*. For every duty includes a corresponding responsibility. If a man could remember that as a Christian and a citizen certain lowering pleasures and degrading habits are unbecoming to him, what a different and a purer world we should live in! Supposing a drunkard, or one on the road to intemperance, could hear a voice whisper to him as he stood leaning unsteadily against the door of a liquor-saloon: "What art thou doing here, profaning the title which thy birth has given thee, and God has ratified, by making

thee a citizen of a growing country, the child of an enlightened age? What will men say of thy fatherland if thou representest it in such a manner? How darest thou be proud of thy birth-right and yet deliberately sell it for a dram? How canst thou be proud of a name that is dragged in the mire, and is repeated every moment by the thick tongues of companions who have left their reason at the door of these dens? What is there left thee of which to boast? First, the promises of thy baptism, then the honor of thy manhood, both trampled under foot. See that reeling form and lack-lustre eye, hark to that maundering tongue, and then say if they represent a man fitted conscientiously to perform the duties of a father, a citizen, an elector, a legislator!" That indeed would be a useful reading of the grand motto, *Civis Romanus sum*. If such a consciousness of his political rights could stand as a shield between him and temptation, and he could recollect that whatever is mean or tricky or equivocal is unworthy of him, well and good—let him be proud of his position; but if it is used only to justify or color certain dishonest proceedings, or to palliate certain low associations, and to vindicate his right to choose a life of license, then let him rather fling away the distinction in name, as he has already thrown it aside in principle. If the frantic scramble after social equality were changed into aspiration after intellectual superiority, it would be well with our future rulers, our future millionaires. If a boy could change his "smartness" into studiousness, love of knowledge and thirst for education, we should be on the high-road to solid success, and might soon look forward to a renewal of the intellectual life of Athens. Education is a truer knowledge of the world than association with the world's sorriest specimens. An educated man, be his origin what it may, is *ipso facto* worthy of any position, fitted for any society. To be self-made is a thing of which men are proud, and to which every "smart" youth is taught to aspire; but after all, what does it mean? It means to heap up money. It is emphatically a non-progressive thing. The means gradually become the end. Money without mind is not productive of any result. The unlettered millionaire lives much the same life as his fellow-mechanics, only he has less freedom in his actions. His wealth makes a sort of artificially decorous atmosphere around him that forbids certain things as "low"; a kind of perpetual Sunday, when he must neither whistle nor read the almanac. Other pleasures he does not crave because he was not brought up to enjoy them, no one taught him to appreciate them. "Self-made" is an inappropriate term, for it often expresses nothing more than the elimination of the noblest part of man, and the fostering of the lower nature at the expense of the higher. But a man who has *educated* himself is truly self-made, for he has developed his higher powers, he has cleared the field of his mind, and instead of being fit for nothing but a particular trade, he has all the world of thought before him and can choose any of its paths. If he ever becomes rich he has so many noble tastes to gratify that his wealth seems like a seed-bag from which a whole garden may be planted; if he remains poor, he still has the ideal, of which nothing can rob him, the independence and self-sufficiency of a mind able to create its own world and live on intangible pleasures.

Poor or rich, he knows that he is still in the truest, widest sense of the words *Civis Romanus*, the citizen of his country, with an intelligent and discriminating appreciation of her wants, and the firm will to promote her welfare as far as in him lies — and the citizen of the realm of thought, knitted in spirit with all the great thinkers of the past and present, a member of the commonwealth which counts the sages of Egypt and India its forefathers, and stretches the hand of fellowship to every struggling searcher of to-day, of whatever clime and race and creed he may be. We want in our times an education that shall keep a man honest and pure in his business relations, blameless in his domestic circle, patriotic in the day of trial, self-collected in danger, a reliable friend, and above all a conqueror of his own baser nature. This is the education which ought to take the place of "smartness," and which alone can make the title of *Civis Romanus* something better than a mockery or the cloak of hypocrisy. This is the education of a Christian, a man who honors his manhood and is determined to stand by the higher and purer ideal of the true dignity of human nature. And let no one think that this is a very high-flown and far-fetched conclusion of a sketch of things so trivial in themselves as those which we have mentioned. How shall we dare to call anything trivial when we reflect upon the motives of men and the consequences of their actions? The most insignificant things in life have their serious side, and may produce unexpected results; hardly one action, trivial as it may seem, but sows a seed that may rival the Scriptural tree in which all the birds of the air made their nests. In one sense nothing human is trivial. Every word is laden with responsibility, every motion fraught with unseen consequences, every thought connected with a web of possibilities that are really awe-inspiring to a conscientious mind. Our age is fond of exaggeration and perversion of words, but let us look keenly behind all these wordy disguises, and be warned in time to do better than those around us, to live a life of truth, shaping our commonest actions by the standards of the maxims that are ever on our lips, scorning to use high-sounding words to conceal emptiness, or to make protestations do the work of deeds.

B. M.

A VIOLET SONG.

WHERE she slumbers, fast and deep, low among the grasses,
 Violets shall bloom all May; and upon her breast
 Did we fasten violets ere they closed her coffin,
 Leaving her to lie alone in the last sweet rest.

And a tender vengeance shall be wrought upon him:
 Never shall a violet's breath near him softly sigh,
 While the fragrant season sweetens all the garden,
 But his lip shall tremble, and tears dim his eye.

In a mist enfolded, he shall dream each May-time
 Of one May, when warm and dark and silent was the night,
 That he gathered violets warm from some half-closed fingers;
 And of her, low lying where they bloom so white!

ETTA HARDY.

QUINCISM PAST AND PRESENT.

IN the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Master William Shakspeare, a play-wright of some repute, has given us a charming creation of fancy. It is true that a carping and diminutive mind may object that while the scene is laid in Athens, we find there not only Greeks, whom we naturally expect to meet, but also fairies — a peculiar institution of the North — and persons addicted to amateur histrionic pursuits, whose somewhat plebeian names conclusively attest their Anglo-Saxon origin. But if the critic will indulgently overlook this incongruous assemblage, he will see beyond it beauties enough to reward him for his lenity.

But it is not with the beauties of the drama that we are now to deal. The loves of Theseus and Hippolyta, of Demetrius and Hermia, and of Oberon and Titania, are all sufficiently unfolded in the play, and need no commentator to amplify them. Through the delightful fancies of the story, however, runs a ludicrous episode, in which the

Anglo-Saxons with the plebeian names are the actors. Their chief is one Peter Quince, a carpenter, and it is of him that we purpose to speak.

Mr. Quince cannot be called a prominent character in the piece. Despite his unquestionable merit, Shakspeare has seen fit to touch faintly, and even slightly, upon Peter, and rather to eclipse him, by pushing forward to public notice the obtrusive Puck and the self-sufficient Bottom. But Shakspeare's instinct of delineation was too strong and too correct to allow him wholly to obscure such a representative man, and it is therefore probable that we shall be able to find sufficient mention of him to give us a fair outline of his character.

He is introduced in the attitude of calling his Thespian band about him to prepare for the representation, before the court, of the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. His first words give us a by no means faint inkling of what manner of man he is:—

"Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess."

This remark, being interpreted, means that here is a list prepared by me, Quince, and in my opinion it contains the names of all who are qualified to unite with me in this project. The list derives all its value from being the composition of Peter Quince; the qualifications of the parties are decided by that self-appointed arbiter, and with a Podsnappian ostracism the remainder of Athens is relegated to a condition of permanent and hopeless unfitness for any stage. His language seems thinly to veil a glare of defiance and annihilation at the unfortunate being who may timidly insinuate a revision of the scroll, or who may dare to question the infallibility of his judgment.

Quince then allots to each member of the troupe the part appointed for him. This is a task which would doubtless have been described by Bottom as "in Ercle's vein." Its difficulty is fully equal to that of any of the labors of the renowned athlete of mythology, but it cannot possibly meet with such success as he won. People have such an unreasonable propensity to exercise their own choice in most matters. But Quince is confident of his own powers of selection, and issues his orders with a positiveness and brevity excelled only by that centurion whose vocabulary of tactics consisted of the two words "Do this!" His decrees are as inexorable as if he were a male Fate, and he will admit of no excuse. For instance:—

Quince. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Now this seems a reasonable argument on the part of the feminised Flute, and would probably be admitted by anybody but Quince as a valid excuse; particularly as Bottom, the accommodating, whose motto was *semper paratus*, offers to take upon himself the impersonation of Thisbe. But away with the thought that any plan formed and enunciated by Peter Quince should be altered, and he testily replies:

"No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby."

A mild, inoffensive man by the name of Snug is then crowded by the dictatorial Peter into the lion's part, in spite of a strenuous effort on the part of the irrepressible Bottom to assume it.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too: I will roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

The autocrat of the Athenian stage having assigned to his subordinates their respective parts, the simple-minded group retire to repose. One rehearsal ensues, which may charitably be termed lame and imperfect, and in which Quince does not appear to great advantage, his title to the leadership of the corps being, in a large measure, usurped by the aspiring Bottom. Moreover, this rehearsal is sadly interrupted by severe practical joking on the part of the playful Puck, and the consequent rapid dispersion of the players.

On the wedding-day of the duke the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe is duly enacted. But Quince, the originator of the project, the dictator of all its arrangements, and its main-spring in general, makes his appearance only to speak the prologue, and then vanishes and is seen no more forever. Why is this? Judging from his manner and habits we should expect to see him act Pyramus, Thisbe, Moonshine, and one or two other characters, bury himself and the rest of the deceased at the close of the play, and then appear in the vicinity of the foot-lights to receive the applause of the audience. What reason can be assigned for his wholly unexpected modesty and retirement? There is an explanation, and it shall be given in its place.

Is Peter Quincism dead? Not so; or, if it is, verily from the place of departed spirits its shadow is cast over the whole earth. It pervades every sphere of life, every class of society. Turn where you will, you will find men whose sole aim seems to be to direct the actions of others, and assign to them parts in the life-drama. You find men who with their tiny picks and shovels are digging little ditches, and requesting broad and mighty currents to run in them; who are presenting their pint-measures to tuns of intellect, and saying, "Get into this: it is about your size"; who will attempt to gauge the star-depths with a yard-stick, and apply the short-division rule to the solution of a problem in the Integral Calculus.

Sometimes the Quince of to-day is found in the pulpit. Many of his associates in the ministry are content to preach the word of the Lord as the only rule for the control of the heart and the guidance of the life; who seek to impart to men the truth which God has given, and who would die rather than adulterate it with their own counsels. But Quince D. D. is prepared on his own responsibility to tell any man just what he ought to do under any circumstances in which his moral nature may find itself. For a "thus saith the Lord," he practically substitutes "*Egomel dixi.*" He is somewhat inclined to the opinion that his parsonage is a cis-Atlantic Vatican, and that Hildebrand and Gregory were but feeble prototypes of himself. He looks with mild reproach upon the blue-laws of Connecticut and

similar restrictions of human conduct as rather lenient, and as affording entirely too much scope of freedom of choice as to a man's walk and conversation. A certain, or perhaps uncertain old somebody has said, "The preacher who doth enlarge himself an inch, belittleth his preaching an ell"; but the Reverend Quince enlarges himself to that extent that the revelation of God to man is entirely belittled by contrast with a colossal image of Quince. His hearers retire from the sanctuary with a general impression that they have learned much Quincism and very little Gospel.

There is also the Peter Quince of society, who is ever ready with words of advice or of criticism. Sometimes military affairs are the subjects of his comment. He is perfectly willing to enter into an exhaustive statement of every campaign, from the battle of the four kings against five, spoken of in the book of Genesis, to the Ashantee war, pointing out all the blunders, and showing how much more strategy might have been displayed. His estimate of most of the world's warriors is disparaging; and after hearing it, the human mind marvels that they should have chosen a profession for which they were so totally unfitted. Had Quince been at Thermopylae, he would have placed that time-honored hero Leonidas in a far better position than he really occupied; or had he been at Pharsalia, he could have dropped pregnant hints to that mere tyro, Cæsar. In brief, he is a general of the species denominated "stick."

Or perhaps he is inclined to hold forth upon literature and art. Here is a field in which it is allowable to be as autocratic as one pleases, and our Quince avails himself of the liberty. The way in which he can and does criticise the foremost writers of the world is enough to make them forswear any literary efforts more ambitious than the composition of modest primers and unassuming spelling-books. So far as art is concerned, could Raphael hear Quince's opinion of cartoons and frescoes, he would execrate himself for having ever put brush and colors upon anything more ostentatious than a fire-screen.

To follow this variety of Peter Quince through the catalogue of the topics upon which he instructs, advises and warns, would lead us along an endless path. He is found everywhere; and while the subjects of his conversation may be different, his manner of treating them is invariably the same. He is ever the benignant man whose only purpose is to disclose the faults of others and map out a reflex of his own opinions for their guidance. He could have shown Marius how to sit with more dignity amid the ruins of Carthage, and Curtius how to leap more gracefully into the abyss.

Peter Quince in the family circle does not come under the observation of quite so many people as he does in society, but he is probably more disagreeable at home than anywhere else. Only consider for a moment what a nuisance a man of this character must be when let loose upon a helpless family! Of course he interferes in everything, and lays down absurd rules which it would be impossible to comply with, and which if followed would be less satisfactory to him than to any one else. He preaches tiresome homilies to his wife upon every domestic duty, from the management of a sewing-machine, of which

he knows nothing, to the treatment of the newest baby, about which his information is equally extensive. His children's amusements and studies are restricted by laws Draconian in rigor and Rhadamanthine in execution, and his affrighted offspring flee from his approach as did the enervate Roman from the conquering tread of an Alaric or an Attila.

To revert to the original Quince, it will be remembered that he was by profession a carpenter. While there is no antecedent probability that a good carpenter will be a bad actor, it must be admitted that the study of hammers and hand-saws is not the most direct path to the buskin and histrionic fame. Nor does it usually give a man that keen perception of dramatic talents in other people which Quince should have had before he attempted to choose his actors. In fact, Quince undertook a line of business for which neither natural aptitude nor education fitted him. May we not with becoming diffidence assume that the Quince of to-day has committed the same error?

It will also be recollected that the abnormal modesty of Quince at the time of the performance of the play, and his abrupt withdrawal after speaking the prologue, seemed to require an explanation. It is found in the unlooked-for ridicule which greeted his *début*. Most of those who are acquainted with a Peter Quince will concur in the opinion that the one irresistible weapon to employ against him is laughter—the Achillean heel of his vanity is the dread of ridicule. Perhaps a few years of smiting with keen-edged derision would exterminate the family.

Is there not too much of this Quincine leaven in all of us? We are too apt to think ourselves eminently qualified to show other people what they ought to do; and it may be that we resemble too closely that old carpenter of Athens to reprove him with a good grace. Let us cultivate enough charity to believe that if our neighbor chooses a part not exactly like the one we have selected for him, or pursues a course somewhat divergent from our own groove, he is not so very far wrong after all. Unconscious as we must be of the springs of his actions, of the thousand impulses that unite to influence his conduct, our endeavors to divert or arrest his course will frequently be Quincism of the most virulent type. It may be that those we condemn are walking a truer pathway than our feet tread, are waging a fiercer battle than we have ever fought, and will win a triumph more glorious than we shall ever achieve.

HENRY R. CRANE.

LOST.

A REMINISCENCE OF INDIA.

“**H**URRAH, boys, hurrah!” joyfully cried young Blaine, adjutant of Her Majesty’s —th Foot, as dashing into the large, roomy tent occupied by half-a-dozen or more of the officers and subs of that gallant regiment, he displayed an oblong, official-looking document which was recognised at a glance by every one present as a communication from headquarters. So indeed it proved, and in an instant an eager group was formed around the bearer, who, laughing at their unconcealed anxiety to hear the “news,” proceeded to enlighten them with commendable zeal.

“Well, gentlemen,” he commenced, “I am indeed the bearer of weighty news, to some of you at least, for our colonel has this afternoon received peremptory orders from the department to detail three hundred men without delay to act as escort to the corps of engineers and miners who are now on their way to A——, and who will bivouac here to night *en route*, each man to be provided with four days’ rations, officers of the command to report at the colonel’s tent for instructions to-morrow morning immediately after reveillé.”

At this point the speaker paused, and was forthwith besieged by a chorus of eager questions as to who were to be the favored officers to take command of the expedition; for, aside from the pleasure with which almost any change is hailed by officers on garrison duty, A—— was well known to be on the outskirts of the famous tiger-country, and were we not each and every one of us burning with desire to attack the royal Bengal monarch in his native jungle, an opportunity which would surely be forthcoming ere many days should be passed in our new quarters? Hence the anxiety displayed by these jolly officers of the —th. To our disappointment, this much-desired information was not forthcoming, nor would it be till late in the evening; so the intervening hours must needs be beguiled with speculations on the proposed movement, and a general overhauling and furbishing of our much-vaunted firearms. And while we are thus waiting for instructions, it will not be inappropriate to inform my readers who I am, and how I came to be a captain in the Indian service of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Well, the easiest and briefest explanation of my position is, that I was one of those unfortunate and much-to-be-pitied branches of all wealthy families — a younger son. While my elder brother Oswald, happy fellow! was petted and flattered at home, surrounded by every luxury and pleasure that a man of position, wealth and refined taste could desire, and moreover, heir to a fine landed estate in the heart of merry Berks, here was I, the luckless Harry and younger brother, forced to live my life in the wilds of India, thousands of miles away from all I held dear, with nothing but my pay and a scant private allowance

to live upon, and worst of all, with no "expectations." Well might I have rebelled at this unequal division of the good things of this life ; but luckily for me I was of a buoyant, light-hearted disposition, and having chosen my profession, was well content to take things as they came and enjoy life as I found opportunity.

I had been two years in India, stationed during the whole of that period almost at M——, our present barracks, with little chance of indulging my roving propensities and satisfying my love of adventure. It may readily be conceived therefore how earnestly I looked forward to the morrow's change of base, and how ardently I longed to be on the list of the command ; for, besides my natural wish for new fields of adventure, there resided at A—— an old classmate of my father's, to whom I had been especially commended — a man of wealth and position in his native land, but whose keen love of sport and an inherent fondness for a nomadic life had caused him to take up his temporary abode where he could enjoy the exciting incidents of the chase and indulge in the freedom of a hunter's life. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Gordon, albeit such a devotee to the fascinations of the rifle, led the life of a recluse or existed in the semi-barbarous condition of a professional hunter. On the contrary, he thoroughly enjoyed the comforts of his pleasant, well-furnished bungalow, his inimitable *cuisine*, his arm-chair, claret and cigar on the broad verandah after a toilsome day afield ; and last, though assuredly not least, the constant and tender devotion of his daughter Blanche, a lovely girl of rare beauty, whose birth some twenty years before had cost her mother, Mr. Gordon's much-loved wife, her life. Two years before, on my arrival in India, Mr. Gordon had taken the trouble to visit me in the barracks at Lahore, and had given me a most cordial invitation to visit him in his home in A——, assuring me of excellent sport, a hearty welcome, and very possibly a shot at a tiger, an opportunity I ardently desired. Imagine then how great was my delight at receiving a notification of my appointment to the command of the expedition, and a request to repair without delay to the colonel's headquarters for instructions. I obeyed with alacrity, and had the satisfaction of securing for my lieutenant and second in command my cousin, young Arthur Leslie, who was, I well knew, equally desirous with myself for a change.

At dawn the next morning we were all afoot and ready for the start, and after a thorough inspection of arms, accoutrements and rations, I gave the order to proceed ; and with colors flying and the garrison band playing our regimental march, we filed merrily through the gateway and began our four days' journey. Of the incidents of the trip, with its annoyances and pleasures, the constantly changing and ever gorgeous panoramas through which we passed, and of our safe arrival and encampment at A——, it is unnecessary to speak. Suffice it to say that after a week of hard work spent in careful arrangement of details necessary to the comfort of the men, and the precautions indispensable to insure the protection of the corps of engineers, whose duty it was to select and survey a site for a military stronghold of great strength, and to lay out plans for a short line of railroad, I found myself at liberty to accept Mr. Gordon's hospitable

invitation to make his house my home during my residence at A——. This I gladly did, and after attending every morning to my military duties at the camp, the greater portion of my time was passed in delightful companionship with my courteous host and his charming daughter. My cousin Leslie too had become intimate, and often joined our pleasant circle, where his frank, generous nature and invariable good temper, combined with great personal attractions, made him a universal favorite. Poor Arthur! the pride and delight of your widowed mother and sweet sister in the far-away Kentish vale where you are loved so well, well would it have been for you had our colonel denied the request so urgently made to be allowed to accompany me on this fateful expedition! But to return.

Time passed swiftly by; our days were spent in delightful excursions into the surrounding country, where Mr. Gordon's skill and dexterity with the rifle and his unerring instinct as a sportsman rarely failed to supply our table with the needful delicacies in the form of birds and other game which abounded in the neighborhood, and where I had opportunity to my heart's content to emulate his prowess. As a host, also, Mr. Gordon was indeed unequalled, and never shall I forget the merry tales and exhaustless fund of anecdote with which he was wont to beguile our after-dinner chit-chat. Ever courteous, good-humored and affable, he was a very prince of good-fellows, and I can truly ascribe to him many of the pleasantest memories of my life.

His daughter Blanche, too, how shall I describe her?—so fresh, pure and beautiful; she who, so tenderly devoted to her father, yet ruled him with a playful but absolute sway; whose word in that household, as elsewhere, seemed law, not through any strong will of her own, apparently, but by the inexpressible charm and sweetness of her nature. Shall I ever forget the evening after my arrival at her father's house, when, sitting on the broad verandah deeply shaded with fragrant creepers and roses such as bloom only in India, through which the mellow moon shown down in softened splendor—shall I ever forget the rich, clear, yet wonderfully pathetic voice that wailed forth the "Aileen Aroon," that saddest of Irish melodies? Years have passed since then, but the image of Blanche has not yet grown dim, nor the tones of her sweet voice faded from my memory. Will they ever? I know not how it was, nor when, my love first took possession of me. Is it wonderful that I should have loved her, my beautiful, peerless Blanche, with her sunny hair and her fathomless hazel eyes, every instant changing with some new emotion, now laughing and dancing with innocent mirth or sparkling repartee, now sad and tender and deep at the recital of some tale of wrong or injustice wrought? Surely not. How could I help the thrill at my heart, the inward trembling, the delicious sense of happiness and supreme content when she was near? I could not help it, nor, as I have said, could I have told when my heart was first drawn towards her with a great and uncontrollable yearning; but so it was, and destiny was not long to leave me in happy ignorance of my passion. Is it not often so, fair reader? Do you not believe that two hearts may be drawn together powerfully, irresistibly, by some hidden magnetism in our natures; that we may

love deeply and with all the fervor of a first passion, and yet not be able to define the feeling, nor be aware of its presence even, till some event, mayhap trivial in itself, yet shadowing our future life, occurs to waken us to a full knowledge of its existence, and perchance to warn us of our danger? So it was with me; and this is how the knowledge first dawned upon me that I loved sweet Blanche Gordon.

I had been her father's guest about six weeks, and during this period I had enjoyed her constant presence and companionship. Among her many accomplishments was that of horsemanship, in which, under the careful supervision of her father, himself an unequalled rider, she had attained rare excellence. Passionately fond of the exercise and the excitement attendant upon keeping in check the fiery temper of her Indian thoroughbred, scarcely a day passed in which her graceful figure, coquettishly attired in the most bewitching of habits, was not discernible, cantering gaily along the shady roads and romantic glens of the vicinity; and so daring had she become through perfect reliance in her own power, that her father had more than once cautioned her against an over-confidence which might at any moment prove dangerous, for, no matter how perfectly trained, the horses of India are ever uncertain and of variable temper. These warnings she had always listened to with becoming gravity, but they had fallen but lightly on her ear, and her wild excursions had been in no measure curtailed, her love of the exercise seeming to increase with every ride.

It happened on the morning of which I shall speak, that Blanche and I had arranged for a long ride together to the foot of the hills at the base of which we were encamped, for she had often expressed a desire to visit the site of the new barracks and to see how the railroad was getting on. The evening before we had arranged the details of the excursion to our liking, how we were to ride forward in advance, and after an hour or so spent in viewing everything of interest, to make a détour to Leslie's headquarters, where we were to meet Mr. Gordon and Arthur, and partake of such fare as the genius of our mess-cook could devise, riding home *en masse* in the cool of the evening, when a sherbet, a song, and a cigar for the men-folks were to conclude the festivities of the day.

Blanche came down, looking like a goddess, daintily arrayed in habit and jockey-cap, her light hair floating in the breeze, and her beautiful eyes sparkling with anticipated adventure; for, after a series of the most desperate cajolings, she had prevailed upon her father "just for this once" to mount her on his own fiery "Sultan," her more gentle "Fairy" being, for the nonce, in no condition for a long journey. She had promised to ride with the check-rein well in hand; and her father, though at first reluctant to allow her the slightest risk, could not but be reassured by her firm, graceful seat and the masterly manner in which she compelled her proud steed to yield to her slightest touch. We cantered gaily off down the avenue, Mr. Gordon promising to join us, as agreed, at Arthur's tent in time for tiffin.

The morning was everything that could be desired, cool, balmy, and the air laden with the fragrance of the myriad wild-flowers on every side. It was difficult to imagine we were not riding in one of our own beautiful lanes in dear old England, so quaint and homelike did the

landscape seem, and our thoughts and conversation turned naturally to the home of our youth, as we paced slowly along. There was a wonderful freshness and candor in everything* that Blanche said or did, and I remember that on this morning I was particularly charmed with my lovely companion. Never have I seen such perfect truthfulness, combined with such vigor and originality, as this girl possessed ; and it was my unceasing delight to watch the ever-varying expression of her mobile face as she listened to observations which I sadly fear I made with the sole purpose of calling up a look of tender pathos, indignant anger, or laughing defiance to her eyes. My sweet Blanche, I can see thee now, through the long vista of intervening years, as I saw thee then ; graceful, beautiful, and tender as the fragrant spray of orange-flower which nestled in thy bosom, emblem of purity and faith. Sweet be thy slumbers, and may the wild waves sing gentle lullabies o'er thy lonely grave !

The miles slipped unconsciously by ; and long e'er I had deemed it possible, our encampment rose to view, the flag of England floating proudly in its centre, the embryo fortress just beyond, and the incessant click of hammers and axes on all sides betokening the activity with which the work progressed. As we arrived at a cross-road leading down to the camp, young Leslie joined us, and after a few moments' conversation, turned to me, asking if I would favor him with an opinion on a plan just submitted by one of our engineers for my approval. Begging Miss Gordon to excuse a few minutes' absence, and promising to rejoin her e'er she reached the fortress beyond, I hastened to Arthur's tent, and after a brief examination of the plans presented for inspection, I rode off towards the spot indicated to Miss Gordon as the place where I should catch her up. As I cantered leisurely over the green sward, thinking the while what a pleasant, enjoyable thing was life after all, despite the many freaks of Dame Fortune, I was aroused from my reverie by the clattering of a horse's hoofs, evidently going at full speed, and in a moment there rushed wildly from the grove of trees which I was approaching a riderless horse, which a glance sufficed me to recognise as "Sultan," snorting with terror, and utterly uncontrollable as he sped swiftly by. For one moment my heart stood still, the next my spurs were buried to the rowels in my horse's flanks as with a savage oath I goaded him to his utmost speed ; and I flew over the road in search of my poor darling, each moment seeming an eternity, every nerve and muscle within me quivering with terror lest I should come too late, that I should find her dead. In that terrible interval, when the fields and sun and sky seemed to darken and grow pale, I knew that I loved her passionately, wildly, as I had dreamed of love, but as I had never thought it would come to me.

In a glade of the forest trees, with the wild-flowers pressing her lovingly on either hand, I found her, stunned and senseless, but thank God ! not dead. In an instant I was at her side, and raising her beautiful form reverently in my arms, brushed back the sunny hair, through which the bright blood was flowing freely, and disclosed a deep though not dangerous wound. With hands trembling with pity I tenderly bathed her brow in the pure spring-water that bubbled at

her feet, and tearing my handkerchief into a series of narrow strips, bound it round her temples — a rough bandage for so fair a patient, but one which perfectly excluded air and dust ; and as I completed my labors, a faint sigh gave welcome evidence that they had brought relief. At this moment, just as she was returning to consciousness, a hurried tread, as of some one rapidly approaching through the under-wood, caused me to turn hastily around, and I saw before me poor Arthur, the picture of horror and despair, gazing fixedly at the inanimate form of Miss Gordon as she rested on the friendly arm of an old uprooted tree, with the crimsoned bandage and ashy face brought out in strong contrast to the verdant foliage around. "Is she dead?" he asked hoarsely, advancing towards me with a wild entreaty in his eyes. "Oh, Harry, she *shall* not die! the only girl I have ever loved. Harry, you know, you must have seen how I worshipped Blanche Gordon: tell me she will not die." And the poor fellow, his heart wrung with love and anguish, raised his hands imploringly to me, as though with me rested the fiat of life or death.

I shall never forget the terrible thrill of dismay that passed through and through me as I listened to these fateful words of my young cousin ; words that were wrung from him by the blind force of his passion, little knowing that each syllable was as a dagger to my heart, crushing out and severing me forever from the love that I knew for the first time that morning I cherished for her who lay there before us, so calm and still in her deathly swoon. His words seemed to fall upon my ear from a strange, far distance ; and as I paused for a reply, an interval of a lifetime seemed to pass between us ; but uppermost in my thoughts was ever the resolve that Arthur must have his chance, cost what it might to me, for he, poor boy ! was as a younger brother to me, and since our boyhood's days had been wont to confide his sorrows and joys alike to my sympathising ear, and I had counselled and advised with him on every important step he had ever taken in life. I it was who had obtained for him this very appointment to the expedition, and could I come between the boy and the woman he loved? "Cost what it may, he shall have his chance," I kept repeating to myself ; then, nerving myself, I said quietly: "Nonsense, Arthur, of course Miss Gordon will recover ; she has been thrown from her horse and has an ugly cut on her head, but if you will only take my horse and ride for life and death to camp, and get our wagon, having it well provided with cushions, we shall be all right presently, and a little care and good nursing will do the rest."

Before I had half concluded, he had sprung into the saddle and was off ; and once more turning to my charge, I found her eyes opening with a strange, dreamy expression, and a look of pain passed across her countenance as she drew her hand inquiringly over the impromptu bandage. "I believe I have had a fall, Capt. Moultrie," she said, striving to speak lightly, "and you, most gallant of knights, have discovered and rescued the poor maiden in distress." I hastened to explain how I had found her, and how bitterly I reproached myself for having left her even for a moment. "I might have known," I concluded, "that that vicious 'Sultan' would play you false."

It seemed that as Miss Gordon was riding on, a hare, or some small animal, had darted suddenly across the path, and "Sultan" taking fright, had given a frantic plunge, unseating his rider and throwing her against a boulder of rock, whence the wound and subsequent faintness. With the aid of the comfortable wagon Arthur quickly brought to our relief we soon reached home, and Mr. Gordon, too much frightened for rebuke, at once prescribed bed and perfect rest; and what with tender nursing and the skilful treatment of our army-surgeon, not many days elapsed before she was once more among us, a trifle pale, perhaps, and delicate, but looking in my eyes lovelier than ever.

And now, how shall I relate what followed that eventful morning, when I made the twofold discovery that I loved, and had a rival, albeit an unconscious one, for the affections of this beautiful girl whom I have endeavored to portray? In the long night succeeding that morning I had wrestled savagely with the intense desire to win that love and secure it for myself, and I had conquered; a sorry victory truly, uprooting and outraging every impulse of my heart; but one determination haunted me—that I must give way to Arthur, that he must at least be allowed to speak first, and that I must hold my peace until he had been either accepted or refused. The latter contingency never entered my brain; for although I could observe no marked preference for his society on her part, he had always been so petted and humored by women, and was such a handsome, winning young fellow withal, that I had almost convinced myself she could not be indifferent to him. And then he was an unexceptionable "parti," good family, and a snug income well invested in two-percents, who had adopted the army as a mere pastime, and who might at any moment abandon it for some new whim, or return to the enjoyment of his social position, and whose doting mother and sister, whose dearest wish in life was that he might marry and settle respectably at home, like any other well-conducted young Englishman, would gladly welcome the girl of his choice to their heart and home. And then Arthur had confided his feelings frankly to me, asked my advice, and had vowed that Blanche, and she only, should be his wife, and I doubted not the sincerity of his affection. I had bade him God-speed in his love-quest, and then had tried to steel myself to look with indifference upon the woman we both loved. In vain! Now that I knew, or thought I knew, I was to lose her, she became inexpressibly dear, and her companionship grew to be so exquisitely painful to me, who was obliged to keep constant guard over my heart and tongue, that I resolved by one sharp struggle to end my luckless passion, and to retire from a field where to strive for victory was perfidy to my friend, and where to continue a passive spectator had become intolerable.

Once resolved, I acted promptly. At breakfast one morning I announced my intention, with studied calmness, but which must have sounded strangely brusque and abrupt to my kind host, of leaving them the following day to take up my abode at the encampment during the remainder of our stay in A——, thanking both father and daughter for my pleasant visit, and urging pressure of military duties

as the motive for my sudden determination. Was it fancy that made me think that the damask on sweet Blanche's face paled suddenly at this announcement, and that her white hand trembled slightly as she handed me my cup of coffee? "Nonsense," I thought; "she has taken pleasure in our companionship, and feels hurt and pained at my abrupt manner. I'm a brute to have startled her; but after all, it's best over." Such was my conclusion, and the next morning I returned to my military quarters, resolving to devote myself wholly to the supervision of matters connected with the expedition, and to forget, as much as possible, the pleasant home I had so unwillingly left.

Time passed on. After my departure Arthur yielded himself almost entirely to the charm of Miss Gordon's society, and grew more desperately in love day by day. He still continued to confide his hopes and fears to me, and as far as lay in my power I counselled and aided him with my advice. Still, I was terribly out of tune, and could at times hardly repress a cry of agony as the thought swept over me, "It might have been." But I was still resolute as ever that Arthur should have first chance. If he failed, then there was no reason why I should not try and win her for myself; and this I had at last decided to do, though my case, I acknowledged, was well-nigh hopeless.

Our stay at A — was drawing to a close when Arthur came to me in my tent one afternoon, and after smoking two or three cigars in rapid succession, and evincing by his unusual restlessness that there was something weighty on his mind, announced his intention, blushing the while like a very school-boy, of offering himself to Miss Gordon that evening. I had long expected this, and had nerved myself to rejoice with him in his more happy love, and to congratulate him warmly when the die should be cast; nevertheless it was a sore trial of fidelity to a friend, and it was some moments ere I could reply calmly as to what I really thought of his chance of success. Truth to say, I knew little enough, yet how gladly would I have exchanged positions with him! "Lucky, happy boy!" I reflected, as I watched him mount and ride swiftly off, eager to be with her he loved; and then sallying forth, I determined to visit our new fortress and keep my mind from morbid brooding until his return. Then I should know all.

Ah, that cruel, fateful expedition! How many lives has it wrecked, how many hearts and homes has it made desolate! Never again was I to see the Arthur of the past — the bright, winning boy, the noble, generous man. Never again was I to look upon his countenance as I saw it then — eager, happy, yet fluctuating in modest depreciation of his merits. That weary, weary afternoon, how slowly did the tropical sun glide across the molten heavens, how endless did the time seem ere its glowing disk was dipped in the far horizon! He came at last, late, very late, in the night, and I knew at a glance by his flushed face and unsteady step that he had been drinking deeply. God forgive me! but how could I resist the feeling of intense relief that shot through me as I marked these symptoms of his failure? Crushing the unworthy thought well-nigh ere it had shaped itself in my brain, I

approached him, and placing my hand kindly on his shoulder, asked him to tell me all. He had flung himself recklessly on the lounge, and his face half-buried in the crimson cushions, told me, oh! in such despairing accents, how miserably he had failed; and throughout the dismal narrative how tenderly, how lovingly he still spoke of "his Blanche!" "She was so gentle, so womanly," he moaned, "and seemed to feel so keenly the pain she was inflicting, that what could I do but spare her and come away. It's no use, Harry, old fellow," he concluded, "I shall never see her again, and I shall sell out and go home immediately."

I did my best, but I fear I was but a sorry comforter, and in a week's time poor Arthur, firm in his resolution, had sold out and was on his way to Calcutta. A settled melancholy had seized upon him, from which his comrades in vain essayed to rescue him. All his interest in life seemed to die out, and his one absorbing thought was to get away, and in new scenes and far-off lands to outlive his hopeless passion. He was to stop a few days at a friend's house some distance down the road *en passant*, where he "hoped to have a shot at a tiger," he said. He craved excitement of any kind, and I cautioned him earnestly ere leaving not to expose himself unnecessarily should he be gratified in his desire. He laughed drearily, and pressing my hand warmly in adieu, mounted and rode rapidly away. I never saw him again. Two weeks later I was awfully shocked by the intelligence of his tragic death at his friend's house, where a party of four of them, with their guides, had entered the jungle in quest of a tiger which had been discovered the previous evening skulking in the vicinity of the village. They had tracked the savage brute after an exciting day's chase, and Arthur, reckless to madness, had pushed on ahead of his companions, and encountering the enemy suddenly, was taken unawares, and ere he could level his rifle was struck senseless by a blow from the powerful paw, and so injured that he died two days later, despite the utmost skill and care of the attending surgeon. Poor fellow! awful as was his death, I have often thought that it was a merciful one after all. Could I have parted the veil of the future and read what the succeeding years would bring forth, how gladly, ah! how gladly would I have shared his fate. Miss Gordon too, I was sure, felt keenly his sudden death, and for months after could hardly bear to speak of him, knowing too well perchance the cause of his desperate, ill-advised rashness.

And now I must hasten on to the end. Three months more and our fortress was completed, the railroad surveyed, and orders received from headquarters to return in eight days to our barracks at M—. In this three months' interval I had gradually resumed my intimacy with the Gordons, and though poor Arthur's memory still cast a sombre shadow on my life, I became more deeply in love than ever with sweet Blanche, and the pleasantest hours of my life were those passed by her side as the day for my departure drew near. And to add to the sweetness of the halcyon days, I now began to perceive that the beautiful girl on whom I lavished all the depth and intensity of a first love was not indifferent to me. Then, as if Dame Fortune was determined I should for a brief space enjoy the full warmth of

her smiles and experience the benefits of her prodigal hand, came the news of my brother Oswald's death, and my succession to the wealth and honors accruing thereto. I speak of my brother's death as a joyful event to me, for, nearly twenty years my senior, we had never had a thought or sympathy in common, and he, wrapped up in his politics, and selfishly tenacious of his rights as elder brother, scarce ever gave me a thought. What wonder, then, that the news which should leave me free to speak my love to Blanche without a thought or care for our future, should be hailed with delight? I was no longer a penniless captain in Her Majesty's service, but a man of wealth and position, at liberty to resign at any moment, without detriment to my future prospects, marry, and live the life of a man of fortune. On receipt of this momentous intelligence, therefore, I had made up my mind to tell Blanche the story of my love, and to ask her to share, not the scanty income or modest home of a poor officer, but a life better suited to her refined taste and cultivated mind—a life of ease and luxury in the enjoyment of our seignorial rights.

It was the day before the one fixed for my departure that I made up my mind that the time had come for me to speak. I found my darling alone, bright and beautiful as an angel, and with a voice shaken with the fervor of my emotion, I whispered to her the long pent-up tale of my love. Oh! the memory of that one perfect day, when, my arm encircling her beautiful form and my heart throbbing with tumultuous joy, her queenly head sank softly on my shoulder, and the crimson deepening on her lovely cheek, she confessed that she loved me above all else in the world. Ah! the ecstasy that thrilled me through and through, the fathomless happiness that stole o'er me as we wandered through the shady garden on that sun-lit afternoon when I knew that she loved me and was mine. And then what happiness to tell her my great news, how I was no longer poor Harry Moultrie, a penniless captain of Her Majesty's—th, but a gentleman of means, independent of my profession, and with the loveliest girl in the world as my promised wife.

But the longest and the brightest day must have an end, and at last I mounted my horse, the lightest-hearted man in India. As we were to march the next day, and this the last chance I should have of seeing them for some weeks, I had urged upon Blanche the propriety of speaking to her father without delay; and availing myself of a favorable opportunity, I informed him briefly of my regard for his daughter, my altered prospects, my wish to make her my wife, and of my intention to leave the army with as little delay as possible, and concluded by asking his consent and blessing. Mr. Gordon had known my father from boyhood, and had taken a strong personal liking to me, so, congratulating me heartily on my improved prospects, and reflecting gravely for a few moments, he remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that he "would think of it."

Bidding my darling a fond farewell, four days thereafter found me in my old quarters at M——, where many were the regrets, mutual and sincere, at my resolution to leave the service, and many the playful jibes I had to endure from my merry comrades. Nothing daunted, however, I made the necessary arrangements for my proposed change

of life, engaged passage to England by the fast-sailing ship *Fumna*, and applied for a fortnight's leave for the purpose of repairing to A—— and consulting with Blanche and her father as to our future movements. Imagine my surprise and delight when Mr. Gordon informed me that he too, having become weary of the sport and life of India, and moreover extremely reluctant to become separated from his daughter, had determined to sell his bungalow and return at once to Scotland, his native land, where, in the ancestral home amid the Ayrshire hills, it was further decided that I should come to claim my bride. I tried hard to induce Mr. Gordon to take passage with me on the *Fumna*, but for some strange reason he had formed a violent prejudice against the ship, which all my eloquent arguments, backed up even by a gentle protest from Blanche, failed to remove, and accordingly, two weeks later, they embarked on the *Fleetwing*, the *Fumna* to follow in thirty days thereafter. It was destiny, of course—hard, black, unyielding destiny that separated her from me—a destiny as unchanging and inevitable as the laws of God; but does that make the sting of thy loss less bitter to me, darling, or do I think of thee less lovingly and yearningly because the dread fiat had gone forth, “It *must* be”? Why was it that no dark presentiment warned them of their danger, no friendly hand stretched forth to hold them back as they went down to the deep in that ill-starred ship? Would to God I too had perished with them! Gladly, ah, how gladly, would I have welcomed my ocean grave could I but have died with thee, my love, my love! Yet we parted cheerfully, nay, almost laughingly, on the dock at Calcutta; and as I held her to my heart and whispered how eagerly I should count the minutes till we met again to part no more on this side the grave, she raised her beautiful eyes to mine, and I read in their liquid depths an endless love which should endure for time and eternity. And I see them now in my dreams at this distant day, looking down upon me, ah, so tenderly, from her happy home beyond the skies; and I hear her soft voice whisper gently in my ear, “Patience, love, patience yet a little while, and thou too shalt be at rest.”

What need is there to tell what followed? How I sailed in the *Fumna* at the appointed time, and after a quick and speedy passage arrived safely in England, buoyant with hope and eager to see my bride, only to be stricken down with brain-fever and brought nigh to death's door (and oh, that I might have passed through!), when they told me first that the ship had not arrived, that it was passing strange, then that fears were entertained for her safety, and finally that she had gone down, with every soul on board, God help them! in a fearful gale off the Guinea coast. Ah, how my brain throbs and whirls even at this distant day, as the memory of that insupportable agony recurs to me! For weeks and months my life was despaired of, and ever in my wild delirium would I call upon my angel to come to me and save me. But death came not to my relief, and with returning strength there grew upon me a deep abhorrence of life, and an eager desire to rush away from the haunts of men and to end my days in some far-off land, unrecognised and uncared for; but calmer thoughts succeeded, and the memory of my noble Blanche has saved me, and is drawing me daily nearer and nearer to her.

So I sit by my quiet hearth, in the late autumn of my life, and wait calmly and hopefully for the summons that shall call me to my love. When it comes, it will find me, ah, so weary, so ready for the last deep, dreamless slumber; and I pray the merciful God, whom I once cursed in my bitter wrath, to forgive the broken reed, and take me to His rest.

J. C. WATT.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL LEE.

*An Address delivered at Washington and Lee University, at the request of the University Authorities, on Gen. Lee's birth-day, Jan. 19, 1873.**

IT is with unfeigned reluctance, yet with melancholy satisfaction, and under a sacred sense of duty, that I stand before you to-day, to aid in duly honoring the memory of our late illustrious commander and venerated friend, General Robert E. Lee. Reluctance, because I am painfully conscious of inability to set forth, at least in the time allowable for an address, the lessons illustrated in his great character and career as they ought to be brought out. Felt obligation and sorrowful pleasure, because of the very reasons which led to the selection of myself as the speaker on this occasion, and simply expressed in the kind note of invitation, that it was my privilege to know as a friend this almost peerless man "for the greater part of his life, and to be intimately associated with him during the trying scenes of the war and in his retirement afterwards." Very kindly relations, thus dating back more than two-fifths of a century, enhanced by ever-deepening impressions of his unsurpassed greatness of soul, and cemented by years of common trial, could not but ripen into a tender yet venerating love on my part for one so pure, so true, so great and good. And then when the higher privilege became mine of standing in the position of pastor to this wise and honored Christian friend, all previous affection became, as it were, consecrated, and imbued, I trust, with something of the spirit of heaven.

Some personal reminiscences of this exalted son of our beloved Virginia will probably be expected of me, and may perhaps constitute the fittest tribute to him I can render. Mainly, therefore, in the simple form of narrative testimony, will it be my endeavor to tell of him as so long known, and especially in connection with the gigantic

* Not earlier published, as requested, because its repetition was found of assistance in collecting the requisite fund for our beautiful Memorial Church. Now given as a condensed, yet it is believed instructive, contribution to history.

struggle of his native land, in which his part was borne with such consummate ability, practical wisdom and unsullied virtue as to attach to him forever the admiration of mankind. Such narrative, however, brief as it must here be, cannot be confined to the bare recital of facts. To be truthful, it must also present the inner life of the model Christian, patriot, soldier, to whom it relates, the principles by which he was actuated, and the real issues involved in that great cause, to maintain which were exerted all the energies of his soul. These therefore, as inseparable from honest testimony in the case, it will be part of my endeavor to set forth as candidly as possible.

On my entering the United States Military Academy at West Point, in the summer of 1826, General Lee was there, a cadet of one year's standing, and already among the most distinguished members of the institution, attended as it then was by men afterwards so justly celebrated—Albert Sidney Johnston, Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, Leonidas Polk, and others. He soon favored me, as he did other juniors from his native State, with his kind regard. And gratefully do I now declare, after nearly half a century, that nothing but good did others or myself derive at that day from his example and influence. During the three years of daily intercourse under such circumstances, until he graduated in 1829, there could not but be made upon my mind a just and lasting impression of his character. The memoirs of him which I have seen accurately describe him as among the finest specimens of opening manhood. He was, I think, on the whole the handsomest young man I ever saw; and most of you know how noble was his appearance even to the last. There was always about him, too, a dignity which repelled improper familiarity, and yet a genial courtesy and joyous humor, often passing into and creating delightful merriment, that rendered him a charming companion. You who knew him only under the trials of later years, have amid them all noticed still these traits, and can imagine what they were in the earnest, unburdened young man. Then there were, characterising this young man, a ready good-sense, a disposition singularly even though sympathetic, a dispassionate judgment, an intellect accurate and vigorous, and a power and habit of self-control most unusual. The possessor of these excellences could not but be a universal favorite, regarded with mingled respect and affection. No other feeling towards him was ever experienced, I believe, by any one of his several hundred fellow-students from all sections of the United States during his entire term at the Military Academy, although his superiority as a soldier caused him to be selected the latter portion of his term for the ranking officer of the corps-organisation, and charged him with responsibilities that bore necessarily on his companions. Nay, I must go further, and assure you that through those years, generally so full of errors carrying after-regrets, I never saw in this honored friend one thing, or heard from him one word, nor did I ever hear of his saying or doing anything which at this day I disapprove. Neither would any other companion of those days, I am satisfied, say less. This may indeed seem like extravagant eulogy, but it is sober fact.

Superiority so marked was largely, no doubt, a divine gift. Ex-

cellent home-training must, however, assuredly, be also credited with its happy development. The mother of this wonderful man was of an ancient Virginian stock, generally marked by practical sense, honor, good culture, and refinement; and his father, greatly distinguished among eminent men of his age as a soldier and civilian, belonged to a line second, perhaps, to no other on the continent in ability and virtue. But whether the genius and rare temperament of our great General were given him, like his features and form, in the way of inheritance, or were otherwise bestowed by the Almighty, the character of this illustrious man was formed, we know, under the best moral and religious influences. Born of parents attached to the American branch of the English Church, and as a child baptised therein, he was blessed with the wise guidance of a mother as judicious as she was devout, aided, up to his eleventh year, by appropriate counsels from his fully-informed father. The testimony of that father concerning this son's disposition and rearing is on record. "Robert," he says, writing from a distance, "was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother." Besides these agencies, there were ordered, for his childhood, youth, and mature life, other moral forces of inestimable value; among which may be specified the pastoral care and wonderful influence of that truly great and apostolic man, the late Bishop Meade of Virginia. Only, indeed, through the two tender years between four and six did the thoughtful child receive his personal and catechetical instructions, as Rector of Christ Church, Alexandria. They were followed up, however, by those of a like-minded friend of the good Bishop; while the latter, as was his wont, took pains, as occasion allowed, to cultivate the good seed sown in the mind of his young friend. The affectionate relations then established were, I know from both the parties, enduring as life.

That, during the period of his student-life at West Point, exemplary as in all outward respects it was, and for several years afterwards, General Lee was consciously controlled by Christian thought and feeling, I cannot affirm. Still, from all that I have known of him since, and in accordance with the facts now mentioned, it may, I think, be confidently believed, that, although at that time, and for a score of years thereafter, his estimate of his own unworthiness, and some mistaken views of Christianity, perhaps, prevented his making an avowal of Christian faith and becoming a communicant of the Church, he was, nevertheless, all the while guided and restrained by belief in the Bible, reverence for its author as revealed therein, reliance more or less implicit upon the Saviour, and prayer secret but sincere. In a word, that his beautiful life was animated by piety, sensitively reserved, modest, and undemonstrative, but not displeasing to the Searcher of hearts.

With the early army-career of this accomplished officer, and with his splendid record in Mexico, the world is familiar. On these, therefore, it were unprofitable here to dwell. I recall, however, with pleasure a brief season of personal intercourse with him, allowed me soon after his return from the Mexican campaign. In the summer of 1848 we met, as guests for some days of our venerated friend

Bishop Meade, at his hospitable home in Clarke County, Virginia. He, justly held in honor for his distinguished services, and bearing the well-earned title of Lieutenant-Colonel ; I, as a quietly laboring Christian minister. The only change noticeable in him from the cadet and lieutenant of previous years was, that larger experience had rendered even more impressive in his demeanor the union of constitutional dignity, attractive modesty, and fascinating humor. There was a deepening, too, of characteristic thoughtfulness. He had now become a declared Christian, and was a confirmed communing member of the church of his ancestors. With the delicate reserve which always belonged to him on questions affecting himself, he could scarcely be induced to tell of important occurrences in which he had been an actor. We succeeded, however, in obtaining a few instructive statements, some particulars of two of which may be briefly given. The first relates to the capture of the strong position, Cerro Gordo ; about which General Scott's anticipative order will be recollected, as, at the time, considered a master-piece of military prescience. It was all due, undoubtedly, self-withholding, as was Colonel Lee's account, to the daring reconnoissance and advice of that officer. He had alone made nearly the circuit of the stronghold, ascertained the nature of the ground, and observed the enemy's position and force, and the routes beyond, at the greatest risk of capture or death. In fact, only extraordinary self-possession in extreme danger enabled him at one time to escape detection. Finding himself unexpectedly on the path of the water-supply for a large outside Mexican force, he sagaciously inferred that a detachment would soon be along, and that he must hide behind the only cover near, a clump of bushes just beside the path. This he had but a moment to do, for almost immediately the water-carriers were heard, and a large number, sufficiently noisy, soon passed, almost near enough to have touched him with outstretched arm. Happily they dreamed not of such presence, so that, incomplete as was his concealment, he was left to breathe freely after a few moments. Most men would then have hastened away ; not so this rare soldier. Cautiously following the party, he was led to a post of observation, whence knowledge more satisfactory of the enemy and country was obtained. This secured, his return was effected ; the memorable order of the commander was issued, and the opening of that gateway to the interior was accomplished. No accurate account of the occurrence has, so far as I know, been heretofore given.

The other instance of that campaign to be mentioned is adduced because of its illustrative significance. It relates to one of the most brilliant achievements of a single officer in the whole history of warfare : the passage of the perilous *pedrigal* by Captain Lee (as he then was), that black, stormy night at Contreras, and his indomitable energy in collecting, and bringing up by dawn, the coöperative force threatening direct attack, which rendered effectual the previously planned assault in rear. That victory, thus made so sure and so signal, illustrates the method of compelling the enemy's attention in front while destroying him in rear, repeated again and again, years later, on a grander theatre, by this commanding genius and his great

lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson. Not for this lesson then, however, of course, were the circumstances told us by Colonel Lee, but mainly to indulge his gift of humor on another matter. Victory being complete, and the army adjusted for necessary refreshment, the untiring Captain of Engineers was in his tent, absorbed over a drawing-board in plans of the battle, when a touch on the shoulder attracted his attention. It was that of General —, who, on being courteously saluted by the industrious draughtsman, greeted him with the remark, "This, Captain Lee, is the proudest day of my life!" "Is it, General?" was the reply; "I am glad to hear it. But why so?" "Because," continued the General, "all my plans have so entirely succeeded." At this the Colonel told us he could scarcely retain a civil gravity, so ludicrous was the sublime assurance of a personage who, knowing his acquaintance with all the facts, could nevertheless attempt to palm upon him so hollow a pretension. "He had much less to do with the affair than my horse," said Colonel Lee; and though his manner was full of amusement as he described the scene, toward the perpetrator of such folly his tone was forbearing and kindly. The bitter or harsh seemed to him strange, and pity congenial even where condemnation was unavoidable. In no instance during our struggle, so far as known to me, had he to reprove or ridicule vanity of this type in a subordinate, although some of our commanders were, doubtless, less wisely modest than their chief. Some, however, on the other side, whom an impartial world must always regard as preposterously vainglorious, he had occasion to deal with less tenderly than with his Mexican acquaintance; while others remained unchastened, apparently to divert mankind with ridiculous self-sufficiency.

Whatever were the right or wrong of the invasion of poor Mexico ordered by the authorities of the United States, and however admirable the military and other merit exhibited in the campaign by Colonel Lee and a number of his comrades, that war proved, it can scarcely be doubted, one of the links in the long chain of agencies which, within less than a decade and a half of its close, brought together in deadly conflict the antagonistic sections of the United States; the weaker and defensive portion battling for very life, against threatened destruction of covenanted rights; the stronger and aggressive, for supremacy and aggrandisement. That encounter familiarised the people with the idea of war. It gave an impulse to military motives and measures, and by reason of the vast territory won, it stimulated into angrier energy, abolition and other passions and the lust of gainful power on the one side, and on the other the fierce spirit of defiance.

In this way, however, or in some other, the struggle between the sections must, apparently, human nature being as it is, have been brought on sooner or later. Essentially and circumstantially it seems to have been unavoidable. Far as the children of men yet are from being generally governed by reason, justice, and kindness, by divine truth, sacred duty, and gentle charity, peace can hardly, on rational grounds, be expected long to prevail anywhere. Least of all can it be looked for, one cannot but think, in this immense republic, where

clashing interests and tempting prizes abound beyond precedent, where criminal selfishness and party passions readily pervert forms of liberty, and where the press and other agencies of intelligence, adapted in good hands to be powers benign, are made by the bad, who perhaps most often control them, well-nigh resistless for mischief. Independently thus of the Mexican war were there at work causes of early origin and ever-increasing force, adequate to the abrogation of the once friendly compact between the communities of people commonly known as the States. Without fairly, though very briefly, considering one or two of the most prominent of these, it is impossible to do anything like justice to the character of General Lee and his distinguished associates.

Of such forces tending to blood, the SLAVERY AGITATION was perhaps most potent. Pressed by some with fanatical fury, and by more and more with criminal disingenuousness, as a mere pretext for political plans, that protracted and ever-intensifying convulsion was undoubtedly of dire influence toward destroying the friendship of the sections, and substituting the rule of mere numbers for the safeguards of the Constitution; in other words, supplanting reason and right by brute force. What is to be the farther result as the "irrepressible conflict" and "higher law" philosophy announced by Mr. Seward, put in practice by Mr. Lincoln, and now controlling the empire, works out in morals, private and public, and in government processes, can by the All-wise alone be as yet discerned. But to me it seems among the saddest of certainties that not yet has the end been even approached, loudly as the beneficiaries of the system boast of the advantages of centralised power and boundless nationality in connection with modern science and material development. Looking at the corruption existing where gain abounds, and at the social chaos wrought among us by the cruel vengeance which seeks to reverse divine ordinances and make the inferior Africans our equals and rulers, a thoughtful man finds small comfort in the prospect. How strikingly similar is the imperial condition here to-day to that of the old Roman Empire, when it seemed indeed pacified, but carried surely within itself the elements of ruin. "It would be a delusion," historians tell us, "to imagine that when the world was reduced under one sceptre, any real principle of unity held its different parts together. The Emperor was deified because men were enslaved. . . . The empire was only the order of external government, with a chaos both of opinions and morals within."*

In the interval between the close of the Mexican War and the commencement of that between the States of this Union, while Colonel Lee was, as before, in his arduous profession, serving the whole country, and with wisdom and influence still increasing, the portentous character of the "abolition" mischief had become fully manifest.

The second section of the fourth article of the old Constitutional covenant had expressly provided, with a view to the Southern institution, that "*Servants in one State escaping into another should, on claim and proof, be given up,*" and Congress, by special law, as early as

* Conybeare & Howson. *Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* Vol. 1, p. 14.

1793 had prescribed processes for enforcing the provision ; and yet so potent, one way or another, had abolition zeal become between 1850 and 1860 as to induce as many as *fourteen* Northern States not only formally to "nullify" that old law of Congress, but absolutely to set aside the venerable stipulation of the Constitution which it enforced, and in some memorable instances to intensify such "nullification" by bloody violence. In comparison with proceedings so outrageous and on such a scale, the claim of South Carolina to interpose her sovereignty toward arresting Congressional enactments deemed unconstitutional and oppressive, sinks into utter insignificance. Those very people, however, continually hurled denunciation at that gallant Southern State, and are to this day visiting her true people with direst malice for what they charged as her offence of "nullification." Upon the passionate agitation, professedly under the impulse of humanitarianised Christianity, though strangely in conflict with Scriptural examples* and statutes of Divine authority,† and most unchristian in temper and methods, Colonel Lee looked with the anxiety of a wise and good man and genuine patriot. His convictions on the subject are so admirably expressed in a letter written from his distant post in Texas at the close of 1856, and already laid before the public, that I consider it due to him in this connection to give them emphasis. Speaking of "the systematic and progressive efforts of certain people at the North to interfere with and change the domestic institutions of the South," he says: "These people must be aware that their object is both unlawful and foreign to them and their duty, and that this institution, for which they are irresponsible and unaccountable, can only be changed *by them* through the agency of a civil and servile war. There are few, I believe," he goes on to say, "in this enlightened age who will not acknowledge that slavery, as an institution, is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it a greater evil to the white than to the black race. While my feelings are strongly enlisted in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are stronger for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, physically and socially. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their farther instruction as a race, and, I hope, will prepare them for better things. How long their servitude may be necessary is known and ordered by a merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and melting influence of Christianity than from the storms and tempests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of Our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While we see the course of the *final* abolition of human slavery is still onward, and give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands who sees the end, who chooses to work by slow influences, and with whom two thousand years are but as a single day. Although

*See Genesis xvi. 9, and Ep. to Philemon v. 14; Eph. vi. 5, &c., &c.

† Exodus xx.; Commandments 4th and 10th, &c., &c.

the Abolitionist must know this, must know that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means, and that to benefit the slave (in his way) he must excite angry feelings in the master; that although he may not approve the mode by which Providence accomplishes its purpose, the result will be still the same; that the reasons he gives for interference in what he has no concern with, hold good with every kind of meddling with our neighbor: still, I fear, he will persevere in his evil course. . . . Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve their own freedom of opinion, have always proved themselves most intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?"

How just, calm, and judicious that admirably poised mind in its estimate of a question involving so much, and at a time when excitement respecting it was running so high! It is not too much to say that these sentiments will stand scrutiny to the end of time, and could scarce be improved by the combined righteous reason of Christendom.

That, as our immortal chief believed, the Gospel, although mainly concerned with questions that reach beyond this world, tends on the whole to ameliorate everywhere and ultimately abolish African slavery and all kindred evils in society, right-thinking people have long been generally persuaded. But with this those agitators were not satisfied. They must, at whatever cost of ruin, promulgate a new gospel, more "radical" and rushing than that from heaven, get up a "higher law" more to their mind than the Decalogue. That the Supreme Majesty gave no token of displeasure with old Abraham for holding slaves was to them nothing. That the fourth and tenth enactments, divinely stamped on stone at Sinai, specifically recognised the institution, as is in the original beyond dispute, without a hint of disapproval, they set at naught. That He who spake as never man, opening truth and grace for all generations, amid His wondrous sayings and doings uttered no potent abolition word, about Him everywhere as was severe bondage, had for them no lesson. That His inspired ambassadors not only observed the same caution, but gave the Church instructions authoritative throughout the ages, full of wisdom and goodness for masters and servants (including slaves), the direct opposite of Abolition violence, was, like all else, in their passionate blindness of no account. That, in view of all these authorities, the transfer of negroes — with their hopeless incapacity for direct or high civilisation, and their providential adaptation to labor in conditions more or less tropical — from African heathenism, so full of horrors, to servitude under the at least partially Christianised Caucasian stock in America, was, despite much cruelty in the traffic, regarded throughout Christendom during the three hundred years between early in the sixteenth century and early in the nineteenth, as, all things considered, both lawful and merciful, was to the Abolition partisan merely a provoking fact. Must not disinterested reason regard that abolition madness as a presumptuous iniquity, and enlightened piety denounce it as a Bible-dishonoring crime? Whether retribution here awaits its agents, we know not; unfolding Providence will by-and-by manifest. Even darker, if possible, than this was the criminal deed. None knew better than the Abolitionists that African

slavery in these Southern States was far more their misfortune than their fault; that it came, as just now said, from the ideas of all Christendom a century or two back, was suited to the climate and productions of the country, and was developed into the dimensions it reached, never by Southern, but by English and Northern conductors of the gainful though eventually odious slave-trade.

I dwell upon this iniquitous agitation in connection with General Lee, not only because its malignant spirit was the proximate cause of the war, and because, as has been seen, his convictions about it were so just and decided, but because, in addition, it was so ordered as that he should be employed in arresting its first atrocious attempt at servile war; and had with his accustomed magnanimity to deal with the questions it involved when declining the tender by Mr. Lincoln of the command-in-chief of the army for the subjugation of the Southern States.

With the prompt and efficient service rendered by Colonel Lee in arresting the fanatic John Brown and his accomplices the world is familiar. The abortive raid, bad as was its purpose, and fatal to some worthy citizens, including a valued friend of my own, was too impotent to have possessed significance save as a symptom of the dementing passions born of Abolitionism. One of the almost incredible manifestations of such passions was the expression, by a number of leading Northern ministers from their pulpits, of sympathy with the wretched assassin, and the assignment of a martyr's crown to him by them, when he was executed under the laws of Virginia. Another was, and still is, the notorious and otherwise senseless watchword, "John Brown's soul is marching on," often sung as a refrain by the Northern rabble, and intended solely to express and inflame the enmity of that people and their army.

That the States from Maryland to Texas, burdened with an institution for the existence of which they were no more responsible than their assailants, and which yet by its very existence excited destructive hatred, made incalculably more dangerous by those who used it as a pretext for plunder, should meet the wrongs and menaces addressed to them with indignant defiance, was of course inevitable. And that some, in that way, went to irrational extremes cannot be denied. But had there been on the other side, instead of so much fury, reason, justice and kindness, a sincere humanity considerate of all rights, fairly willing to share the property-loss of manumission, and its social trouble by letting it be gradual, and then wisely providing for the blacks elsewhere, vastly different had been the sentiment returned. As the scheme was—substantial ruin and social chaos all on one side for the aggrandisement of the other—utmost resistance was the only proper treatment of it before heaven and earth.

This question, however, stood not alone. It was inseparably commingled with prejudices of descent, proportion of taxes, plans of favor to Northern manufacturing interests, &c., and was vitally intertwined with the transcendent issue respecting the *rights* of the States inherently and under the Federal compact—mightiest by far of all those involved in our tremendous conflict, and just as far to-day as

ever from being settled by the tribunal of universal right reason. All *ad captandum* talk about "the logic of events," in such connection, is sheer nonsense. As well claim that any ruffian's knock-down argument against a virtuous though less vigorous citizen proves his quarrel just; or that a nation turned for a season by frantic passion into pandemonium, as has been once and again witnessed in modern Europe, can by such "logic" reverse the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount.

On this issue, just as on the Abolition controversy which in 1860-61 brought it to a crisis, the dispassionate intellect and sound moral judgment of General Lee led him to a conclusion which, though thus far unfortunate, was doubtless, because true, approved on High, and will be more and more applauded by mankind as time advances and principles work out. Compelled to disapprove of errors chargeable against extremists on both sides, and hoping to the last for better counsels, he had eventually to decide, and then found himself obliged to condemn the aggressing, and take part with the threatened people. Scarcely can anything be found in the history of bosom-conflicts to make sure of duty, nobler than that solemn communing with self and heaven through which this eminent soldier reached the conclusion that he must break with a service to which he had devoted his life. Of the convictions under which he did this I happen to know, not only from what he has recorded, but also from himself, and from another most competent to speak on his authority. He was satisfied that Mr. Lincoln's famous apophthegm — "*the States are but large counties*" — was as mischievous as it was false, and that the imperial idea of *coercing* the community of people in a State choosing to revoke their old act that ratified the Federal compact, and to withdraw therefrom on the ground of its violation by other parties, was unauthorised and as fatal to regulated liberty as the enmity-urged Abolition spirit was wrong and destructive.

How calmly, wisely, grandly, did this unswervingly true man and genuine patriot give practical proof of his thorough fidelity! Loving the Union, faithful as a citizen of the United States, and devoted to the public service while just and protective, he felt that the defence of his native State took precedence of all that, and rightly demanded his siding with her on the issue between her subjugation or her deliverance.

It is already historic that Colonel Lee's known conservatism being expected to attach him to the State cause, and his preëminent merit at the same time indicating him as most fit to be secured, if possible, for commander-in-chief of coercive Federal armies, Mr. Lincoln — avowedly an ultra representative of the doctrine, started by Mr. Seward, of an "irrepressible conflict" between the Northern and Southern systems of labor, and elected on that very ground — engaged Mr. Blair, of his Cabinet, a milder representative of the intended issue, to have a conference with the distinguished soldier, and endeavor to persuade him to stand by the Administration, command its armies, and advance its policy. So much has been recorded on General Lee's authority, I know; but there is more I am bound to relate on the same authority. On his modestly yet decidedly

negating the proposal, Mr. Blair asked him to name his own terms ; almost anything not subversive of the new régime and its objects would be granted him. Mr. Blair dwelt on the Abolition question, believed to be one of his respondent's difficulties. The large-souled officer, however, assured him that, as to the mere perpetuation of slavery apart from other issues, he was comparatively unconcerned. If he owned thousands of negroes, he would gladly give them all up (in which, I am sure, numberless masters would have joined him), could it be rightly done, to secure the peace of the country and happiness of the people. That, therefore, was not his difficulty. But he could not believe the coercive policy constitutional or right. Nothing would induce him to fight against his own State. It was urged, he might by compliance save Virginia. He could not see how that was honorably possible, if war was to be waged at all. The request was pressed that he would see Mr. Lincoln and interchange views with him ; but that also he respectfully declined as useless, irreconcilable as were his convictions with the known controlling ideas of the new power. So ended the interview. It was followed by a sleepless night of anxious, devout reflection upon the impending rupture and his own course of duty. The result was deeper conviction that he had done what was proper in rejecting those overtures, that he could no longer serve the United States in any capacity, and that, bound to his native Virginia by prime allegiance, he must fight, if at all, in her defence. Accordingly his simple and touching letter of resignation was addressed to General Scott. The well-known remark of that veteran when they parted the previous day, "Lee, you have made the greatest mistake of your life ; but I feared it would be so," proves how the elder soldier, Virginian as he too was, estimated the virtue of his younger friend, while himself regarding as a mistake so sublime a sacrifice of self to principle.

The convictions thus expressed and acted upon by Lee, as to the relations between the communities represented by the States and their common governmental agency, actuated him all through his eventful career, and went with him to the grave. I shall have occasion to repeat a most emphatic expression of them to myself near the close of our protracted contest. And he has left a memorial of them of a peculiarly delicate yet affecting kind, made with his own hand the year before his death. It occurs in the biography which he prepared of his distinguished father, and prefixed to the third edition of the celebrated "Southern-Campaign Memoirs" of the elder General, republished by our General Lee in 1869. It consists in the emphasising by italics of an expressive quotation from a letter of his father to Mr. Madison, on an important occasion in 1792, very soon after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in these words: "*No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard or forgetfulness of this Commonwealth.*" Now I put it to right-thinking men everywhere, to Northern friends as well as to our own people: Is there a well-informed, virtuous mind in the world, unperverted by interested partisanship, that can disapprove this sentiment? Has it not the sanction of judgment and heart throughout humanity? Is it mere

party, and not sober truth as well, that pronounces the soul "dead" which responds not earnestly to the utterance, "My own, my native land"? Nay, the sentiment is sacred, world-embracing as are human charities in their best estate, under the gospel to be. See the father of the faithful, how, friend of the Almighty as he is pronounced, he fights in behalf of his assailed kindred. How the great heart of Moses yearns over his own people. Psalmists and prophets inspired pour out "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in devoted love for Israel and Jerusalem. The great Apostle of the Gentiles can almost wish himself accursed for his brethren's sake according to the flesh. And He, so much greater than all, whose love embraced entire kindreds and ages, is sent peculiarly to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," weeps over the woes of that people whose blood he shares as over none beside, and leaves it as imperative command that not until there faithfully uttered shall his proffers of mercy be proclaimed to other tribes and regions. Is it not, then, a monstrous and mischief-working delusion, at war with revelation, reason, history, the governmental principles of our fathers, and some of the most irrepressible instincts of the soul, to attempt to force subserviency to a vast, crushing American imperialism, in place of our heaven-implanted love of home and its rights and safeguards? Suppose it were tried to establish one immense European tyranny, would it be possible for any force to make the German people love it as they do old "Fatherland"? or the Gallic stock embrace it in their hearts as their own "Belle France"? or the virtuous countrymen of Alfred, and Wickliffe, and Shakspeare, and Chatham, to give it that strong affection with which they would die for dear England? Then, is it any more possible, I ask you, for power, how resistless soever, really to make Texans, so fondly clinging to the memories of achieved independence represented in their "lone star" flag; or us Virginians, with our valued banner and its motto *Sic semper tyrannis*; or gallant Carolinians, with their record of honor; or suffering Louisianians,—to make us or any other true people to yield our soul's devotion to our homes, and our own long recognised protecting States, and take instead, otherwise than as a demoralising sham destined to ultimate disaster, a compulsory profession of indefinite American allegiance, American loyalty, and American patriotism?

That the people of the Northern and Northwestern States have in general so little of this State and home affection, and sneer at us for cherishing it, is undoubtedly one of the ominous facts of their social morality—largely due, in the West probably, to recency of settlement, and in the East, to the scattering of families, young males going off to new regions, and females to factory and other avocations; and in no small measure, besides, to the heterogeneous stocks of their immigrant population. It was partly owing to this that those multitudes so readily seized the imperial idea in opposition to our State principles, and are still indifferent to the crushing of local liberty under the car of a resistless, so-called, "nationality." It was not that they sincerely believed the constitutional compact so meant, or that the people in the States in severally acceding to it ever intended to subject themselves to such tyranny. Nor was it that they considered it

possible for half a continent, any more than the entire globe, to be happily protected in all local rights and interests under a single central imperialism,—whether wielded by one despotic will, or nominally representing the passions and votes of a widely scattered, sadly ignorant and vicious, and often mutually hostile, one, two, three, five hundred millions. But it was that they had with us no special sympathies, while many were maddened against us by abolition hatred, and many more were hungry for plunder. The New England States, it is notorious, in the very midst of the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, because its incidents pressed upon their profits, clamored loudly and plotted secretly against the Federal authority, on the asserted ground of the inherent rights of the several commonwealths. And their nullifying, with so many others, the Federal law and Constitution forty years later, in the abolition interest, shows again the rights they claimed. Besides, until the “irrepressible conflict” crusade preached by Messrs. Seward, Lincoln, and others, opened up the prospect of war between the sections and forcible emancipation, loud was the universal cry of abolitionists for a dissolution of the Union, in fact for the “secession” of the Northern States. What sincerity was there, then, in the rallying call they so speedily adopted, “The life of the nation”?

Virginia, favored of heaven for generations in the wise and good men who had guided her destinies, having virtually given existence to the government of the United States, and lavishly endowed it with a fertile territory well-nigh boundless, like her great son, General Lee, could not give up the old, well-balanced constitutional Union without profoundest sorrow. She therefore earnestly pleaded for conciliation. But her efforts proved in vain. Forced, then, to decide between her seceding sisters and their destructive assailant, with a nobly heroic spirit she stood forth to resist coercion; and maintained her post of duty until, torn, bleeding, bereaved, and exhausted, she fell, with her allies, a prey to overpowering enemies. It is noticeable that her decision in convention was reached the very day before Mr. Blair in vain endeavored to seduce General Lee from his allegiance to her. Her action, therefore, plainly determined his course.

War being inevitable under this action of the Old Dominion, responsive to Mr. Lincoln’s call for an immense army of invasion, and this eminent son of the Commonwealth and renowned soldier being released from Federal obligations, her patriotic Governor and Convention at once, with combined earnestness, tendered him the command of all the forces of Virginia. This, grave as were its consequences to himself, and weighty its responsibilities, with characteristic modest manliness he accepted. We remember the scene when he was welcomed by the Convention in Richmond, and how, as they looked upon the man and listened to the few significant words in which he dedicated himself to the cause of the State, “all felt that we had a leader worthy of the State and the cause.”* Everything had then to be prepared for the gigantic issue. And his organising genius was forthwith given to that herculean task. Virginia, like her Southern sisters of the Confederacy forming at Montgomery, was

* General Early’s Address of 1872, p. 5.

wholly destitute of war-appliances. She had no soldiers, no arms, no ammunition, no material, no anything, ready for such a contest. Whereas her enemies, wielding the Federal government, held all the resources of such kind for land and naval warfare, to which the Southern States had been proportionately contributing for three-fourths of a century. A considerable regular army, forts and arsenals everywhere, a powerful marine, armaments of every kind and as most improved by modern skill, and access to every region for whatsoever they desired. That General Lee in Virginia, and the improvised government at Montgomery, were able at all to provide for coping with odds so overwhelming was a proof of sagacity and vigor nothing short of marvellous.

Soon after the General had entered upon his arduous office, the duty devolved upon me, in my humbler sphere, of having with him an interview, the impression left by which time cannot efface. Minister as I was of the Prince of Peace, and had happily been for more than twenty years, a call had reached me which, looking to the Searcher of hearts, I felt under the circumstances not at liberty to decline. A number of young men, neighbors and friends, partaking the spirit of all our people, having volunteered to serve as an artillery company in defending home and everything held most dear on earth, altogether unexpectedly besought me to become their captain. Stonewall Jackson, his associates at the Virginia Military Institute, and the corps of Cadets, had all gone from Lexington under orders. There was nobody anywhere to be obtained who had ever even seen a cannon loaded. My early training and few years of army service came thus necessarily into requisition. Weighing the question as best I could, and burdening no human being with such responsibility by asking counsel, I found myself obliged, in the light of Scripture on the whole, and under the dictates of conscience and practical reason, guided, as was, and is, my belief, in answer to prayer, to decide that to decline the call would be wrong, and that the "Captain of our salvation" Himself would in the emergency, were His voice vouchsafed, so direct. To a like decision my honored friend, Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, was soon after brought in relations perhaps even more trying. While almost every able-bodied clergyman among us was ready to serve, and a large number actually did, with alacrity, as faithful soldiers in defence of home and country, Northern ministers, it seems, never so acted. And they denounced us as recreant to our high and holy calling. Yet multitudes, probably the vast majority of them, preached war, directly or indirectly; and some of them, if truly reported, with a spirit worthy of the Evil One himself. Must not every fair mind decide it had been far manlier and more Christian had they shared the peril and other experiences to which they, from safe quarters, thus urged their neighbors? Utterly unentitled, therefore, to consideration is their judgment on such a question as the one before us. That, however, of the disinterested Christian intelligence of this age and of posterity is not to be despised. Still, whatever it may be, subsequent events and reflection have only deepened my own convictions that our course was right. So that, could the condition be reproduced again and again, that course would assuredly be to the

end repeated. This explanation will not, I trust, appear out of place, in view of the relations towards our matchless commander, in the progress of events, assigned to me.

The interview just now mentioned, to which my new duties conducted, occurred in General Lee's office in Richmond. Its occasion was a visit from myself to obtain equipment for the artillery company, nothing of the kind being otherwise procurable. The company, meanwhile, in charge of the next officer, set out, under orders, to join Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry. Burdened as he was with anxious care and with a thousand details, General Lee received me with his own grave dignity, yet with cordial kindness; and having promptly arranged for the appliances required, conversed carefully, though with something of the freedom of confidence. He spoke of the immense disadvantages of our situation with the solemnity of a mind resolved, steady, and equal to any emergency, but misled by no delusive vision. The strength of soul, clearness of judgment, purity of purpose, and entire exaltation of character then and there evidenced in all his bearing and utterances, greatly enhanced the affectionate admiration I had long entertained for him as among the most perfect of men.

During the first twelve months of the struggle the services of General Lee were on a theatre removed from that whereon were appointed my limited duties. Those services were of a kind less conspicuous, you remember, than those of some others of our justly admired commanders, and subjected him to something of popular misapprehension. They, however, who thoroughly knew the man, remained steadfastly sure of his transcendent ability and unfailing reliableness, and that his non-achievement of results popularly expected, was simply proof of their being impracticable, for causes not explained. Of this number the statesman and patriot at the head of the Confederacy was happily one. And I can testify that (his subsequent great lieutenant) Stonewall Jackson was another. Well do I remember one fall night of 1861, when, by invitation of the latter, it was my privilege to lodge with him alone in his tent, he passed a thrilling eulogium upon General Lee. With a view to ulterior action, respecting which peculiar intermediary duty devolved upon me, he was unfolding a plan of campaign he had conceived, which, had he then been known, as afterwards, would assuredly have been adopted, and as certainly successful, I am confident,* to the early achievement of our liberties. Because of considerations affecting honored friends I am not at liberty now to speak of this more definitely. It involved the chief command of a suddenly combined army, and bold movement by General Lee. And on mentioning this the subordinate hero remarked of the other, in his peculiar tone of earnest decision, "Colonel, General Lee is the only man I ever knew whom I would willingly follow blindfold." How grandly was this great estimate afterwards vindicated, illustrating at once the unparalleled merit discerned, and the eagle-eyed intuition by which it was so clearly seen. Where in all history have two men like these appeared, so endowed with power and its attendant consciousness, of whom one, sincere in every movement of his being, could thus express his trust in the almost superhuman

excellences of the other? Before a tribute like this, panegyric dwindles into insignificance.

On the last day of May, 1862, the second day of the series of sharp actions known as the "Battle of Seven Pines," a few miles below Richmond, General Joseph E. Johnston, another son of Virginia greatly distinguished for virtues as a man, services as a soldier, and ability as a commander, received a severe disabling wound. General Lee being then in Richmond on supervisory duty, was after a day or two, during which General G. W. Smith sustained the responsibility, assigned to the command of the "Army of Northern Virginia," thus left partly vacant in the very presence and under pressure of the enemy. And those who witnessed the instantaneousness of the new commander's arrangements, adapted to the crisis, felt forthwith satisfied that into no feeble hands had fallen the destinies of our cause.

Upon the campaign which followed it is not at all my purpose to dwell; nor upon those which succeeded. They have been so well, and for the most part accurately described, and with their general course you are so familiar, that it were needless and wearying for me to speak of them in detail. Not, however, to recall the more prominent facts, and a few illustrative reminiscences, were to be untrue to the occasion.

In the almost incredibly short time of a little over three weeks after assuming command, General Lee had arranged and was prepared to effect that daring strategic combination against McClellan and his hosts which, rendered practicable by Jackson's resistless vigor, was executed with a power and precision scarcely ever equalled in the history of war. That the grand army threatening Richmond of one hundred and six thousand Federals, supplied with about four hundred cannon and everything else which modern science could furnish towards making sure their destructive purpose, should be assailed in flank, rear and front with overwhelming power, broken, driven, and sent far off to crouch under inaccessible sheltering gunboats, by a force of less than eighty thousand men, poorly armed, having of indifferent guns not half as many as the enemy possessed of superb quality, and well-supplied with nothing — was an achievement to convince the world of the prowess of such patriot soldiers as were here hastily assembled from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, and their Southern sisters, and of the incomparable superiority of their noble commander and his leading lieutenants.

Sixty days after that glorious deliverance occurred the tremendous chastisement, at Second Manassas, of the braggart Pope with his hundred and thirty thousand men, by General Lee and his able subordinates with less than fifty thousand, the enemy again hastening to shelter, and this time within the defences of Washington, out of reach by reason of the broad and deep Potomac to be crossed. With adequate means, what would not the Southern commander despite all obstacles have then accomplished?

Work like this, under the disadvantage of every kind of want, could not be performed by officers or men without well-nigh disabling exhaustion. In General Lee's own case the wear and tear of cease-

less thought and action was rendered even more trying by personal suffering under which most men would have succumbed. Although myself too much enfeebled by disease, contracted in midsummer duty on the Chickahominy and James River marshes, to take active part in the great fight of Second Manassas, it was my lot to reach and stand near our commander on an exposed, elevated point, whence he could see and direct much of the battle, about the time when he received a painful injury. He had dismounted, and was with field-glass surveying the scene, at the same time holding the bridle-rein of his horse. By a shell, exploding very near, the spirited animal was startled and made a sudden spring. The General's attention being otherwise engaged, he could not resist the unexpected jerk of the bridle, and finding himself falling, caught on his hands. One of them was, by the jar on uneven ground, badly hurt — dislocated, I believe, and two fingers forced back and broken. It was under the constant discomfort of this injury that he conducted the remaining portion of that grand fight and the rapid and important movements immediately following Pope's annihilation — crossing the Potomac at Leesburg, inspiring the Washington dynasty with a wholesome alarm, which the issue would have amply justified had his resources sufficed; covering Jackson's capture of Harper's Ferry with its immense stores and garrison of twelve thousand men, and then concentrating his columns for the sanguinary encounter at Sharpsburg, under all the disadvantages occasioned by McClellan's being more than usually energetic in consequence of a dispatch of General Lee to one of his chief subordinates falling into McClellan's hands.

Wonderful was that battle of September 17th, 1862, at Sharpsburg, as were General Lee and his army in repulsing the over threefold enemy. By plying the mighty agencies at their command, the war-managers at Washington were able two weeks after Pope's overthrow to bring together another immense multitude. Meanwhile, without access to recruits, the Southern force was by hard marching, hard fare and hard fighting most seriously reduced; so that while McClellan brought up to the attack about ninety thousand Federals, equipped as always, General Lee had with him less than twenty-seven thousand men, every way imperfectly provided, and a considerable portion of his artillery was absent guarding the passes of the Potomac. Thoroughly stunned again, however, were the magnificent wearers of blue, and they dared not next day renew the trial. The dauntless Southern commander having offered the challenge which was thus declined, wisely that second night recrossed the Potomac, lest the enemy's reinforcements should make the odds too great for even his veterans. No serious attempt was made to molest him.

Improving the breathing-time of a few weeks which resulted from the enemy's demoralised condition, General Lee, with habitual care, refreshed and encouraged his troops, and gathered, as he could, men and means for the next encounter. As events developed, it became evident that Fredericksburg was to be its scene. Accordingly, when the new Federal commander, General Burnside, appeared there in

December, with the old song "On to Richmond," he found the way blocked by a resolute and impregably posted antagonist. So blundering was the attempt of Burnside on that position, December 13th, 1862, and so easily was he beaten, notwithstanding the immensity of his force and power of his arms, that it seemed on our side rather a skirmish than a battle, though of the enemy the slaughter was terrific. Under the flag of truce sent by Burnside for permission to bury his dead, we rode over the field, and the sight of his dead and dying, in such amazing numbers, was absolutely sickening. From prominent points in our line almost the entire scene could be taken in by the eye. And at one of these, the most commanding, where we had a few powerful guns, General Lee remained much of the day, observing the field; only too indifferent, as was his wont, to danger from the large, numerous, and well-aimed missiles hurled especially thither from the enemy's heavy batteries, across the Rappahannock. Seldom, in all the wars of the world, has a spectacle been presented like that which, from this central elevation, we looked upon. More than one hundred thousand blue-coated men in the open plain, with every military appliance, in battle order, and moving in their respective subdivisions to attack our line. Although our numbers were certainly not half those of the enemy, there was misgiving, probably, in no officer or man as to the result. Events in one quarter of the field, as it lay before us, attracted peculiar interest, and gave occasion to one of those characteristic remarks of General Lee which told at once of his capacity for enjoying the excitements of action, and of the good feeling and strong principle that kept it under control. A large force advanced rapidly to charge our right. Stonewall Jackson was there, and that he would promptly hurl them back little doubt was entertained. Still no such assault can be witnessed without earnest interest, if not concern. Nor was the shock received on our side without loss. There fell the heroic General Gregg, of the gallant and now vengeance-suffering State of South Carolina. Presently, however, as was anticipated, the spirited charge was reversed, and blue figures by thousands were seen recrossing, "double-quick," with faces to the rear, the space they had traversed, and hundreds of gray pursuers hastening their speed. While younger spectators near us gave expression to their feelings by shouts, clapping of hands, &c., the gratified yet considerate and amiable commander turned to myself, and with beaming countenance said, "*It is well war is so terrible, or we should get too fond of it.*" Not long after an incident occurred which made us shudder for our beloved chief. One of our large guns on that eminence, having to be plied continuously against another portion of the enemy's line, which was advancing to charge that part of our defences held by the good and gallant Georgian, General Tom Cobb, and being, like much hastily-cast Southern ordnance, of insufficient tenacity, finally burst with prodigious violence. None, wonderfully and happily, were struck by its fragments. And, remarkably, those who stood nearest, of whom the individual relating it to you was one, within a little over arm's length, although considerably jarred by the shock, proved to be really in less danger than others farther off. General Lee was standing perhaps fifty feet in the rear, and a large

piece of the cannon, weighing, we estimated, about a third of a ton, fell just beyond him. He thus very narrowly escaped death. Like himself, however, he only looked upon the mass calmly for a moment, and then, without a syllable expressive of surprise or concern, continued the business occupying him at the time.

Burnside, satisfied with his disastrous failure, did not attempt its repetition. The great campaign of 1862 was finished; and save by its successors, under the same consummate captain, the judgment of the world will undoubtedly be—when the whole comes, as eventually it will, to be clearly seen, in spite of the arts of power to pervert history—that, all things considered, it has never been surpassed, if equalled, in the annals of war.

With the amazing discomfiture of Hooker at Chancellorsville, May 2d and 3d, and the corresponding punishment of his associate Sedgwick, on the 3d and 4th, at Fredericksburg and below Chancellorsville, opened the struggle of 1863. Signal as were the victories then achieved, ever mournfully do all now addressed know will they be remembered, because obtained at the priceless cost of Stonewall Jackson's life. Of that world-honored man let me say a passing word. He was my dear friend, and as you know, the friend of my son, his adjutant-general, afterwards, like him, a victim in the cause of righteous home-government. A short time before these movements began I visited them together at General Jackson's headquarters. Being pressed by the General to spend the night with him, I did so. After accustomed devotions, simple and suitable, to which, when possible, he always summoned his military family, at about the usual hour we lay down for rest. One of his blankets made our joint bed, another our covering. As we thus lay bound in Christian friendship, the great Lieutenant-general a devoted Presbyterian and his associate an earnest ordained Churchman-soldier, conversation was for a considerable time more grateful than sleep. Jackson spoke in his deep, quiet way of the justice, even sacredness of our cause, and of the wrongfulness of our enemy's purposes and programme, and of his own hope of their being by God's blessing effectually resisted. Upon the need of invoking that blessing he dwelt with earnestness, and in connection therewith asked what in my own case had proved the best way, under all the hindrances of our situation, of cultivating the spirit and habit of prayer. The constant mental use of the model prayer given by our Lord was of course my reply, with thoughtful address to our Father in heaven of its every petition, dwelt upon and applied, sometimes in fragments, as ejaculation, sometimes in fullness, as embracing in brief every need. He cordially agreed that it was indeed the simplest practical course under the difficulties of such a mode of life, in fact always under pressing trial, for keeping genuine piety alive in the soul. When again I saw him he was a maimed and patient sufferer, about to pass into "a better country," and bade me on my necessary departure a gentle, loving farewell. How blessed is the memory of the just! The strong feeling of General Lee for his grand subordinate, and the solemn utterances respecting him from his own noble heart, constitute one of the evidences most impressive of *his* intrinsic greatness.

As everywhere the odds were enormously against us, so were they beyond accustomed proportion at Chancellorsville and in its associated engagements. The absence of one-fourth of General Lee's army on distant service being known by Hooker, actually induced his advance. The latter controlled altogether about one hundred and thirty thousand men, backed by all warlike engines, while our indomitable commander had for all points an entire force scarcely reaching one-third of that number, with appliances as usual quite as disproportionate. With the sequel you are familiar. General Hooker and his force were effectually disposed of, although not captured nor absolutely crushed, as they would have been but for Jackson's fall, and General Lee's inadequate resources rendering it impracticable for him to prevent their recrossing the Rappahannock. Our bold strategist therefore resolved to prevent again the "on to Richmond" policy by threatening movements of his own. He accordingly proceeded at once into the lower "Valley of Virginia," and then, after some preparations, across the upper Potomac into Pennsylvania. Of this Pennsylvania invasion, and of the battle of Gettysburg, the non-gaining of which eventuated most probably in our ultimate ruin, there are one or two important facts respecting which duty requires me to testify.

Aware that their desolation of our country justly exposes them to the condemnation of mankind, as well as the displeasure of the Most High, our enemies have at times resorted to the excuse, lame if true, but egregiously untrue, so far at least as responsible parties were concerned, that like excesses were perpetrated by us when we could invade. In reply we point to Order No. 73, issued by General Lee at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, June 27th, 1863. How eminently worthy was it of the cause and of the man! Listen to one paragraph as a specimen of the whole. "It must be remembered," said he, addressing his army, in which there were numbers whose homes had been desecrated and destroyed, "that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending Him to whom 'vengeance belongeth,' without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain." To the scrupulous care with which this was enforced I can solemnly bear witness. As one illustration, I mention a minute incident. As we moved from Chambersburg onward, I rode with General Lee. Some staff-officers were ahead. In an hour or two we came up with them. They had halted, dismounted, and taken down a panel of the roadside fence, and were indulging their hungry horses with a bite of tempting clover. The General stopped near them, spoke of the impropriety of their thus trespassing, reminded them of the order on the subject, and with a tone kind but imperative directed them to come out, put up the fence, and set no more such an example. Even apart from and before the issue of that order, its principles and spirit animated our army. From one of my son's letters I quote a passage exemplifying this. He was adjutant-general of the Second Corps under Ewell, as he had been under Jackson. That corps led the way into Pennsylvania.

Writing home from Greencastle, Pennsylvania, June 23d, 1863, four days before General Lee's order, he used this language: "The exalted superiority of our race has never struck me so forcibly as now, when under so many circumstances of provocation they move with thorough decorum through a country they would otherwise gladly ravage. I came to-day eighteen miles along the road travelled yesterday by Rodes' division, and the only sign of the passage of an army was that on one cherry-tree the limbs were broken. This is literally true; and I am glad of it."

With these facts, and this spirit and demeanor, compare the policy and animus alike of the Northern government and people, and of their officers and soldiers throughout the war. Look at Butler in New Orleans; at General Grant's approval of the raider Sheridan's dishonorable boast that he had so desolated the charming Valley of Virginia that "*a crow flying over it must carry its own rations*;" at the unmanly delight with which the otherwise insignificant Hunter so carried out the system, approved at Washington and Federal headquarters, against defenceless old men, women and children, as to illustrate the Scriptural picture of godless ravagers: "before them a garden, behind them a desolate wilderness." So was it everywhere. Especially contemplate, however, the disclosures recently, and without doubt unwittingly, made in published Federal documents, of turpitude and malice on the part of Mr. Lincoln's mouthpiece and war-agent at Washington, General Halleck, and of his confederate in the dishonor, the devastating Sherman, who, though Northern-born, was as hostilities approached a resident of Louisiana, and at an entertainment given him there before leaving, while properly declaring he could not fight against his own people, avowed his conviction that the Southern States were right, and holding up his right arm, exclaimed: "*May it wither if ever raised against them!*" To this man, bribed to falsify such a pledge, and late in the war laying waste Georgia and South Carolina, the gentle genius in the Federal capital, his worthy confrère, writes December 18th, 1864: "*Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some ACCIDENT the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent future crops of nullification and secession.*" Six days later General Sherman replies: "*I will bear in mind your hint about Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary,*" &c. "*The truth is, the whole army is burning to wreak vengeance on South Carolina,*" &c. And yet this very man, with turpitude almost incredible, were it not fully proved, tried to make the world believe that the chivalric Hampton fired the beautiful capital of South Carolina, his own beloved Columbia!

I pass to Gettysburg. Never were General Lee's genius and power more signally displayed than there; and yet through errors of others impossible to be counteracted, his admirably planned combinations failed of their effect. One of these mistakes was a miscalculation on the part of his splendid cavalry commander, General Stuart, as to the time required for a collateral enterprise into which he was tempted, and a consequent delay never intended by his great chief. His cavalry thus was not in assigned place, and General Lee could not therefore learn precisely the enemy's movements. Nor was this the

only evil resulting from the absence of that mobile arm. An important infantry division, Pickett's, of Longstreet's corps, had to be employed for a time in guarding ammunition and other trains, when every effective man was needed at the front for the decisive work contemplated by the enterprising and sagacious Confederate leader. Under information which, notwithstanding the absence of his cavalry, General Lee found means to get, his arrangements were made with such admirable skill that his several corps were concentrated exactly at the point and moment of need, though the scene of the encounter was not the one he would have chosen had his clear-sighted and daring cavalry chief been in the right place to notify him in time of the enemy's whereabouts. The major part of the central (third) corps of his army, under its commander, the dashing General A. P. Hill, had marched across a few miles northwest of Gettysburg. The left wing, Ewell's (Jackson's old) corps, the second, was swinging round from farther northwest to meet the left centre; and it was just northwest of Gettysburg that they met and together engaged and defeated the strong advance body of the enemy on July 1st, 1863. Before this preliminary encounter the right wing of our army was in full motion toward the very point where it occurred. While, and after descending the eastern slope of the mountain-range (the Blue Ridge) between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, the Commanding General, with whom I was at the head of the column, seemed concerned about some continuous firing which we heard a considerable distance beyond us. Having listened to it a few minutes, General Lee proposed that we should ride rapidly forward and see what it meant. Arriving in about an hour, and perhaps between three and four o'clock P. M., we found a fight in vigorous progress. As we had no troops on the side of our personal emergence, messengers were immediately dispatched to hurry up the marching column, and some of its artillery before long arrived. This, opening on the rear of the enemy's left, contributed to his speedy defeat and heavy loss. Now occurred one of those unfortunate errors, the series of which so frustrated our commander's plans here. As soon as possible after observing the situation, General Lee sent a courier and a trusty member of his staff to try to find and communicate with the corps commanders, especially Lieut.-General Ewell, who, as of senior rank, was virtually in supreme command until he had knowledge of his chief's arrival. This gallant and justly-honored officer had received a terrible wound at the second battle of Manassas, necessitating the amputation of his thigh; and this inevitably abated somewhat his clear discernment and prompt energy. It happened also that it took an unexpectedly long time for General Lee's messengers, on so busy a field, to find General Ewell, and thus for perhaps two hours he remained unrelieved of his responsibility as ranking commander. Uninformed of orders from the commander-in-chief for pressing the enemy if possible, and partly misconceiving the situation, he thought that the important advantage gained should not be pressed too far; and our troops had, or believed they had, orders from him to pursue the fugitives through the town, and then halt. This the narrator, who had pushed up a body of artillery to the southwest debouchment of the main street of

Gettysburg, had from the lips of General Ramseur, at the instant of his emergence there. Having, as he understood, orders to proceed no further, he requested our artillery to cease firing on the retreating enemy, that the fire of their guns might not be drawn upon his men. Thus General Ewell's want of decision (attributable partly, no doubt, to the effects of the disabling operation under which he had suffered) prevented the important advantage gained from being followed up; and instead of General Lee's urgency, expressed in every practicable way, for pursuing the enemy, the idea became prevalent that orders had been issued to halt. By the time so grave a mistake was known to General Lee, it was too late to have it remedied. The rout was thus not followed up, as it should have been, to the securing the heights that evening immediately east and southeast of the town, which the enemy afterwards turned to account.

The ground farther south of the place was then carefully examined by myself, and being found encouragingly less difficult than the steep ascent fronted by our troops already up, its practicable character was about nine P. M. reported to our Commanding General. He with accustomed attention received the report, and remarked that, already aware of the main facts, he had "ordered General Longstreet to attack on that front at sunrise next morning." General Lee then added to myself that he wished me "to reëxamine the ground as early as possible in the morning, communicate with himself, and also with the lieutenant-general of our First Corps, then our right wing—expected up—and await the arrival of the latter, in order to indicate the facts ascertained, and so prevent as far as possible loss of time in going in advantageously." As soon as light at all appeared next morning, that reconnoissance was accordingly made through a long distance, and in part very close to the enemy, by the quiet capture of two of his pickets and creeping behind a stone-fence nearly parallel to his front. No insuperable difficulty appearing, the coming-up of a reinforcing column in the distance being distinctly seen, and the non-expectancy of attack there being indicated by the prevalence of obvious disorder, the extreme desirableness of our advance without delay was at once reported to the Commanding General, and message also sent of like purport to the lieutenant-general whose sunrise attack had been there ordered. Here, however, occurred the great, the fatal failure of the entire occasion. There was delay unexpected and frustratingly prolonged. Hour after hour slowly dragged on, and our force in position kept in weary suspense, while the enemy had time for adjusting, strengthening, fortifying in every way. The golden opportunity passed. It was twelve M. when the right-wing commander rode up to the point of observation occupied by an attendant or two and myself, and thence saw, besides the general features of the scene, the enemy's ground and the reinforcing column still marching up as it had been conspicuously doing for about seven hours. Elaborate readjustments he then had effected; so that it was four P. M. before the attack planned and ordered for sunrise was made.

Such delay on the part of our right wing, afterwards elaborately discussed in its commander's report, since published, towards its

justification, was at the time known to be lamentable, and by the thoroughly examining will probably be always judged wholly inexcusable, if not unaccountable. Constitutionally unhurrying and proverbially deliberate in his movements as was this sturdy fighter, he nevertheless could not thus, it was believed, without reasons satisfactory at least to himself, prove so disastrously tardy in violation of explicit orders on an occasion of such suprême importance. By an officer or two who saw General Lee, as at my post of waiting I could not, I was told of his mental anguish at the fatal forfeiture of opportunity, far surpassing anything of the kind ever elsewhere evinced by him. Not without adequate knowledge of the governing conditions of the case, including information as to the whereabouts and capabilities of the troops to come up, had the great chief planned that quick movement on the right. The lieutenant-general, its head, had been with his commander the previous evening, *i. e.* of July 1st, and had, with full opportunity of expressing his own views, notwithstanding received *in person* orders for that early attack. The head of his column, a strong force, was reported in camp a few miles off before nightfall, and another gallant, always efficient, strong division would arrive as near in time to rest some hours, and the rest be up and ready by sunrise with reasonable energy. So that, with the vigor on which the Commanding General had a right to calculate under circumstances so imperative, that early flank assault might, and would, he doubted not, be made. That it was not, could be to him only a frustrating failure.

The state of mind in which the delaying lieutenant-general next in rank to the chief then was, would scarcely have been believed of him but for his own disclosure of it. Through Mr. Swinton, the Federal historian, if the latter speaks of him truly,* he alleges that "the Confederate commander having gotten a taste of blood in the considerable success of the first day, . . . lost that equipoise in which his faculties commonly moved," and so blunderingly "determined to give battle"; while had he, the inferior, been supreme, "*he could undoubtedly have manœuvred Meade out of the Gettysburg position,*" instead of making the attack from which "*he forboded the worst.*" With the mental condition of that lieutenant-general thus revealed, the fact, now also well-known, cannot be dissociated that, whatever the emergency, and whatever the significance of General Lee's order for the combined sunrise attack at Gettysburg the second day of the fight and of July, 1863, that senior corps-commander and his troops moved not from camp, several miles off, until considerably after the hour of his expected coöperative appearance before and assault upon the enemy's most vulnerable side. Should any, in view of these facts, press the inquiry why a great commander like Lee did not on the spot supersede his ranking lieutenant-general, found so tardy at such a crisis, the answer is immediate and conclusive. The animus of the slow-moving, jealous corps-chief was at the time unrevealed and unsuspected. Exculpating reasons might possibly exist for so unexpected a delay, fatal as it proved. Neither it, therefore, nor anything else *then* authorised his being treated as untrue. In certain respects

**Army of the Potomac*, pp. 340-341.

of great value, he was known to be eminently reliable, having singularly cool self-possession in extremest danger and difficulty. At the same time no exactly fit successor was indicated. His removal therefore might be neither just nor safe.

However the whole matter may in other respects be regarded, the delay thus occasioned was, it can scarce be questioned, the loss to us of that battle, and with it the cause of constitutional government. In view of the relative condition of the contending armies that morning, and of experience under anything like correspondent relations throughout the war, there can hardly be a reasonable doubt that, had the attack been made in the early morning of that day as intended, General Meade and his force would with comparative ease have been swept away. Then gladly had been accepted our equitable terms of peace.

When the sturdy warrior commanding the First Corps, our right wing, was so late up against his will, as he tells through Mr. Swinton, to make attack, it was made indeed with accustomed steadiness, and on part of the ground with telling effect. But it was too late. Between sunrise and that hour—for all essential purposes an entire day—a vast host had been added to the Federal force at first present, points of prime importance unoccupied by them in the early day had with the accession of numbers been seized, and extensive earthworks had incalculably strengthened a position naturally advantageous. The enemy had then to be dislodged, if at all, only by tremendous exertions, and with lamentable loss of life. A personal incident will illustrate the spirit in which this was met by Southern soldiers. As instructed by General Lee, I went with the head of the nearest attacking column. No sooner did it appear and begin to deploy, than the troops were greeted with a hurricane of shot and shell. General Barksdale, of Mississippi, was with his brigade at the centre front. Almost immediately a poor fellow, desperately wounded, was borne on a blanket just past myself, and recognising me, said with sinking voice: "General, they have killed me; but what is a great deal worse, they have killed my commander, General Barksdale."

Notwithstanding the lamentable loss of opportunity on that day, thus brought about, and the immense difficulties resulting, our commander, as was certainly demanded by the exigencies of the entire case, with the daring of his resolute mind, and confiding under heaven in the valor of his veterans, resolved to make on the day following a powerful attempt to force the enemy. Accordingly, for the 3d all arrangements were made. The plan of attack was simple, yet holding out to brave men promise of success. Our artillery, about one hundred and fifty pieces on the arc enveloping much of the enemy's line, was to play with its utmost effect for two hours upon the crowded ranks of the foe. There was then to be a simultaneous advance of our entire line, the artillery to be pressed up by alternate firing and advancing battalions, while the infantry should make their decisive charge. Part of the programme was well carried out. Our fire, concentric, wrought dreadful havoc, while the enemy's, divergent, from guns even more numerous than ours, did far less damage. At the appointed moment when the combined charge on

the enemy, thus thrown into perceptible confusion, was to be made, there was again inequality of readiness and vigor. Rapid and dauntless advance by some was therefore inadequately supported and followed up by others. In consequence, the enemy not being everywhere occupied, could concentrate against successive partial assaults, and so render ineffectual such prodigies of valor as those displayed by Early and his gallant division, by Pickett's resolute officers and men, and by other commanders and their troops.

All this it was of course impossible for the commander to prevent, either by anticipation or at the instant. Grandly was his part performed, with judgment and skill consummate, from first to last. But subordinates of courage and conduct claiming the gratitude of their countrymen and the approval of mankind, he could not transform into Stonewall Jacksons. Had it been his to vitalise the other soldierly qualities of the officer on whom depended the second day's early attack, with the great soul and quick vigor of the lamented hero then no more, easily had the field that day been won, and with it almost surely at once our liberties. And even the next and incomparably more difficult day's work would assuredly have been achieved—vast as was the disparity between the attacking force, less considerably than fifty thousand, and that assailed in position, numbering fully one hundred thousand—could each most responsible subordinate have been endowed for an hour with something of the eagle eye and electric energy of the great Stonewall Captain.

With considerate wisdom not less conspicuous than his judicious daring, General Lee now determined, mainly because ammunition, so far from means of replenishment, must be husbanded, not to repeat his own attack, but to invite it from the enemy. For this purpose he adjusted his forces and remained in position on the once-celebrated Fourth. Then, as General Meade was too cautious to adventure, he deemed it best leisurely to withdraw and return to Virginia. This was accordingly done with very little attempt of the enemy at molestation; and when near the Potomac, Meade and his army seemed disposed to be aggressive, preparations were made and battle was again invited, it was by them a second time prudently declined. Our trains meanwhile crossed the Potomac, and then the army with little trouble regained our own soil. For General Meade it was glory enough that, through the errors that have been mentioned on the part of his great antagonist's subordinates, he had not been, like his predecessors, demolished at a blow. More to adventure was not for him.

The campaign had, indeed, evinced wonderful power in our commander and his troops, but it had proved irremediably sad. First, in the fall of him whom the noble chief characterised as his "right arm"; and then in the non-achievement, through faults unexpected, of victory when within grasp, and where, had it been gained, it would infallibly have brought the Northern people and their government to a juster sense of what was due the Southern people and their States. As it was, our cause was, nevertheless, gloriously vindicated, and our chief, even under grief and disappointment, appeared grander, if possible, than ever. With a magnanimity well-nigh unparalleled in

history, he shielded from blame all under him, and took its whole charge upon himself. So far as the incidents of the battle of Gettysburg are concerned, this was, you perceive, not strictly just. Not at all was he responsible for disappointment there. But the General spoke in a larger sense, and deemed it right to offset particular errors of his subordinates — however unfortunate, even the most disastrous not being suspected of proceeding from thoughts and feelings such as its agent has revealed through Mr. Swinton, and subsequently more lamentably — by their oft-proved merit, and his duty, as mainly responsible for the movement on the whole, to offer himself as the mark for all the censure it might incur.

Although grievously disappointed, neither commander, army, government, nor people, in Virginia and the Southern States were dispirited. And General Lee, assuming the natural line of defence behind the Rappahannock, awaited and defied his antagonist, while applying his energies to the recruiting of his war-worn and wasted army. As illustrative alike of the sense he had of the mighty burden weighing and wearing upon him, and of his pleasant humor notwithstanding, a personal anecdote, otherwise unimportant, of this period may be mentioned. Meeting one day at his headquarters, near Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia, an old acquaintance, I was accosted by him with the remark, "Why, how gray you are getting!" "Ah!" immediately replied General Lee, "he keeps company too much with me. Any man who keeps company with me is bound to turn gray."

General Meade feeling unable to cope with the invincible Southern commander, remained for the most part passive during the fall, so that the "On to Richmond" was there about where it started so long before. And had not the enemy's command of all the water, rivers as well as ocean, given him access to our entire rear and interior, we might have defied him forever, in spite of his other incalculable appliances. Owing, however, mainly to his river command, he could everywhere take us in reverse and at disadvantage, particularly South and West, and had by this time there greatly crippled us. There it was, and very much through these water facilities, that General Grant had come into notice; and while, because of some qualities that had given him prominence, he was preferred to the hesitating hero of Gettysburg as the man to confront General Lee, by reason of the misfortunes our people had experienced in the Southwest, any number of men he might demand could be spared from that quarter and be combined in the effort to crush Virginia, the Confederate capital, and their glorious leader and army. Calmly contemplating and fully appreciating the crisis and all its accompaniments, General Lee, with the steady poise and undeviating purpose of his great soul, set himself through the winter of 1863-4, and early spring of 1864, to be ready to meet as best he might the gigantic struggle of the '64 campaign.

Upon that campaign I cannot dwell, though, take it all in all, it has hardly a parallel in the history of the world; and although some of its incidents, did time permit, I would gladly describe as witnessed by myself. Was it less than sublime, that grappling of the

unsullied champion of home and right and honor, commanding scarce fifty thousand defenders of the same sacred interests, with the representative of imperial nationality and State destruction having at immediate command one hundred and forty thousand invaders, with fifty thousand more within call, and any additional number eventually he might require? This closing in for the death-struggle occurred, you remember, on May 5th, 1864 — General Grant having the day before crossed the Rapidan, and General Lee having, with almost glad alacrity, advanced to encounter him. The story is not unfamiliar; I will not repeat it: of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-house, Hanover Junction, intermediate battle-grounds, and Second Cold Harbor, where, throughout, again and again and again, our army, so small by comparison, defeated and slaughtered day by day thousands upon thousands of the now-lauded "Hammerer's" multitude, and compelled him to withdraw continually, flankwise, until crippled, bleeding, and enfeebled by the loss of more men than General Lee had at the outset in his entire army, he was forced to take refuge, very much as McClellan had done, far down James River, with his army broken in spirit and virtually impotent.

The result of this great campaign can now be told, on evidence recently yet authentically given forth. The sullen disapproval with which the Northern people received intelligence of the appalling sacrifice by General Grant of the lives of his men, compelled that commander hastily to notify Mr. Lincoln "at once to make peace on any terms." All spirit was crushed out of his men; and yet, they alleged, the Southern army remained unharmed. An anxious council was therefore held, whereat it was actually resolved that their cause had become hopeless, and that the rights of the Southern States must be granted. Unhappily for us, tidings from the South, encouraging to them, just then arrived, and induced them to hold on and try farther. So near were we to liberty. Still, with the renewal of hope in the Federal leaders, their army had become utterly unreliable, and but for vast resources, then as all along possessed by them, would have so remained. Even with those appliances as they were, Grant's process of "attrition" had now to be tried in the less hazardous endeavor of a protracted siege, chiefly directed against Petersburg, more than twenty miles south of Richmond, where, without serious hindrance, he might have begun his campaign.

* Of that siege and its incidents, time fails for me to say much, though there are one or two particulars which ought not in this recital to be passed over. Of its ultimate, almost inevitable issue, should it occur, in view of the enormous disproportion of the parties in existing force and prospective means of supply, General Lee had, from the first, no indistinct impression. Hence the gladness with which he met General Grant and his gigantic army on the direct advance, and the repeated powerful blows which he dealt that army, well-nigh to its utter destruction, though numbering in all more than four times his own. His estimate of the case was thus expressed by himself: "We must destroy this army of Grant's before he gets to James River. If he gets there it will become a siege, and then it will be only a question of time." Why, then, it has been, and will again be asked, did this

consummate leader permit himself to linger in what he knew to be such a trap, for so many months, until his army had nearly melted away, and his cause and its resources were nearly exhausted? To this the first and general reply is, what everybody knows, that the Confederate and State Governments were in Richmond, and ought not to be lightly abandoned; and that almost all the war-factories and depots were there, and must if possible be protected. But there is a further and special reply. Weeks before his forced evacuation of the Petersburg lines, our resolute but discerning commander, finding that his force could not be strengthened as he desired, reached the conclusion that it was unwise longer to remain there, and silently made arrangements for getting away. The artillery arm, for the management of which I was, under him, chiefly responsible, being in such movement most difficult of withdrawal, I was sent for by the General, and received from him confidential disclosure of his plan, and corresponding instructions. His purpose was, leaving a show of force, silently and as rapidly as possible to move his main body southwestwardly, so as to elude the besieger, and effect, as he believed still practicable, a junction with the remnant of our Southern army; so that with forces thus combined, the enemy's separate armies, large as they were, might possibly be attacked and beaten one after the other. In accordance with instructions looking to such an endeavor, the artillery was, as far as possible, at once mobilised. I thus know that long before April 2d, 1865, General Lee would as a soldier have put forth his great energies toward the realisation of this bold plan of withdrawal. But other relations, to which he was sacredly faithful, had to be regarded. From a remark which he made to me the night before our line was forced, April 2d, I infer it was his sense of duty to yield his military judgment to the known persuasion of the Legislature representing our cause, that Richmond yielded, the Government was dissolved and the cause lost, which kept him there. Whether there was any direct Congressional interference with his purpose I do not positively know, but I am entirely sure he became aware of a disapproval there of his plan; and loyal as he was to recognised rightful authority, he deemed it best, on the whole, to sacrifice his preference as a soldier to his duty as a citizen. That in this he was right, that it was in the entire view best for the interests of virtue and order in the world for one in his situation thus to honor the authority rightfully over him, will probably be the general verdict of mankind. Whatever violation of military science there may have been, therefore, in that lingering delay under siege, it furnishes, when seen in all its aspects, but another illustration of the matchless worth of this wonderful man.

Never was his greatness more gloriously exhibited than under the final trial, which came on the morning of April 2d, 1865. His defensive line, stretched under ceaseless tension till well-nigh "like the spider's most attenuated thread," was, at an exposed point, broken. Impossible is it for me adequately to tell you of the calm, resolute, majestic composure with which this never-faltering hero animated to steadiness and vigor all about him, when but a handful remained — no more, I think, than about fifty, at the critical point of chief pressure.

By his personal force of discernment and control he succeeded in keeping at bay threatening thousands of the enemy with all their implements, they dreading perhaps a large concealed force backing this handful, until the remnant of his troops were secured within an interior line of works. Among the latest to pass under its shelter was himself. Still serene and determined, fully equal to himself and the occasion, remained our great leader. The Government in Richmond was notified of the disaster, and the evacuation, now inevitable, prepared for.

That night Petersburg was left. Amelia Courthouse, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, was duly reached next day; no molestation from the enemy having been thus far experienced. There, a bitter disappointment awaited the General. He had telegraphed to Richmond for supplies to meet him. Through insufficient vigor, or by some mischance, they had not come. Delay and embarrassment unavoidably ensued. Men and horses were starving. A vast amount of ammunition had to be destroyed, and other expedients extemporised to meet the emergency. Hostile demonstrations, in consequence of these hindrances, began to appear on our route. And you will not be surprised to learn that, against the first of these which seemed formidable, the chief himself assumed command of a cavalry force, while his main column was sent forward.

Of this retreat, conducted by General Lee with accustomed skill, inclement as was the weather, and deep as were the softened roads, and of himself, so unmoved, clear-sighted and heroic to the end, there are incidents upon which, but for wearying you, I would gladly dwell. One or two must be mentioned. You are aware of the activity with which pursuit pressed upon our track, and of the loss, by death or capture, of nearly the rear half of our reduced force, by a heavy assault made upon that portion of the column at the difficult pass of Sailor's Creek, where obstruction of trains and other impediments rendered it impossible for our brave fellows to meet their assailants as otherwise they would have done. It is now known that the secret of that unusual and somewhat unexpected celerity on General Grant's part was the circumstance, unfortunate for us, of a confidential dispatch from our chief, before leaving Petersburg, to the War Office in Richmond, giving our numbers and aims, being there mislaid, and then found and borne to General Grant. But for that, greatly less had been the likelihood of his ascertaining our course till considerably later, and not being carefully respectful towards our supposed strength when pursuing; and we should probably have reached the mountains, maintained a long struggle for rights inherited and covenanted, and enforced in the end something like their recognition.

The leading half of our army was in position repelling attack, when information came of this trouble far back. With usual promptness, General Lee himself took a division and marched rapidly toward the point indicated. The disaster proved to be irremediable, and he therefore returned to the troops in position. Never can I forget the tone of mingled mortification, grief and firmness with which when coming up he said to me, "General, that half of our army is destroyed." Still, as I have now to relate, his strong heart remained undismayed,

his disciplined reason retained its calmness, and his firm spirit rested immovably on convictions of right.

It fell to my lot to have, under circumstances most memorable, a conversation with our great chief, which was on his side certainly one of the noblest expressions of principle ever uttered by mortal man. We had at Farmville recrossed the Appomattox from south to north, breaking down the bridges behind us, and had then to take position, as usual, to repel attack by day after marching all night. Fighting was going on, but not very severely; so that conversation was practicable. General Gordon, from Georgia, justly distinguished as among our best sub-commanders, had with me an interview, told me of discouraging intelligence from the South, and of a conference which had been held between other responsible officers and himself, and announced their joint wish that if my views agreed with theirs, I should convey to General Longstreet, as second in command, and then, if he agreed, to General Lee, our united judgment that the cause had become so hopeless we thought it wrong longer to be having men killed on either side, and not right, moreover, that our beloved commander should be left to bear the entire trial of initiating the idea of terms with the enemy. My judgment not conflicting with those expressed, it seemed to me duty to convey them to General Lee. At first General Longstreet dissented, but on second thought preferred that himself should be represented with the rest. General Lee was lying alone, resting, at the base of a large pine-tree. I approached, and sat by him. To a statement of the case he quietly listened, and then courteously expressing thanks for the consideration of his subordinates in desiring to relieve him in part of existing burdens, spoke in about these words: "*I trust it has not come to that. We certainly have too many brave men to think of laying down our arms. They still fight with great spirit, whereas the enemy does not. And besides, if I were to intimate to General Grant that I would listen to terms, he would at once regard it as such an evidence of weakness that he would demand unconditional surrender; and sooner than that, I am resolved to die. Indeed, we must all determine to die at our posts.*" My reply could only be an assurance that every man would no doubt cheerfully meet death with him in discharge of duty, and that we were perfectly willing that he should decide the question. He then proceeded in, as nearly as I can recall them, these words: "*General, this is no new question with me. From the first I have realised the vast disparity between our resources and those of the enemy. And although there have repeatedly occurred conditions under which we ought to have won, it was to me always evident that in prompt decisive energy, sustained by the general devotion of our people, was our hope; that in a protracted struggle we could hardly overcome the immense odds against us, unless foreign powers should in some way interfere. That they would directly or indirectly assist, I long trusted, as it seemed to me clearly their interest and duty. But these things really made with me no difference. I was satisfied we had principles and rights to maintain, which we were bound to defend, even should we perish in the endeavor.*" This was virtually the testimony of a dying man. Was it not admirable as anything ever uttered by uninspired lips? Is it not worthy of record in tablets

more enduring than brass? Did human soul ever evince devotion to duty more nobly steadfast, thoughtful heroism more to be venerated, and bright, untarnished honor more to be prized and rejoiced in by all right-minded men so long as such remain on earth?

About thirty hours later I was summoned from a distant critical duty to see the Commanding General, and reached him a mile or two from Appomattox Courthouse after midnight. To my surprise he was dressed in his neatest style, new uniform, snowy linen, &c. On my expressing astonishment at this, considering the hour and circumstances, and asking what it meant, he said, "I have probably to be General Grant's prisoner, and thought I must make my best appearance." On General Grant's invitation under flag he had, I was afterwards told, though he then spoke not of it, met that commander. At any rate his antagonist had initiated communications. General Lee had replied with dignified courtesy, neither declining nor seeking overtures. Having briefly expressed to me his views, he desired me, worn and weary, to get some rest, and closed by directing me, "In the morning be governed by circumstances." That, in fact, was his own determination. Sooner than yield his sword, as false sensational stories and pictures represent, or listen to any other dishonorable proposal, he would fight his small band of resolute men till none remained to handle weapon.

The "circumstances" of the morning, sacred day though it was, were vigorous battle along our line. And never did the gallant Army of Northern Virginia meet its assailants with keener alacrity and more determined spirit than did its meagre but undaunted remnant in the early hours of that final day. Infantry charged, artillery thundered, and part of a battery, captured from the enemy by a squadron of our cavalry, was just borne past myself at our front guns when the order came to cease firing. Our honored chief's ultimatum was accepted by his antagonist. The war was done. Power had triumphed. Regulated liberty on this continent was no more. Our cause was lost!

"Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame, on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must."

Had all the people of the Southern States realised the dread issue before them, and come up faithfully to the crisis, as did this noble man and his true-hearted associates, constitutional liberty, against all the force of its adversaries, might have been saved. But there were many, alas! more concerned for self and pelf than for duty and the public good. And behold the result! Our country virtually ruined, and its rightful citizens, with vengeful cruelty unparalleled in the history of public crimes, given over, on a scale scarcely credible, a prey to ignorant Africans plied as tools by hostile, hungry aliens, until in violent contrast with the friendliness towards their masters shown by them throughout the war, proving the general consideration

with which they had been treated, they have become fiercely vindictive and aggressive.

Of the great man, so sublime in all his career, the few years he spent on earth in exemplary retirement, after that close of mighty deeds, were so beautifully fit, and marked by such gentle excellences, as to invest with a more sacred lustre the halo that will forever encircle his name. Declining all offered gifts and other plans of support, after due deliberation he accepted the post of unobtrusive usefulness wisely tendered him by the guardians of this Institution, originally endowed by Washington, and long honorably known as "Washington College," now, however, greatly more distinguished, and we may trust for ages so to continue, as "Washington and Lee University." His main motive in accepting such a post is simply expressed in a single line of a letter with which he favored me while pondering the question. "If I thought I could be of any benefit to our noble youth, I should not hesitate to give my services." How truly modest! How concerned for the best interests of the land, in "our noble youth"! How filled with the ruling thought still of "service"! He accepted, and all these scenes since tell of that service. Never were surer judgment, more diligent efficiency, and worthier influence brought to bear in all collegiate history. We saw him, also, in the charmed circle of home, and can all testify that within those consecrated precincts "dignity and grace" were never more sweetly exemplified. In society, too, we all knew him; so kind, so courteous, so attentive, so genial, that the reverence inspired by his felt majesty was merged in universal tender love. Even little children greeted him with delight.

Interfusing and vitalising every excellence of a character so marvellously balanced, sweetly impressive, and attractively beautiful, there was a Christian piety of purest quality and practical power. Ever amid the stern requirements of war was this evidenced, as occasion allowed. Careful was he of religious services for the army, as far as possible, and punctual was his own attendance at worship. How reverently would he, along the lines, pause where prayer was going up, and with uncovered head bowed before the Supreme Majesty, send up silent petitions to heaven. Among us here how exemplary was he above all as a Christian! Sober as was the style of his piety, it was also most fervent and of out-reaching concern for the spiritual welfare of others. Two instances will illustrate this. In the letter before quoted of August 8th, 1865, addressed to myself, before he had decided to become a resident of Lexington, he thus wrote: "I am very glad that you have returned to the exercise of your sacred office; for there is no labor so beneficent, so elevated, so sublime, as the teaching of salvation to erring man." And a year or two later, when we were favored with a religious awakening not unlike the old Pentecostal blessing, he took occasion to express to me the delight which he experienced in its contemplation.

Yes, he was a true, thorough Christian, of fervent spirit and world-embracing charity. Earnestly attached, indeed, to the creed and forms of the church of his fathers — a zealous, whole-souled churchman; but of mind and heart far too large and too thoroughly em-

bued with the blessed lessons of Revelation to be limited in his Christian sympathies by ecclesiastical boundaries, or any restrictions narrowing the divinely-ordained compass of human brotherhood. All proving themselves by holy lives servants of the Holy One, he delighted to honor, as fellow-members of the one invisible "Kingdom" and fellow-heirs of the same celestial portion.

The solemn end of this great, good man, unmatched, I believe, in all history, when viewed in his completeness, was no less impressive than his life was grand. Passing from the church-door to his own, and thence taking his place to ask God's blessing on the family board, he received the summons from on high, and sinking, without speaking more, into unconsciousness, lingered in painless quiet a little while, under the nursing care of love fond and venerating, and then went, gently as an infant sleeps, into the ineffable Presence. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

W. N. PENDLETON.

THE "MYTH" OF WILLIAM TELL.

"Erzählen wird man von dem Schützen Tell,
So lang die Berge steh'n auf ihrem Grunde."
—*Rudolph der Harras.*

LIVED he? What boots the yea or nay!
He lives—he will not pass away.
Out of the night of time he came,
And stands forever in the day;
And every land repeats his name;
For human hearts have loved thee well,
Stoic untaught, stern, silent Tell!
The iron strength, the wondrous skill,
The daring love, the mighty will;
Force that no mortal fear could quell;
Soul that no agony could tame;
Heart to itself implacable—
Dwelt surely in a living frame.
And as on Altorf's platform dread
The tyrant's nobler minion said,
Speaking from some inward need,
Like prophet, of a thing decreed:—

"While in the land that gave him birth
The mountains stand upon the earth,
The mountain-land, the mighty deed,
Will stand together"—
Be lost from song and story,
Bereft of love and glory,
And praise and wonder, never!
The names of Switzerland and Tell,
The peasant land, the peasant's fame,
Welded like iron in the flame,
Then tempered in the ice-brook's well,
And torn apart by no endeavor.
Of dwarfish spite or foolish lore,
Believing less, and knowing more—
No hand of man nor time shall sever.

What though from thy strong loins, wild land,
He came not forth, nor in thy hand
Nor on thy rugged bosom lay,
An infant waking to the day,
And cradled in some valley bland,
Saw on thy peaks the sunlight play?
From thy brave soul the hero came;
To thee, the lion-nurse of men,*
Stern guard of freedom's mountain den—
To thee and us it is the same.
Thine are the Alps, and thine is Tell;
And though thy frozen mountains fell,
Sunk by an earthquake, through the floor
Of earth up-thundering, and each hoar,
High crag and snowy pinnacle
Were missed by the lone clouds that dwell
High up in heaven, and no more
Thy torrents thundered as before:
Still, towering high and grand,
Above earth's vapors gray,
Would rise in glory's ray
Tell and his Switzerland!

Nor thine alone, but freedom's Tell,
O Switzerland, thy peasant stands,
With arrow spanned between his hands,
Strong, calm and terrible!
And now his tyrant, now his son
Regards with awful eye, as one
Who in his bosom finds his laws;

* The armorial device of Switzerland (Helvetia) is a recumbent lion.

Of his own life secure, because,
 Subjected to no human fear,
 He holds it only of the Giver.
 Man, kingly! deathless mountaineer,
 That on the soul's heights dwells forever;
 Wild archer! that before the eyes
 Of tyrants stands—a dark surmise,
 From which no hosts, no gods deliver,
 Stern, dreadful—and each shaft that flies
 Sings of its brother in the quiver.

W. W. LORD.

NOTES OF THE RECENT PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

ANOTHER illusion of the imagination has been detected and exposed. An eminent Italian physician maintains that if a magnet be brought near a nervous patient, the magnetism acts upon him so as to occasion him various troubles, and especially to disturb his state of health. The well-known electrician Volpicelli was recently invited by this gentleman to make some experiments with magnets, upon a nervous subject in the hospital du Saint-Esprit at Rome. M. Volpicelli did not doubt the reality of the reported effects. He was inclined, however, to refer them to the imagination of the patient as their cause, and not to magnetism. He accepted the invitation, but carried with him, instead of a magnet, a piece of unmagnetised iron that looked like one. The sick man had scarcely seen the bar of iron before he fell into convulsions. His imagination was greatly exalted, and his nervous excitement was obvious and intense.

A second experiment was made. A magnet was placed in the hand of another subject, also suffering with a nervous malady. After a few seconds he was so agitated that it was necessary to remove it. The same individual, a few days later, had to preside at a scientific meeting. M. Volpicelli contrived secretly to surround him, on that occasion, with powerful magnets. He put them under the seat of his chair, in the table-drawer before him, and even under his feet. The subject had not the slightest suspicion of these preparations. During the meeting, which lasted for more than two hours, he had no nervous trouble, and at its close declared, in answer to an inquiry, that he was perfectly well. When told of the battery of magnets around him

he showed both surprise and apprehension, as if he were not quite so confident about the state of his health.

M. Volpicelli deems these experiments sufficient to show that magnetism has no direct action on the nervous system, and that the effects produced in it by the presence of a magnet are wholly due to the imagination. These effects are so various, however, in different subjects, as to make them well worth the study of physiologists.

In connection with these experiments, M. Chevreul recalls other illusions which have had their day. A well-known member of the Royal Society of London believed, in his old age, that he had discovered the active principle of the celestial motions. He used for the purpose a pendulum swung from his hand. Professor Gerboin of Strasburg published in 1808 a volume entitled "Experimental Researches concerning a New Mode of Electrical Action." His implement too was a pendulum held in the hand. M. Chevreul confesses that he himself yielded for a few hours in 1812 to the fascinations of the so-called pendulum explorer. While gazing at the astonishing pranks of the little instrument, as it was held over masses of different metals, he was elated by the belief that he saw the evidence of a new principle in nature. The subsequent night gave time for reflection. He remembered that he had *felt a pleasure in viewing the oscillations*. To exclude unconscious interference on the part of the performer, he determined to repeat the experiment blindfolded. The pendulum refused to budge, and the question was settled. Afterwards Babinet in Paris, and Faraday in London, explained table-turning in the same way in which Chevreul had explained the pendulum motions and the divining rod. The venerable Academician in making these remarks took occasion to announce the speedy appearance of three papers of his own: 1. Of Science before Grammar; 2. of teaching before the study of vision; 3. of the explanation of many phenomena which, in man, are the result of age.

The instances, cited above, of hallucination on the part of men of science are not without their parallel in our own land. The spectacle of a veteran chemist of wide celebrity, bending for hours over a machine of his own contrivance, in the belief that by its movements he was communing with the souls of the departed, was one for tears rather than for laughter. Habits of vigorous thinking, cultivated in one field of inquiry, do not always accompany the philosopher in excursions into unfamiliar departments. The "follies of the wise" prove that man is weak; not that philosophy is vain.

—The chemists will not be satisfied, we suppose, until they can make anything you please out of anything you please. Two pupils of Prof. Hoffmann of Berlin, Messrs. Tiemann and Haarmann, recently discovered vanilline, the active principle of the vanilla bean, in the products of reaction obtained from the sap of the pine-tree. The same chemists have now devised a process of manufacturing vanilline on the large scale from pine-sap, and have created a branch of industry which has already assumed important proportions. The juice of a tree of medium size gives a quantity of vanilline worth, at present prices, one hundred francs. The wood is not injured by the extraction of the sap.

— M. de Las Marismas has devised a new form of mercurial air-pump, which appears to have several advantages over those at present in use. It is made upon the principle of the Geissler pump. It differs from the latter in having two movable reservoirs of mercury, connected by a cord passing over a pulley. One rises while the other descends. Each is connected by a flexible tube with a separate stationary mercurial chamber, communicating with the vessel to be exhausted. The most valuable feature of the pump is the introduction of the "plate," which greatly extends and facilitates its use, since it permits the experimenter to employ the wide-mouth receivers, which come with the ordinary solid-piston pump. The Geissler pump had no plate, and its usefulness was, consequently, greatly restricted. The new pump has conveniences for collecting the gas drawn from the receiver, if desired, and of introducing into the latter any other gas at any given pressure, not greater than that of the atmosphere at the time. The valves of this pump are automatic; being simple tubes dipping into mercury, which are closed and opened by the action of the machine itself. The Geissler pump had glass stop-cocks which had to be worked by hand, and thus caused loss of time. The inventor claims the following advantages for his pump:

1. Its construction is simple and cheap; it will not cost more than thirty-five francs.
2. Its action is rapid, and without fatigue to the operator: A vacuum of one millimetre may be obtained in a receiver of six litres, in four minutes.
3. Experiments may be made with it at all pressures between the atmospheric pressure and absolute vacuum.
4. The easy collection of the air or gas drawn from the receiver, and the introduction into it, if desired, of new gas at a determinate pressure.
5. The automatic action of the valves.
6. The ability to preserve the exhaustion for an indefinite time.
7. The proportions of the instrument may be suited to the work in hand. Its glass parts may be replaced by others of iron, if the gases employed do not attack that metal.

F. H. S.

REVIEWS.

The French Humorists from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century.

By Walter Besant, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

ONE who has formed an idea of that subtle indefinable quality we call "humor," from its exhibition in English writers, will be somewhat puzzled to reconcile the contents of this very attractive book with its title, or find a group of humorists in the sequence of writers amatory, didactic, satirical, essayists, song-writers, critics, whom the author marshals before us. In our conception, humor, though often allied with wit, differs from it essentially. In the mind of the humorist, rightly so called, there lies always a deep Democritean consciousness of the incongruity of man and his actions with what they ought to be, and this consciousness colors the whole of his thought. This incongruity is infinitely absurd, but it is also infinitely sad; and in the thought of the humorist the mirth and the pathos intermingle and play into each other like the hues of an opal, and his smiles and tears are always close together.

There are but few of the writers whom Mr. Besant brings before us that could be placed in the same category with Cervantes and Shakspeare; and we can only suppose he chose the title as a sort of translation of *hommes d'esprit*, a designation sufficiently broad to include a Voiture and a Béranger, a Rabelais and a Boileau.

We commence, of course, with the twelfth century, that wonderful epoch at which the people of Christendom found out that grass was green, and minstrels went about proclaiming the fact, with its concomitants, in palace, in castle, and in hamlet, and were welcome everywhere. No one wearied of the theme: no one could hear enough about the blossoming month of May, when it is pleasant to walk with fair maidens under the trees and hear the birds sing. At this time too *people* began to feel that they were alive, had a part in the heritage of all God's children, and were of some account in this world. So the trouvère had other strings to his viol, and touched them as occasion demanded. By the village fountain he satirised the baron, the knight, the monk, to a crowd that chuckled with delight, while often looking round to see that no man-at-arms in buff, or paritor in black serge, was within earshot. Or if the vicinity be too perilous, he will tell a harmless story about beasts and birds; how Noble the Lion held his court at Pentecost and cited Reynard the Fox [Raginhart = good in counsel] to appear before him, and how Master Reynard, by dint of a plausible tongue and a ready wit, got the better of the big stupid bear, the greedy wolf, and the rest of his enemies, and came off with honor and triumph. A harmless childish tale—say rather the secular gospel of the Middle Ages, teaching that intelligence was power, and that the dynasty of brute force was passing away—the one entirely successful satire of the world.

But if the popularity of the *fabliaux* is easily understood, that of the other great work of the thirteenth century, *the Romance of the Rose*, is a puzzle to modern minds. Readers of Chaucer know something of it, or of a fraction of it. An allegory of some twenty thousand lines, treating of love and the troubles and perils that beset the lover, all personified, turning, when it passes from the hands of Jean de Meung to those of his continuator, Guillaume de Lorris, to a tirade against women, hypocrites, friars, and things in general—a pretty vigorous application of the rack would be necessary to make people read it now, yet “for two hundred and fifty years it was a sort of Bible in France.” Mr. Besant goes at considerable length into the question why it was so; but like Dante and his guide we will not reason about the matter, but note the fact and pass on.

Passing on over Eustache Deschamps, who seems to have been inserted that the fourteenth century might not be quite a blank, we come at the end of the fifteenth to the great enigma of literary history—Rabelais. To him Mr. Besant, of course, devotes a long and careful study, full of interest, full of insight, yet leaving the mystery as dark as ever.

The strange spirit which, while in the flesh, called himself François Rabelais, commenced his career as a pupil and novice of the Benedictines when but ten years of age. With these good monks, to whose order posterity owes a debt of gratitude for bearing the torch of learning unextinguished through the dark ages, his natural inclination to study soon rose to what our author well calls “that almost pathetic enthusiasm for learning that marks the sixteenth century,” by which the scholars of that day not only endured, but accounted as nothing, all hardships, danger, poverty, even servitude, if they might but carry on their studies. To copy a volume, to collate a manuscript, they would beg their way across a continent, or accept an almost menial position among the lackeys of some half-savage baron whose sign-manual was the cross on the hilt of his dagger. Literary Crusoes, they had to make their own tools as they worked; and yet with all these difficulties they presented examples of erudition that modern times with all their appliances to make the paths of learning easy, can not match.

Urged by this spirit, Rabelais appears to have set himself to learn everything that was known at the time—a dozen or more languages, some of them Oriental, and mastering Greek so thoroughly that he was able to correspond in that tongue with the great Budaeus; astronomy, chemistry, physics, medicine, geography, cookery, ancient and modern, everything even to the slang of the pothouses and the law-courts. His thirst for learning was inextinguishable; yet his love of good scholarship, great as it was, did not breed in him a contempt for good men who were not scholars, as may be seen in the fine character of Gargantua.

Why, with this disposition, he left the Benedictines and joined the Franciscan order, we can not understand. The good Brothers of the gray robe were no great patrons of learning, and his studies while in their convent had to be carried on by stealth. For about twelve years his occupations were either undiscovered or unmolested, when sud-

denly, about 1520, the conventual authorities made a descent on his cell, found Greek books and other horrors of profane learning, and condemned Brother Francis to imprisonment for life on bread and water — *in pace*, as they called it. His friends got him out, however, after a while, and he went back to the Benedictines. Next he laid aside the monastic robe, and became secretary to the Bishop of Maillezais, and for ten years more went on studying and frequenting the society of scholars and lovers of scholarship, such as the brothers Du Bellay, and piling learning on learning. He took the course of medicine at the University of Montpellier, and practised as a physician at Lyons; he worked as a corrector of the press; he brought out an edition of some writings of Hippocrates and Galen.

While all these things were doing, time was running on: Rabelais was now about fifty years old, and had mastered all learning that was within his reach, and as the outcome and result of his life he gives the world his — *Pantagruel*. The great scholar, and man of saddening experiences, produces the maddest and most mirthful burlesque that ever ran from pen: the man steeped in Plato and the Greeks, riots in the most extravagant license of style: the priest and monk heaps vindictive satire on the clergy and the orders: the ardent lover of virtue and reverent believer in God, covers pages with ribaldry and buffoonery, the wildest and wittiest in the world. All his biographers try to explain this strange phenomenon. Mr. Besant, like others, thinks that because his earlier attempt at publication had failed to attract readers, he resolved to hit the popular taste, and so commenced the *Gargantua* as a mere grotesque extravaganza, and finding that it took, gradually widened and deepened his plan, without departing from the original form. But nothing explains the one astounding mystery, how Rabelais, being the man that we know, the man that all his writings show him to have been, *could* devise and produce the *Gargantua*, *could* throw his wisdom, his learning, his genius, and his satire into the form of *Pantagruel*. However, he did it, and the world is richer by a unique book, by one of the noblest characters ever drawn, the calm, wise and good Pantagruel, by a type of intellect without principle or self-respect, as original as Falstaff or Iago, in Panurge, and finally by an enigma that always piques curiosity afresh.

But we must hurry on, or our space will fail us. A delightful chapter is devoted to Montaigne. Next follows an account of that famous political squib, the *Satyre Ménippée*, then one or two little known satirists and song-writers. Under the head of "The Parasites," we have a graphic sketch of Boisrobert, mitred abbot, favorite of the great, wit, poet, and most discreditable of men. One anecdote of him is worth relating. While a canon at Rouen he arranged a mystery-play, the subject of which was the Death of Abel. After all his characters were cast, a lady offered to pay all the expenses of the performance if her son might only have a part in it. Here was an offer not to be let slip; but how find a character for the aspirant under the peculiar circumstances? To give our first parents a third son, or even to introduce a spectator or supernumerary at that epoch of the world's history would have been heresy. "Boisrobert rose to the occasion. He invented a new part, dressed the boy in red velvet,

called him the *Blood of Abel*, and made him roll up and down the stage, bawling 'Vengeance!'"

Another genial chapter gives us La Fontaine, the Harold Skimpole of French writers, the man who—but let Mr. Besant draw the sketch.

It is not an easy task, for we have before us a bundle of contradictions—contradictions, that is, more obvious than the average pack which go to make up the ordinary man. While he had no virtue himself, he drew to himself and retained the affections of virtuous men—Racine, for instance, even after Racine had gone back to the piety of his early youth. He had no constancy, yet he attracted the love of women, whose idol and plaything he always was. He deserted his wife and went after strange goddesses; he wrote verses which ought not now to be read at all; and yet Fénelon himself, the most virtuous man of his time, burst into tears at his death, and wrote his panegyric. He never put himself out of the way to please people whom he did not like, but all people liked him. He was a bad husband and a bad father. He never performed a duty or recognised a tie; yet he never lost a friend—save once by a kind of accident. He was always in poverty, but he was always contented. He had no ambition, yet he achieved a great reputation. He lived an utterly godless life, but died the death of a saint. . . . He lived for himself, wholly and unreservedly, but was never called selfish; and in early life he sat down with the avowed intention of doing nothing, claiming from the world the simple right of enjoyment; and his right the world conceded.

The great secret of his universal popularity was that he had no pretentiousness, no gall, and was at all times and to all persons, of perfect candor. What he thought he spoke; and such was his frank simplicity that he wounded no one. "Once when bored by the company at a dinner, he rose abruptly, and said he must go, having to be present at the Academy. 'You will be too early,' was objected. 'Oh, no,' said La Fontaine, 'I shall go there by the longest way.'"

His writings do not want, in order to be understood, a knowledge of his life or times. What he wrote, whether in fable or in tale, owes its interest to no local coloring, and bears no stamp of his century save its *cadre*, the framework of language. This is the strongest proof of his genius. To write *for* all time and *of* all time, to give illustrations of human nature which will serve for any place or any age of human society—this is what very few writers have done.

We must pass over a careful paper on Molière, and a pleasant sketch of the queer career of Beaumarchais, and can only give brief notice to the most sympathetic chapter of all, that on Béranger. Mr. Besant's admiration for this poet rises to enthusiasm. "There has been no lyrist like him in any language; none with a voice and heart so human, so sympathetic, so strong to move, so quick to feel." His great merit was the introduction of pathos, natural and deep, into the *chanson*, or light song, up to his time either Bacchanalian, indelicate, or artificially sentimental. Béranger sang from the heart, and his songs find an echo in all hearts, whether he give us the gay *insouciance* of "The Little Gray Man," the grand pathos of "The Old Corporal," or the infinite sadness and tenderness of "*La Bonne Vieille*."

Béranger caught, as no man had yet done, the lyrical element in all the changes of popular feeling; he translated the people's *moods* into song; joyous, pensive, hopeful, gloomy, he set to sweetest music all their emotions, which were also his own. But he never *leads*, as Mr. Besant well remarks; he always *follows*. By him, as by no other, are expressed the gayety, quick tenderness of the French character,

and the ever-recurring regret at the flight of time, the fleeting of youth, the swift passing of life. "Les jours que j'ai perdus"—to him as to them all, time past is time lost, so much of life lived is so much of life gone forever. And the intenser the enjoyment of life, the keener is this pang of regret, to which none has given sadder utterance than Béranger.

W. H. B.

History of Germany. By James Syme, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

We have before had occasion to speak in terms of the highest praise of other volumes of this series prepared under the superintendence of Mr. Freeman, and conveying in simple and compact form the most authentic results of recent historical investigations. It is high time that our children should cease learning errors that they will afterwards have no small trouble to unlearn, or that will otherwise vitiate all their historical knowledge; and we know of no works so well adapted for giving them a groundwork of sound historical knowledge as those of this admirable series.

In the book before us, Mr. Syme has had a more difficult task than the compilers of the earlier volumes. The history of that complex and changing agglomeration of States known as Germany, is a far more obscure and intricate matter than the history of France or England; but the compiler has done his utmost to make it clear and comprehensible. In especial, that stone of stumbling to so many, the "Holy Roman Empire" (Carlyle's "Reich") is made an intelligible entity, instead of the dark mystery we find it in so many works calling themselves histories. If any one after reading this book does not know what position was held by Charles the Great, and what by Charles V.; what was an *Imperator Semper Augustus*, and what a *Rex Romanus*; how Conrad I. and Albert I. differed in position from Frederick and Otto, it will not be the compiler's fault.

Martyn Ware's Temptation. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The publishers of this story, while urgently requesting reviewers to "notice this work as its merits deserve," very kindly furnish them with a printed form of notice to be used in case their own abilities should prove unequal to the task. This notice, prepared by one whose command of the resources of the English language is evidently less than his admiration of the novels of Mrs. Wood, informs the public that—

"It has an ingeniously constructed plot, and displays all the leading characteristics of this author's style, and will be read with interest by all who delight in the marvellous and ingeniously constructed plots of the writings of this author."

We had thought of complying with the first request of the publishers, and noticing the book as its merits deserve; but on the whole the ready-made criticism suits us reasonably well. To be sure, it is very far from having an ingeniously constructed plot, the

plot being to the last degree clumsy and improbable, without even the charm of novelty ; but we can pretty safely assume that the book "will be read with interest by all who delight in" the writings of Mrs. Wood. With all others, we can pretty certainly predict, the reading of the first five pages will consign it to the waste-basket.

The New French Instructor. By C. Rollin Corson. Ithaca : Andrus McChain & Co. Philadelphia : Ch. Desilver. 1874.

This is a useful book, in which a successful teacher presents the results of her experience. It departs from the vicious Ollendorff system in giving more French and less English ; that is to say, at as early a period as possible the exercises are conducted in French. The reading lessons are carefully graduated, each is preceded by a vocabulary of the new words used, and followed by questions, at first in English, but from the forty-fourth page in French. The lessons are of an interesting character, given in conversational style and idiomatic language ; and the technicalities of grammar are kept out of view until the pupil has acquired some practical knowledge. The syllabism is carefully marked in the French mode, as in *qua-dru-pède* (not like the English *quad-ru-ped*), *fi-nissent*, *ti-mi-di-té*, &c.

S. S. H.

The Pre-Adamite. By A. Hoyle Lester. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Mr. Lester has, of course, a perfect right not to know ethnology, history, anthropology, Biblical hermeneutics, the construction of other languages, and the correct use of his own. But he has no right, while ignorant of all these with that sthenic type of ignorance which springs from a vain conceit of knowledge, to write a work which demands a consummate knowledge of them all. "Ye guardian angel that hovers over my destiny," to whom he so eloquently appeals, must be indifferent to his duty that he did not give his charge some intimation of how foolish a thing he was doing.

THE GREEN TABLE.

WE have, as our readers know, abstained almost entirely from discussing parties or politics in these pages. They have these abundantly treated in the daily and weekly press, and we have deemed it better that this Magazine, which is meant for their hours of leisure, should

lead them into other fields of thought. But the great political revolution which is now in progress is of such momentous importance, and is so far from being a mere party-triumph, that it should not pass without some notice from us.

It is not, we say, the mere victory of one party over another. It is not merely public indignation with corrupt officials and bad administration; though this had much to do with it. It is the opening of the people's eyes, North and South, East and West, to the tendency and result of those doctrines which have for fourteen years predominated in this country, and against which the Southern States protested by pen and tongue and ballot, so long as these availed, and when these availed not, by the sword. The North and the West are beginning to recover from the delirium into which the triumphant close of a long and doubtful struggle threw them, to perpetuate which delirium had become the policy of the leaders of the dominant party, as it was their only hope. But reason was sure to return at last: and the people are now beginning to see that to trample, under any pretext, on the rights of the States, is—not what they supposed, to clear away an obstructive provincial superstition, but to strike at the personal liberty of the citizens. That every step towards empire on the part of the government, is a step toward the enslavement of the citizens. That to reduce Louisiana to a province by the force of Federal bayonets, is an act which threatens Massachusetts as well as Alabama. That it behooves every citizen to be doubly jealous of any branch of the government that seems to be increasing in power, since “a tower always falls in the direction that it leans.” It can not be long, we think, before thinking men at the North perceive, what has been our thesis all along, that in the late war of the States the South was defending their cause as well as her own. And when this truth is once recognised, as it surely will be, then indeed may we have a reconstructed Union on the sure basis of justice, sustained by good feeling and common interests, instead of the state of latent revolt which can not fail to follow a reconstruction of injustice maintained by violence and perpetuated by hate.

Reactions are not necessarily retrogressive. The true policy of Conservatism is not (if that were possible) to blot out the past, but to lead the country, which has gone widely astray, back to the true paths, and to go forward in them. Let us find the road from which we have wandered—the road which led us to such prosperity, until we were partly deceived and partly driven to leave it, and rush blindly along until we were well-nigh sunk in a swamp of blood—let us find it once more and follow it into the future. Let us earnestly try to put our best and wisest men into public places, to learn a lesson from the past, to revive the almost extinct spirit of genuine patriotism, and under it to combine in a great Constitutional party, whose motto shall not be that delusive catchword, “No North, no South, no East, no West,” but that shall recognise all interests, and aim at justice to all.

Perhaps we are too sanguine, but we think we see in this wonderful change in public feeling the dawn of a brighter day for our country. And in this hopeful feeling we bid farewell to the old year, and await what the new may bring.

“A MAN AND A BROTHER.”

THIS disastrous *cri de guerre*, which used to figure so largely on the banners of the Northern Abolitionists, might naturally have been regarded as an original oracle from Plymouth Rock, though those frigid latitudes have not been remarkable for originality of thought, however memorable they may have rendered themselves by originality of morals. Those who recollected that rocks were more apt to return echoes than to produce

spontaneous utterances, might have conjectured that the dubitative sentiment had been suggested by Cowper's pathetic apostrophe to the poor child of Africa, snatched by traders, with or without the sanction of an Asiento Treaty, from "his young barbarians all at play." It has come down, however, from a more distinct, if less distinguished source.

Towards the close of the last century, when Edmund Burke and William Wilberforce were commencing the efforts for the suppression of the African slave-trade, Mr. Wedgwood endeavored to popularise the movement by striking off a crockery cameo, illustrative of his improvements in the ceramic art. Hundreds of these clay medallions he distributed in all directions. This strange currency circulated as an ingenious token, and united in one piece pottery and philanthropy, politics and profit. This particular specimen of Wedgwood ware bore a kneeling, manacled and beseeching African captive, with the now familiar superscription, "Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

There can be little doubt that the Abolitionists of New England borrowed their shibboleth from this sample of the Wedgwood establishment. But it may be asked whence did Wedgwood obtain it. The answer may reveal some earlier sage to whom he was indebted for the ominous phrase.

There is an engraved representation of this portentous device in Darwin's "Botanic Garden." The Vegetable Poet and Mediciner—who sympathised with "the Loves of the Plants," though he could scarcely extend his sympathies to "the Loves of the Triangles"—mentions the unlucky cast in the notes to his poem, and refers to it in his text.

"Gnomes

pleased on Wedgwood ray your partial smile,
A new Etruria decks Britannia's isle—
Charm'd by your touch, the flint liquescent pours
Through finer sieves, and falls in whiter showers;
Charm'd by your touch, the kneaded clay refines,
The biscuit hardens, the enamel shines:
Each nicer mould a softer feature drinks,
The bold cameo speaks, the soft intaglio thinks.

To call the pearly drops from Pity's eye,
Or stay Despair's disanimating sigh,
Whether, O friend of art, the gem you mould
Rich with new taste, with ancient virtue bold,
Form the poor fetter'd slave on bended knee,
From Britain's sons imploring to be free;
Or with fair Hope the brightening scenes improve,
And cheer the dreary wastes of Sydney Cove;
Or bid Mortality rejoice and mourn
O'er the fine forms on Portland's mystic urn."

Darwin's scientific romances in verse and prose are forgotten—and well forgotten; though the name has been brought, during these passing years, into more than former notoriety, by the daring speculations of his grandson. But the relief of Wedgwood was perpetuated by the illustrations of "The Botanic Garden," and has been operative in kindling intestine war, in revolutionising societies, and in spreading ruin and despair through wide, prosperous and once happy regions; and in view of the enormous perplexity the presence of the emancipated negro creates, a medal might now be struck bearing the effigy of an unmanacled freedman, and the legend, "Am I not a Man and a Brother!"

Mr. Lincoln answered that the settlement of the existing difficulties was of supreme importance, and that he was not disposed to entertain any proposition for any armistice or cessation of hostilities until they were determined by the reestablishment of the National authority over the United States; that he had considered the measure of an armistice fully. He would not consent to a proposition of the kind.

Mr. Campbell asked in what manner was reconstruction to be effected, supposing that the Confederate authorities were consenting to it.

Mr. Seward requested that the answer to this question might be deferred until Mr. Stephens could develop his ideas more fully, as they had a philosophical basis. He had proposed to divert the public mind from the existing troubles.

Mr. Stephens then proceeded at some length to express his opinions upon the so-called Monroe doctrine, and his assent to it; that the establishment of an empire in Mexico was in hostility to that doctrine, and was an offence against the Confederate States as much as against the United States; that he was favorable to an appropriation of the whole of the North American continent by the States of the two confederacies, and to exclude foreigners from a control over it; that there might be a union of power for that object, and in the course of that union fraternal feelings would arise, and a settlement might be acceptably made; that the conquest of Mexico would introduce a new element, and would require modifications of the existing system, &c.

Mr. Seward interposed, and made inquiries as to what would be the *status quo* during the period employed in the consummation of the enterprise. He referred to the arrangements concerning the tariff; the government of the territory of the Confederate States in the occupation of the respective authorities; the case when two governments existed in the same State, one recognised by the United States, and the other in the Confederacy.

This was answered by statements that a military convention might be entered into which could provide for all these subjects; that the troops on either side might be withdrawn into ascertained stations or posts; and that the duties collected might be arranged in the agreement; and that the government of the State recognised by the Confederacy should be supreme in the States.

This branch of the discussion was closed by Mr. Lincoln, who answered that it could not be entertained; that there could be no war without the consent of Congress, and no treaty without the consent of the Senate of the United States; that he could make no treaty with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of those States, and that this could not be done under any circumstances; that unless a settlement were made there would be danger that the quarrel would break out in the midst of the joint operations; that one party might unite with the common enemy to destroy the other; that he was determined to do nothing to suspend the operations for bringing the existing struggle to a close to attain any collateral end. Mr. Lincoln in this part of the conversation admitted that he had power to make a military convention, and that his arrangements under that might extend to settle several of the points mentioned, but others it could not.

The question was renewed as to how the matter was to be accomplished, supposing that the Confederate States were consenting.

He answered : By disbanding the troops and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions.

Mr. Seward said that Mr. Lincoln could not express himself more aptly than he had done in his message to Congress in December last, and recited a portion of that message, and specified the mode by saying that where there was a custom-house that officer would be appointed to collect duties, and appointments to the post-offices, courts, land offices, &c., should be made and the laws submitted to.

It was replied that the separation and the war had given rise to questions and interests which it would be necessary to provide for by stipulations and to adjust before a restoration of former relations could be efficiently made ; that the disbandment of the army was a delicate and difficult operation, and that time was needed for this ; that Confiscation Acts had been passed and property sold under them, and the title would be affected by the facts existing, when the war ended, unless provided for by stipulation.

The reply to this was that as to all questions involving rights of property, the courts could determine them, and that Congress would no doubt be liberal in making restitution of confiscated property, or by indemnity, after the passions that had been excited by the war had been composed. Special reference was made as to the effect of the President's proclamation. He said that there were different opinions as to its operation ; that some believed that it was not operative at all, others that it operated only within the circle which had been occupied by the army, and others believed that it was operative everywhere in the States to which it applied ; that this would be decided by the courts when cases arose ; that he would not modify any portion of it.

Mr. Seward produced the proposed amendments to the Constitution that had been adopted the 31st of January, and which had not been seen by the Commissioners. He said that these were passed as a war measure and under the predominance of revolutionary passion, and if the war were ended it was probable that the measures of the war would be abandoned. He alluded to the power of such passions in precipitating emancipation measures in Maryland and Missouri ; that the most extreme views in a revolution were sure to acquire predominance, and that the more moderate parties were always overborne, as they had been in those States.

Mr. Hunter spoke of the cruelty of such measures, to the slave population especially, in localities in which the men had been removed ; that the women and children were a tax on their masters, and if emancipated, would be helpless and suffering.

To this Mr. Lincoln replied with a story of a man who had planted potatoes for his hogs and left them in the ground to be rooted for. The ground froze, but the master said the hogs must root *nevertheless*.

Mr. Seward was asked if he supposed the slavery agitation would end with emancipation ; if there would not be agitation as to the status of the slave. He assented that it was quite possible.

Mr. Hunter inquired of Mr. Lincoln, if the State of Virginia were

to return to the Union, would it be with her ancient limits. The answer to this was, that the question would have to be settled by other departments of the Government, but that in his opinion Western Virginia would remain as she is.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Hunter remarked that there had been numerous instances in which the parties to contests similar to this had conferred through commissioners, and had made agreements in reference to matters in dispute, and instanced the case of Charles I. and the Parliament in Great Britain.

Mr. Lincoln replied, "All that he knew of Charles I. was, that he lost his head."

To another historical instance, cited by Mr. Stephens in another connection, he expressed unfeignedly his ignorance of history, and referred him to Mr. Seward for that kind of discussion.

In conclusion Mr. Hunter summed up what seemed to be the result of the interview :

That there could be no arrangements by treaty between the Confederate States and the United States, or any agreements between them.

That there was nothing left for them but unconditional submission.

Mr. Seward remarked that they had not used the word submission, or any word that implied humiliation to the States, and begged that it should be noted. Mr. Lincoln in the course of his remarks had said that the laws relative to confiscation and to pains and penalties had left the matter in his hands, and that he could express himself freely as to them. That he would say that the power granted to him would be very liberally exerted. That he could not answer what Congress would do as to the admission of members of Congress ; that it was their business to decide upon that, and that they had rejected members who, in his opinion, ought to have been admitted.

Reference was made to Mr. Blair. It was said by Mr. Lincoln that doubtless the old man meant well, but that he had given him no authority to make any proposition or statement to any one ; that he had stopped him from proceeding when he commenced to tell him of his business in Richmond.

Mr. Hunter stated that in candor he should say, that upon the subject of Mexico there was diversity of sentiment in the Confederate States, and that it was not probable that any arrangement could be made for her invasion without much opposition.

Mr. Seward had evidently encouraged Mr. Stephens in his remarks upon the general subject, and sympathised apparently in his general views, and represented that there was a very strong feeling in the Northern States on the subject. He, or Mr. Lincoln, had remarked that there never was a question upon which the Northern mind seemed to be more harmonious.

Upon the observation of Mr. Hunter before stated, they qualified what had been previously said on that subject, and stated that there was a strong feeling in the North that the affairs in Mexico were not right, and that something ought to be done.

Mr. Seward remarked that their foreign relations were complicated, and that the feeling of the United States was as strong against

England as against France ; that they were in the situation that they were in prior to the war of 1812, with a cause of war against both nations, and uncertain against which to proceed ; that it might be they would be decided by the ancient grudge against Great Britain.

I have stated the import of the conference generally, without introducing what was said by the different members of the Commission, except when their remarks were direct and pointed to some particular subject.

My own purpose was to ascertain if practicable the precise views of Messrs. Lincoln and Seward as to the manner in which reconstruction would be effected, and the rights that would be secured to the Southern States in the event that one should take place.

I expressed the opinion that an agreement to go upon an enterprise against Mexico, leaving the strongholds of the Confederacy in the hands of the enemy, would lead inevitably to reconstruction.

Mr. Hunter expressed the opinion that it might lead to independence with a close alliance, sufficient to arrange satisfactorily all questions of trade and intercourse, and for defence against foreign aggression.

Both agreed that in the present temper of both nations that a reunion would not be profitable to either, and should not be desired by either.

Mr. Seward at one time said that the Northern States were weary of war, and would be willing to pay what they would probably be required to pay on account of its continuance, but did not explain himself further on this subject.

Mr. Lincoln stated that he regarded the North to be as much responsible for slavery as the South, and that he would be rejoiced to be taxed on his little property for indemnities to the masters of slaves.

Mr. Seward remarked that the North had already paid on that account. These observations were incidentally made, and did not seem to have any reference to the general subject. They were not intended apparently as the ground of any proposition.

Mr. Stephens requested President Lincoln to reconsider his conclusion upon the subject of a suspension of hostilities.

Mr. Lincoln replied that he would reconsider it as asked, but as at present advised he could not promise any consent to such a proposal; that he had maturely considered of the plan, and had determined that it could not be done.

At the commencement of the conference it was understood that it was to be free and open, that none of the parties were to be held to anything they had said, and that the whole was to be in confidence.

J. A. CAMPBELL.

February, 1865.

RESOURCES OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT
AT THE OPENING OF 1865.

LETTER OF JUDGE CAMPBELL TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BALTIMORE, MD., *August 15th*, 1874.

My Dear Sir:—I enclose an original letter addressed by me to General J. C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War of the Confederate States, in March, 1865.

The occasion for this letter was made by a request from the Hon. William C. Rives, of Virginia, of me, to apprise him of the exact condition of the War Department, to enable him to carry on a conversation with General Lee (which had been appointed) upon the state of the Confederacy and its resources to maintain the war. I sent him a paper I had prepared, containing the information he desired.

The conversation took place, and as I was told by Mr. Rives, General Lee stated at the close of it that the war could not be maintained, and that the time for a settlement of it by negotiations had come.

Mr. Rives agreed to prepare a resolution, the original of which I have, and a copy accompanies this letter.

On my part, the letter enclosed, embodying the facts which had been discussed between General Lee and Mr. Rives, was written and placed before General Breckenridge with documents to sustain the statement of facts. One of these documents exhibited an account of the requisitions which had been made upon the Treasury by the War Department from its organisation and paid, and an account of the deficiency or debit of the War Department for current demands. My recollection is that about \$1,600,000,000 had been drawn, and that requisitions for \$500,000,000 had been partially made and were ready to be made. Another paper disclosed the fact that on the 31st of December, 1864, the Treasury had emitted all the Treasury notes it was empowered to issue, and that since that date it had purchased its notes for urgent demands at the rate of sixty dollars in currency for one dollar in gold, and that when the gold on hand was exhausted the operations of the Treasury would cease. The stock on hand on 19th of February, 1865, was \$750,000. Another paper disclosed the condition of the armies and the desertions from them.

General Breckenridge, on the reception of the letter, addressed General Lee, as well as the Quartermaster and Commissary Generals, and also the Chief of Ordnance, on the matters stated in the letter. Prompt answers were returned. General Lee answered that "the situation was full of peril and difficulty, and required prompt action." He described the condition of his own commissariat, and the condition of the armies in the field—General Johnston's and General Taylor's; and that neither of the latter had force to do what was required of them, and that without improvement in his own condition

he could neither maintain his lines before Richmond nor remove from them.

The Commissary-General reported that were the country between Abingdon, Va., Charlotte, N. C., and Goldsborough, N. C., kept open, and adequate field and railroad transportation afforded and gold supplied wherewith to make purchases, the Army of Northern Virginia might be supported. The Quartermaster-General reported that the railroad transportation was barely sufficient to bring supplies for the army, and if appropriated for transportation of troops or other purposes it was not sufficient. The Chief of Ordnance reported losses of workmen and losses of machinery, and that his foreign connections had been broken. While the subject was under consideration, Goldsborough was taken, and the railroad transportation was used to aid in the retreat of the Confederate forces. Supplementary reports stated these facts, with comments on their bearing.

General Breckenridge submitted these papers to President Davis. They were enclosed in an envelope and sent to the Congress as a secret message from the Executive Department.

The resolution of Mr. Rives was handed by me to Senator Graham, of North Carolina, and on the last day of the session and after the adjournment of the Congress he returned it.

My impression is, that no action was taken either on the message or resolution by Congress. I was informed that the message was found among the records of Congress after the evacuation of Richmond, and delivered to General Weitzel, commander of the United States forces.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

GEO. W. MUNFORD, Esq., *Sec. Southern Historical Society.*

MR. RIVES' RESOLUTION.

The Senate of the Confederate States, cherishing with undiminished attachment the cause of national independence, but convinced by a careful and conscientious study of their situation, compared with the overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources of their adversary, increased by accessions from every part of Europe, and favored by the partial and unjust policy of foreign powers, that a longer prosecution of the war, with any reasonable prospect of success on their part, has become impracticable ; and yielding, as the proudest and most valiant nations have done in like circumstances, to the stern law of necessity and the apparent decrees of Heaven ; do, in order to prevent a farther and unavailing effusion of blood, to husband the lives and interests of so many of their fellow-citizens committed to their guardianship, and to avert the horrors of a savage and relentless subjugation by a triumphant armed force of every race and complexion, advise the President to propose to the enemy, through the General-in-Chief, an armistice preliminary to the re-establishment of peace and union, and for the special purpose of settling and ascertaining certain points incident thereto, to a restoration of the Union, and particularly whether the seceded States on their return will be secured in their rights and privileges as States under the Constitution of the United States.

JUDGE CAMPBELL TO GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE.

WAR DEPARTMENT, *March 5th*, 1865.

GEN. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, *Secretary of War*.

Sir:—The present condition of the country requires, in my opinion, that a full and exact examination be made into the resources of the Confederate Government available for the approaching campaign, and that accurate views of our situation be taken. It is not the part of statesmanship or of patriotism to close our eyes upon them.

The most important of these is the state of the finances. This Department is in debt from four to five hundred millions of dollars. The service of all of its bureaux is paralysed by the want of money and credit. The estimates for this year amount to \$1,048,858,275. This only includes an estimate of six months for the Commissary Department, and excludes £135,000 for the Nitre and Mining service. These being included, the estimate would be \$1,338,858,275. The currency is, at the Treasury valuation, 60 to 1, as compared with coin, and when the small stock of coin in the Treasury is expended, and the sales of which now control the market, no one can foretell the extent of the depreciation that will ensue.

It is needless to comment on the facts.

Second only to the question of finance, and perhaps of equal importance, is the condition of the armies as to men. In April, 1862, the revolutionary measure of conscription was resorted to. The men between eighteen and thirty-five were then placed in service. The eventful campaign of 1862 compelled the addition of the class between thirty-five and forty to the call of April. The campaign that terminated in July, 1863, with the loss of Vicksburg, and the disaster at Gettysburg, made a call for the men between forty and forty-five necessary. In February, 1864, the Conscrip Act was made more stringent, and the population between seventeen and fifty were made subject to call. At the same time the currency was reduced one-third, and heavy taxes were laid. In October, 1864, all details were revoked. The casualties of the war cannot be accurately ascertained, but enough is known to show that no large addition can be made from the conscript population. General Preston reports "that there are over 100,000 deserters scattered over the Confederacy; that so common is the crime, it has in popular estimation lost the stigma which justly pertains to it, and therefore the criminals are everywhere shielded by their families and by the sympathies of many communities." The States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and perhaps others, have passed laws to withdraw from service men liable to it under existing laws, and these laws have the support of local authorities. I think that the number of deserters is perhaps over-stated; but the evil is one of enormous magnitude, and the means of the Department to apply a corrective have diminished in proportion to its increase.

I do not regard the slave population as a source from which an addition to the army can be successfully derived. If the use of slaves had been resorted to in the beginning of the war, for service in the engineer troops, and as teamsters and laborers, it might have been judicious. Their employment since 1862 has been difficult, and, lat-

terly, almost impracticable. The attempt to collect 20,000 has been obstructed and nearly abortive. The enemy have raised almost as many from the fugitives occasioned by the draft as ourselves from its execution. General Holmes reports 1500 fugitives in one week in North Carolina. Colonel Blount reported a desertion of 1210 last summer in Mobile; and Governor Clarke, of Mississippi, entreats the suspension of the call for them in that State. As a practical measure, I cannot see how a slave force can be collected, armed and equipped at the present time.

In immediate connection with this subject is that of subsistence for the army. This has been attended with difficulty since the commencement of the war, in consequence of the want of efficient control over the transportation and the difficulty of funds. There were abundant supplies in the country at that time, and the transportation was fully adequate, but these were not under control. The Treasury has never answered the full demands of the Commissary Department with promptitude. These difficulties were aggravated when the currency became depreciated, and prices were determined by commissioners, so as to lighten the burden on the Treasury and without reference to the market. They have been still more aggravated by the subjugation of the most productive parts of the country, the devastation of other portions, and the destruction of railroads. Production has been diminished, and the quantity of supplies has been so much reduced, that under the most favorable circumstances, subsistence for the army would not be certain and adequate. At present, these embarrassments have become so much accumulated that the late Commissary-General pronounces the problem of subsistence of the Army of Northern Virginia, in its present position, insoluble, and the present Commissary-General requires the fulfillment of conditions, though not unreasonable, nearly impossible.

The remarks upon the subject of subsistence are applicable to the clothing, fuel and forage requisite for the army service, and in regard to the supply of animals for cavalry and artillery. The transportation by railroad south of this city is now limited to the Danville Road. The present capacity of that road is insufficient to bring supplies adequate to the support of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the continuance of that road even at its existing condition cannot be relied on. It can render no assistance in facilitating the movement of troops.

The Chief of Ordnance reports that he has a supply of 25,000 arms. He has been dependent on a foreign market for one-half of the arms used. This source is nearly cut off. His workshops, in many instances, have been destroyed, and those in use have been impaired by the withdrawal of details. He calls loudly for the withdrawal of men from the army to re-establish the efficiency of some of them. There is reason to apprehend that the most important of the manufactories of arms will be destroyed in a short time, and we have to contemplate a deficiency of arms and ammunition.

The foregoing observations apply to the Nitre and Mining Bureau; and the Medical Department is not in a better condition than the other bureaux.

The armies in the field in North Carolina and Virginia do not afford encouragement to prolonged resistance. General Lee reported a few days ago the desertion of some twelve hundred veteran soldiers. Desertions have been frequent during the whole season, and the *morale* of the army is somewhat impaired. The causes have been abundant for this. Exposed to the most protracted and violent campaign that is known in history, contending against overwhelming numbers, badly equipped, fed, paid, and cared for in camp and hospital, with families suffering at home, this army has exhibited the noblest qualities. It sees everywhere disaster and defeat, and that their toils and sufferings have been unproductive. The Army of North Carolina can scarcely be regarded as an army. General Johnston has at Charlotte less than 3000 dispirited and disorganised troops, composed of brigades that are not so large as regiments should be. General Hardee has a mixed command; a small portion of it is probably efficient. The troops from the Tennessee army have not arrived, and we cannot hope that they will arrive in good condition.

The political condition is not more favorable. Georgia is in a state that may properly be called insurrectionary against the Confederate authorities. Her public men of greatest influence have cast reproach upon the laws of the Confederacy and the Confederate authorities, and have made the execution of the laws nearly impossible. A mere mention of the condition in Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, Western Virginia, the line of the Mississippi, the seaboard from the Potomac to the Sabine, and of North Alabama, is sufficient. North Carolina is divided, and her divisions will prevent her from taking upon herself the support of the war as Virginia has done. With the evacuation of Richmond, the State of Virginia must be abandoned. The war will cease to be a national one from that time. You cannot but have perceived how much of the treasure, of the hopes and affections of the people of all the States, have been deposited in Virginia, and how much the national spirit has been upheld by the operations here. When this exchequer becomes exhausted I fear that we shall be bankrupt, and that the public spirit in the South and Southwestern States will fail.

It is the province of statesmanship to consider of these things. The South may succumb, but it is not necessary that she should be destroyed. I do not regard reconstruction as involving destruction, unless our people should forget the incidents of their heroic struggle and become debased and degraded. It is the duty of their statesmen and patriots to guard them in the future with even more care and tenderness than they have done in the past.

There is anarchy in the opinions of men here, and few are willing to give counsel, still fewer are willing to incur the responsibility of taking or advising action. In these circumstances I have surveyed the whole ground, I believe, calmly and dispassionately. The picture I do not think has been too highly colored. I do not ask that my views be accepted, but that a candid inquiry be made with a view to action.

I recommend that General Lee be requested to give his opinion

upon the condition of the country, upon a submission of these facts, and that the President submit the subject to the Senate or to Congress, and invite their action.

Very respectfully,

J. A. CAMPBELL, *A. S. W.*

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD "THE VIRGINIA," FORMERLY THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE "MERRIMAC."

A Narrative of her Services by Catesby Ap R. Jones, her Executive and Ordnance Officer and Commander, in her Fight with the Monitor.

NEW YORK, October 8th, 1874.

Dear Sir:—In accordance with the request of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, I transmit herewith a narrative of the services of the first Confederate iron-clad, the *Virginia* (formerly the United States steam frigate *Merrimac*), including in it her contest with the *Monitor*.

Yours very truly,

CATESBY AP R. JONES.

Col. G. W. MUNFORD, Richmond, Va.

When on April 21st, 1861, the Virginians took possession of the abandoned navy-yard at Norfolk, they found that the *Merrimac* had been burnt and sunk. She was raised; and on June 23d following, the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, ordered that she should be converted into an iron-clad, on the plan proposed by Lieutenant Jno. M. Brooke, C. S. Navy.

The hull was 275 feet long. About 160 feet of the central portion was covered by a roof of wood and iron, inclining about 36 deg. The wood was two feet thick; it consisted of oak plank 4 inches by 12 inches, laid up and down next the iron, and two courses of pine; one longitudinal of eight inches thickness, the other twelve inches thick.

The intervening space on top was closed by permanent gratings of two-inch square iron two and one-half inches apart, leaving openings for four hatches, one near each end, and one forward and one abaft the smoke-stack. The roof did not project beyond the hull. There was no knuckle as in the *Atlanta*, *Tennessee* and our other iron-clads of later and improved construction. The ends of the shield were rounded.

The armor was four inches thick. It was fastened to its wooden backing by one and three-eighths inch bolts, countersunk and secured by iron nuts and washers. The plates were eight inches wide. Those first made were one inch thick, which was as thick as we could then punch cold iron. We succeeded soon in punching two inches, and the remaining plates, more than two-thirds, were two

inches thick. They were rolled and punched at the Tredegar Works, Richmond. The outside course was up and down, the next longitudinal. Joints were broken where there were more than two courses.

The hull, extending two feet below the roof, was plated with one inch iron; it was intended that it should have had three inches.

The prow was of cast iron, wedge-shape, and weighed 1500 pounds. It was about two feet under water, and projected two feet from the stem; it was not well fastened.

The rudder and propeller were unprotected.

The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-banded Brooke rifles and six nine-inch Dahlgren's shell guns. Two of the rifles, bow and stern pivots, were seven-inch, of 14,500 pounds; the other two were 6.4-inch (32 pounds calibre), of 9000 pounds, one on each broadside. The nine-inch gun on each side nearest the furnaces was fitted for firing hot shot. A few nine-inch shot with extra windage were cast for hot shot. No other solid shot were on board during the fight.

The engines were the same the vessel had whilst in the United States Navy. They were radically defective, and had been condemned by the United States Government. Some changes had been made, notwithstanding which the engineers reported that they were unreliable. They performed very well during the fight, but afterwards failed several times, once whilst under fire.

There were many vexatious delays attending the fitting and equipment of the ship. Most of them arose from the want of skilled labor and lack of proper tools and appliances. Transporting the iron from Richmond also caused much delay; the railroads were taxed to supply the army.

The crew, 320 in number, were obtained with great difficulty. With few exceptions they were volunteers from the army; most of them were landsmen. Their deficiencies were as much as possible overcome by the zeal and intelligence of the officers; a list of them is appended. In the fight one of the nine-inch guns was manned by a detachment of the Norfolk United Artillery.

The vessel was by the Confederates called *Virginia*. She was put in commission during the last week of February, but continued crowded with mechanics until the eve of the fight. She was badly ventilated, very uncomfortable, and very unhealthy. There was an average of fifty or sixty at the hospital, in addition to the sick-list on board.

The Flag-Officer, Franklin Buchanan, was detained in Richmond in charge of an important bureau, from which he was only relieved a few days before the fight. There was no captain; the ship was commissioned and equipped by the Executive and Ordnance Officer, who had reported for duty in November. He had by special order selected her battery, and was also made responsible for its efficiency.

A trial was determined upon, although the vessel was in an incomplete condition. The lower part of the shield forward was only immersed a few inches, instead of two feet as was intended; and there was but one inch of iron on the hull. The port-shutters, &c., were unfinished.

The *Virginia* was unseaworthy, her engines were unreliable, and

her draft, over twenty-two feet, prevented her from going to Washington. Her field of operation was therefore restricted to the bay and its immediate vicinity; there was no regular concerted movement with the army.*

The frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland* temptingly invited an attack. It was fixed for Thursday night, March 6th, 1862; the pilots, of whom there were five, having been previously consulted. The sides were slushed, supposing that it would increase the tendency of the projectiles to glance. All preparations were made, including lights at obstructions. After dark the pilots declared that they could not pilot the ship during the night. They had a high sense of their responsibility. In justice to them it should be stated that it was not easy to pilot a vessel of our great draft under favorable circumstances, and that the difficulties were much increased by the absence of lights, buoys, &c., to which they had been accustomed.

The attack was postponed to Saturday, March 8th. The weather was favorable. We left the navy-yard at 11 A. M., against the last half of the flood tide, steamed down the river past our batteries, through the obstructions, across Hampton Roads, to the mouth of James river, where off Newport News lay at anchor the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*, protected by strong batteries and gunboats. The action commenced about 3 P. M. by our firing the bow-gun † at the *Cumberland*, less than a mile distant. A powerful fire was immediately concentrated upon us from all the batteries afloat and ashore. The frigates *Minnesota*, *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence*, with other vessels, were seen coming from Old Point. We fired at the *Congress* on passing, but continued to head directly for the *Cumberland*, which vessel we had determined to run into, and in less than fifteen minutes from the firing of the first gun we rammed her just forward of the star-board fore-chains. There were heavy spars about her bows, probably to ward off torpedoes, through which we had to break before reaching the side of the ship. The noise of the crashing timbers was distinctly heard above the din of battle. There was no sign of the hole above water. It must have been large, as the ship soon commenced to careen. The shock to us on striking was slight. We immediately backed the engines. The blow was not repeated. We here lost the prow, and had the stem slightly twisted. The *Cumberland* ‡ fought her guns gallantly as long as they were above water. She went down bravely, with her colors flying. One of her shells struck the sill of the bow-port and exploded; the fragments killed two and wounded a number. Our after nine-inch gun was loaded and ready for firing, when its muzzle was struck by a shell, which broke it off and fired the gun. Another gun also had its muzzle shot off; it was broken so short that at each subsequent discharge its port was set

* There was, however, an informal understanding between General Magruder, who commanded the Confederate forces on the Peninsula, and the Executive officer, to the effect that General Magruder should be kept advised by us, in order that his command might be concentrated near Hampton when our attack should be made. The movement was prevented in consequence of a large portion of the command having been detached just before the fight.

† It killed and wounded ten men at the after pivot gun of the *Cumberland*. The second shot from the same gun killed and wounded twelve men at her forward pivot gun. Lieutenant Charles C. Simms pointed and fired the gun.

‡ She was a sailing frigate of 1726 tons, mounting two ten-inch pivots and twenty-two nine-inch guns. Her crew numbered 376; her loss in killed and wounded was 121.

on fire. The damage to the armor was slight. Their fire appeared to have been aimed at our ports. Had it been concentrated at the water-line we would have been seriously hurt, if not sunk. Owing to the ebb tide and our great draft we could not close with the *Congress* without first going up stream and then turning, which was a tedious operation, besides subjecting us twice to the full fire of the batteries, some of which we silenced.

We were accompanied from the yard by the tugs *Beaufort*, Lieut.-Commander W. H. Parker, and *Raleigh*, Lieut.-Commander J. W. Alexander. As soon as the firing was heard up James river, the *Patrick Henry*, Commander John R. Tucker, *Jamestown*, Lieut.-Commander J. N. Barney, and the tug *Teaser*, Lieut.-Commander W. A. Webb, under command of Captain John R. Tucker, stood down the river, joining us about four o'clock. All these vessels were gallantly fought and handled, and rendered valuable and effective service.

The prisoners from the *Congress* stated that when on board that ship it was seen that we were standing up the river, that three cheers were given under the impression that we had quit the fight. They were soon undeceived. When they saw us heading down stream, fearing the fate of the *Cumberland*, they slipped their cables, made sail, and ran ashore bows on. We took a position off her quarter, about two cables' length distant, and opened a deliberate fire. Very few of her guns bore on us, and they were soon disabled. The other batteries continued to play on us, as did the *Minnesota*, then aground about one and one-half miles off. The *St. Lawrence* also opened on us shortly after: There was great havoc on board the *Congress*. She was several times on fire. Her gallant commander, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith,* was struck in the breast by the fragment of a shell and instantly killed. The carnage was frightful. Nothing remained but to strike their colors, which they did. They hoisted the white flag, half-masted, at the main and at the spanker gaff. The *Beaufort* and *Raleigh* were ordered to burn her. They went alongside and secured several of her officers and some twenty of her men as prisoners. The officers urgently asked permission to assist their wounded out of the ship. It was granted. They did not return. A sharp fire of musketry from the shore killed some of the prisoners and forced the tugs to leave. A boat was sent from the *Virginia* to burn her, covered by the *Teaser*. A fire was opened on them from the shore, and also from the *Congress*, with both of her white flags flying, wounding Lieutenant Minor and others. We replied to this outrage upon the usages of civilised warfare by reopening on the *Congress* with hot shot and incendiary shell. Her crew escaped by boats, as did that of the *Cumberland*. Canister and grape would have prevented it; but in neither case was any attempt made to stop them, though it has been otherwise stated, possibly from our firing on the shore or at the *Congress*.

We remained near the *Congress* to prevent her recapture. Had she been retaken, it might have been said that the Flag-Officer permitted it, knowing that his brother† was an officer of that vessel.

* His sword was sent by flag of truce to his father, Admiral Joseph Smith.

† One of the sad attendants of civil war—divided families—was here illustrated. The Flag-Officer's brother was Paymaster of the *Congress*. The First and Second Lieutenants had each a brother in the United States army. The father of the Fourth Lieutenant was also in the United States army. The father of one of the Midshipmen was in the United States navy.

A distant and unsatisfactory fire was at times had at the *Minnesota*. The gunboats also engaged her. We fired canister and grape occasionally in reply to musketry from the shore, which had become annoying.

About this time the Flag-Officer was badly wounded by a rifle-ball, and had to be carried below. His bold daring and intrepid conduct won the admiration of all on-board. The Executive and Ordnance officer, Lieutenant Catesby Ap R. Jones, succeeded to the command.

The action continued until dusk, when we were forced to seek an anchorage. The *Congress* was riddled and on fire. A transport steamer was blown up. A schooner was sunk and another captured. We had to leave without making a serious attack on the *Minnesota*, though we fired at her as we passed on the other side of the Middle Ground, and also at the *St. Lawrence*.* The latter frigate fired at us by broadsides, not a bad plan for small calibres against iron-clads, if concentrated. It was too dark to aim well. We anchored off our batteries at Sewell Point. The squadron followed.

The *Congress* † continued to burn ; "she illuminated the heavens, and varied the scene by the firing of her own guns and the flight of her balls through the air," until shortly after midnight, "when her magazine exploded, and a column of burning matter appeared high in the air, to be followed by the stillness of death," [extract from report of General Mansfield, U. S. A.] One of the pilots chanced about 11 P. M. to be looking in the direction of the *Congress*, when there passed a strange-looking craft, brought out in bold relief by the brilliant light of the burning ship, which he at once proclaimed to be the *Ericsson*. We were therefore not surprised in the morning to see the *Monitor* at anchor near the *Minnesota*. The latter ship was still aground. Some delay occurred from sending our wounded out of the ship ; we had but one serviceable boat left. Admiral Buchanan was landed at Sewell Point.

At eight A. M. we got under way, as did the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown* and *Teaser*. We stood towards the *Minnesota* and opened fire on her. The pilots were to have placed us half-a-mile from her, but we were not at any time nearer than a mile. The *Monitor* ‡ commenced firing when about a third of a mile distant. We soon approached, and were often within a ship's length ; once while passing we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant. She and her turret appeared to be under perfect control. Her light draft enabled her to move about us at pleasure. She once took position for a short time where we could not bring a gun to bear on her. Another of her movements caused us great anxiety ; she made for our rudder and propeller, both of which could have been easily disabled. We could only see her guns when they were discharged ; immediately afterward the turret revolved rapidly, and the guns were not again seen until they were again fired. We wondered how proper aim could be taken in the very short time the guns were in sight. The *Virginia*, however, was a large target,

* A sailing frigate of fifty guns and 1726 tons.

† A sailing frigate of 1867 tons, mounting fifty guns. She had a crew of 434, of whom there were 120 killed and missing.

‡ She was 173 feet long and 41 feet wide. She had a revolving circular iron turret eight inches thick, nine feet high and twenty feet inside diameter, in which were two eleven-inch guns. Her draft was ten feet.

and generally so near that the *Monitor's* shot did not often miss. It did not appear to us that our shell had any effect upon the *Monitor*. We had no solid shot. Musketry was fired at the look-out holes. In spite of all the care of our pilots we ran ashore, where we remained over fifteen minutes. The *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown*, with great risk to themselves, started to our assistance. The *Monitor* and *Minnesota* were in full play on us. A small rifle-gun on board the *Minnesota*, or on the steamer alongside of her, was fired with remarkable precision.

When we saw that our fire made no impression on the *Monitor*, we determined to run into her if possible. We found it a very difficult feat to do. Our great length and draft, in a comparatively narrow channel, with but little water to spare, made us sluggish in our movements, and hard to steer and turn. When the opportunity presented all steam was put on; there was not, however, sufficient time to gather full headway before striking. The blow was given with the broad wooden stem, the iron prow having been lost the day before. The *Monitor* received the blow in such a manner as to weaken its effect, and the damage was to her trifling. Shortly after an alarming leak in the bows was reported. It, however, did not long continue.

Whilst contending with the *Monitor*, we received the fire of the *Minnesota*,* which we never failed to return whenever our guns could be brought to bear. We set her on fire and did her serious injury, though much less than we then supposed. Generally the distance was too great for effective firing. We blew up a steamer alongside of her.

The fight had continued over three hours. To us the *Monitor* appeared unharmed. We were therefore surprised to see her run off into shoal water where our great draft would not permit us to follow, and where our shell could not reach her. The loss of our prow and anchor, and consumption of coal, water, &c., had lightened us so that the lower part of the forward end of the shield was awash.

We for some time awaited the return of the *Monitor* to the Roads. After consultation it was decided that we should proceed to the navy-yard, in order that the vessel should be brought down in the water and completed. The pilots said if we did not then leave that we could not pass the bar until noon of the next day. We therefore at 12 M. quit the Roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the *Monitor's* willingness to renew the contest we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk.

The official report says: "Our loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor, and all the boats; the armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smoke-stack both riddled, the muzzles of two of the guns shot away. It was not easy to keep a flag flying; the flag-staffs were repeatedly shot away; the colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack, and several times cut down from it." None were

*She was a screw steam frigate of 3200 tons, mounting forty-three guns of eight, nine and ten-inch calibre. She fired 145 ten-inch, 349 nine-inch, and 35 eight-inch shot and shell, and 5567 pounds of powder. Her draft was about the same as the *Virginia*.

killed or wounded in the fight with the *Monitor*. The only damage she did was to the armor. She fired forty-one shots. We were enabled to receive most of them obliquely. The effect of a shot striking obliquely on the shield was to break all the iron, and sometimes to displace several feet of the outside course; the wooden backing would not be broken through. When a shot struck directly at right angles, the wood would also be broken through, but not displaced. Generally the shot were much scattered; in three instances two or more struck near the same place, in each case causing more of the iron to be displaced, and the wood to bulge inside. A few struck near the water-line. The shield was never pierced; though it was evident that two shots striking in the same place would have made a large hole through everything.

The ship was docked; a prow of steel and wrought iron put on, and a course of two-inch iron on the hull below the roof extending in length 180 feet. Want of time and material prevented its completion. The damage to the armor was repaired; wrought-iron port-shutters were fitted, &c. The rifle guns were supplied with bolts of wrought and chilled iron. The ship was brought a foot deeper in the water, making her draft 23 feet.

Commodore Josiah Tatnall relieved Admiral Buchanan in command. On the 11th of April he took the *Virginia* down to Hampton Roads, expecting to have a desperate encounter with the *Monitor*. Greatly to our surprise, the *Monitor* refused to fight us. She closely hugged the shore under the guns of the fort, with her steam up. Hoping to provoke her to come out, the *Jamestown** was sent in, and captured several prizes, but the *Monitor* would not budge. It was proposed to take the vessel to York river, but it was decided in Richmond that she should remain near Norfolk for its protection.

Commodore Tatnall commanded the *Virginia* forty-five days, of which time there were only thirteen days that she was not in dock or in the hands of the navy-yard. Yet he succeeded in impressing the enemy that we were ready for active service. It was evident that the enemy very much overrated† our power and efficiency. The South also had the same exaggerated idea of the vessel.

On the 8th of May a squadron, including the *Monitor*, bombarded our batteries at Sewell Point. We immediately left the yard for the Roads. As we drew near, the *Monitor* and her consorts ceased bombarding, and retreated under the guns of the forts, keeping beyond the range of our guns. Men-of-war from below the forts, and vessels expressly fitted for running us down, joined the other vessels between the forts. It looked as if the fleet was about to make a fierce onslaught upon us. But we were again to be disappointed. The *Monitor* and the other vessels did not venture to meet us, although we advanced until projectiles from the Rip Raps fell more than half a mile beyond us. Our object, however, was accomplished; we had put an end to the bombardment, and we returned to our buoy.

Norfolk was evacuated on the 10th of May. In order that the ship might be carried up the James river, we commenced to lighten

* French and English men-of-war were present. The latter cheered our gunboat as she passed with the prizes.

† Some of the Northern papers estimated her to be equivalent to an army corps.

her, but ceased on the pilots saying they could not take her up. Her shield was then out of water ; we were not in fighting condition. We therefore ran her ashore in the bight of Craney Island, landed the crew, and set the vessel on fire. The magazine exploded about half-past four on the morning of the 11th of May, 1862. The crew arrived at Drury's Bluff the next day, and assisted in defeating the *Monitor*, *Galena*, and other vessels on the 15th of May.

Commodore Tatnall was tried by court-martial for destroying the *Virginia*, and was "*honorably acquitted*" of all the charges. The court stated the facts, and their motives for acquitting him. Some of them are as follows: "That after the evacuation of Norfolk, Westover on James river became the most suitable position for her to occupy ; that while in the act of lightening her for the purpose of taking her up to that point, the pilots for the first time declared their inability to take her up. . . . That when lightened she was made vulnerable to the attacks of the enemy. . . . The only alternative, in the opinion of the court, was to abandon and burn the ship then and there, which, in the judgment of the court, was deliberately and wisely done."

List of Officers of the C. S. Iron-clad "Virginia," March 8th, 1862.

Flag-Officer — Franklin Buchanan. *Lieutenants* — Catesby Ap R. Jones, Executive and Ordnance officer ; Charles C. Simms, R. D. Minor (flag), Hunter Davidson, J. Taylor Wood, J. R. Eggleston, Walter Butt. *Midshipmen* — Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long, and Rootes. *Paymaster* — James Semple. *Surgeon* — Dinwiddie Phillips. *Assistant-Surgeon* — Algernon S. Garnett. *Captain of Marines* — Reuben Thom. *Engineers* — H. A. Ramsey, *Acting Chief* ; *Assistants* — Tynan, Campbell, Herring, Jack and White. *Boatswain* — Hasker. *Gunner* — Oliver. *Carpenter* — Lindsey. *Clerk* — Arthur Sinclair, Jr. *Volunteer Aide* — Lieutenant Douglas Forrest, C. S. A. ; Captain Kevil, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery. *Signal Corps* — Sergeant Tabb.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Southern Historical Society (as reorganised) was held at the Capitol, Richmond, October 27th, 1874. General Jubal Early, President of the Society, took the chair. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Jeter, General Early introduced the orator of the occasion, the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, who was heard with great applause.

MR. HUNTER'S ADDRESS.

We have met here to renew the ties which bind us together to a common cause, a common struggle, and common sufferings ; we have come to weave again still more firmly the bonds of an olden fellowship, which binds us to each other and which we are proud to remember. May neither rivalry nor resentment fret those bonds asunder ! I have somewhere heard that a club was once formed amongst the survivors of the British army which was engaged at Waterloo, composed of officers of a certain rank, who were to meet annually to celebrate the anniversary of that battle. But their numbers thinned so rapidly that their meeting became better calculated to celebrate the deaths of the absentees than to promote pleasant intercourse amongst the living. So melancholy became those meetings that members of all ranks were admitted from the army, and finally the meetings themselves were abandoned. It will be long before we shall be subjected to this catastrophe, we draw from so much larger numbers and descend so much lower in the scale of the ages of those who may form our ranks. But still nature will hold its course, and the time must come when we may draw no longer from living sources for the history for which I understand it is our chief purpose to collect the materials from those who were actors in the scenes and affairs which we propose to commemorate. This, I suppose, is the great object of this Association, and well does it behoove us to accomplish it. We have helped to make this history ; let us see that it is truthfully written. For wo to the people who leave it to their conquerors to write the history of the contest ! The temptations to falsify the record are so strong that it seems to be difficult to avert them. Already we have boasts of victories which no contemporaries of those events expected to hear claimed.

Grant's admirers already claim for him that he achieved a great victory over Lee at Appomattox. If he have no more substantial claim to military fame than this pretension, slender indeed is the foundation on which it rests. When Lee left Petersburg in retreat he had but forty-two thousand, as a distinguished member of this body assures me he had it from his own lips, in opposition to two hundred and twenty thousand under Grant; and when he surrendered, according to Swinton, their own historian, he delivered up eight thousand men with guns in their hands, whilst the remainder, a little more than twenty thousand, were wandering about in pursuit of food, without arms, without food, almost without clothes and the most necessary things of life. When death threatens us under the pomp and circumstance of war, manhood arrests him and the heart gives but little heed to its menaces; but when he comes on the pale horse, with famine and exhaustion on either hand, it is not in human nature to brave him. The boldest then quail, especially when his gaunt attendants threaten not only the man, but his wife and children also. Poor indeed must be the chronicle of heroic achievement in the life of a man who is forced to boast of such triumphs as these in order to make any show at all. But conquerors of a much higher type are not always to be trusted to recount their own exploits. It may well be doubted if even the great Julius did entire justice to the brave Gaul whom he subdued, and whom, with a want of that magnanimity which more than all other things honors the brave, he led up in cruel triumph and put to death in his capital. The refined and subtle Greek must have tried men's patience sorely by his boasts and narratives, when even Juvenal was forced to make his indignant protest against "*quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historia.*" But neither Greek nor Roman ever made so monstrous a boast as that of Grant's victory over Lee at the surrender of Appomattox. Perhaps there are men here who will see the day when Manassas and Cold Harbor will be claimed as Federal victories, unless something is done to vindicate the truth of history. I myself have heard the former called a mere panic. It was indeed a panic, but it succeeded, and did not precede the victory. Gentlemen, we must collect the materials for a truthful history of this mighty struggle in all its main details. If it falls heavily upon any one, let him bear the penalty before the world. Here is a tribunal to which none can except. But a truthful history of these events ought to be written. It is due to the heroic dead who sleep on so many battle-fields, and died in the hope that their deeds would be remembered by those whom they perished to save. Let it be ours to see that such a hope is not disappointed. It is due to the great men who so often led us to victory, most of whom are dead and cannot themselves see that an appropriate niche of fame is secured to them. They are entitled to the respect and admiration of the world, and to the love of their countrymen. Let us make good their claims. It is due to the great cause which was so near being won, and was lost by no want of valor or patriotism in the defeated—a war for which it is hard to find a parallel in history. Let us record its origin, its progress, its decline and fall, in a spirit of truth which all must feel and acknowledge. Not to keep alive enmities and

animosities, not to stir up sectional disaffection, not to make two peoples of those who ought to be one — for the interest of the peace, happiness and progress of all, and who will be one if the pledges are redeemed, as they will be if met in the spirit in which they were offered. Such a history is due to the self-respect of the South. It is due too to the best interests of the conquering party that they should see what a thing is civil war, and learn to realise its trials, its sufferings, and anxieties, and understand how dangerous it is to sow the spirit of disaffection to the whole in any section of this Union. It is due too to all mankind, for the highest interests of human nature are those of truth. It is history which makes the lessons of the past a useful guidance for conduct in the future. Without history there can be no advancement in knowledge, no progress in mankind. Truth is the champion and history the trumpet before whose blast the battlements of error fall, whether reared in bigotry or ignorance. After all, too, history is a great protector to the weak against the strong. All nations respect the verdict of public opinion. At that great bar everything depends upon the truth of the pleadings, if great offenders be brought before it. Under its adverse judgments all civilised nations quail.

Let, then, the story be told how a weak section of this Union appealed in vain to the others to respect its chartered rights and constitutional privileges. How a Senator from Kentucky, who desired a constitutional amendment, which for the most part was only to make more certain what few doubted before ; how so many Southern votes were cast for it as to make it probable that the breach might thus be healed ; and how, instead of adopting this small measure of compromise, it was annulled by a proposition for which I think every Republican Senator voted, that the Constitution was sufficiently plain and required no amendment — as indeed it was, if it could have been interpreted and executed with impartiality and justice. But so far from this, it was declared by a Senator from New York, who was generally considered the leader of the Republican party, "that upon the subject of slavery there was a law of God higher than any of man," which was of more obligation, and he also declared that upon that subject there was an irrepressible conflict between the sections which nothing could settle but the absolute submission of the one or the other. When the South declared in consequence of all these things they would leave the Union unless something was done to assure their protection and justice within it, the whole air resounded with the taunts of Northern members of Congress and the Northern press, taunting them for their weakness and impotence, and threatening to overwhelm them by their superior power, until State after State fell from them in utter despair. Let it be told how a Confederacy was thus formed, small in point of numbers, consisting of eight millions of whites, and about four millions of slaves, without commerce, without manufactures, and almost without accumulated capital, and without allies — which Confederacy staked its all upon an issue of arms with a union of more than twenty millions of men homogeneous in character and pursuits, and which, abounding in all those things of which the others were so much in want, and although nominally without professed allies was

yet substantially assisted by the whole world, which, although professing to be impartial, respected a paper blockade, which of itself was almost fatal to a people without ships of war, and to which they had not quietly submitted heretofore. Nor could they have done so then but for the idea that they were indirectly assisting in a war against slavery. What was to be the effect of all this, foreigners did not then understand, or their course might have been different; nor did the North foresee the terrible nature of the contest in which they were about to embark, or they might have paused before entering into it. But let the whole story be told, that the world and the country may behold the entire consequences of such a strife before they provoke another like it. Let us hear the history of that famous day at Bull Run, when Northern men and Northern women, as if upon some review or gala occasion, followed their army out from Washington to see it overwhelm the poor, despised South, whose sons were recklessly assembled together, as they supposed, to be routed and ruined by the superior forces which they stood up to encounter. Let all mankind hear how bloody was the reception which they met, until they broke and fled in wild despair, even more surprised than frightened, if possible, to find the men in gray capable of such stern resistance. Let the course of these heroic men be followed after they fell into the master-hands of Lee, for more than four years over the soil of Virginia, as they trod in triumph with feet red with the blood of their enemies, and as they hurled back the invading forces, sometimes four, sometimes three, and never less than two to one, reeking with their own blood and red with carnage; now driving McClellan into the James River and clear away from Richmond; now hurling Burnside across the Rappahannock river in bloody repulse from the good town of Fredericksburg. Let it be told how these same men in gray flanked the superior hosts of the North under Hooker, and drove them away in wild and bewildering flight, having lost their confidence in numbers, and believing it impossible to make themselves superior in strength so long as there was a Lee to plan, or a Jackson to lead these brave men in the charge, whose wild cheer always betokened courage and victory so long as they had food and clothing, and maintained heart and hope; or still following them in their bloody march, let us pause with them at Cold Harbor, where they repulsed Grant's assault and piled so high the Federal dead that, as the rumor runs, the authorities at Washington despaired of success, and resolved to abandon the contest and agree to a division of the Union, a determination which they only revoked upon the receipt of encouraging news from the Southwest. But we must not leave the story there; we must follow it to the last sad results, until the tapestry is quite reversed. We must follow it to its final close, when, without food, without clothes, and an insufficient supply of arms, Lee surrendered his hardy and battered regiments with eight thousand muskets in their hands, whilst the rolls bore twenty-two thousand upon their face. And thus, when it was impossible to maintain any further contest upon even plausible terms, the army was surrendered and the cause was lost.

Yes, gentlemen, this is a story which must be told. We are

assembled here to collect the materials for that history. To this great work every man here must contribute to the extent of his abilities. Men who have documents will give them ; those who have personal recollections will transmit them in some enduring form. If we have no man now able to write this history, we will collect the materials, and there is a coming man, undoubtedly, who will write it. This indeed we can do, and it is due to the dead that we should do it. It is due too to the living, many of whom I see here, that it should be done. This is due not only to ourselves, but to the world. There never was a war whose history will be read with more interest than this. Of all contests, those between the weak and the strong interest us most, if the weak stand up bravely and meet their difficulties becomingly. From the day of David and Goliath down to this war, such contests have always enlisted human interest. Men do not help the weak when they fear the strong, but they always sympathise with the weak who meet their trial with courage and becoming fortitude and patience. I think it may be shown that no people ever encountered difficulties with greater courage and patience than did our Southern people in their recent contest. Let its history be fairly written, and I believe the world will accord with me. But in commemorating the deeds and self-denial of the men, we must not forget the women. When did they ever fail to respond promptly to any demand which was made upon them for food or raiment, or anything they could furnish to our men in the field? In how many instances did they rebuke desertion? Or when were they heard to complain of any sacrifices necessarily imposed upon them by the war? It was one of the last acts of the war when the Confederate Government appealed to the women of Virginia for food for the soldier. How cheerfully was it given! In how many instances did the woman say upon examining her stores, "I and my family will live upon the bread; let the soldier have the meat!" And at the time of Lee's surrender depots were being formed in the State, which were wasted or destroyed without even helping those for whom they were designed. I well remember myself the instance of a lady who dwelt not far from here. Several Federal officers were quartered in her house. One of them said to her one day, "Madam, you astonish me. Your slaves are deserting you, or being spirited away daily; your barns are sacked, your farm is wasted, your teams taken away, your stock destroyed; and yet you make no complaint. How is this?" "Sir," said the young lady, in the spirit of the Roman matron, "you do not understand the feelings of our Southern women in their estimation of the cause for which you are making them suffer. I lost my husband not very long ago. He owed his country his life, and nobly he paid the debt, dying fighting, as he did, in the field. I shed no tear over him; and do you suppose I would mourn over property when I made no moan over him? When I lost him, I lost my all. My sex forbids me take his place in the ranks; I cannot fight, but I can endure." And nobly did she endure all the trials of the war. I remember too that one day a woman came in from Hanover to see the President. She said that the Federal raiders had visited her the day before and swept off the little provision of corn she had made for the support of

herself and her daughter, taken whatever they wanted from her house, and dug up the grave of her mother in the garden under the hope that it might contain money or valuables. She had heard there was some provision made in the city to relieve such cases as hers, and she came for some corn for her subsistence. Some provision had been made for such cases by the Governor of Virginia, but of course there was nothing which the Confederate Government could do to relieve her. She sat to state her case to the Confederate President, who being very busy, could not see her, but sent her the expression of his sympathy and a small sum of money, with the regret that he could not make it more. She refused the money, saying that she did not come to beg, but to borrow the means of support whilst she and her daughter made another crop, which they would do, and not only repay what she borrowed, but provide another year's supply. Her husband, it was true, she said, was in the army, but she did not wish him recalled. He was doing a better business there than if he were making a crop for herself and her daughter. They could do that for themselves, she said, and let him fight the men who had treated her thus. It was explained to her that she must apply elsewhere for relief, and she went off quite contented that her husband should remain in the army to fight the Yankees, where she thought he ought to be.

But the history of the war is not confined to the men and women of the country. Both sexes were enthusiastic. There were many in all ranks willing to contribute their lives or their property to the cause in which they were all so deeply interested. Boyhood, too, has its recollections which are worthy to be preserved. The late Robert E. Scott, whose death was so deeply lamented by all Virginia, told me that on the eve of the battle of Manassas, a mere boy who had followed the troops from Alabama was going to the stream with a canteen to get some water for a wounded friend, when he was arrested by the groans of a wounded soldier from New York who was lying on the field. He begged the boy for water in a piteous tone. "Shall I give you water?" said the boy. "You left your home to invade my country and destroy our liberties. I will not give you water. On the contrary, I have a great mind to take one of these muskets lying around and put an end to you." "Do so," said the man; "I believe death would be more welcome to me than water. Put an end to my life; I have nothing more to live for." "No," said the boy, much shocked by the reply. "If you are as game as that," replied the little fellow, "I will not kill you, but bring you some water as soon as I have helped my friend." Accordingly he was soon back with a canteen of water. He said to the man, who was still moaning from pain: "Don't disturb yourself with the thought that you are deserted and left here to die. I am going for an ambulance for my friend. There will be room for both, and you shall have the same medical assistance which is provided for him." He was as good as his word, and carried his friend and the wounded man to the hospital. When the man was better of his wounds he was carried to the Libby, and soon after the father of the boy came on from Alabama to see after his sons who had been in the battle. When going away he said to

the little fellow, "Here is some money which I brought you; let me leave it with you." "I do not want so much," said he. "Give me a certain sum," naming it, "and when you get to Richmond, there is a poor fellow in the Libby," giving him a name rudely scrawled on the back of a letter; "inquire after the man and give him the residue. He was wounded, and I fear is in want of everything but meat and bread." "Take the money," said the old gentleman; "when I go through Richmond I will inquire after your friend and supply his wants." "Do you know such a boy?" said the father, naming his son, when he saw the man a few days afterwards in Richmond. "Know him!" said the man, his whole face brightening up at the recollection: "I shall never forget him! He saved my life at Manassas. There is not such another boy in this whole broad continent." "He remembers you too," said the old gentleman, "and I came here at his request to see you and supply your wants, which he feared were many." Accordingly he did furnish him with all necessities before he left. Are such men, women and boys to be forgotten? Let those who survive them see that no hair falls from their heads unremembered to earth.

But the abolition of slavery was not the only object sought by those who chiefly provoked this cruel war. They were anxious to centralise the Government, and as far as possible concentrate all essential powers in the Federal head. This probably was as much desired by them as the abolition of slavery itself. For myself, it is an object of even more interest than the emancipation policy. Virginia was opposed to slavery, when it was forced upon her. It was established in her midst against her earnest remonstrances. But when once forced upon her, she was against tampering with it, except at her own time and in her own way. In this I agreed with her. She was fast outgrowing the institution, and I believe if left alone she would have dealt with it herself. But she was not allowed to do this, and now I have nothing more to say about it. Slavery here is gone, and I have no moan to make on its loss. I believe it is true that it might have been managed much better for all concerned. But the other is a matter of everlasting interest. Changes have taken place and are taking place that may be fatal to our progress and happiness. To what lengths these may go I do not pretend to foresee. But when a change is once given by force to the direction of governments they are apt to pursue it to the end. In the great rebellion of Great Britain a democratic tendency was given to their policy, and this they have been pursuing with but little intermission ever since, until now it is obvious to all that an entire change has been made in the spirit of her institutions. That a centralising tendency has been given to our policy by the late war few will deny. That centralism in our Government must end in despotism, is, I think, obvious to all. Despotism may strengthen the government, but it does so at the expense of the rights of the people. The government may grow stronger, but the people will grow weaker morally and physically. Society will cease to move with the united intelligence, energies and resources of the whole, but only with what the government may exact from it by force. No longer buoyant, self-reliant and

inquisitive, no longer commanding the moral and physical resources of every man and the love of every heart, the reliance of the governing must be mainly on the fear of the governed, which in times of great trial is often a dependence poor enough. Let the history of this contest between republican governments be told, and then show the fierce parallel, if any can be found, in a war of despots. Take the greatest of them all, Napoleon the First, and I say his last struggle on the soil of France, though wonderful in point of genius, in the union and devotion of the people, does not compare with that of Lee in the supreme hour of his trial. The contest between Lee and Grant from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, so far as the former is concerned, will compare well, when the comparative resources of the two are considered, with any struggle recorded in history.

Gentlemen, changes have been forced upon us. Changes may yet be forced upon us leading to consequences which I do not pretend to foresee. There is a change of growth, another of decline. Which direction we are now taking I do not undertake to say; but this I will say: Virginia has nothing to do with any of them. She resisted them with all her strength; she fought them to the last — she fought them to the death — for we all knew what victory in that contest by the majority might mean — until at last, without food, without arms, naked, but not ashamed, she let fall the sword which from pure exhaustion she had no longer the strength to wield, and resigned the weapon which in the hands of a Washington and Lee had shone with a splendor that time cannot dim nor defeat obscure. Worn down by the unequal contest, when she could no longer sustain it, she submitted with a dignity so calm, and bore unmerited suffering and ungenerous persecution with a patience so sublime, as to have won the respect of all. But she has not forgotten and cannot forget her noble sons who so often led inferior forces to triumph and victory, or her heroes dead who sleep in graves which it will long be the pride of her daughters to deck with all the emblems of admiration and affection.

“Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
When grief's full heart is fed by fame.”

Of all the recollections of the grand old Roman Republic, perhaps there is none which reflects so much shame upon her memory as his treatment whom she persecuted when poor and old from court to court, until he sought relief in self-destruction from her pursuit and revenge. It is no bright chapter in American history which records that of all the seceding States Virginia alone was dismembered; or the others, which tell how she was insulted and despoiled — denied the right of self-government, although she had been the first to plant the seed of Anglo-American empire upon this continent, and had so often and so bravely defended it from those who were unwilling to see it grow. But she did not yield to ignoble despair on that account. When she found that it was designed to place her under the heel of the negro, she called her sons together and told them they must save her from that disgrace, but to do it they must bury all recollections of former feuds and divisions. They did it. They did save their mother from the shame and disgrace of such a spectacle. She still lifts up her

face to the world unspotted, unsullied, and beaming with affection for her children who have never deserted her in any of her trials. She will never forget their love or their services, but will bury her dead with a mother's love, and keep in everlasting remembrance the cause for which they died. Their enemies may cry out "rebellion," if they choose. Rebellion to whom? Not to her!

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

A REMINISCENCE BY GENERAL EARLY.

General Early then said that the allusion in the address to the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg made it proper for him to recall a reminiscence. There was in his division a Louisiana brigade, which, after serving in Jackson's glorious Valley campaign, swooped down with him on McClellan, went with him to Pope's rear, and served in all the succeeding brilliant exploits until they went to Gettysburg. On that bloody field, accompanied by a brigade of brave North Carolinians, they charged over the most difficult part of the position, entered the Federal works, bayoneted the gunners, and brought off over one hundred prisoners, being only prevented from holding the ground they thus won by the failure of their supports to come up.

Among these gallant fellows was Davidson Bradfute Penn (commanding the Seventh Louisiana regiment), who has recently figured in the movement by which the people of Louisiana had thrown off for a time the yoke of the oppressor.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General Dabney H. Maury, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, then submitted to the meeting their report, which he read, as follows:

Gentlemen of the Southern Historical Society:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the transactions of your Executive Committee during the past year:

Within a few weeks after the reorganisation of this Society, at the Montgomery Springs, in August, 1873, the Executive Committee convened in Richmond and entered upon its duties.

The first object of our efforts was the adoption of an effective system of extending the list of subscribers to our Society. We had no funds in hand with which to employ agents for this work, and the commissions which we could allow to agents on their collected subscriptions are inadequate for such service and such agents as we would

employ. Therefore, we were compelled to make an alliance with a Magazine which could command Southern patronage and the means of placing on foot an efficient system for procuring subscribers all over the South. Accordingly, we concluded a contract, looking to these objects, with the Messrs. Turnbull, of Baltimore, proprietors of the *Southern Magazine*, and have thus been enabled to procure subscriptions which have much exceeded our expenditures during the year. There seems good reason to believe that but for unforeseen causes, by which our plans were delayed and disappointed, your membership would have been increased many-fold, and your pecuniary condition would have been commensurate.

Through this connection we have derived especial benefit from the earnest efforts of Mrs. Judge Hopkins, of Mobile, and Mr. Henry Ewbank, of Georgia. In the course of a few weeks our list of subscribers was so greatly enlarged by their exertions that were we able to command their services during the whole of the ensuing year we would feel no apprehension about our financial condition, for the experience of the past year shows that it is only necessary for them to present our cause to the true men and women of the South to ensure a response liberal and ample to carry on our work.

We have *invested* all sums received from Life Members, so that the interest derived will enable us to meet our engagements to furnish Life Members during life with our publications.

We depend on the annual subscription of \$3 per member for all our working expenses; and we submit to you and to the Southern people that it is a small annual contribution for any man to make to rescue his good name from permanent misrepresentation; for if ever a whole people stood on the verge of having their glory perverted into infamy, we of the South are now in that danger, and it is only by maintaining the objects of this association it can be averted. We acknowledge with much pleasure the very general interest and encouragement received from many sources in our effort to carry on the great work you have undertaken.

On our request, the Legislature and Governor of Virginia have given us an office in the Capitol of this State, where your Secretary receives and files the historical contributions to the Society; where already a vast number have been accumulated, bearing upon almost every important event of our struggle for independence and for the maintenance of constitutional liberty in America; and where they are as secure as any archives of Virginia.

We are indebted to the cordial courtesy of Mr. J. F. Gibson, superintendent of the Southern Express Company, for the free use of the lines of that company in conveying all historical documents to our office in Richmond.

Every newspaper in this city has, on request, freely published our Secretary's weekly acknowledgments of the historical contributions which have been sent to him; and Southern newspapers generally have in earnest editorials advocated our object and invoked for it the support of the Southern people.

Thus we have been able to remove every obstacle from the way of those who were willing to send to us for preservation the historical

materials within their reach ; for we can now assure them that they can send their contributions without any expense to themselves, and that they will be promptly acknowledged in the newspapers, and carefully filed and safely kept in the Capitol of Virginia.

Your Committee hope that proper steps will be taken by you to procure from the several State governments of the late Confederate States such aid as will enable us in future to carry out our work in a becoming manner.

Virginia has done all she can in this behalf. An appropriation of equal value from every other Southern State would place our success beyond doubt ; and we ask that you will now adopt such measures for this purpose as may seem to you best.

As Chairman of this Committee, I should not do justice to my own feelings and those of my associates did I not on this occasion express to the Society our sense of the great value of the services rendered by our Secretary, the Hon. George Wythe Munford. He has cheerfully assumed every duty and labor within his reach ; has been secretary and treasurer of the Society and secretary of this Committee ; and his whole time, with his extraordinary industry, accomplishments and ability, have been devoted to this work, so congenial to his nature and tastes.

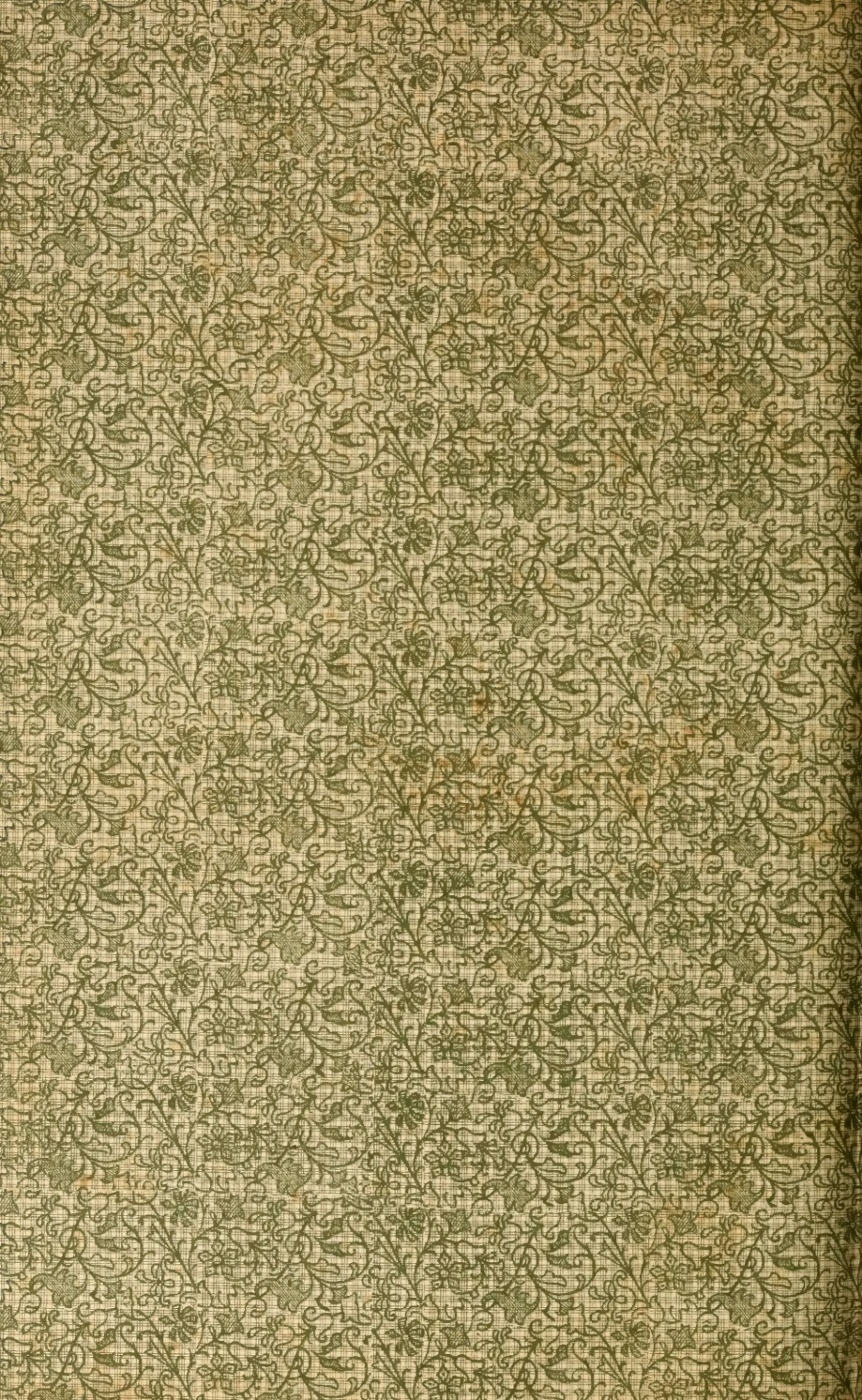
To the clear and detailed exhibit of the affairs of this Society, of all its transactions, of its receipts and expenditures, which he will now make, I refer you as conclusive evidence of the wisdom which guided you in his selection as our Secretary.

DABNEY H. MAURY,
Chairman of Executive Committee.

Colonel G. W. Munford, Secretary and Treasurer, then submitted his reports, showing the progress of the Society during the year, which were unanimously adopted. (Omitted here for want of space.)

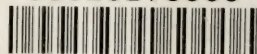
On motion of General Maury, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. W. MUNFORD, *Secretary.*





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